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NO. 19.

VOL. IV.

THE
Cape Monthly Magazine.

JANUARY, 1872.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.

CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.

1872.

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The CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE is the only Literary Periodical published in South Africa. The rate of Subscription is Twelve Shillings per Annum, and Three Shillings additional for Postage.

Contributors are respectfully requested to forward with their contributions their names and addresses, in confidence, to the Editor.

* * Several Articles have been received which have been crowded out of the present issue, but which will appear as soon as possible. Among these may be mentioned some more of the Letters on Life at the Cape, by a Lady.

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J. C. J U T A .

1872.

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* * * The Letters on Homœopathy received from an esteemed Correspondent are too technical and professional to be suited to our pages.

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1872.

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"LIFE AT NATAL," by a Lady, has unavoidably been crowded out. We shall endeavour to make room for it in our next. Our apology or plea in extenuation to Mrs. B. must be that we have devoted so much of our space to her letters—very interesting though they have been—for so many months past.

Subscribers who have not received their Copies regularly, and others who desire to become Subscribers, are requested to communicate with the Publisher, Mr. J. C. JUTA, direct.

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J. C. JUTA.

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J. C. JUTA.

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☞ The Proceedings of the Albany Natural History Society, including interesting Papers from Mr. HELLIER and Mr. BRUCE, are in type, but are unavoidably crowded out until our next number.

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CAPE TOWN:

J. C. JUTA.

1872.

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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Tiyo Soga.

“Speak of me as I am.”—OTHELLO.

IN the year 1829 a red line of British soldiers under command, marched up the fertile valleys of the Kat River, burning every village and every hut which came within their reach, driving before them every Kafir inhabitant, until they finally expelled therefrom the chief Makoma and all his barbarous horde. It is a memorable year to the Gaika Kafirs, and they speak of it with a sigh as “the year when Makoma was expelled from the Kat River ;” but the why and the wherefore he was expelled remains to them a riddle to this day.

In the same year, and not a day’s journey from those scenes of carnage and of plunder, at the peaceful mission station of Chumie, Tiyo Soga, the story of whose life is to be briefly told in the following pages, was born. His father, the son of Jotello, was a counsellor of no mean rank. He owed not a little of his position to his appearance and manner, for he was a tall, sinewy, stern, fierce-looking man, with a wild piercing eye, who spoke at all times with considerable energy and suited the action to the word,—a man, moreover, who could count his wives on the fingers of both hands. He was a keen politician, and openly opposed mission work, because, conservative of heathenish customs, he saw that the Gospel was the axe laid at their root. Nevertheless, he claims the honour of being the first Kafir that whistled between the stilts of a plough ; and how he exchanged the sneeze-wood spade for the crooked ploughshare is easily told. He had gone to the British Residency to pay his respects to the Diplomatic Agent by begging a bullock. Captain Stretch gave him, instead, the advice to purchase a plough. It was the advice of a *Chief* backed up by some powerful reasons which appeared commendable to the counsellor, and the result was that shortly thereafter the son of Jotello returned to Captain Stretch to exhibit a handful of silver which he had earned by the plough he had been induced to purchase.

The family of Soga belongs to the clan *Jwagha*. Its ramifications are found among the Fingoes, Zulus, and many other tribes. The fact of being a member of such a clan would be a sufficient passport

into the interior wherever these *disjecta membra* were found of what undoubtedly must at some period have been a formidable tribe.

Of the many wives of the son of Jotello, one belonging to the Amantinde, a tribe settled at the Buffalo, was his chief wife. For her his father would pay all the cattle, which at that time would not be less than a score. It is very probable also that the bride would see her lord and master for the first time on the day of the marriage ceremony, because being the principal wife, all the arrangements of the alliance would be completed by the parents on both sides. This wife became the mother of nine children, of which Tiyo was the third youngest.

A singular custom prevails amongst Kafirs at the birth of a child, from which the older missionaries borrowed a word to describe the Christian ordinance of Baptism. The infant is washed twice a day with a decoction from the root and leaves of a plant. Meanwhile a fire is kindled, and incense made from the leaves and twigs of a particular tree. Over this cloud of smoke the child is held until it is thoroughly dry, after which it is bedaubed with pot-clay, or with the pulverized bark of a certain plant, or with a mashed snail. This process is continued for about a fortnight, and is said to possess a medicinal virtue. This, however, is a riddle for obstetricians to solve. Before the mother returns to her daily avocations a bullock is killed. On the day it is slaughtered, every vestige of the meat is placed in the hut in which the infant's voice was first heard; there it is to be inspected by the spirits of the ancestors, so that they may be cognisant of the handsome sacrifice performed. On the following day, neighbours and friends assemble and devour the meat, except one leg, which is the lawful property of the doctor who prescribed to the mother when she was *enciente*. The skull of the sacrificed animal, with its horns, is thereafter suspended to the roof of the hut for several weeks; but in what way the ancestors are propitiated by this act it is difficult to conceive.

Tiyo Soga in his infancy underwent this baptism of smoke,—this baptism into heathenism; a bullock was sacrificed, and the household gods were appeased.

The Chumie, as it existed until 1846, was one of those scenes of which Wordsworth speaks that "connect the landscape with the quiet of the sky." It was a peaceful spot. There was the grand old mountain with its deep and gloomy wood; there was a work of Nature in her majestic playfulness:—the tall indented rock, crowning the lofty height and with the sunshine brightening it, and the clouds and glorified vapour clustering around it, would have stood well for the original of Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face." There were the sounding cataracts from the mountain springs, which became subdued into a "soft murmur" as they watered the plains below. There was the dense forest teeming with birds of every plumage, that kept up a perpetual revelry of song. There were the numerous beasts of prey, which had their lairs high up in the mountain; there

was the large cave, with its fantastic drawings which the self-taught Bushmen have left behind as relics of their love of art—which cave in times of war afforded a sure hiding-place; while nightly the hyena and the wolf howled all around and feasted on the flocks of the people. Not a year passed but we gazed in astonishment on the lifeless body of a dead wolf or tiger, killed by the daring huntsman. There were the neat cottages which the missionaries had assisted those they were civilizing to build; there were the fields and orchard tufts which in summer time were “clad in one green hue;” there was the octagon church at the top of a long avenue, with its clear ringing bell which daily summoned the worshippers to matins,—and that avenue rang every day to the merry shout of children as they came and went from school. Beside the church the clear water from a mountain stream gurgled all the year long; around the church were the orchards belonging to the mission-house, where the bee drank honey from the jasmine, the passion-flower, and the honey-suckle,—where the orange tree hung out its golden fruits, where the banana spread out its glossy leaves, where the almond tree flourished, and the grapes hung in heavy clusters from the vines.

The interior of the church itself on Sundays was inspiring. Some noted characters worshipped there. There was old *Jamba*, the “whipper-in,” who on Saturdays, mounted on his nag “Centiped,” went forth to announce the day of rest to the villagers around, and in church sang the loudest, the heartiest, and the most discordant; there was *Edward Irving*, tall, solemn-faced, with long staff in hand, who marched up and down the aisles, rousing the sleepers who were narcotized by the close atmosphere or the tones of the preacher; there was old *Umbi*, the huntsman, who bore on his neck and head the marks of a fierce encounter with a tiger; there was *Nolatscho*, the lunatic, who, as the moon became full-orbed, was wont to stand at her hut-door the livelong night and gesticulate and spend her eloquence on the silent, shrinking, unresponsive stars; there was old *Fakella*, the cripple, who on all fours would creep up the aisle and perch herself in moody thought on the pulpit stairs; there was *Sifika*, the sightless, the merry-faced, who all the while as he sat in church rolled his large glazed eye-balls and showed his white teeth, as if well pleased with the dense darkness which enveloped him; there was the crowd of red-painted barbarians, who frequented the church and invariably dressed as if for a dance, by command of Tyali the chief, who honoured the missionary more than the Gospel he preached.

Such were some of the scenes which wrought on the youthful imagination of Tiyo Soga, living at his heathen father’s kraal, not two miles distant from the mission church. War has made a wilderness of that once lovely spot; the efforts after civilization have been obliterated, and no wonder many of the natives are so difficult to drive from the rude hut to a European dwelling, because war has repeatedly taught them that they are tenants of the soil on sufferance.

The late Rev. William Chalmers, the genial, large-hearted, enthusiastic missionary at the Chumie, was a man singularly devoted to his work. He exerted a hallowed influence over his people, was universally beloved, and his name remains to this day a household word in the tribe for whose advancement morally and religiously he sacrificed his life. Besides his active itinerancy, and sabbath and week-day services,—besides teaching the school himself in his own church, and attending to a small printing press, from which issued school-books, portions of Scripture, as well as a feeble attempt at a newspaper, *The Morning Star*,—he superintended four schools at short distances from his station. One of these was at the large kraal of the counsellor above named, and was taught by Festire, the son of Soga. Tiyo was one of the pupils of his eldest brother. As soon as he had mastered the alphabet, he passed along with three brothers to the care of the missionary, and day after day these four boys in their sheep-skin coverings walked up for instruction to the mission school. Often have I heard Tiyo Soga describe the discomforts of a sheep-skin kaross as unbearable when soaked with rain, as uncomfortable when hard and stiffened, as cold beyond endurance in winter nights when he was rolled up in one well worn and tattered—and how when a boy, as the cold wind blew in by the rents, he used to start up and put together the dying embers until they burst into a flame and thus warmed his shivering body. This lesson, taught by experience, made him in after years generous almost to a fault.

His teacher at once observed that he had under his care a boy of bright talents, and determined to give him every opportunity to receive a higher education. Mr. Chalmers therefore took him in July, 1844, along with another boy, to the Lovedale Seminary; but there were several obstacles to his entrance. By a regulation just passed, pupils from other societies were admitted on payment. However, a Mr. Rodger, uncle of the late W. R. Thomson, M.L.A., offered to pay for two. There were thus two openings, whilst there were several applicants for admission. It was agreed, therefore, that the applicants should undergo an examination,—a poor prospect for Tiyo—for he was much younger than the others and had not received their advantages. When the decisive hour arrived, he stood in tremor before the august examiners. Amongst the various exercises prescribed to him was a simple sum in subtraction. I am not in a position to state what was his difficulty as he stood, slate in hand, gazing in blank dismay at the two rows of figures upon it; suffice it to say he was bewildered,—he could not solve the problem. The Rev. James Laing, full of sympathy for the intelligent, timid boy, volunteered help by suggesting a hint. “Take away the lower line from the upper,” said the reverend examiner. Tiyo Soga’s face brightened, he eagerly grasped at the suggestion, quickly wetted the thumb of his right hand, and literally solved the whole difficulty by obliterating for ever that lower line of figures which stood on the slate like the second column of a regiment of soldiers. That act sealed his fate; he was rejected;

he had taken the adviser at his word. Some may say it betokened ignorance or thoughtlessness, but it also betokened the simplicity of a child, a feature of character which he carried with him through life.

Tiyo Soga was "plucked." Of the two successful candidates, one belonged to the Chumie, but his career, which quickly came to an end, was unworthy the education he received. The other belonged to the Rev. Henry Calderwood's station, but he wasted his brilliant talents as a detective and policeman; he died a few weeks ago, leaving behind much evil which could not be interred with his bones. Tiyo Soga might have been lost to his country, and we would not now boast of him as a son of the soil had the result of the examination decided his future life. But

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

And so it happened in the case of young Tiyo. Mr. Chalmers, convinced that his favourite pupil was a lad of good parts, and unwilling to blight his hopes, at once presented him to the principal of the Lovedale Institution; and thus is Tiyo Soga's name enrolled in that long list of pupils who received their education from the scholarly William Govan.

"One would be led to infer," says the Rev. Bryce Ross, "that Tiyo's failure was owing to inferiority in mental ability. As I was present at the examination, and likewise also taught these youths all the time they were in the Lovedale Seminary, I can without the slightest hesitation state, that the failure was not in the least owing to inferiority of intellect, but solely to Tiyo's not having enjoyed as great advantages at school previous to the examination. I hold decidedly that Tiyo was an apt scholar, that his powers were of a high order, that he had a well-balanced mind, and that he was possessed of popular gifts in an eminent degree. I differ from those who think that his success is owing to his painstaking, which had to overcome a natural dullness. Nothing of the sort! His intellectual powers were of a high order, and his success is to be ascribed to a beautiful harmony between these and moral qualities."

Now began the struggle. Away from the scene of his childhood, with its barbarous sights and sounds; severed from his missionary, who had given him a legacy of parting counsels; the adopted son of a stranger who had words of sympathy and encouragement to offer; at a large academy where the various races, so far as education was concerned, met on common ground, and where a rare spirit of rivalry prevailed; standing the lowest in his class with the sting of his failure secretly impelling to work—he girded himself. With a noble spirit of ambition he crept up slowly, but firmly, until soon he struggled neck and neck with his victor Nyoka from Mr. Calderwood's, until at last he stood dux, but compelled by his rival to stand second only in arithmetic.

One of the text-books in that now famous institution was at that time the much-abused Scottish Assembly's Shorter Catechism; and it is told how on a Saturday morning these boys (white and black) had to repeat *memoriter* the portion they had already mastered, and how Nyoka and Tiyo would repeat one half of that book, proofs and all, without a pause or mistake, and how Nyoka, fretting against the restraint of the dull boys, would give vent to his eagerness in a flood of tears, while Tiyo, calm but yet as eager, reserved his tears for fitter occasions.

Tiyo spent nearly two years of his life at Lovedale, where he acquired studious habits, and where the foundation was laid for his future training. He endeared himself to his teachers and his classmates by his sterling integrity, his docility, and early piety. In March, 1846, the War of the Axe broke out. By command of the Lieutenant-Governor, all the mission stations were abandoned, and the missionaries of the Scottish societies fled to the Kat River for protection. Lovedale was deserted, and the pupils dispersed never to meet again as before within its class-rooms. Tiyo returned to the Chumie, and thence proceeded to the Kat River. An incident mentioned by his illiterate mother shows how eagerly, even at this time, the desire for education was at work within him. Her boy was always absorbed with his books. Day after day she collected sneezewood splinters, so that after night-fall, in the hut, by the bright fire-light, he might still "speak with his books;" and there he would sit, book in hand, poring over its contents during the still hours of night, whilst his patient mother, weary, anxious, sleepless, wondered what these books had to say to her boy that he must needs speak to them day and night.

The war of 1846 turned out to be a protracted guerrilla warfare; and Mr. Govan having resolved to return to Scotland, took Tiyo with him, and on the 20th July of that year sailed from Port Elizabeth. During the voyage Mr. Govan devoted much time to the further instruction of the Kafir lad. On board the vessel was a young Irish gentleman, painfully deficient in his *understandings*, but amply compensated for his lameness by great volubility. He was returning from the frontier, greatly disgusted, as any one would be at that season of drought, hailing from the Emerald Isle. Brimful of glowing descriptions of his adventures and exploits of the war, he described one day a battle of Sir Andreas Stockenstrom's party—of which he asserted he was an important member—with a formidable Kafir commando, how the Kafirs had been routed, pursued, and completely discomfited, and how he in the flight had put an end to not a few of them. Tiyo listened quietly to the embellished description of the wholesale destruction of his countrymen, and then inquired if the victors were mounted. "They were on foot," was the reply. "Then not a Kafir did you kill," said Tiyo. The hero of a thousand adventures ceased thereafter to entertain his fellow-passengers with his deeds of valour. The incident is eminently character-

istic of the man, for he never rushed impetuously into argument even with his own countrymen, but watched patiently, and then attacked the weakest point in the statement.

Scotland was reached in October of the same year. His opening mind was ready to receive the novel scenes through which he passed; and the only occasion on which his fellow-travellers observed any astonishment bordering on fear exhibited by the Kafir youth was while travelling by rail and they were suddenly whirled into the dense darkness of a tunnel, Tiyo exclaimed, "Whereever are we going to now!" One thing, however, staggered him beyond description. From the books he had read, and the efforts he had seen put forth for the elevation, moral and spiritual, of his countrymen, he had formed the impression that all people, young and old, in Scotland were pre-eminently *good*. How different was the reality! He was appalled at the moral degradation he witnessed. The unsophisticated Kafir boy soon had all his visions of goodness scattered to the winds by a painful experience. He was one day playing on his return from school with his companions, and without suspicion laid down his satchel containing all his school-books on a door-step in one of the streets of the city of Glasgow—the city whose motto is "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word!" As he laid them down he thought that every one in that city, which had so long enjoyed the advantages of the Gospel, was strictly honest, but when the boyish sports were over and he returned to take up his books, they were gone; and he was wont to tell how by his *great* loss he had been thus early taught the lesson that thieving is a vice not peculiar only to *his* countrymen.

During his sojourn in Scotland, Tiyo—supported by the late John Henderson, of Park, a man of princely fortune and of unparalleled benevolence,—attended school first at Inchinnan for a few months and afterwards in Glasgow, at the Free Church Normal Seminary. He likewise enjoyed the privilege amid the perils of that great city of having as a friend Dr. William Anderson, a man of rare genius, who left his impress on the plastic mind of the Kafir youth.

Tiyo Soga, a solitary Kafir in the Western metropolis of Scotland, felt that "solitude amid a crowd" which Robertson, of Brighton, has so graphically described. As the captive bird beats against the bars of its cage, yearning to be free, so did Tiyo long for the free air of his native hills. Accordingly, when a fitting opportunity presented, after being received into the fellowship of the Christian Church by Dr. Anderson, he returned to South Africa in the end of 1848.

His first friend and missionary, the Rev. W. Chalmers, having died in the beginning of 1847, Tiyo now fell into the hands of one of the most conscientious missionaries that ever lived, the Rev. Robert Niven, who engaged his service in 1849, as a schoolmaster at Uniondale, near what is now Keiskamma Hoek,—a station which had only a beginning and an end, with but little between, for the war of 1850 reduced it to a mass of ruins. He had very raw material

to work upon, for his lot was cast among a people to whom education was a riddle, and therefore a thing to be suspected. He was exact and efficient in his duties as a schoolmaster; but he had to contend against a strong feeling excited against him, which soon dispersed a school of seventy children, because he had not undergone the heathen rites initiatory to manhood. The parents affirmed that their children would die, instructed as they were by a "boy," and even dark threats of murder were whispered against him. The recollection of the fearful ordeal through which he had to pass at Uniondale made him in after years one of the strongest opponents to that heathenish custom of circumcision which is the bane of mission work, and he often yearned for a legislative enactment forbidding its performance as the only means by which it could be stamped out for ever.

His school work was varied by occasional itinerancy amongst the numerous heathen population around, either alone or in company with the missionary; and here it was, doubtless, that he first began to learn that wonderful tact in preaching to his countrymen which made him one of the most telling speakers to a native audience. Here, also, he made his first contribution to the "service of song" in his native tongue—the Kafir Hymn-book published in 1850 containing several of his songs of praise, he being at that time about twenty years of age.

His sojourn at Uniondale was a time of restless excitement among the Gaika Kafirs. The shock of an earthquake, of which the Kafirs have a wholesome dread, had been felt; and Umlanjeni, a wicked impostor, made the phenomenon serve his own ruinous ends, by declaring that it had been caused by his emerging from the vasty deep, after a long period of seclusion following his circumcision. He thus lashed his credulous countrymen into a state of unprecedented excitement; thefts became rife, and Tiyo also proved a victim; but the station schoolmaster pursued the even tenor of his life up to that fatal Christmas day in 1850 when the war broke out and so much human life was butchered. On the 25th of December, the Rev. Robert Niven with his family left the station. On their way to the Chumie they were plundered, their horses were taken from them, and footsore and weary they trudged over the Amatola Mountain. Mr. Niven, barely escaping with his life, was stripped of some of his garments. He has recorded these "perils of a missionary family" in a thrilling narrative, which shows that even men of peace in time of war are not exempted from the grossest indignities. That same night the Chief Anta, with a band of warriors, came down upon the station, pillaged it to their hearts' content—went even the length of ripping up with their assegais the family Bible of Mr. Niven, saying, as they did so, "There is the thing Niven always bothers us with;" and ultimately set fire to the thatch-roofed buildings, which fell an easy prey to the flames. And all that remains of that station is a small portion of the stone wall of the church, a melancholy memento to the passers-by of the war of 1850.

Amid this confusion Tiyo fled, and as he threaded his way through the dark forest he had several hair-breadth escapes for his life. Having reached the Chumie, and being well known as the educated son of an eminent counsellor, the chiefs, Makomo being one of the number, frequently sent letters which had been taken from murdered white men for him to read, so that they might know the various movements of the enemy. But he steadfastly refused either to touch or peruse any of them; he studiously abstained from having any part or lot in the struggle. With a noble decision he sent back all these epistles, telling his Chiefs that he dared not act such a mean part. So unbearable did this trial become, that to avoid it he fled to Philipton to join the mission band.

Just at that time it became evident that the shock Mrs. Niven had sustained on that terrible Christmas day was such that a voyage to Europe was absolutely necessary. But how to dispose of Tiyo was Mr. Niven's great perplexity. He could not leave him behind lest he should lose all he had gained. There was no opening for him in the Colony, so he resolved to take him with him to Scotland,—C. L. Stretch, Esq., generously contributing to defray the expenses of his voyage home. In June, 1851, this mission party sailed for England. High thoughts were in the Kafir youth's soul. He had resolved to try and benefit his countrymen. He was about to make a venture to show the capacity of the Kafir mind. Some sneered, others pronounced he would be a failure. Nothing daunted, backed once more by Dr. W. Anderson, who roused the Sunday school children of his church to support the young Kafir, he went boldly forward to matriculate himself as an alumnus of the Glasgow University in November of the same year.

As the tidings flashed through the dingy quadrangles of the Glasgow University that a Kafir was enrolled as a student, even the undemonstrative Professor of Logic, Robert Buchanan, better known as "Logic Bob," held up his hands in amazement, and exclaimed with comical surprise, "What! one of those barbarians who have been fighting against us!" For the first time a Kafir wearing a red toga, the academic garb of the Glasgow University, was seen threading his way through the foggy streets of Glasgow, through the gates of the venerable College in High-street, and into the classrooms.

In those days there appeared to be very little outward sympathy between professors and students in that ancient University,—a wide gulf seemed to exist between teacher and pupil. The great mass of students matriculated, attended daily the various classes, performed the exercises prescribed, underwent the oral examinations, went up at the close of the session for their certificates, and after six months' daily attendance on the prelections of these learned men they knew as much of their professors as they did of Zachary Boyd, whose grim bust adorned the archway of the outer gate. There were one or two honourable exceptions, however,—Sir William Thompson being one

of the number,—who sought to bring themselves into close contact with the young men from all parts of the world who attended their lectures. It was under men thus jealous of their dignity that Tiyo Soga passed his academic career. He did not distinguish himself as a prizeman, but discharged with great assiduity and conscientiousness the tasks assigned to him, gained the esteem of his fellow-gownsmen, mingled freely with his class-mates in those sports which made the old College grounds ring again after class hours and on the Saturday half-holiday, was a member of the Liberal Association, and entered with great enthusiasm into the annual political strifes occasioned by the election of Lord Rector.

A scene occurred at one of these elections which showed his power of self-control. There was a fierce struggle between the contending parties for the prominent place in one of the class-rooms where the meeting was being held. The dissipated scion of a respectable family seeing the Kafir about to claim the victory, took him unawares, and sent him sprawling full length on the ground. In an instant the Kafir's blood was roused; springing to his feet, he eagerly asked one who is now a distinguished minister, "What shall I do to him?" and when advised not to retaliate, quietly allowed the insult to go unpunished. During his college course he became the associate and intimate friend of a knot of young men of high moral tone. By them he was introduced and became a welcome guest among many highly respectable families. He used to tell with great glee how on visiting for the first time one of these homes, a little girl seeing a black-faced man entering the house rushed, in a state of great trepidation for concealment and protection to her mother, and audibly inquired "Mama, is he a newly caught one?"

The religious denominations in that city of the west of Scotland are peculiarly addicted to a species of festive gathering called *soirees*, where tea is freely imbibed, to be followed by a feast of reason in the shape of speeches on various subjects. There was a great demand for the presence of Tiyo Soga at these—a live Kafir—a countryman of the world-famed Makomo. Invitations poured in upon him. Whilst ready to give a stimulus to mission work by his presence, he instinctively shrank from invariably being the lion at such gatherings because he had a black face.

Having attended the Glasgow University, he was admitted a divinity student to the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, which meets in the Grey City of the North in autumn—when Edinburgh appears to the very best advantage. Here he was in his very element. A common sympathy pervaded the students at that seminary, for they were all looking forward to be engaged in the ministry. The professors also were marked men, who cherished a deep interest in their pupils. There was old Dr. John Brown, whose face was a study of itself; there was Dr. Eadie, massive, physically and intellectually, who charmed the students with his eloquence; there was Dr. McMichael, on whose features shade and sunshine

alternately played ; there was Dr. Harper, stern and logical ; there was Dr. Lindsay the exegete, the very picture of kindness. For five sessions he sat at the feet of these men of consecrated scholarship, and received an impulse for biblical study which he has used for the advantage of his countrymen.

During the recess he completed his literary course at the Glasgow University. He attended a course of lectures on medicine at the Andersonian University, and appeared every two months before the Glasgow Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church for examination on subjects prescribed to candidates for the ministry. The training he received was thorough. His examiners made no distinction because of his colour, and he acquitted himself with honour in all the branches of study.

Having completed his studies, he was licensed as a preacher, and in 1857 was ordained as a minister by the "laying on" of the hands of the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Glasgow. Wherever he preached, crowds went to hear him, drawn partly by curiosity, partly by interest in the man, and partly by the novelty of a Kafir preaching in the English tongue. But none ever heard him without being impressed with his earnestness and strong common sense. Before he left for South Africa he was married, but not to one belonging to his race or country. I am led to believe he took the step on the advice of his friend and patron, the Rev. Dr. Anderson ; and leaving out of consideration all other questions, so far as his own personal usefulness as a missionary is concerned, it was the wisest step he could have taken, for there was not one of his countrywomen fit to occupy the position of being his partner.

He landed in Port Elizabeth in July 1857 ; hastened to the frontier, to his own Gaika tribe ; and located himself at the Umgwali, where for ten years he wrought as a missionary with a devotion rarely equalled. He was unappreciated by the man whose only claim to the Gaika chieftainship is the fact that his mother was the great wife of Gaika. There was little sympathy between the chief and his missionary ; for a man of Tiyo Soga's stamp, who was gifted with a pure and lofty mind, found nothing attractive in one who has so much of the animal in his nature.

For several years during his residence at the Umgwali he lived in a miserable cottage which had been erected as a temporary dwelling on his first arrival there, and it was doubtless because of the discomforts of cold and damp then experienced that the germs of the disease—laryngitis—from which he suffered so acutely during the last two years of his life were laid. But Mr. Soga was not the man to complain ; he bore these trials patiently and without a murmur.

From the Umgwali he was transferred to the Transkei, where he commenced life afresh, living for many months in a hut. He left behind at the Umgwali a large and flourishing station, a commodious church, well attended, a comfortable dwelling, and an attached people. Willingly he went forward to that centre of heathenism, where super-

stition reigns supreme. The last four years of his life he spent with the Galekas,—a people who have had many opportunities of receiving the Gospel, but nevertheless remain to this day one of the most incorrigible races on the face of the earth. He spent fourteen years of his life as a missionary. In the very prime of life he is cut down. But he had accomplished his work—for man is immortal till his work is done.

In summing up the various features of his character, one of the most striking was his exquisite sensitiveness. This was not the result of education or civilization. It showed itself in his very earliest years, and when a pupil at Lovedale. It was constitutional. He was a man not easily offended, but if anything was said or done likely to bring discredit on the great work to which he had devoted himself, it seemed completely to unnerve him. When injured, he repressed his anger but indulged his grief, and was accustomed on such occasions to conduct himself rather like a person wounded than offended. He possessed that gentleness which shrank with an instinctive recoil from contention. Add to this a tone of sadness which pervaded his whole life; the cause was difficult to find, and only occasionally, when in conversation on questions affecting the native population he gave utterance to the words "My poor countrymen!" did one get, as it were, to the secret of this depression. Yet this characteristic sadness was balanced by a deeper depth of happiness and liveliness and mirth, which welled up when in the company of kindred spirits and whilst conversing on subjects congenial to his nature. His merry, joyous laugh showed a soul full of inward tranquillity, and it was always observable to those who knew him best that the despondency which overclouded his being was owing to something altogether foreign to himself.

He was a man generous to a fault. If there was any service he could render to another, however great or small, he hastened eagerly to perform it. It was done without parade or ostentation, or desire for reward. It was not done grudgingly or by way of patronage or to court favour. He was thus often imposed upon, especially by his own countrymen. If Mr. Soga showed kindness, you invariably felt he was sincere. If there was a feature of character he abhorred with his whole soul, it was selfishness. It was foreign to his nature; and therefore he despised it in another.

Few men possessed the self-respect which was his. He had not a spark of vanity about him, but he was gifted with a manly pride. He would not stoop to perform a mean action. Edward Irving, in an ordination charge to a young minister, has given utterance to what is now a well-known sentence, "Be the clergyman always; less than the clergyman, never." That was never the motto of Mr. Soga's life. His aim, rather, was to be a true man, and less than a true man, never. He used to speak with withering scorn of the manner in which some bestowed their gifts upon him, and how keenly he felt when some one would thrust a £5 note into his hand, saying, "There, Mr. Soga,

take that, and say nothing about it," and then turn away with an air of self-satisfaction, as if a great favour had been conferred.

He was singularly free from that mischief-making propensity, idle gossip. His reticence regarding others was well marked by all who knew him. The character of another was as sacred as his own. He was a man you could invariably depend upon. What had been revealed to him in confidence he buried beneath the secret folds of his heart. He never carried from the house of a friend all the weaknesses he had seen, to retail them sarcastically to the injury of his neighbour's welfare. He never spoke evil of another. If at any time the conversation verged upon mere gossip Mr. Soga retired into his shell, and sat silent, waiting patiently for a fitting opportunity to turn it into a profitable channel. He often playfully remarked, "I see you white people are not a whit behind my poor countrymen in evil-speaking."

Further, Mr. Soga was a perfect gentleman. He was a black man: he knew it, and, like Othello, never forgot that he was black. Despite that, there never lived a truer and more polished gentleman. John Selden, in his "Table-talk," finds it hard to define what a gentleman is; at the same time, he goes on to tell us that there are two kinds of gentlemen,—the gentleman of blood and the gentleman by creation; and then he adds that civilly the former is the better, but morally the latter is the superior of the two. Mr. Soga was a "gentleman by creation." A few years ago several young missionaries—Mr. Soga one of the number—had occasion to make an application to a gentleman of arms. When they were ushered into his presence the reputed gentleman at once bluntly inquired, "Well, Soga, what have you been about since I last saw you?" The Kafir minister, taken aback, quickly recovered his self-possession, and briefly told that he was labouring at the Umgwali. In answer to this there followed a tirade against missions and mission stations. The gentleman of *prowess* pronounced them to be hot-beds of iniquity; they harboured the scum of the Kafir race,—the scoundrels, blackguards, and drunkards of Kafirdom. Missionaries were said to have done no good, and in proof, the old well-worn story of the Kat River rebellion was given. Mr. Soga, to whom these invectives were more specially addressed, listened until the speaker had exhausted his vocabulary, and then with calm dignity replied: "Our object in waiting upon you, sir, was not to discuss the question of what missions had accomplished. You have taken an unfair advantage of us. We do not meet on equal terms, for were we to presume to answer your statements, you might exercise your authority and command us to be removed from your presence." Let the reader judge for himself as to which of these speakers was the true gentleman.

Add to this another incident. There was one home where Mr. Soga had been a frequent guest whilst resident at the Umgwali, but which, after a long interval, he had visited about six months before his death—the lady of the house being from home at the time. When

the tidings were flashed across the Colony that the Kafir missionary was no more, a little girl, a member of this family, not three years of age, brimful of simplicity, rushed to her mother exclaiming, "Mr. Soga is dead." "Hush! child," said the mother, "you don't know Mr. Soga, for you never saw him." "I do know Mr. Soga," said the child; "he spoke to me on the sofa there." The mother then asked what Mr. Soga was like, "Was he a white man?" "He was black," was the reply, "but he was a gentleman!"

His brethren in the ministry, his associates, his intimate friends, all recognized and acknowledged him to be a true-born gentleman, and here was a stammering infant unconsciously testifying to the fact.

He was a scholar in the true sense of the word, that of being a learner. On to the very last he was acquiring knowledge. He was desirous to get information from every one with whom he came in contact. Even from his own countrymen he was ever collecting facts as to past events, genealogies, ancient customs, and battles. Few of his own nation surpassed him in their knowledge of the history of the Kafir race, and certainly none surpassed him in his graphic power of describing a battle. I have seen him long past midnight sitting in a Kafir hut, note-book in hand, jotting down some incident or tale or bloody fight as described by an old wrinkled countryman of his own. I have known him take a journey of at least thirty miles to see the old Chief Botman, to hear him narrate scenes of Kafir history which only he could tell. He knew all the brave warriors of his race; and when he met any of them his face brightened up, and he would say, "That is So-and-so; I shall draw him out, and you will hear his adventures."

He was always learning from Europeans, picking up knowledge on every imaginable subject. Docility was a feature of character he never lost.

A missionary, if at all faithful in the discharge of his many and varied duties, if he is assiduous in his itinerancies and conscientious in his preparations for the pulpit, has but little time for self-improvement in the way of systematic reading unless he husbands carefully every spare hour. Tiyo Soga did this. He was an earnest student, read much and to advantage,—carefully digested what he read, so that he could reproduce his information when required. He was well versed in all current topics, read studiously the periodical literature of the day, watched with a keenness bordering on enthusiasm the events which made the life-blood of the whole world pulsate, and was ready modestly but firmly to give his own opinion on the teachings, character, and conduct of the men who rule the world, either by their thoughts or actions or example. His favourite study was History—Macaulay and Prescott being the authors over whose works he loved to linger with passionate interest. He was somewhat defective in his knowledge of English poetry, and preferred rather to hear read than to read himself the works of Shakspeare or Milton or Tennyson; and during his arduous work at the Board of Revisers of the Kafir

Bible his greatest relaxation after the fatiguing work of the day was to spend the evening listening to a kind friend reading to him from the poets. On one of these occasions he involuntarily exclaimed after hearing read the play of *Othello*, "Shakspeare knew well how to depict the character of a black man."

He was passionately fond of music, and invariably led the singing in his own church. The song "Rule Britannia" was one whose words he never could tolerate; he affirmed there was so much vain-glory and pride about it, and he, as one of the conquered race, felt that it exulted over a crushed foe. He was a man of rare self-sacrifice. He possessed in an eminent degree the strange deep blessedness of denying himself, and striving and suffering for the good of others. He was truly a benefactor of his race, and he showed it not by empty meaningless words, but by actions. There are few men who would so willingly have relinquished the enjoyments of a comfortable home such as he had at the Umgwali, and entered upon a rough life in the Transkei with a shattered constitution for the benefit of others. But he has done it, and his name must henceforth be enrolled with the "heroes and saints and martyrs, and humble, unknown benefactors in all ages of all lands and of all creeds," who have scorned a smooth and pleasant path for the good of the world and the glory of God.

He was a loyal subject of our good Queen Victoria. The story has already been told of the funeral oration he pronounced in his own church to his sable congregation when the sorrowful tidings came that the Prince Consort was dead; and it is told, further, that to this day, as the result of that sermon, his old faithful mother, in conducting the devotional exercises at a prayer meeting of the female members of the church to which she belongs, never omits to offer a special petition on behalf of "our widowed Queen." He was not only loyal himself; he strove also to teach loyalty to his people. He frequently contrasted in his sermons the reckless sacrifice of human life which prevailed during the despotic rule of the chiefs, with the liberty, peace, and safety which abound now that the Kafirs are under British rule.

But he was none the less a patriot. He loved his country, and he honoured his chiefs. Is he to be despised for his patriotism? Has not Shakspeare said: "Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action?" And when an educated Kafir, a civilized and christianized Kafir, cherished this feeling as a Christian duty, is he to be the less honoured? Some men, in ignorance, confound patriotism with rebellion. Mr. Soga never could have been a rebel. He would rather have died than be a traitor. His patriotism was of the truest stamp, unalloyed with anything base, or mean, or underhand. Whilst he resented boldly any injustice or insult done to his countrymen, there never lived a man so outspoken, so fearless in his denunciations against the faults of his people when occasion

required. Unsparingly, unflinchingly, from his own pulpit he exposed with righteous indignation the vices of his people and his age. He often took for his text such words as these: "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." On such occasions, roused to the highest pitch of excitement, he anathematized those customs and vices which are the curse of the Kafir race. One of the last conversations I had with him on general questions was on that savage custom of stealing and flaying the animal alive simply for its skin, and I can recall how eagerly he sought for a remedy so that it might be extinguished. The spy system he justly abhorred; he knew well his countrymen, and was wont to say that spies were time-servers, who would prove faithful so long as their own selfish ends were furthered. He frequently attended the Circuit Court in King William's Town. On one occasion when he was present, a low-browed, debauched, hang-dog looking Kafir spy was giving his evidence as to how he had caught some thieves in the act. Mr. Soga looked with sadness on this degraded specimen of humanity, and then whispered to a friend: "I feel certain within me the man is not speaking the truth." On the following morning, when the same fellow appeared to give evidence in another case, he was utterly incapable, having been freely imbibing, and when sentenced to a few days' imprisonment for his inebriety, Mr. Soga turned to one who had something to do with the system, and said, "Do you mean to say you find such a fellow as that trustworthy?"

He had an intense reverence for the law courts and cherished a sterling sense of veneration for the personification of justice, but mourned over the defect in our Circuit Courts in not having an advocate who understood the Kafir language. As he left the Circuit Court of King William's Town one day, after hearing several judgments of one of the members of the bench, he remarked to a friend: "I love that judge; and I can trust my countrymen in his hands, for I see he wishes to do them justice."

Referring to the great want of uniformity in the decisions of special magistrates, clerks in charge, and their satellites, the native police, he often remarked that his countrymen were utterly bewildered as to the principle on which they were governed,—for one day a case was decided according to English, and the next according to Kafir law.

He used to speak of his countrymen as having a great veneration for their father the Governor, and he frequently remarked that our Government were blind to the fact that his countrymen, from the training they had received from their chiefs to reverence law, would willingly submit to any legislative enactment whatever which had justice in it, so long as the reasons were given for its promulgation, and it was clearly shown to be for their improvement and moral welfare.

He had a great admiration for the British soldier, never lost the opportunity of seeing a review, and though a man of peace had a martial spirit. When the military were removed from King William's

Town he was quite dejected, and in passing through the Reserve he spoke of the oppressive silence as reminding him of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." He looked upon the simple presence of the military in this Colony as exercising a salutary influence on the natives, and as the means of preserving peace. He often spoke of the British soldier as full of mercy, even in times of war, remarking that there was great truth in the saying current amongst his countrymen: "The *red-coats* shoot you with one hand and give bread to your starving children with the other." From his childhood, when he used to go and sell fruit at the Beaufort Barracks, he admired the English soldier, no doubt because of many acts of kindness shown to the Kafir boy by England's warriors.

His family life is a subject too sacred to be touched upon in this paper. It was simple, full of tenderness, and affection, and thought, and care; it was destitute of selfishness or worldliness. The following pen-and-ink sketch, as it has already received publicity, must suffice on this point. It appears in the Rev. Dr. Wangemann's work, entitled "*One Year in South Africa*," page 219 :—

"Saturday, January 12, 1867.—In the evening we rode to the Rev. Tyo Soga's, who is a converted Kafir, has studied in England, and married an English lady. He returned to Kaffraria to labour among his nation as minister and missionary. He has about 150 communicants on his station (Emgwali), and exercises a great influence among his nation. He is a man of fine European education, of great gifts, and of greater scientific ability than we generally meet with in English theologians. His judgment is discerning and clear; he speaks with precision, so that he is the governor of his station and his house, although he is a Kafir. The interior of Tyo Soga's house looked elegant. Mrs. Soga appeared satisfied. Mr. Soga himself is of a slender figure, and suffers from an affection of the throat. With his lively eye and versatile talk, he leads the conversation at table. He was well versed in the German theology of modern times, and deplored its influence on England's Church. The impression I had of the congregation on the sabbath day was a favourable one. The congregation listened attentively, and sang very well."

He was a staunch Presbyterian, but by no means a sectarian bigot. He claims the honour of being the only missionary who has preached from the pulpits belonging to every Evangelical denomination in the Colony, clearly proving that he was recognized by brethren of other denominations as a man of large charity. Whilst he often spoke of the Presbyterian form of Church government as well suited to the Kafir mind—being easily understood—he felt that its Church service was bald, and, therefore, not so attractive as where a liturgy is in use. Although belonging to a Church which receives no State aid, personally he had no scruples to accept such help for education, so long as the Government did not interfere with the liberty of conscience and imposed no restrictions as to the manner and character of religious instruction.

"No man lives," says Carlyle, "without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence." Mr. Soga got his share of jostling; sometimes it was very galling and hard to bear. To be insulted as he entered the public room of a wayside inn, in the company of a gentleman of no mean repute, with the remark, seasoned with an oath, "We allow no niggers in here!"—to be arrested by the police for travelling without a pass,—to see a little drummer walking backwards before him, and as he did so squaring up and saying, "So you are the nigger that has married a white woman? Eh! Come along!"—to hear a rude Scotchman shout out to him, "I am ashamed of my countrymen!"—was enough to embitter his life. He had to bear many indignities; it was a hard price he had to pay sometimes for his position. Walking along one of the streets of King William's Town shortly after his arrival, he was thus accosted by a young officer:—"Hallo, Johnny, what a great swell you are! Where did you get that white choker? What's your name?" Mr. Soga touched his hat and replied, "My name, sir, is the Rev. Tiyo Soga; and what may your name be, please?" There was no reply. The officer passed on, heartily ashamed of his conduct, as he himself afterwards told the story with deep regret.

The following incident he used to narrate himself with considerable mirth. He had gone to a certain port which is pronounced to be the key to the interior, with the object of meeting a friend who was expected by steamer. After a long dusty journey he stood at the door of the hotel, seeking admission. The landlord, not knowing the weary traveller, showed him to a small room in the backyard, perfumed with the mellow flavour from the stable. The apartment contained as its furniture two forms and a table. On one of these forms was a well-worn pair of large blucher boots; on the other Mr. Soga stretched himself to rest. Presently, the door was opened and an able-bodied navvy entered, who, on seeing a black man enjoying a siesta, gave a long whistle, inquired "Who have we got here?"—then suddenly made a rush to the boots and seized them, exclaiming "Be jabers, I must take care of me property!" The grotesqueness of the scene, as well as the idea of his stealing such a pair of boots, proved too much, and he burst into a loud laugh. Explanations followed. Soon Mr. Soga found himself in one of the most comfortable chambers of the inn, and on the following day—Sunday—as he conducted service, his two most attentive listeners were mine host, and the Irishman who had deemed him capable of stealing a pair of boots!

On another occasion, passing with a brother minister through an insignificant village, they were accosted by the magistrate, who had little of the *suaviter in modo*, who cordially greeted Mr. Soga's companion, and then turned to him and abruptly demanded his pass. The joke was so personal and unfeeling, that Mr. Soga thereafter implored the Lieutenant-Governor of British Kaffraria to furnish him with a passport, so that he might travel without feeling that he

violated the law of the Colony. At another time, when travelling from the interior, he had occasion to pass through a town, and had been entrusted with a letter which he was requested to leave at a certain store. According to his instructions he called at this establishment and delivered the epistle. The mistress of the house, seeing a black man leaving a letter to her care instead of delivering it himself, hailed Mr. Soga as he was retiring, and, not knowing who he was, commanded him to take it to the party to whom it was addressed. Mr. Soga lifted the letter, read the address aloud, with the instructions plainly marked on the envelope, and then laid it down on the counter, saying, "Madam, I was requested to leave the letter here, and here it shall be left." The woman instantly burst into a fearful storm, abused him violently, calling him a good-for-nothing lazy scoundrel. She had not spent her abusive eloquence, when the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed walked in and warmly greeted Mr. Soga. The virago no sooner heard the name than she instantly disappeared into the back premises. Mr. Soga having been prevailed upon to spend the night with this friend, his abuser sent an apology, saying, she did not know who he was, else she would not have spoken as she did. The apology was accepted; Mr. Soga at the same time remarking that she could not have much of the lady in her character, when she was capable of abusing a black man without cause. Such were some of the insults through which this retiring, inoffensive man had to elbow himself; and they were all the more painful to bear because they indicated the place his countrymen held in the estimation of some, and because he had to bear them all alone.

As a preacher, Mr. Soga held up before him a high standard of excellence, which he did not fail to reach. His discourses were eminently practical, clear, calm, and logical. He did not speak because he must say something, but because he had something to say. His sermons in English were carefully prepared, fully written out, and read. To the hearer, they resembled the rustic murmur of the brook. There was nothing grand or awful about them,—no rushing rapids or dashing cataracts with their rainbow spray. He did not aim to be an orator, and therefore those who heard him for the first time expecting to hear rousing eloquence went away with a feeling bordering on disappointment. But whilst destitute of oratory he spoke as man to men, and that is the truest eloquence. You invariably felt that he had a message to deliver, and that he had been successful in giving it. He touched a chord in the hearts of his hearers; and in token that he had produced a lasting impression, was frequently asked for a perusal of his manuscript.

When he preached for the first time in Trinity Church, Graham's Town, a great crowd assembled to hear him; amongst his hearers was General Jackson. At the close of the service the General is said to have asked why none of his chaplains could preach such sermons as the one he had just heard. Whereupon one of the staff

replied that it was impossible the sermon they had listened to could be an original composition. In a critique which appeared in one of the colonial papers in 1864, of an anniversary sermon he preached, a similar insinuation is given to the public. "He reads," says the penny-a-liner, "from his sermon-book like a well-trained orthodox machine, and pronounces as distinctly and perfectly and slowly as said machine may be expected to do were it contrived. The subject of his discourse was justification by faith, and not by works; and he treated it after the most orthodox of fashions,—in fact, just as it had been taught him, without attempting originality of language or ideas."

The only answer to these uncharitable detractors is, that they have unwittingly paid him the very highest compliment as a preacher. His sermons were not pieces of mosaic; there was no dovetailing of other men's thoughts and words about them. They were all coined in the mint of his own brain. He was a man who thought for himself: he was always thinking. Few men can lay claim to this power, for, as Carlyle says, "not one in the thousand has the smallest turn for thinking." Mr. Soga was endowed with this power, and he has left behind him many proofs that he was a thoughtful man. On the fly-leaves of books, on small scraps of paper, he was ever jotting down thoughts that were struggling for expression. He has likewise left a large collection of thoughtful, earnest sermons. He was ever seeking to help his fellow-men amid their nameless sorrows, their cruel strifes, their petty cares. His aim ever was to lighten the burden of life for others. He had penetrated a depth of Christian experience himself, and he strove to teach dying men to live for a purpose. *A machine*, he was not going the same monotonous, perpetual round. Orthodox he was, in so far as that means that he was a learner of Christ,—counting himself not to have apprehended, but pressing to that which is before.

The following anecdote shows with what power oftentimes his words went to the hearts of men. He had been requested on one occasion to preach for a brother minister. On his leaving home he was unable to find the sermon he intended to preach. After a fruitless search, and pressed for time, he put another manuscript into his pocket, not examining particularly the subject-matter of it. Reaching his destination he preached to a respectable congregation on the evils resulting from Christians yielding to evil tempers in their intercourse one with another. As he proceeded he was struck with the marked attention of his audience, and not until afterwards did he ascertain the cause. One of the most prominent members of the congregation had been engaged in some unpleasant dispute with his neighbours, and so violent had the warfare become, that it had led to the utterance of language unworthy of professing Christians. When the service was over, he was abruptly accosted by this individual and gruffly asked if that sermon had been purposely preached to insult him before the congregation. Mr. Soga was confounded, and explained the

circumstances which led him to deliver this sermon. He soon learned from others the cause of this attack, and when speaking of the circumstance afterwards, expressed his conviction that he had been led by a remarkable providence unconsciously to speak words which he had not intended. He drew the bow at a venture and the arrow penetrated deeply into the sore. The incident shows his correct knowledge of human nature and the power he possessed of unmasking those small sins which are the most ruinous to Christian life and conduct.

But it was in his own tongue and to his own countrymen that he was truly a remarkable preacher. There his power lay—that was his throne. He had a marvellous power of description and illustration,—declaimed and denounced when necessary, was in turns logical and pathetic. He could sway his audience at will, and possessed a wonderful tact of arresting attention. Travelling on one occasion with the Gaika Commissioner, we came to one of those deep stony gorges of the Thomas River just as the shadows of evening were lengthening. A few yards from the road was a chief's kraal, where a large dance was being held. The dancers in two columns were heaving to and fro whilst the old bard stood between, lashing them into excitement to make a final effort ere they separated for the night. Mr. Soga diverged and went up to the dance whilst we proceeded to our encampment. Some time after he followed, and was thoughtful the whole evening. Next morning, as a message had been sent to the villagers around that service was to be held, a vast congregation assembled at our tent, many coming probably from curiosity. When all was ready Mr. Soga, who was to conduct the service, stood under the shade of a large olive tree, with a crowd before him whose attention could be easily diverted by the simple bark of a dog. After a short prayer he commenced, praised the people before him, stringing together some snatches of the rugged language of the bard he had listened to the previous evening. He struck a chord. All eyes were riveted. Then he spoke of the joy he felt at seeing his countrymen so happy, and having gained a willing ear he glided into his text, saying, "Whilst you are thus so joyous and merry you are 'living without God and without hope in the world.'"

Argument and illustration followed, and there came an appeal, forcible and striking, which produced a marked impression on his hearers.

At our next halting place he was again the preacher, and preached a totally different sermon from the same text. As he spoke at this village, a middle-aged man, one of the audience, frequently rolled on the ground with laughter. When the service was over, curious to know the cause of this merriment, we ventured to inquire. The man replied, "I was not laughing *at* anything, but I was pleased with the way the son of Soga spoke to us; for he just drove a bolt right through us and riveted it on the other side, so that we were compelled to listen and submit."

The last occasion I heard him preach in Kafir was at the opening of my church. It was on a Sabbath afternoon in August. The church was crowded in every part by his red-painted countrymen. He gave out a hymn in low tones, offered a short earnest prayer; read calmly the 72nd Psalm; then followed another hymn; after which he gave out as his text, "His name shall endure for ever," &c. He briefly explained the context, then traced the names of the long line of Kafir chieftains, the names of the brave warriors, the names of the white men who are renowned by their actions in this country. Then he showed how one by one these names as the years increased were passing into forgetfulness. He paused. But who is this whose name is immortal. He told it. He described its greatness. He told what this One had done; wove into his sermon in sublime language the simple story of Christ's life work. He told that all men, *Kafirs even*, were to be blessed in Him. Then he implored, reasoned, urged his countrymen to partake of this blessedness. He pictured to them their degradation, their misery, their dispersion, and closed with a powerful appeal, beseeching them to accept of that which alone would make them a blessed and a happy people. After this burst of eloquence he sat down, panting, heaving, exhausted; and as we looked upon him after the storm had passed, we felt even then that the end was not far off. One old hardened sinner, as he left the church, exclaimed, "What means the son of Soga thus to unman us, so that our eyes have been bedimmed with tears!"

Such was Mr. Soga as a preacher to his countrymen. He was unsurpassed, and his mantle has not yet fallen on another.

He has likewise improved his talent for usefulness through the medium of the press. He has contributed largely to Kafir Hymnology. He is the translator of the Pilgrim's Progress, a work concerning which there is only one opinion, and to add another sentence to what has been already said would appear like meaningless eulogy. Into whatever language Bunyan's Pilgrim has been rendered, there is not a truer and more graphic translation of it than that which Tiyo Soga has bequeathed as a rich legacy to his countrymen.

He was the representative of his own denomination at the Board of Revisers of the Kafir Bible. This is not the place to refer to the fierce controversy which raged regarding the imperfections of the present version of the Kafir Bible, neither is it advisable to rake up the hard things which were said and written against him at the time. The wounds then inflicted proved, perhaps, the saddest sorrow of his life,—that men should dare to think that by the attitude he assumed he was ungrateful for the great services rendered to his countrymen of furnishing them with the Word of Life. His death will cause a painful blank as these Revisers meet from time to time around one common table, for his translations, carefully prepared and singularly scholarly, were remarkable for their ability and beauty. He ever carried with him into the translator's room a genial hearty spirit. He relished the work. His own words regarding it were, "It is

no task, but a delightful privilege and duty." This duty absorbed all his spare moments. During the last years of his life he wrought at this work with a zeal, an earnestness, and a pleasure which showed that his whole soul was given to it.

He was a man singularly beloved and respected and honoured by those of his countrymen who could appreciate his worth. They trusted him as an honest man, revered him as a pure-minded man, admired him as a superior man, looked up to him as an upright man, and adored him as a warm-hearted man. But like all benefactors, their loss will only be fully understood in proportion as they advance in moral purity.

As a friend, a truer never lived. There was an irresistible something about him which drew one closer and closer to him. There was a strange fascination about him which made one feel that he was a great man, worth loving, worth trusting. One could always confide in Mr. Soga. Although he was a humble, retiring man, he exercised a power and an influence over others which never can be lost. The secret of all this,—that which made him what he was, which raised him the highest of his countrymen, the representative man of his race,—was the simple fact that he was a true Christian. That fact none can gainsay. It showed itself at all times,—in conversation, in the tones of his voice, in the gentleness of his nature, in the warm shake of the hand at meeting and at parting, in his hospitality, in his unwillingness to offend, in his home life, in his contact with men of all grades and colour. Tiyo Soga was a Kafir, an educated man, a missionary, a gentleman; but the one feature of his character which towered far above the rest, which showed itself in every look and gesture, was this,—Tiyo Soga was a *Christian man*.

It has been remarked that he was a poor specimen of a Kafir. Physically he was about the middle height, was painfully hollow about the chest, and neither walked nor sat erect. But when you looked at his face, at those large dark hazel eyes, and that broad noble forehead, high, full and gently sloping backwards, you involuntarily felt that here is a man of great moral worth and high intellectual culture. During the last years of his life, he struggled against great physical weakness. The Church of which he was so worthy a son put forth repeated efforts for his recovery. His own brethren implored him to cease from active work, but he resolutely refused. He struggled on. So sensitive was he regarding his state of health, that it was a subject on which he was remarkably reticent, and wished others to be silent also. With sorrow we looked upon his wasting frame and sinking strength. Each time he toiled up and down the rugged lofty Kei heights on his journeys to and from his station, he felt himself that the end was not far off. At last it came. The months of June and July last were with him months of great suffering. Yet he wrought on at the translation of the Acts of the Apostles in addition to his other duties, until compelled by sheer exhaustion to yield. He rallied for a few days, and hope

revived in the hearts of friends. True to his eagerness for work, he was out on the 9th and 10th August, vaccinating hundreds of people who besought his help. A relapse ensued. He caught fresh cold; then rapidly followed the end; for ere friends could be summoned to bid him a long last farewell, he had gone. On Saturday afternoon, the 12th of August, his tongue was silenced and his eyes were closed in death.

He was buried on the 18th of August, at the station on the Transkei which he had established. There gathered around his grave representatives of all the various nations which populate our Colony,—Englishmen, Germans, Africanders, Kafirs, Fingoes, Hottentots, Malays. The various sects of Christians found representatives there, to shed a tear over the remains of one of South Africa's noblest sons.

Standing by his grave on a calm, peaceful evening, the low, deep murmur of the Indian Ocean is heard far away in the distance—fit emblem of the undertone of sadness which pervaded his whole life. Away towards the setting sun rise in massive outline the dark blue mountains of the Gaika country, a glorious prospect—fit emblem of the elevated thoughts with which his soul was filled, and made him look upward and beyond. He sleeps well. He was one of God's best works. Let us accept him as having been such. He was a son of the soil: let us cherish his memory and follow his example. On the scroll on which South Africa has written the names of her best and truest and most illustrious sons, henceforward let the name of TRYO SOGA be emblazoned in letters of gold.

JOHN A CHALMERS.

Homœopathy.

YOUR readers must not expect such a dissertation on this subject as only a medical man could write. I am merely going to jot down some ideas that struck me when I came to ponder over the influence which the new system seems to have exercised upon the minds of a large number of rational people. I believe Hahneman's disciples have got so far as the establishment of a separate medical school in Germany—anything but discarded by the Government. It may be (for, as already hinted, I have not studied medicine) that professors of the new creed found their doctrine on physiological science, though Hahneman, the disciple of Mesmer, is said to have been no physiologist himself; but the generality of those to whom I have spoken, and who put the utmost confidence in the system, have invariably given me *their own experience* as the simple reason of their belief. They could cite examples innumerable, where the regular practitioners had given up their patients, and a resort to the box of infinitesimal doses had effected wonderful cures,—Dr. Atherstone, Dr. Kretschmar,

and the *huis apotheeek* to the contrary, notwithstanding; whilst my argument that by parity of reasoning, and the very same inductive mode, many a coloured man and many a patient among the Boers had pinned his faith to the *black doctor* seemed to prove nothing. Now, as long as such convictions are likely to continue, will the opposition to Mr. De Wet's Bill, I ask, prevent those who choose to be drugged in their own way, avail aught? It is said we must by legal enactment protect the ignorant against the empirical treatment of quacks. Others opine that education of a certain sort will not put a stop to this kind of mental aberration. Even the great Lord Bacon believed in amulets, and Boyle seriously recommends the thigh-bone of an executed criminal as a powerful remedy in dysentery. Is it much to be wondered at, then, that I knew a neighbour once who for a complication of diseases, including dropsy, swallowed the powdered liver of an unborn hare; or others who cured ringworm and kindred maladies by rubbing the part with an *inherited gold ring*, and had it touched right royally by the seventh unmarried daughter of a family—a *rare* medium some years ago in this Colony, and therefore a somewhat safe way of prophesying, according to the doctrine of chances. But you would never find room, or try to do so, for this tirade were I to give you an elaborate disquisition on South African superstitions and their origin, whilst I might have Dr. Bleek upon me if I added that shooting an arrow, of which the head had just scratched the skin, past the patient's right ear was *probatum* for the same cutaneous affection.

Dr. White used to tell a story of *Taaier*, the far-famed Malay doctor, who was fetched from Cape Town, a distance of a couple of hundred miles, in a wagon and eight, to practise his art on an old Boer who believed he had been partly bewitched by a sort of slow poison; and when the farmer's son inquired at the Early Market in Cape Town where the Malay priest resided, the youth stood aghast on the seer making his appearance and telling him at once the time when his father had been poisoned, and how long he had been bed-ridden! Of course, no delay took place in bringing *Taaier* to the old man's farm; nor was he long there before the effect of an emetic, immediately administered, was so instantaneous as to enable the patient to walk at once from his bed to the river-side. We may smile at this; but how long is it ago that in Paris—the most unbelieving city in the world—an old soldier healed colonels and generals of all manner of diseases by the motion of his wand or the utterance of unmeaning phrases?

Similar anecdotes could be repeated *ad infinitum*. I have heard of another Malay doctor who had, like Dr. Priessnitz, a regular establishment on an out-of-the-way farm, and by means of one large earthen can, constantly replenished with the same restorative mixture, the unsophisticated inhabitants, even from a considerable distance, were relieved by hundreds. Many whose ailments were more or less chronic dwelt in tents and wagons, whilst the poorer coloured

patients built themselves huts (untaxed) around the follower of the Prophet's domicile. Others, half ashamed of their superstition, used to visit the place on the sly, or get advice by message. But *Abel Ontong* has long since left the region of his former exploits. Whether the march of intellect was heard to be close at hand, or whatever the urgency was,—apparently, decline of business sent him to the Free State to fresh pastures.

Were our old ladies of former days more gullible than Victor Hugo, who believed in the electric effect produced by snails at the distance of half the globe?—not to speak of many modern instances where Home puzzled the philosophers. However, these are not exactly applicable to our subject. What I should like to see discussed is the extent of the effect of imagination on the state of the human viscera, and on the constitution generally—that is to say, if the imagination or a state of hypochondria can and must act on the stomach through the brain, as the following, from an able pathologist, clearly shows :—

“You know,” says Abernethy, “the eighth pair of nerves come from the brain to the stomach ; and if the mind be agitated or disturbed, will the stomach digest food, or will it even receive it?—No. Oh, there is a great sympathy between the mind and the stomach. If a man has received some intelligence which really distressed or annoyed him—thoroughly distressed him ; if a merchant heard of the loss of a great adventure at sea ; if a surgeon heard that a patient had died in whom he had taken great interest ; or if a lover heard that his mistress had cheated him at the time he was sitting down to dinner, would he eat his dinner, do you think?—Oh, no. Or if he heard of the tidings just after he had dined, would what he had taken digest?—Oh, no. Well, to secrete, then, there must be *vital actions regulated by the nervous system* ; and in every part of the physical body you will see that fact proved.”

Now, how far is it possible that the stomach, becoming disordered, may affect peculiarly constituted persons in such a way as to produce derangement in any other vital parts? It is not necessary to go into particulars to show how by an abnormal state of the stomach the liver, for instance, may be attacked, and how, therefore, the state of the brain, acted on through the nervous system by the imagination, may ultimately produce disease and death through any other organ. If that can be sustained, why should not the inverse be the case?—why should not, by a firm belief in infinitesimal doses, acting in some unknown way, and, therefore, in a way to affect people with peculiar propensities—of the imagination, or of peculiar nervous temperaments—a radical change in the whole system be brought about,—why not by bread-pills, even where a vital part has already become disordered? The toothache has been cured *permanently* by *bocus-pocus*, or what they call in this country *bespeaking* ; and so with *warts*. Who does not know of instances of magic cure, of which your man of science can give no explanation? Bread-pills have more than once done good service as *active purgatives* when they

were believed to be cathartics. There must be *faith*; and if that be the case, and the lesson once given to a young doctor after he had finished his apprenticeship, "*Conceit will kill, and conceit will cure,*" had any sense in it at all, then, if what I have surmised becomes more generally accepted as true, it is clear that this faith and its consequences must in time diminish, like smelling-out among the Kafirs.

But let not the reader go away with the impression that I am convinced of the cause and effect of distemper and treatment such as I have glanced at. All I wish to do is to draw out some one who has made chemistry, pathology, and physiology his study to enter fully into the question, and I wish very much the matter could be taken up by two opposite medical scholars; and should I be so fortunate as to induce an allopath to take the field, I hope he will tell us why he does not believe that Mr. Thomas, the farrier, cures distemper in dogs by infinitesimal doses; and, if that be admitted, and imagination be partly or entirely the cause ascribed, then does that give naturalists a clearer insight into the mental faculties of the inferior animals, as, for example, dogs, which dream of sport and bark in their sleep?

I know that this paper will disappoint those who saw the word "Homœopathy" at the head, and who may have expected an exposition of the two theories "*Contraria contrariis curantur*" and "*Similia similibus curantur,*" or wished for a defence or an attack; but, at all events, I have suggested questions which may lead those who have more leisure and opportunity, or who have made either system their study, to come forward and enlighten us Cape people on the subject.

It does not always follow that seemingly sound theory settles these and similar questions. Every now and then chemists, geologists, vegetable and animal physiologists, find some favourite theory entirely overthrown, because on further investigation a screw is discovered to have been loose in their whole beautiful fabric, and they have to begin theorizing *de novo*.

From time immemorial blood-letting, according to Dr. Sangrado, was the uncontradicted result of a knowledge of the functions of arteries and veins; but now your young practitioner turns up his nose, and tells the old stager that he has never seen a man bled except once or twice during all the time he walked the hospitals, and only remembers the term as applied to money-lenders and attorneys as a current expletive.

Laws must be obtained from data; and if pillules containing harmless ingredients produce convalescence, I suppose the law must be carried out, though we cannot tell the reason any more "than whisky's name in Greek."

HORNBOOK.

From the Tati to Natal.*

Maghaliquain River, or Nylstroom,
above Moordenaar's Drift
November 13, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. N———,—I have much pleasure in informing you that I am now on my return, after a much more successful journey than I dared hope for when I left Natal. Then I thought if I kept our company's interest from deteriorating, I should do well. Now, I have not only succeeded in this, but, aided by the skill and tact of Mr. Lee, have obtained from the King a written confirmation of the grant of mining privileges he made me verbally last year; and besides this, have received permission from him to open a road direct to Natal through the Fly Country. No great boon this last, perhaps you will think, but I took care to ascertain that it was possible before undertaking to do so. The fly does not overspread the whole country, but lives in patches, and safe passages between these are known to natives and to several Transvaal hunters. With regard to the disputed succession, Lo Bengula says that he himself, both by messengers and by personal travel, did all in his power to seek his brother, and refused to accept the dignity of king till proof was obtained that the real heir (Kuruman) was dead. He then yielded to the prayers of his people, and now he does not intend to give way lightly to the first who claims his office from him, but rather to show himself worthy of the high position which is now his by birthright, as well as by the election of his people. He says, moreover, that many of the people who have left his country for Natal are criminals,—one of them being guilty of incest with a wife of his father, Umselegas; and it is well known among white people that the woman in question fled with him beyond the reach of Matabeli law, which decrees for such an offence, not only the death of the criminal, but the extermination of his house.

To come now to what more immediately concerns myself. On the 11th September Mr. Jewell and I rode over to Tati, to write letters, leaving them to be taken down by Mr. Glass, who was waiting for rains to enable him to commence his journey. We returned to Mr. Lee's, which was to be our starting point, and the position of which, taken by Mr. Edwin Mohr, at the Saw-pit, three quarters of a mile south-west of the house, is latitude $20^{\circ} 44' 40''$, longitude $28^{\circ} 13' 48''$, my own observations agreeing closely. Boiling point at the house $205.3 = 3,526$ feet above the sea. We loaded our two wagons

* This very interesting letter from our old friend Mr. Baines reached us a fortnight ago. When he dispatched it he had just arrived at Pretoria, in the Transvaal, after having, as he describes, explored a new line of route from the Tati Gold-fields, across the Limpopo and in the direction of Natal.—ED. "C. M. M."

rather heavily with Kafir corn, for the horses and native servants. Stephen Gee, of Natal, drove mine, and Carl Lee, Mr. Jewell's. Christian Herbst and some other relatives of Mr. Lee accompanied us, with the intention of hunting elephants, to the Limpopo, and seeing us across, and Mr. Biles, who had just arrived from the King's, joined us with his wagon. Our course lay a little east of south, down the valley of the Mangwe River, between granite hills of rugged character and picturesque variety of form, among which it required but little licence to the imagination to trace the outlines of pillars, obelisks, fortresses with bastions and battlements, and turreted castles perched on hills like Ehrenbreitstein, only the Mangwe could hardly be taken to represent the Rhine. On the Semokhie, into which the Mangwe runs, we found our friend Mr. Jennings, elephant-hunting—he had killed thirteen; and Mr. Potgieter, who was with him, gave me information and advice respecting the passage through the Fly. The Semokhie joins the Shasha fifty-four miles below Tati, and we encamped on the south side of the Shasha, just below the junction, in latitude $21^{\circ} 58' 20''$, longitude (approximate) $28^{\circ} 39' 30''$ —the boiling point being $207^{\circ} 5$, and height above the sea 2,359 feet. The river is a broad flat sandy bed, possibly 200 yards wide, with water percolating beneath it, sometimes forced to the surface by underlying rocks, sometimes to be had for digging or scratching with the hands, and sometimes for miles not at all.

Here our Dutch friends found reason to alter their plans and turn up the Shasha, instead of along the Limpopo; and we therefore separated with mutual good wishes, Mr. Biles alone remaining with us. Our task of exploring a passage through the Fly was now to commence; indeed, from a hill near us Mr. Biles pointed out another which he had passed near on hunting excursions, and knew to be infested with Fly. On Monday, October 9, Stephen Gee and I, with four Kafirs, started on foot, keeping a little to the westward of south, and halted for breakfast under a great baobab, which spread its gigantic arms, bare and leafless at present, above the varied foliage of the forest. We saw a black rhinoceros and two giraffes, but men on foot making a journey cannot afford the time, the patience, and the labour that are necessary to get near enough to these animals to fire with effect; besides which, with our small guns, unless we make very fine shooting, and give an immediately fatal wound, the creatures escape or die where we cannot follow them and get the flesh. We passed from four to six miles west of the infested kopjie, and entered a range of broken granite hills, among which we began to look out for water,—not in the rivulets, which are all dry at this season, but on the bare rocky mounds, where, if there be hollows, the first showers of the commencing summer may have left a little. We found a fissure in which were several gallons; and after drinking our fill, carried as much as we could in our small tin buckets. We saw a few guinea-fowls, and were trying to get rifle shots at them, when we heard a low indistinct sound just ahead of us, which soon swelled

into the deep growl which only one animal in Africa can produce. Six or seven cubs appeared crossing a little opening close to me, two larger ones had just disappeared in the thicket to my right, and a fine lioness was in front beyond her cubs, growling, and apparently calling them out of danger. My first thought was to shoot one of the cubs and to make sure of the lioness, but again I thought she might be too quick, and dash on me before I could reload, and it was therefore better to take the chance of crippling her. She was standing away from me with her head turned back towards her cubs and her side partially visible through some low bush. I let her have the ball as nearly behind the shoulder as I could ; and instead of showing fight, she dashed away with her family, leaving foot-prints impressed into the ground like those of a galloping horse. Gee and I followed, but could not get another shot.

From a neck in the kopjies we saw the Macloutsie River, with its broad bed of white sand and dense fringe of green mimosas on either side, the colours all rendered soft and harmonious by distance. But we had a long march to do, and it was considerably after dark before we reached it, and even then no water was to be found beneath the sand. We had about half a pint each in our buckets, and making our supper off this and a bit of bread, we slept in a clump of trees whose stems and roots formed a natural shelter.

On Tuesday, the 10th, we started early, looking in every direction for water, and at length found some in a rivulet (which we named Coffeespruit) by probing the soil with a ramrod till the end came up wet. We found green palms, and I cut out the "cabbage" at the root of the young leaves, but it was rather small. Our next care was to ascertain whether there was water for the oxen free from the Tsetse fly, and we tracked the river down some miles till we saw a ledge of rocks across its bed, and making for this we found pools quite sufficient for this purpose, and saw no Fly. We wounded several pallahs, or roodeboks, during the day, some of them at long ranges, but could not succeed in running any down. A couple of buffaloes were sauntering along the banks, and by taking cover of the trees we approached so near as to be above them on a bare projection of the bank, while they were in the bushy covert below,—in fact, we were too close, and dared not move to choose a better position, for fear the slightest sound should startle our game. We fired together into the shoulder of one, and they immediately turned, and rushed out within less than their own length of us. I saw every feature most distinctly, as with their scowling eyes and heads half-turned towards me they rushed past. I looked to the stem of a large tree, and got towards an ant-heap ; but had they charged we should have had no time to take shelter. Happily, however, they passed, and loading as we went we ran after them, but they dashed on wildly through palm and mimosa thickets, and we soon lost them. Somewhat lower down we found a pool, at which lions had been drinking, and soon after came suddenly upon a noble pair

of yellow manes. They had been lying down, but the commotion among our Kafirs startled them, and they began to retreat. I ran round the tree to get a clear shot, and fired just as the largest was getting out of sight in the long grass. As we returned, I shot a monkey from the top of a high tree, and we made our supper off it. On Wednesday we reached the Shasha River, a few miles from the wagons, and were home to an early breakfast on Thursday.

On Friday, the 13th, we started with the wagons, and followed a hunter's spoor which we had seen during the journey just mentioned; reached the Macloutsie, three miles above where we first struck it, and spanned out at noon on Saturday on its banks, in a grove of noble kameeldoorns and palms, 116½ miles from Lee's, 2,094 feet above the sea level; but the clouds and rain prevented any observation for latitude. From this we made various short trips on foot and horseback, seeking the wagon spoor of the hunters, and following it mile by mile as we could, till we halted at the river, on a little height below Coffeespruit; and though the game was exceedingly scarce and wild, Mr. Biles managed to shoot a pallah. Carl Lee and I went out, and after a good long round were returning, when we saw some buffaloes coming down towards the river. We hurried on to meet them and gain cover before they should take alarm; and as we neared them the herd seemed to increase, till there must have been more than one hundred or one hundred and fifty visible. We crouched in the long grass with poised rifles, waiting their approach; but our Kafirs went through so expressive a pantomime of the fierceness of the buffalo's charge, and of their efforts to elude it when it should be made, that we fell back towards a clump of trees; and finally taking cover of a little spruit, chose another clump of trees, which one of them approached within a hundred yards. We let him have both bullets in the shoulder, and saw him give a convulsive bound, as if fatally hit. As he started to follow the herd we ran on, loading as we went, and both bullets again told, mine hitting a fine cow; and a third time we came up with the herd and fired, both of us with effect. I was now getting out of breath, and Carl outran me and again wounded a buffalo, as the herd broke through the covert on the river bank and rushed across it, raising a dense cloud of dry white sand as they went. We scratched for water, but there was none; and we renewed the chase, till Carl's shot was followed by the deep loud groan of the wounded animal. I came up while he was reloading, and he warned me to retreat, as the buffalo was preparing to chase. I stood my ground, however, and stopped him with a bullet in the shoulder. Carl came up and gave him another; but the setting sun was now in our eyes and we could not fire very well. I ran ahead of him, clear of the sun, and brought him down with a broken shoulder, and Carl administered the *coup de grace* behind the ear. The long run had exhausted us and induced excessive thirst; and as it was now dark, we spent as little time as possible in cutting off all the meat we could carry and returning to the wagons.

October, 19.—We took the wagons onward, but, after nearly six miles, found that the spoor turned suddenly back upon itself, and concluding that the hunters had been alarmed by signs of the proximity of fly, we outspanned and sent the oxen on a clear place to graze while we searched the vicinity, and within half a mile Mr. Biles found a fly. We agreed to send the drivers back with the oxen and horses, giving them axes to make a kraal and a bottle of ammonia to touch any spot on which a fly might settle, while Jewell would remain to guard the wagons, and Mr. Biles and I would go on afoot in the morning.

Friday, October 20.—We left the wagons, and in an hour came to a small fountain where the hunters had remained and killed buf-faloes, but we also found a Tsetse, and we resumed our march keeping a strict watch on all the insects that settled on our clothing, but we saw none but common or harmless flies. At midday we reached a sandy river called Little Tuli, and walked all the rest of the day south-west up a rivulet named Paliwe, in which we found no water, and had to be content with a little which the Kafirs carried.

Saturday, October 21.—We climbed a hill, Baobabkop, and cutting a junk of wood from a tree of that name chewed it for the moisture. Mr. Biles pointed out a rock about a mile west, and we sent the Kafirs to see if it had hollows containing water. On reaching it they waved their karosses in the air, and we followed and found a crescent-shaped fissure, in which was water three feet deep. We made coffee and went on, passing a baobab sixty-three feet in circumference, and several of smaller size. We saw a troop of real gemsboks—which are generally supposed not to extend so far east, but to confine themselves more to the central and western deserts. A giraffe also approached us, and Mr. Biles endeavoured to *bekruij* and shoot him; but our hungry Kafirs were too eager to conceal themselves properly, and scared the animal away. At night we reached a rivulet, in which we found about half a gallon of water under a bank of limestone, and some huts near it—an acceptable shelter from the heavy rain which now came on.

Sunday, October 22.—As we had no food for the boys, and only a very small bit of bread for ourselves, we left these huts, which appeared to have been a standing place of hunters, and commenced our return. Mr. Biles was fortunate enough to shoot a steinbok for ourselves and a quagga for them, and stopped for the rest of the day at Biles's Pool on the rock. Here we witnessed a sight such as many hunters who spend all their lives in the country have never an opportunity of seeing, *i.e.*, a giraffe drinking. The stately creature came slowly on with its lofty head and neck swaying at every step above the bush, but still shaded by the loftier trees, and then stepped out on the bare granite rock and halted at a shallow rain-pool. It then extended its fore legs till the feet were seven feet apart, and then its tall head and neck came sweeping down like a falling mast to the water beneath it.

On the evening of the 23rd we reached the wagons, and learned that flies had been seen all round. We also saw one while we were resting there. We sent to keep the cattle away till after dark, and set fire to all the dry grass, &c., about the place. I made a strong solution of ammonia, and washed the horses all over, and tar water to sprinkle the oxen, as it is generally believed that the smell of tar will keep off the fly while it remains strong; but the surest precaution of all was to start early and get past the fly before daylight. We did this, and were just in safety when my wagon capsized in crossing a spruit, and cost me three hours' work to get it unloaded, righted, and ready to start again. At night we slept at Little Tuli, and met several of Machen's hunters, who did all they could to frighten our boys, and prevent their serving us through the country; they also refused to give us any information. Next day, we reached the Great Baobab, which I sketched, and found the latitude to be $22^{\circ} 19' 41''$.

On the 26th we reached Lime Fountain. On the 27th I started on foot with Gee and two boys, and after a march of thirteen and a half miles, reached the Limpopo River. Here we stayed a day or two and found Masaras, who undertook to show us the drift by which we might cross clear of Tsetse; and on Monday, October 30, we went about four miles up the river, and then crossed. It was a fine stream, one hundred yards broad and knee deep, flowing about two knots per hour, with sandbanks and islands, and a dense border of thorns on each side. Here we knew that Tsetse were within a thousand yards of us; but we believed that we were safe, until our equanimity was disturbed by the appearance of one, possibly brought home on a roodebok that had been shot. The cattle were called up and inspected, and the horses tied to the wagons, and guards placed over them,—and we had half a mind to inspan and go on; but the Bushmen said we should be running into greater danger. The fly settled on my horse Pleit, but was immediately driven off and the place washed with ammonia, although, I believe, he had made no puncture. He eluded every attempt to catch him, and at last settled on Mr. Biles's horse. A knife was now held in skilful hands, so directly in line with the sun as to cast little or no shadow, and then suddenly brought down, but the nimble fly evaded the attempt to capture him. Again he settled on the horse, and again the knife was carefully brought into position, and rapidly struck down; but in vain. And when he again settled on the hump, Mr. Biles made a sweeping stroke with his hat, and I picked up the unfortunate fly lying stunned, but not otherwise injured, on the sand. At night we came to the village of a petty chief named Peerie, or Wolf; and as the stillness of night deepened we heard the rushing of a waterfall in the river. In some of the native dialects the word for a waterfall is Impopo, or Impopo-mene. I could not learn whether this had anything to do with the name Limpopo. The common name of the river here is Loori. Next morning I sketched the fall, which is eight

or ten feet high, over granite rocks,—and all hands were trying to shoot zeekoes or other game, without success. A crocodile caught an ox by the dew-lap; but the herd-boys shouted and threw stones, and created a diversion in favour of the ox, which got off with slight wounds. I went down, and seeing the crocodile lying on a sand bank, gave him a bullet in the flank as he was getting away; it sent him off splashing and struggling, but was not fatal, as he was again watching the cattle at sunset. At night we rode on, having succeeded on this occasion only in hiring guides to take us in the night through a patch of fly that could not be avoided. We outspanned clear of this patch, in latitude $22^{\circ} 50' 4''$, on the 2nd November. We held on S.W. up the Limpopo, in which we caught barbels of considerable size; and at night we left the river and made a long trek of twelve miles, which brought us into the vicinity of Modlala's Pan, where some Bushmen informed us that Schimmel Paard Pan was far in front of us, that we must ride to it in the night, because there was fly on this side, and that there was also fly between it and Maghali-quain River, to which we must also ride in the night; also in the poort, between Blueberg and Hanglip mountains, we should find the last patch of fly, after which we should be quite clear. We have passed safely through all these. We tried to buy provisions of Makapan; but he would not sell except for gunpowder, which we dared not give. From Makapan's Poort I rode ahead to Nylstroom, in hope of posting letters; but failing in that I rode on to Pretoria, where I arrived this morning, November 17, just in time to catch the English mail. When the wagons arrive I shall come on to Hartley's, to Potchefstroom, and Natal, and hope to find that our company is prepared to follow up my success.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,

THOMAS BAINES.

A Ride in Japan.

[LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.]

THE morning sun has risen from its ocean bed, and gilds the surrounding country with glowing tints; whilst in the far distance rises, like a phoenix, the mighty mountain, Fusy-Yama, whose towering head, snow-capped and in solitary majesty, stands 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. We start—a small party of three—to visit the interesting statue of Dybutz, situated about eighteen miles from the settlement of Yokohama. With our bettoes, or grooms, to guide us, we proceed along a narrow bridle-path, skirting the banks of a canal for several miles, at length emerging into a wide plain, densely cultivated, the chief produce being rice.

Rice forms the staple food, and its cultivation is greatly attended to. The valleys and plains are rich with this cereal. Irrigation in the plains is carried on by means of sluices and pumps—a plan which apparently answers well. In the valleys, the cultivation is by the system of terraces, which allows the percolation of water to slowly continue from summit to base ; thus nothing is lost.

But what strange creature is this guide who runs beside our horses ! With a light robe of cotton, and sandals, he stands before you in full dress. The robe at times is thrown off the shoulders, and displays to view the great peculiarity of these grooms, by which they are known, viz., tattooing. Their whole bodies are a series of grotesque figures, fanciful in arrangement, and strange, indeed, to the sight.

But pass we along o'er hill and dale, bidding the pedestrian, or mounted Yaconin, the salutatory good morn. Civility is proffered with a sense and feeling which might put to shame more enlightened countries. There is an inborn gentility, without servility, and a desire for friendly feeling towards foreigners—at least, amongst the lower classes.

But we are digressing. Skirting the side of a hill with a gradual ascent, we reach the summit, when, bursting on our gaze, appears a glorious panorama ; and, to quote Scott,

The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Far away the eye wanders, endeavouring to grasp each separate object. A valley richly cultivated—the inlet on which lies the small town of Kanasawa—and the sea for a background ; whilst in the far distance, frowning like a giant, is the ever-present Fusy-Yama. The various tints of green, the quiet stillness, and the suddenness of this view present a pleasing picture to the eye, not soon to be effaced. From this scene of enchantment we descend to the level, and a ride of a few miles, through scattered villages, lying embosomed amid luxuriant foliage, brings us to our resting-place. The graceful, drooping westeria and the tree camellia lend their charm to the scene, which is enhanced by the social feeling of the villagers.

And now dismounting at our tea-house, we are received by pretty Japanese girls, and escorted to a room upstairs, overlooking the placid waters of the inlet, whose bosom is studded with small islets, while the zephyr breeze wafts along the tiny fishing craft. Ruddy faces, with eyes like sloes, but strangely set, and lips of carmine hue, yet with a fascination of their own, seek your wants. So, seated on the clean matting, we partake of our repast, the pleasure heightened by the glorious climate and the merry laugh and songs of the singing girls, who, touching their guitars with an ivory gnomon, pour forth some gushing tale of love ; but to the Western ideas the music hath not that charm which is expected to soothe the savage breast. The dulcet strain, to our refined ears, is not harmonious. What jealousy

must then mar the social life, when thy charms, fair maid, are sacrificed to the married state,—the pearly whitened teeth rendered hideously black, and the soft lashes which should guard thy brow are for ever shaven ! The limping gait and the original Grecian bend are here in perfection. It is currently affirmed that our Western sisters are greatly indebted to these fair ones for many new fashions.

Nature's requirements having been thus far satisfied, we again mount, and amid the many *si-a-noras* or good-byes, we gallop away to view some other scenes. We ride through the memorable avenue which has been the scene of many disasters to Europeans, and pass the spot where two of our comrades in arms fell victims to the jealous feelings of Priests and Yaconins. Roam the wide world o'er, and that priestly domination is ever to be found ; and where the ideas are cramped, or the mind is led to believe in the efficacy of stocks and stones, bigotry in all its forms is sure to predominate.

As we pass through the different villages, or by solitary cot, the eye is charmed with the appearance of neatness and the floral display. As a rule, the Japanese are great gardeners, but mostly in miniature. Their ideas rather run in one groove—the rustic bridge—the small pond and gravelled walks are seen in each. Yet there is a charm, and great credit is due, when even the smallest place is beautified.

Turning up a narrow lane, after passing a small village, we arrive at the gate leading to the temple, where we dismount, and are immediately beset by beggars and children, vociferating loudly for charity, "*Anata Tempo cashê.*" A few coins thrown amongst the delighted crowd, and we make our escape.

We are now within the precincts of the colossal statue, and soon to be rewarded for our long ride. Lo ! there it is before us—mighty memorial of years gone by—as a sitting figure, with its pedestal it towers above us some sixty feet, with the hands inclined towards each other, and the thumbs meeting. Time has lent a subdued influence, and the bronze figure looks venerable. Around the base is the sacred Lotus—the braziers, and the lighted perfumed match which I presume is to propitiate the gods. The statue is composed of three castings—the head and shoulders, the centre of the body, and the lower portion. To give some faint idea of the size, it is only necessary to state that a man sitting on the thumb appears a mere pigmy.

The sacred precincts are guarded by priests, whose shaven crowns are bending towards us as they invite us to enter their abode. We are, however, first conducted to the interior of the statue, which is fitted up as a temple. The usual amount of small gods and burning tapers complete the ritualistic service.

This statue was erected in 1197 by Yoistones ; and surrounded by trees, it reminds one of the ancient Greek gods, in the groves of Parnassus. The priestly abode resembles the humble dwelling of the laity. It might be said to consist of one large room, with several sliding panels, formed of light wood, and paper windows, which

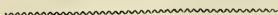
enable the occupier to separate his family at will. In a temple at a short distance from Dybut's are two white ponies, which are held to be sacred; they are of the same size, and bear a charmed existence. Of course they never die. In the vicinity, also, is a species of Blarney Stone, whose potent spell is sought for on interesting occasions.

There has been a good deal said of the danger of riding about country, and we were advised to go armed; but we did not avail ourselves of such protection. Neither was it required. Hospitality and civility we met at every turn. You dismount, and sit on the floor of the verandah, when immediately is brought you a cup of fragrant tea—not the tea of Western notions, which stews for a period, but the fresh leaf—genuine, with a flavour and aroma which excels the most costly London production. A few leaves and some boiling water are all that is necessary. Should your taste be sweet, a jelly made from sea-weed, or some rice cakes, with fantastic ornaments, will appease the wayward appetite. There is a tale told of some expensive tea which grows in China; it is very rare, and from its peculiar nature, can only be grown in inaccessible places, and picked by trained monkeys.

Passing through the village we naturally observe the manners and customs of the natives, and at times are put to the blush. They are a cleanly race. Morning and evening they enjoy their bath, sometimes in their own homes, or at their door; but in general the attention of the passers-by will be drawn to the noise, and looking round they will observe the public bath-room, where may be seen all ages and both sexes bathing together, with no thought of immodesty. To them it is a social gathering, with nothing of an immoral tendency. In the towns there are separate baths.

With the benediction of priests, the laugh and banter of the crowd, we mount for our return home, delighted with the scenery and the pleasure afforded. A short stay at the tea-house, to be regaled with creature comforts, and we gallop back, ere the sun sets in the far far West. There are two roads by which we can return. We choose the same as the morning, the country being safer. On the Tokaido, or high road, you at times meet many Yaconins riding at full gallop, and should they be at all elevated the consequences might be unpleasant. Ere the last rays of the sun sink into night we reach Yokohama, the settlement and port of trade. By the treaty, Kanagawa is the port; but the water fronting the town is very shallow, and therefore not adapted for mercantile purposes. Tired, but not jaded, we arrive in safety, having enjoyed a memorable day.

SEMPER FIDELIS.



“ Absent without Leave.”

I shall not see you in the height
 Of your great beauty's pomp and glow ;—
 The regal form, the queenly brow,
 Clothed in the glory of their might.

I shall not mark you grandly calm
 Amid the dazzling throng and blaze,
 Superior to the gorgeous maze,
 The melting music's luring charm.

I shall not watch the kindling pride
 Of conscious triumph fill your glance ;
 I shall not lead you to the dance,
 Nor throb with rapture at your side.

Ah, no ; enough—too much—for me
 To watch you in some calmer mood,
 Your beauty in its quietude,
 Is all too strong for my bent knee.

Yet, when amid the glow and glare,
 You calmly triumph over all,
 For one still moment, O, recall
 A thought of one that is not there.

And though you stand apart, confessed
 The victress of the thrilling hour,
 Supreme in beauty, grace, and power,—
 Yet inly whisper “ Love is best.”



In the Claims.

[NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.]

WHAT do we find in the claims? If you ask the diamond-seeker this simple question, his answer will readily be given. Nine-tenths of the diggers will tell you, that "the one thing needful" ("the diamond coin") was all they sought, and all they cared to find. Beyond this their thoughts had never learned to stray. Not so the geologist or the naturalist. To him the same question would prove a matter of deep reflection and thought. Far away in the dim past, he would picture to himself the wild man who inhabited the extensive plains of these regions,—the man armed with stone implements, who knew not the use of iron, and who, without a permanent abode, roamed at will in search of game or wild roots and insects. He would behold him with his jagged stone saws, preparing arrow-handles, or perhaps with his flinty curved knife, a shaft for his heavy stone spear, over which he had bestowed great labour; or busy with his rounded and notched nerve-scraper, preparing the skins of wild animals for his daily habiliments,—his children playing around him, probably, with the glittering gems which we of these latter days so greatly prize, while his wife, in some rude clay vessel or the shell of an ostrich egg, would bring him water from the "Pan." In the background, troops of ostriches and other denizens of the wilds would be sporting at will upon their native plains. There, too, would be the lion, "monarch of all he surveyed,"—in those days truly "the lord of creation," for could he not from out his wild fold choose "the fatted (buffalo) calf," or perhaps, for a change of diet, the man who bore the stone implements, for armed in such a manner, could he cope with the lion in his strength? His only safety would be in flight; aye, many a time perchance he may have saved his life by concealment within the caverns formed by the rugged shale reefs which surround the diggings, where even to this day his stone implements in great numbers lie buried beneath the soil, together with innumerable fragments of ostrich egg shell, and also with the precious gems which we so toil to procure. What were diamonds to the man of the stone age? "He had no speculation in his eye;" to him they were valueless, and their beauty was beyond his comprehension.

Let me, however, return from this flight into bygone ages, and endeavour to relate to my readers the story of the claims.

Much has been said and written of late years concerning stone implements, and their intimate connection with the early history of mankind upon the globe. The greater part of my readers will be aware that these implements are to be met with in all parts of the world, scattered over its surface or buried beneath the soil, in the washings of rivers or the beds of lakes and caverns, often associated with the bones of extinct animals, such as the mammoth, &c.

They will have seen them figured in our periodicals and described in our geological works. In all parts of the world their resemblance to each other is remarkable. The stone arrow-head of Europe is formed after the same fashion as that of South Africa, with the long angle on the one side and the smooth rounded surface on the other. There is no mistaking these implements; the rudest fragments will at once be recognized by any one accustomed to investigate such matters. But few, however, of our readers are aware that these relics of a past age lie embedded in the claims, together with the fossil remains of ostrich egg shells and other organic substances, intermixed with the precious stones of the diamond diggings; in short, that they are associated with the diamonds in the majority of the claims upon the fields. Search among the fragments of lime and shale that are cast out of the coarse sieves, and you will find them; you will find them also in the heaps of gravel that are carted away from the claims, or upon the sorting tables. Many of them are broken and worn, and without the point which rendered them weapons of destruction—these were probably cast away by their owners; others retain their points and sharp edges, and are perfect in form, even as they were upon the day in which they were severed from their flinty “cores” by the oblong stone hammer. Though ages have passed away since that period, there they are, bearing with them the unmistakable evidence of human industry and skill, the work of men’s hands. Rude hands they may have been, yet these beings (like ourselves) had their petty hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows; great hunters they may have been, or great warriors, men renowned in fight, or swift of foot to flee away. Who shall declare their history? They have had their day and generation, and have passed away, leaving no record of their existence, save in the broken and scattered stone implements which are now strewn at random over the earth, or buried beneath the soil.

I will now proceed to state a few facts concerning stone implements and organic remains, &c., which are found in the diggings at the Colesberg Kop, and in its immediate vicinity. These facts have either been taken from strictly reliable sources, or I have myself been an eye-witness to them; they are not the “hear-say” reports that are constantly in circulation amongst the diggers, such, for instance, as the following:—A digger one day came to me, in sober earnest, and told me that he had found a captain’s biscuit in his claim. It was so perfect, he declared, that even the prickings were plainly visible upon its surface, although it had become fossil, and had turned into limestone! I suggested that if it really was a captain’s biscuit, it must have belonged to Captain Noah, and that some of his naughty children must have thrown it out of one of the windows of the Ark. He seemed to think this possible, though not probable. He had, however, the usual resource of all the diggers on such matters,—it had found its way into the claim through an ant-bear’s hole. A Dutch woman one day told me that her husband

had found a horse-shoe in his claim, it was perfect in form, but quite fossil,—the *iron* had turned into *limestone*! A skeleton, with the feet missing, was said to have been exhumed at Du Toit's Pan diggings, and also the perfect head of a child, done in limestone! Such reports are always afloat,—they go to prove that the claims are not devoid of interest. Let me, however, return from this long digression to the sober truth of my subject.

On the western side of the Colesberg Kop, in a claim which was the joint property of Messrs. Frank and Carter, in which Mrs. Frank and myself were engaged in sorting, a well-formed stone arrow-head was discovered, at a depth of from ten to fourteen feet below the surface; it was somewhat worn, with the point broken off. Many fragments of ostrich egg shell were found among the gravel in this claim, and they occurred at various depths.

In a claim on the north side of the Kopje, which was being worked by Messrs. Blake and Cumming, several stone implements were turned out (these I have in my possession); they were found at various depths, from near the surface to at least nineteen or twenty feet below. These implements were all more or less encrusted with tufa lime. Many fragments of ostrich egg shell were also discovered in this claim.

A fine stone arrow-head was given to me by Mr. W. Frank, which he had found among the fragments of shale and gravel in his claim on the north side of the diggings; this weapon was also partially encrusted with tufa lime.

My sons, who are working on the Colesberg Kop, have at different times brought me many stone implements of various kinds,—knives, spears, nerve-scrapers, &c., &c., which they had picked up either in their own claims or in the claims of other diggers; several were found upon the roads between the claims, where they had fallen from carts laden with gravel or red soil.

In strolling through these diggings I have seldom failed to pick up one or two of these relics. One day, near the centre of the Kopje, on a heap of coarse gravel which had been thrown from the sieves, I found one of these weapons, which was remarkable from its being whitened on the one side with a thick crust of tufa lime, while the other retained its original dark flinty colour. Apparently, this implement had come from a great depth, the claim in which it occurred being an exceedingly deep one.

In the heaps of refuse gravel and limestone that are carted from the claims stone implements frequently occur. I have in my possession a great number that were found amongst the heaps surrounding the Colesberg Kop, all are more or less encrusted with tufa lime.

Mr. Ortlepp (whose name has many times appeared in connection with the natural sciences of South Africa) assured me that he had discovered many of these ancient relics in the claims, at various depths and in various localities on the diamond diggings.

Mr. Dunn (the Australian geologist, who now holds office under our Colonial Government, and is engaged in exploring Namaqualand)

also informed me that they had been found in considerable numbers in the claims at Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein.

The stone implements of the claim differ from those of the surface, insomuch as they are all more or less whitened with encrustations of tufa lime, whereas the latter are not only free from lime, but are bleached by the influence of the climate, and changed in colour, according to the localities in which they occur, many of them being reddened by oxide of iron. Nevertheless, in texture they are all the same, which may easily be ascertained by chipping a small fragment from off the surface of any one of them, when it will at once be seen that the whitened implement of the claim is struck from the same flinty rock as the dark-coloured weapon of the surface. One of the most perfect stone implements that I have ever met with was picked up by Mr. Bowker (Commandant of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police). It was found amongst a number of ironstone boulders, in an old claim at Pniel; in colour it was all but black, and in shape it was perfect,—with sharp point and cutting edges. This implement had evidently been made for a spear-head, being too large for an arrow. It had, however, never been used, and must have been lost by its owner.

I have mentioned above that broken fragments of ostrich egg shell were associated with the stone implements of the claims, occurring at various depths. These do not differ from the ostrich egg shell of the present day, which is also found in the immediate neighbourhood, excepting that time has rendered it fossil, and somewhat of a darker colour.

In a claim worked by a Mr. Richard Impey, on the north-east side of the Kopje, an almost perfect ostrich egg shell was taken out at a considerable depth; unfortunately, it was broken by the pick of a labourer. Many fragments were also discovered at various depths in this claim.

On the east side of the Colesberg Kopje, in a claim worked by a gentleman from Natal, a perfect ostrich egg shell was discovered at the depth of five and twenty feet from the surface: the spot from which it was taken was pointed out to me by an eye-witness; the egg shell itself I did not see. I am told it is to be presented to one of the Port Natal museums by its discoverer. Another perfect ostrich egg shell was found by a Dutchman at the Colesberg Kopje, near the centre of the diggings, in a deep claim. At the old diggings at De Beer's, a perfect one was also discovered, and fragments innumerable both at Du Toit's Pan and at Bultfontein.

Near the centre of the Kop, beneath the large *Acacia hetracantha* tree, many pieces were taken out by Messrs. Henry and Alfred Gilfillan.

Rude fragments of an earthen structure were found by the labourers in Mr. George Cumming's claim on the western side of the diggings; they occurred at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface. Whether these were the work of human hands or the nest

of some species of ant, I could not decide. At the present day, no ant-nests are built at more than five or six feet below the surface of the earth.

At a considerable depth below the surface, in a claim at Du Toit's Pan, a perfect ant-heap was discovered,—not the underground nest of the termite or rice ant, but the common ant-heap of the Colony, which in tens of thousands are scattered over the hills. This uninhabited city of ants, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, engulfed beneath the soil, lay buried in the diamond-bearing gravel of Du Toit's Pan, much to the astonishment of the owner of the claim and other diggers.

While at Du Toit's Pan I was shown two small rounded vessels which had been taken from a claim, which are now in the possession of Dr. Atherstone. They are about the size of an orange, and closely resemble each other. To me they appeared not unlike the snuff-boxes which are made by the natives from the scrapings of bullock's hide; some imagined them to be the rounded knobs of manure in which the elephant beetle deposits its eggs; they were, however, too large for the nest of that insect. Even assuming this supposition to be a correct one, it is difficult to imagine how they found their way into the limestone gravel of the claims. The elephant beetle inhabits old kraals, living among the manure, in which its large white larva (grub) is not uncommon.

Many circular encrustations of tufa lime, which once enveloped the roots of trees, but are now filled with red soil, are scattered through the claims on the Colesberg Kop. I have also found at the same place small splinters of broken agates, beautifully lineated. Minute wind-worn pebbles, such as are now commonly found drifting on the surface of the soil in the same neighbourhood, are also numerous in the claims both at De Beer's and Du Toit's Pan.

A rounded water-worn boulder, encrusted with tufa lime, was also found in a claim on the "New Rush" (Colesberg Kopje), and at Bultfontein several water-worn boulders were found at a considerable depth in a claim belonging to my son. These are now in the possession of Mr. Dunn.

In the claims adjoining the shale reef a great proportion of the gravel consists of small fragments of shale, as if, by long exposure to the influence of the climate, that rock (like the blue slates of the Fish River) had broken up by innumerable fractures, crumbling up as it were, and by slow degrees mixing with the diamond-bearing gravels of the claims whenever it comes in contact with them.

Obviously, it would appear from the facts stated above that the reef-bound basins or hollows in which the diamonds are embedded are also teeming with other interesting remains. If the investigations of a few individuals within the short space of little more than two months were the means of bringing to light so many relics of a past age and organic remains, &c., how replete with such substances must these diggings be? My acquaintance with the claims

on the Colesberg Kop is by no means extensive ; on the contrary, it is very limited, indeed. Nevertheless, I have in my possession at least three dozen stone implements that were picked up in the claims during my short residence at that place. To me it appears highly improbable that all these remains, organic or otherwise, could have found their way into the bowels of the earth through fissures or ant-bear holes, as is generally supposed by diggers and others. At the present day, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Colesberg Kop, stone implements are exceedingly rare, as they invariably are in such localities where permanent springs are not to be found. Here and there a solitary stone arrow-head is all that you can find. I was all over the kopje soon after its discovery, when the long grass was still waving over the spot, when but a few claims were opened, though many were marked out. I saw only two or three places where ant-bears had been up-rooting the soil, and they had desisted from their labours upon coming in contact with the encrustation of tufa limestone which rests upon the diamond-bearing gravel beneath the red soil of the surface. I doubt much whether it would be possible for a burrowing animal (such as a porcupine or ant-bear) to construct its dwelling-place beneath this crumbling gravel. Moreover, great though the ant-bear's love may be for ants, when even like Samson he may have destroyed his thousands by *licking* them, yet I do not exactly see how he could contrive to take a whole ant-heap into his bed chamber. Neither can I conceive how he managed to convey ostrich eggs from their nests to his own. As for the stone implements, I *doubt much whether he understood the use of them!* Nevertheless, the deep burial of all these remains are laid at the door of the ant-bear or porcupine. To me it appears far more probable that these relics found their way within these reef-bound hollows at the same time and in the same manner as the broken and perfect diamonds have done, and that the accumulation was a work of time and great climatic changes. Depend upon it that the diamonds were not formed where they are now found ; they have come from some other source. Diamonds that are found in their matrix are enveloped in a brown crust—they are not broken, and they are not polished in the manner that our Cape diamonds are ; but by what means they have been transported, or from whence, I am not prepared to say. Let the geologists settle this difficult question. I will refer my readers to such men as Dr. Atherstone, Mr. Dunn, &c., &c.

It would appear, however, that these hollows, surrounded as they all are with a precipitous reef of stratified shale, were not filled up at once, as some suppose, but by slow degrees, and that ages have elapsed during the accumulation of the deposit in which the diamonds and other interesting relics and remains are now discovered.

It is therefore not improbable that the caverns found within this precipitous reef once formed the home of the wild man who used the stone implements ; that for ages it was his dwelling place, during the time in which it was gradually being filled up ; and hence the great

number of stone weapons found in the claims, especially in the vicinity of the reef. Within these rugged fastnesses he may have found shelter and safety from the savage creatures that surrounded him. He it may have been who conveyed to this place the great number of ostrich eggs, whose shells are now scattered through these diggings,—for were they not his food and his water-bottles?

M. E. BARBER.

Colesberg Kop, Oct. 4, 1871.

John's Journal.

PART III.

THE Journal says :—"The second of July was a memorable day. Never before did the industrious inhabitants of these peaceful vales lay aside the plough and pruning-hook to attend a political meeting ; never before did they emerge from the seclusion of the farm and the labours of the vineyard to consider a great question of political economy, and to join in efforts which, under the blessing of Heaven, will result in the salvation of their country." One would imagine from reading this that all our neighbours were as patriotic and disinterested as Cincinnatus, that we learnt about in "Mangnall's Questions ;" but the truth is, nobody can have an idea what a vast deal of trouble the getting-up of this meeting cost John and his friends Borlace and Knorhoek. One after another was invited to take part in it, and all with one consent began to make excuse. It was not until Mr. Vergelegen, Justice of the Peace, had been persuaded to take the chair that others expressed a willingness to assist. The chief object of the meeting was to petition the Queen, and to establish a Branch Association—the first that was formed in the country districts. The chairman's speech was a short one ; those of his countrymen were shorter still. I was not present ; but, of course, John told me all about it. My opinion is, that a husband is wanting in proper respect for his wife who does not tell her everything as soon as he comes home. If John were a Freemason—thank goodness, he's not !—but if he were, what a dilemma he would be in ! I know the good man would be quite wretched if he did not tell me all about their horrid doings, and he would be equally wretched if he broke his word and did tell me. What I should do in such a case I really cannot tell. I always leave it to John to tell me as much or as little as he pleases. I never take advantage of his weakness, and try to wheedle a secret out of him, like Mrs. Caudle. No, never !

John said it was quite amusing to see the Dutch gentlemen, who had had slips of paper, called resolutions, put into their hands, start

up suddenly, fiery red in the face, trembling like aspen leaves, and, after bolting out a couple of words, as suddenly disappear. When their faces emerged from the folds of the bandannas which had been vigorously employed in wiping their perspiring brows, the look of distress gave way to one of unutterable relief and satisfaction. Each felt that he had done his duty, and knew that he had done it at no small sacrifice. So he had. In his spasmodic utterance of those few syllables, each of these worthy men, in mental sufferance, felt a pang as great as when a Gladstone speaks. If none else had taken part, the meeting would have been at an end in a few minutes; but the two clergymen were expected to say something, and they could not plead that they were unaccustomed to public speaking. Borlace spoke, and he was all on fire; so did Knorhoek, J.P., and was very severe on the Government; and so did Captain O'More, who was most severe of all. War to the knife—nothing less would pacify the outraged feelings of his patriotic heart. He wound up an energetic speech with a most eloquent—peroration, I think, John called it. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!" cried the orator, and when he sat down there was such a clapping of hands and stamping of feet as fairly astonished the natives. I started up in alarm for the old building, but there was only a mudden floor, and the danger was not great of its being shaken down. All were in a state of excitement. Englishmen and Dutchmen forgot their differences, and fraternized,—that is to say, they did not rush frantically into each other's arms, and look foolishly over each other's shoulders, as the *Illustrated News* represents Frenchmen as doing when such a thing takes place; but there was a lusty shaking of hands, and an awful expenditure of mutilated English and disjointed Dutch on mutual compliments and congratulations. This first meeting was a grand success, and Captain O'More was the hero of the day.

The only ornament John's study ever knew is a dingy engraving in a dingy, old-fashioned frame, which John admires more than I do. He bought it because it is dedicated to those "whose noble efforts rescued the Colony from the injury and degradation of becoming a penal settlement." It professes to represent the great meeting held in Cape Town on the 4th of July, 1849, which lasted, the artist says, seven hours, "through showers of wind and rain." It's a dismal affair, and I never look at it without a feeling as of cold water running down my back; but as I have not an artist's eye, and never had the good luck to see a *shower of wind*, I dare say it is true to nature. A pictorial representation of such a phenomenon was, at all events, worth the money John paid for it, though I did think at the time he might have laid his ten or fifteen shillings out to more advantage in the purchase of a new hat. However, it pleased him at the time, and it pleases him still. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

John was at that meeting; so was the Secretary of the Brackenbury Branch Anti-convict Association. All the members had

pledged themselves to attend, and join in the grand demonstration ; but the morning was misty, and not a single Cincinnatus left his plough to save his country by standing seven hours in the wind and rain. John and his enthusiastic companion did not reach home until near midnight. Darkness overtook them in the Downs, and after wandering among those horrid sand-hills for hours, as they thought, they found their way at last to a roadside inn, where they had a comfortable supper, and baited their jaded horses.

The committee was to meet the following week, and John said, as his parsonage was the most central, they could use my parlour. When he consulted me on the subject, I soon convinced him that he had been extremely rash in making such an offer. The best of men are so inconsiderate ! He should have asked my advice first. I took him by the arm and marched him into the parlour, and said, " Now, John, look here. You intend to bring all these gentlemen here every week. Is this a place to show them into ? Look at that disgraceful old carpet. It's only fit for floor cloths. I wouldn't have such a thing down if I could make the boards fit to be seen without it ; but I can't. With all my oiling and rubbing and scrubbing, I can't. They're all worm-eaten and rotten. John ! I *must* have a new carpet. You'll buy me one, won't you, dear ? We shall have to get one very soon, and a few months won't make much difference ; will it, dear ? " John shook his head, and said he thought the carpet would last a long time yet with care ; it could very easily be darned or have a patch put on, and, by-and-by, we should perhaps be better able to afford a new one. I must confess I felt just a trifle nettled, for I did so long for a new carpet, though I knew John was quite right not to run into debt. " Well, John ! " I replied, not without a little pique, " it's quite impossible for you to meet in this wretched hole. I won't hear of it. Besides, it's not one quarter large enough. You can never squeeze four justices of the peace, two clergymen, and twelve fat men like Mr. Van Ster into it. Where are they to sit ? There's only the sofa and those six flimsy chairs you bought when we were married. You can't put more than two justices of the peace on the sofa. If Mr. Vergelegen gets into that arm chair, it will go to pieces with him, and if you give Captain O'More any one of the others,—you know how weak the poor man is in his legs,—there'll be an accident, as sure as my name is Mary Morrison."

" Mary Morrison, indeed ! " cried John ; " it's a long time since your name was Mary Morrison,"—but what more he said and did as the old familiar name awakened recollections of bygone days, I am not going to tell. It's enough for other folks to know that, although I did not get a new carpet, the committee did meet dozens of times in that same little parlour, and the most corpulent of them never came to grief.

The people seem to have been delighted with their first public meeting, for they resolved to have another on the eighteenth of the same month. This time it was held beneath some fir trees which

overshadow a house in the upper part of the village. The stoep served well for a platform. The English and Dutch flags were hoisted half-mast high. There was a large concourse of people from all parts of the country. The chairman was Mr. Vergelegen, who delivered an admirable address. (I knew who wrote it, for I found the original.) There was a tremendous outburst when Captain O'More got up to move the first resolution, to this effect:—"That the introduction of criminals under sentence of transportation is injurious and degrading to the Colony, and ought to be resisted by all constitutional means." John remarked that the Captain's language was very emphatic,—that he knew, like his countryman Dan O'Connell, how to avoid committing *himself*, while his advice, if followed out, could scarcely fail to lead others into trouble. It is useless copying all the resolutions that were passed. One was that the women of the district should send a petition to the Queen; which they did, and John Fairbairn said it was the most affecting document ever laid before a monarch. Another was that the chairman should address a letter of thanks to Mr. Adderley, which put poor Mr. Vergelegen into a dreadful state of mind, that was only relieved by a confidential interview with John. The meeting was about over when Mr. Knorhoek rose and said he would suggest to his respected friends and fellow justices of the peace the propriety of throwing up their commissions all at once, that the Governor and Her Majesty might see what a feeling of dissatisfaction prevailed in the country. Such a sublime act of self-sacrifice would shake the throne, and be felt through the length and breadth of the British empire. If Mr. Knorhoek ever seriously intended to take such a step, which is doubtful, somebody whispered in his ear as he drove home, "Don't!" and he didn't; neither did his friends, the fellow-justices.

And Brutus was an honourable man;
So were they all, all honourable men.

What pleased John most of all was, that good old Captain Truncheon stood up and proposed three cheers for the Queen, and the people gave three times three, and one cheer more. I heard them at the parsonage. For two months after this John did not make a single entry in his journal; but I remember well the fearful state of suspense in which we were kept, for the *Neptune* had left Bermuda, with three hundred convicts on board, and was daily expected. She made an unusually long passage, and some began to hope that Earl Grey had relented and changed her destination. Vain hope! Late one evening, the nineteenth of September, the church bells began to toll, and as the sound rolled up the valley and over the hills the terrified inhabitants knew that the dreaded convict-ship had anchored in the Bay.

A meeting of the committee was hastily summoned for the twenty-first. The tiny parlour was large enough for this occasion. None of the justices of the peace were present: three of them had urgent

business elsewhere, and the fourth was preparing to visit his friends in the country. My parlour chairs never groaned beneath the burden of *his* "too solid flesh" again. The committee said that as the crisis had arrived, something must be done ; so they passed a long string of resolutions, and issued an address to the inhabitants—a spirit-stirring address, which produced a wonderful effect. I know it moved me, and made me wish I was a man, that I might go straight off to Cape Town and stand side by side with the orators of the *Hotel de Ville*, whose speeches left no room to doubt their readiness to make any sacrifices, even to die for their country, like noble-minded patriots, "who know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

Acting upon the hint given at the great meeting of the dismal fourth of July by a learned divine, who said the landing of the convicts must be rendered as much a physical impossibility as the removal of Lion's Head to Robben Island, the Association which had its head-quarters at the *Hotel de Ville* determined to cut off all supplies, not only from the *Neptune*, but also from all authorities and departments concerned in her detention in Simon's Bay. The Governor and his Council, and I know not who beside, were *put under the pledge*. People began now to understand what an instrument of oppression this pledge might prove. Sir Harry coaxed and threatened ; Sir Harry prayed ; Sir Harry swore ; but all in vain,—the Association tabooed him and all connected with him. Their credit was stopped ; shopkeepers sent in their bills, with a modest request for immediate settlement ; banks declined to discount or renew ; the butcher's boy had no leg of mutton for them ; bakers' carts dashed madly past ; the very dustman turned up his nose ; the greengrocer sent cabbages by night, and the dairyman's daughter sneaked in at the back gate before the dawn of day. Some were mobbed within sight of Government-house by black-coated ruffians, who tore their coat-tails into ribbons, and fought over the spoil. Hungry, thirsty, and in mortal fear, they were only too glad to find shelter under Sir Harry's wing, and eat the crumbs which fell from the great man's table. Poor Sir Harry !—what a time he must have had of it !

Of course, the country must do as the town did, and our Association was called upon to enforce the pledge as thus applied. Two or three parties objected very strongly, much to John's astonishment, until it leaked out that Captain O'More had had compassion upon the famishing Governor and his helpless friends, and had engaged to furnish them with beef and mutton. The Captain was not present when this matter was discussed, but his friends fought hard for him, and produced a private letter from one who was in the Governor's confidence, in which it was stated that the design of making the Colony a penal settlement was abandoned, and that the Commodore had orders to get the *Neptune* ready for sea. I dare say the Captain himself was under that impression when he undertook to act in a

manner directly opposite to the spirit of his famous peroration. It turned out afterwards that Sir Harry had mistaken Earl Grey's communication.

Vice-President Van Ster summoned a special meeting of committee on the fifteenth of October, and the members were seated in solemn conclave "to investigate concerning Captain O'More," who was alleged to have broken the pledge, when in walked the culprit himself. I don't know whether virtuous indignation or want of pluck impelled them, but most of the gentlemen seized their hats and went out, not standing on the order of their going. John and staunch old Trunnion were left to face the offender. There they sat glaring at each other, hoping that the absentees would yet return to the charge. None came back, so nothing came of the meeting.

The Captain had been busy before he made his appearance there. He arrived the evening before from Cape Town, and invited three or four persons to meet him at the hotel. There he showed them gold—bran-new sovereigns, bright and fresh from the Mint; such piles their eyes never before beheld. His guests became his agents. John never would believe of some of them that it was the glamour of the gold that led them astray. It was *the stone* that did it—the stone whose fame has gone out into all the world. The gentleman from Ireland had kissed that stone, and it is not in mortals to resist the eloquence of lips thus touched.

The struggle had now commenced. Our secretary sympathized with the Captain, resigned, and was put *under the pledge*. He had too much good sense to be angry with John, and wrote to him, "Milk, scarce; fish, smuggled; vegetables, withered; mutton, scraggy; bread at no price, but a handful of meal in the barrel!" Somehow or other, in spite of the pledge, milk and mutton never failed him, and the barrel of meal wasted not. One of our justices of the peace, who got into trouble by allowing Captain O'More to take his lean wethers for a handsome consideration, was pilloried in the papers for it, and writhed and wriggled like a worm which the cruel fiscal had impaled upon a thorn. It was he whom Blankenbosch hooted and pelted with rotten eggs the first time he showed his face in its streets, and the uproar was so great as to excite alarm in the breast of the hero of Aliwal, who that very night slept not until he had taken steps to quell the insurrection. Early next morning a carriage and six drove furiously up Dorp-street. The sight of a policeman on the coach-box was enough to strike terror into the bosoms of the naughty boys who had used such fragrant missiles the day before. Add to that, Major W., in all the dignity of His Excellency's plenipotentiary, an Aid-de-camp in brilliant uniform by his side, forty mounted troopers, with their jingling accoutrements and flashing sabres, bringing up the rear, and picture the dismay of "the noble inhabitants of Blankenbosch," as they were designated in those days. The gallant Major alighted at the Drostdy-house amid the cheers of a score or two of wondering boys and gaping men, who plucked up courage

enough to follow him so far ; showed them a face radiant with good humour, breakfasted with Oom Dantje, sat an hour in the court to listen to any complaint which might be made, and having achieved a bloodless victory by his firmness and tact, hastened back to Government-house, to relieve the anxious mind of the veteran General, who knew better how to cope with Indian scimitars than with rotten eggs. There was but one justice of the peace now left, and some were ill-natured enough to say of him that he held with the hare and ran with the hounds. If his vessel freighted with breadstuffs did encounter the boats of a man-of-war in Simon's Bay,—if the Commodore did lay violent hands upon her cargo and appropriate it in the name of the Queen,—if he made little ado about this arbitrary act of spoliation, and bore his loss like a martyr,—what does it prove more than that Knorhoek was a man with the patience of Griselda, and, sure, he was an honourable man !

Months of trouble and anxiety followed. A dark cloud seemed to have settled down upon our valley and vine-clad hills. John felt deeply the defection of neighbours and friends ; felt for them, for he knew well how painful the position was in which want of thought or firmness had placed them. The committee met week by week, and, in spite of all, the gentlemen appeared to enjoy their palavers vastly. I suspect these lords of creation, our lords and masters, are great—well, I won't say what. I was going to use a vulgar word, but I know John would be very angry if he heard of it. They are always twitting us with our love of chat and gossip, and they are not a whit better themselves. Let three or four of these most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors get together on pretence of business,—a meeting of committee, or directors, or anything of that kind,—and they sit for hours joking and laughing, discussing everybody's affairs and canvassing everybody's character. Never believe but that they enjoy it all the more for just a spice of scandal. And then they come home, looking quite solemn and jaded, as if they were just about to sink under a load of care, and they expect us to admire them, and to pity them, and to comfort them in all manner of ways. Dear old stupid ! do they think we don't see through them ? Have we lived so long with them, making their hearts and faces our lifelong study, that we cannot read them as one does a book ? And if they do enjoy their quiet bit of gossip, and enjoy it all the more, as it were, on the sly, fancying their wives know nothing at all about it, why, bless them ! let them have it, say I.

At one of these meetings they passed a resolution that we should all go into mourning until the convicts were removed. That sounded well, but nobody did it. The gentlemen might easily enough, for it does not cost much to buy a crape hat-band ; and the Dutch ladies have always a black dress that they keep to go to Sacrament in, so that they might have done it ; but I'm sure John could not well afford to go to the expense of a new gown for me. Twelve yards of black alpaca at I don't know how much a yard, and trimming,

and making, and a new bonnet to match, and new black kid gloves, would have made a big hole in John's salary. So we mourned in our hearts and dispensed with the "mockery of woe." A Dutch gentleman made a more practicable proposition, which was to hoist a black flag in some conspicuous place, and keep it there as long as the *Neptune* remained in the bay. No sooner said than done. A yard of black stuff at eighteen pence a yard, was nailed to the longest pole that could be found in the village and planted on a piece of ground which old Captain Trunnion called Adderley-square. There it flaunted defiance in the face of our foes, and, far and wide, they who looked upon it accepted the token, clenched their fists, and between their set teeth hissed, "No surrender!" Very grand, was it not? The sight of the flag inspired Mrs. Kogelmann, who wrote the only verses that our village ever produced. I found the copy among John's papers in Mrs. K.'s handwriting. I'm not joking. These verses were *not* written by John—he never writes poetry—but by Mrs. K., and I think them almost as good as any "Colonus Capensis" ever wrote.

1.

There's wailing in the early breeze and darkness in the sky,
For lo! the sable pest-flag waves its dreary folds on high;
Each head is upward turned to gaze, each heart is moved with fear,
And an earnest prayer arises to avert the scourge so near.

2.

'Tis not to tell of pestilence that mournful signal stands,
But of ills far worse that threaten these bright and sunny lands;
No horrid blast of war o'er hills and valleys sweeps,
No parent with a stricken heart a ravaged homestead weeps.

3

The sovereign mandate has gone forth to let loose on our land
The thief, the murderer accurst, the wretched convict band;
Whose dreaded presence here must chase all peace and hope away,
While midnight deeds of darkness spread ruin and dismay.

4.

Unite! unite! all hearts be firm! oppression then shall cease,
And Afric's mountains echo back the shouts of joy and peace;
Drive back the vessel from our shores, tear down that flag of woe;
So shall glad songs and endless thanks from future ages flow.

Great was the consternation the following day when the village awoke, and after drinking its coffee turned its eyes towards the spot where the flag ought to be—and it was not. Its pride lay humbled in the dust. A bright saw had cut the flagstaff neatly through. John said at once, "A carpenter hath done this; methinks I see him now!" Every man, woman, and child in Brackenbury looked upon the deed as a personal insult, and vowed vengeance. A few minutes

sufficed to raise the pole again, and the village kept watch and ward, so that the dastardly act was never repeated. The flag waved henceforth until the victory was won.

Victory came at length. Late one evening John came in from Cape Town, fiery red with haste, and in such a state of excitement after his three hours' gallop as to alarm me. The good man was *dementit*.

With shaking hand above his head
He waved his handkerchief—a shred—
And shouted “Victory!”

I understood him. The *Neptune* had sailed, and the church-bells were to tell the glad tidings. So they did, and as the merry notes were flung abroad upon the evening air that 21st of February, 1850, many an anxious mind was relieved, and many a devout thanksgiving ascended to heaven. The black flag fell never to rise again. The tomahawk was buried. Old friends who had been estranged awhile

Washed the war-paint from their faces,
Washed the war-stains from their fingers;
Smoked the calumet together,
And as brothers lived thenceforward.

Now I've done. Only one thing troubles me. If John should ever hear of the use I have made of his Journal, what ever will he say? Perhaps he will be very angry with me. I am sure he will, if he thinks I have said anything to hurt any person's feelings, which I hope I have not. Well, if he should be at all angry with me, I won't say a word until he has had time to blow off the steam. I find that is the best way to deal with John. Then when he has had his say, I'll sit down beside him in that disorderly little study, and I'll put my hand on his knee, and I'll sing the song he always loves to hear:

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Then I'll say, “You're not angry with me, John, are you?”
And John will say, “No, Mary, I'm not angry with you now, but don't let any body persuade you to write any more for that Magazine.”
And I won't.

The Diamond Digger's Song.

Air—"Tramp, tramp, tramp."—*The Prisoner's Hope.*

1.

With the pick-axe and the spade,
Working painfully and slow,
How the thoughts of distant home my spirits scare !
But Hope cheers my throbbing heart,
And my breast is all a-glow
As I think of all the wealth I'll homeward bear

CHORUS :

Dig ! dig ! dig ! the boys are searching ;
Cheer up, comrades, we shall find ;
And beneath the pebbly soil,
A reward for all our toil,
Earth shall render up the gems with which 'tis lined.

2.

I have lived on scanty fare,
I have battled hard with drought,
While fever grimly thinn'd our hardy bands ;
But for loved ones left behind,
I shall fight the battle out,
And I'll struggle till the prize is in my hands.

CHORUS :—Dig ! dig ! dig, &c.

3

Though the sun may scorch my skin,
And the sand-storm plague my eyes,
And the lightning-stroke assail my fragile tent ;
Yet the flashing of the gem,
That beneath the surface lies,
Shall reward me for the weary days I've spent.

CHORUS :—Dig ! dig ! dig, &c.

4.

Then, a truce to all complaint,
And away with all despair—
To a digger's life fair welcome will I bid ;
For I'll whistle as I work,
And I'll sing away my care,
Till I win the crystal treasures that are hid.

CHORUS :—Dig ! dig ! dig, &c.

5.

And when that life is past,
 And I homeward wend my way,
 And the loved ones flock to welcome me again ;
 Oh ! how rapturous the sight,
 And the joy with which I'll say :
 " Does not *this* repay toil, misery, and pain ? "

CHORUS :

Dig ! dig ! dig ! the boys are searching ;
 Cheer up, comrades, we shall find ;
 And beneath the pebbly soil,
 A reward for all our toil,
 Earth shall render up the gems with which 'tis lined.

A. W. C.

Notes on Rural Matters.

THE delightfully cool weather of the last month, the more than usual (for the month of December) fall of rain, and very moderate evaporation, must have benefited this country immensely, and brought gladness to the heart of many an anxious farmer, wine-grower, and stockmaster. Cereals were in a state, then, not to be injured by the moisture. For vineyards, orchards, all root crops, and pasturage, the moisture and temperature was beneficial beyond calculation. To this acceptable picture there is one slight shadow. The month and the weather was the time and the opportunity for the *oidium* to spread, and show its virulence on the grape-vine. Happily, little is heard of it this season. The disease is becoming extinct in many vineyards. In places where it does show itself, a persevering application of sulphur to those affected keeps it well under.

THE cultivation of Sugar Beet and the manufacture of Sugar therefrom is prospering with giant strides in Victoria (Australia). The Government of that enterprising and wealthy State offer the large premium of £5,000 for the first 500 tons of beetroot sugar produced in the country. Brave encouragement, indeed ! For some years the Cape Agricultural Society offered an annual prize for the largest extent of the best-cultivated Sugar Beet. The competition was fair, and the fact was established that the plant can be cultivated with success at the Cape ; but thus the whole case ended. No one has ventured on the manufacture of sugar from the roots. Had the Society had the means, and offered a premium for the first hundredweight or ton of marketable sugar, some beneficial results might have followed the successful cultivation of the plant. This may appear to some a small matter, but it is really a large question in which is involved a large amount of Colonial expenditure. Were the manufacture of Beet Sugar prosecuted to the

successful production of only sufficient for our home consumption, the saving to the country would be large; and the many thousands of pounds sterling we are paying annually to Mauritius and Natal for our sugar would be retained amongst us, floating between consumers, manufacturers, and cultivators, to the benefit, social and economical, of all concerned. What are our neighbours at Natal doing in the matter of Beet Sugar? It appears paradoxical that this State, with a great tropical seaboard region capable of growing, and which does grow a little (*as yet*, a little) cane sugar, should have talked and written so much recommending the cultivation of Sugar Beet. However, the spirit and enterprise of our little neighbour is rather commendable. "Nothing venture, nothing have" is a proverb trite enough, and which every Natalian has not only learned by heart, but acts upon at every opportunity with true Anglo-Saxon vigour.

"A great cry and *much* wool." An Eastern paper tells us that a Mr. Gray has just shorn a ewe lamb, the clip weighing eleven pounds! The notice concludes—"This is an excellent clip for so young a sheep." We should say so, too.

"REPORT addressed to the Minister of Agriculture on Commerce by the Committee appointed in Paris to investigate the causes of the New Disease in the Vine. Translated and published for the Agricultural Society *by the (sic)* request of His Excellency the Governor. Translated by Professor C. de la Cornillere, Cape Town: printed by W. F. Mathew, 95, Longmarket-street, 1871."—Let us take breath. This is the title, in full, of a little pamphlet of half a dozen pages (deep margins) which has reached us somehow. We assure our readers the title-page is the best of it. The translator, the Governor, and the Agricultural Society (it appears to have required the united efforts of a Governor, a Professor, and an Institution to get this wretched thing through the press) must have thought so too, for they give it twice, first in green and then in white. However, let that pass. We proceed to ask what possible good can this pamphlet effect amongst our wine farmers at the Cape? To the great majority of them it must be utterly unintelligible. For that matter, much of it is quite unintelligible to any understanding. For example, take the following:

"The disease since then has continued to spread; it extends at present from the department of La R  me to the extremities of La Cran, attacking chiefly the dry and stony soil and the marshy land!"

Further on, however, we are told it is the plant, and not the soil, which is attacked. We repeat, the pamphlet is utterly valueless to the Cape vigneron. We ask, was the cost of this publication defrayed out of the funds of the Agricultural Society?

The disease of which the pamphlet treats which we have noticed, is said to have first made its appearance at the Cape about 1865 (almost simultaneous with its appearance in Europe) and to be now pretty prevalent. Our authority for this statement is none of the best. We have no experience whatever of the disease, never having seen it. It does not exist in any of the vineyards examined in Table Valley.

In one vineyard we saw some *very* old hanepoot of feeble growth, which showed an appearance of rapid decay, arising, we believe, from a sudden accession of great sun heat, on a lower temperature, acting on those plants of low vigour. Plants of languid circulation, from imperfect action of the roots, are unable to supply rapidly enough sap for a suddenly increased elaboration of it into the foliage, produced by sudden accession, on a low temperature, of great heat. A grape-vine plant under such circumstances quickly withers, becomes brown, and in most cases is followed by complete decay. A few plants in every vineyard nearly are now and then found to suffer in the way described. There is a great similarity in the general appearance of a grape-vine plant so suffering at the Cape and the description given us of a grape-vine in France attacked by the "new vine disease," or rather, let us say, a grape-vine suffering from the attacks of plant lice, a species of insect of subterraneous habits, named *Phylloxera vastatrix*. Should the disease really exist in our vineyards, it behoves those interested to look about them for a means of destroying the invader. Timely announcement was given of its existence in Europe, for we find stray notices of the disease, as it appeared in France, published in several Cape papers since 1866 or 1867. The *Farm*, a Graham's Town paper, in its issue of October 14, 1869, published a very good account of the character of the insect *Phylloxera vastatrix*, its habits, and its modes of attacking the grape-vine, &c. Has any one made an accurate microscopical examination of the roots of vines at the Cape said to be affected by this new disease? Some means, we think, should be taken by competent and reliable authority to determine instantly whether or no this new enemy is in our vineyards.

WE have received "The Prize Essay on Cotton-growing in British Kaffraria, by a Practical Farmer." An excellent pamphlet, indeed; clear, concise, and practical to a degree. It is of a character suitable in all respects to the wants of intending cotton-planters. We could have wished the preface omitted altogether, and a less staring title-page.

TREES of *Araucaria imbricata* have produced cones at a place in England, and also in the experimental gardens at Hamma, in Algiers. To the surprise of botanists, both male and female flowers are produced on the same plant—being, in fact, *monœcious*, and not *diœcious*, as recorded in botanical works on the *Coniferae*. The familiar types of the genus *Araucaria* at the Cape are, *A. Braziliensis*, the "Brazilian Pine," and *A. excelsa*, R. B., the "Norfolk Island Pine." The *A. imbricata* does not thrive when planted out at the Cape, but specimens are kept in tubs at the Botanic Gardens. *A. Cunninghamii*, *A. Rueii*, *A. Cookii*, and *A. Bidwillii* grow with great vigour in our climate. The "Norfolk Island Pine" and the "Brazilian Pine" are the only two species which have flowered and borne cones here. Both are *monœcious*, bearing male and female flowers on the same plant, and *not* *diœcious*, with the sexes in different plants. This is quite constant in trees which have begun to flower. In both species the cones are erect on the top of the branches *near* the end. The male catkins are terminal and pendulous on the branchlets. It is remarkable that no male catkins have as yet been observed on the same branches, or on branches above, where cones occur. In all those specimens of *A. excelsa* which have come under our observation cones have invariably appeared for several years before male catkins have been produced. These characters have been constant for the last twelve years in all the "Brazilian Pines" we are acquainted with. It is only about five or six years since the "Norfolk Island Pines" in the Colony have begun to flower, but the characters we have indicated are permanent in every member which has come under our observation. We come to the conclusion, then, that the genus *Araucaria* is wrongly described as being *diœcious*; they are, as far as our experience goes, certainly *monœcious*. Another tree allied to *coniferae*, *Casuarina muricata*, is also regarded as being *diœcious*, but here it becomes after a time permanently *monœcious*, bearing male and female flowers with perfect cones constantly. But it is observable that young trees for a series of years have only male flowers—the very reverse of *Araucaria*, which bears female flowers only for the first two or three years. *Carica papaya* and some other genera, recorded as belonging to the *diœcia*, are not really permanently so, as

male and female flowers and fruit, perfect in all parts, are produced arbitrarily on certain members of genera usually regarded as diœcious.

GARDENS generally at this season are gay with many old familiar flowers. *Magnolia grandiflora* and the several species of *Bugainvilleas* are very striking objects. The large specimen of the former in the Botanic Garden has produced thousands of flowers this season. The following species are in bloom for the first time at the Botanic Garden:—*Backhousia lucida*, *Schinus molle*, *Stiffia chrysantha*, *Benthamia fragifera*, *Clerodendron speciosum*, *Broussonetia papyrifera*, *Anona squamosa*, *Bignonia*, *Sp. nova*, *Acacia Houstonii*, *Cocos campestris*, and a species *Mas. of Borassus*. New varieties of Penstemons, Pelargoniums, Fuchsias, Roses and other florist flowers have bloomed for the first time, as well as several Petunias and Verbenas, seedling raised in the Garden, of great merit.

The greatest floral novelty introduced to the Cape lately is the new Japan primrose, *Primula japonica*, imported by Mr. T. B. Bayley, of Wynberg. A coloured drawing of this beautiful plant may be seen at the Botanic Garden, where we hope soon to see living plants. Mr. Bayley has lately had several importations, principally florist flowers, in Bull's new patent plant cases. This case (fully described in Bull's catalogues) is well adapted for the safe transmission of living plants long distances. It is a great improvement on the old form of "Ward's plant case."

THE Botanic Garden received by a late steamer a large case of camellias, including all colours and some of the new varieties lately produced in Europe. Through bad packing and a long time in transit in one of the Union Company's vessels, the plants reached here in a very bad state, more than half of them being absolutely dead. New varieties of pompon dahlias have been received in very good condition. *Entada scandens*, a climbing plant of the pea family (Leguminosæ) has been raised from seed, and added to the collection. This plant is the "Sword Bean" of India. It is also called "West Indian Filbert"—a gigantic climber, reaching to the tops of the highest trees, with rope-like stems, and similar in that respect to the plant known at the Cape as "Baviaans Touw." The pods of *Entada* often attain the length of six feet. The seeds are of from two to three inches across and about an inch thick. Ripe seeds dropped from plants climbing on trees overhanging rivers and estuaries are carried to the sea, and sometimes conveyed great distances by oceanic currents, the seeds being found on shores most distant from the native habitat of the plant, like the "Coco de Mer," *Lodicea Seychellarum*, "Double Coco Nut," of the Seychelles, which, too, is borne by the waves to far distant lands. It was long before the plants which bore those wandering seeds were discovered. The *Entada* is now found to be a native of Natal, as well as many other tropical countries. Another remarkable leguminous plant, section Papilionacæ, is now in flower in the Gardens, the "Australian Chesnut," *Castanospermum Australe*. It is not, however, as we have indicated, a chesnut at all. The pods are from four to six inches long, and contain three or four seeds larger, but very similar in appearance, to a sweet or Spanish chesnut; hence the reason for both scientific and popular name. This is a large tree, with large, handsome, shining, pinnate foliage, and racemes of bright orange-yellow flowers. It succeeds well in our climate, and is of rapid growth. We venture to recommend this fine tree to the notice of planters. The seeds are extensively consumed by cattle, pigs, &c., in Australia.

A ROYAL COMMISSION, numbering fourteen members, has been appointed at Melbourne, Australia, for "Foreign Industries and Forests." The objects of the Commission are to consider and report how far it may be practicable to introduce into that country branches of industry which are known to be common and profitable among the farming population of Continental Europe; to specify which of such industries are most suitable to the soil, climate, and circumstances; to report on the best means of promoting their introduction into Victoria; to report how far the labour of persons at the disposal of the State may be advantageously used for that purpose; to further consider and report on the best means of promoting the culture, extension, and preservation of State forests in Victoria; and to report on the introduction of such foreign trees as may be suitable to the

climate and useful for industrial purposes. There is hardly a British settlement, always excepting the Cape, that has not some governmental machinery for the preservation and increase of forests and plantations. How long are we to remain in this exceptional state?

ENGLISH PAPERS announce the discovery of a new fibrous plant for paper-making purposes. The trade report very favourably of this article, and preparations are being made for growing the plant on a large scale in England. This new fibrous plant is *Cineraria maritima*, a Compositæ plant, with handsome silvery, pinnate foliage, and dingy, yellow, unobscured flowers. It is not uncommon in gardens at the Cape, and is cultivated solely for its ornamental foliage. It is of the easiest propagation either by seeds or cuttings. We introduced the plant to the Cape some ten years ago.

ACCORDING to Dr. Buyon, the famous Cundurango plant of South America, the young stems and roots of which are claimed to be a specific cure for cancer and a host of other skin diseases, belongs to the Compositæ order of plants—genus *Mikania*. There are two species of the genus indigenous to the Eastern districts of the Cape Colony. Both of the two Cape species are climbing in habit, with half woody stems, like the Cundurango. We are not aware if the Cape species are known to possess any curative properties. Any information on this head would be very acceptable. The controversy on the merits of the Cundurango are not yet at an end. Its partisans credit it with astounding curative powers in all skin diseases, snake bites, &c., while many of the most eminent physicians denounce the whole thing as quackery and humbug. It should not be forgotten that we have in another plant, *Cinchona*, a universally acknowledged specific in zymotic diseases. For blood and skin diseases the Cundurango may be found equally efficient.

PROFESSOR MACOWAN, of the Gill College, Somerset East, writes to the Journal of Botany, wishing to be introduced to some British or European botanists desirous of having dried Eastern Cape plants, which he would supply in exchange for British plants and those of Western and Central Europe.

IN the very acceptable Addenda to Harvey's Genera of South African Plants, published as a supplement to the *Magazine* for November last, it is stated that *Strelitzia Augusta*, Thunb., is a Natal plant. This is not the fact, and we demur to giving up, without sufficient reason, an old colonist which has had a local habitation and a name in our forests for nearly a hundred years. The plant has certainly a wide geographical range in South Africa. It is true this species of *Strelitzia* occurs in Natal, but long prior to its discovery in that country it was described, and its habitat recorded, as of the Cape. The George and Knysna forests in the Western districts abound with the plant. To old colonists it is known as the "Wilde Pisang," Wild Banana. Thunberg, in his *Flora Capensis*, calls it "Witte Pisang," White Banana. Both names are appropriate, but the first only is used now.

THERE is, it is said, a proposal to hold an Agricultural Show in February next, under the joint auspices and management of the Agricultural Society and the Botanic Garden, the Show to take place on the grounds of the latter institution. The date appears to us well-timed for certain kinds of fruits, cereals, wines, and a certain class of flowers and plants. Cattle will not, of course, be present, but miscellaneous articles generally will, it is presumed, be exhibited. The Show determined upon, the promoters cannot too soon publish their prize-list. Intending exhibitors may even now justly complain of short notice and scanty time to make preparations.

J. M. G.

A New Vine Disease.

MR. EDITOR,—Having perused a small pamphlet, the translation of a Report of a French Commission, appointed by the ex-Emperor Napoleon, on the above subject, I take the liberty to send you my personal observations on this disease, as I am convinced it is much more general in this Colony than our vine-growers are aware of. I have not visited a vineyard in which I have not discovered some diseased vines, both in Cape Town, Wynberg, Constantia, Stellenbosch, and Malmesbury. Its first appearance was about 1865 or 1866 in a plot of vines—white and red hanepoot—of about 10,000, planted in a very fine position, in a most excellent new soil, and previous to that time one of the finest plots of vines that possibly could exist. All at once they showed signs of disease in patches of twenty, forty, &c., as if their growth was changed by some unaccountable cause. The vines budded, but languished, the leaves became of a yellowish colour, and any one passing by them at the vineyard could not help being struck with their appearance. I and others acquainted with the locality ascribed their appearance to the want of manure, which was then liberally supplied, but still no improvement. The subsequent year a larger number of vines became affected in this plot, and other vines of the same description at a distance of about three hundred yards became affected also, and showed the same symptoms. The following year all the vines which showed these languishing signs in their growth threw out—apparently only on their stems—an excrescence something like a wart on the hand of a human being. I then became convinced that this languid appearance must be caused by an insect. I opened a good number of them showing the excrescence, but could not discover the insect. I could distinctly see a mark through the bark to the wood of the vine. The excrescence must be caused by an insect forcing its way through the bark, and allowing the sap of the vine to ooze out instead of flowing upwards to the shoots, as all the branches so affected always showed more signs of disease than those on which no excrescence appeared. Very often only one branch of a vine, then two, then all became affected, and the tree thus being exposed, it naturally died out.

About this time a Dr. Becker, a German naturalist and botanist, also an M.D. holding a situation under the Government, happened to reside in Cape Town, and I induced him to visit the locality and inspect the diseased vines, which he did. His object was to find out if the excrescence on the vine contained an insect. We jointly opened a good number, but could discover no insect. He then asked me if I would bring him a branch of the vine to cut into segments to put under a microscope to see if he could find the insect. I told him that I would fetch him an entire vine, which I did. In taking out the vine I was struck with the extraordinary appearance of its roots. The bark seemed to be entirely decayed to the very point of the rootlets. After this would be found, perhaps, one root not affected; and under the bark, or, better, between the bark and wood of the stem or underground roots, a white substance would be found, as if a mixture of white mucilage had been applied. When I brought the vine to Dr. Becker he was as much struck with its appearance as myself; and having a powerful microscope, he put some of this white mucilage under it, and discovered the insect. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to his present position. He was under the impression that the insect was only microscopic; but this is to be attributed to the time of the year he made the discovery (the first week in September). The insect

when full grown is perceptible to the naked eye, looking like a small white speck, almost transparent; but under a microscope of the ordinary power it is seen in its true form. From my own observation, I am under the impression that during the winter months the insect dies, and is reproduced in the subsequent year when the warm weather sets in; and this year we had them full grown until about the 15th of September. The female is without wings, and when seen under a microscope resembles exactly that described in the pamphlet referred to; the males have wings, and are rarely seen, perhaps, on that account. I am under the impression that it is the male which works its way under the bark of the vine, above the ground, perforates it here and there, and escapes. One insect is sufficient to destroy a vine, as I have seen from inspection. It is propagated by planting cuttings of vines already affected; and I am afraid it will prove a far more serious difficulty than anticipated, as its existence is not discovered till it has already done its work of destruction; and very many serious questions will crop out of this disease, at present so little thought of both by our agriculturists and Government.

The insect does its work of destruction principally under ground by working between the bark and wood of the stem and roots, and thus raising the bark from the wood. The sap, finding nothing to prevent its escape, oozes out instead of rising to the shoots, and forms this white-looking substance, which is not the disease, but the effects of it. The favourite abode of the insect is at the bottom of the stem where the roots of the tree meet. From one to fifty, and even sometimes more insects are found in a single vine. When a vine is partly destroyed, but not so far as not to be worth cultivating it, the insect leaves it and goes to a fresh one. The disease does not extend in a fixed direction, but promiscuously,—sometimes in lines, sometimes in belts, sometimes in circles, and often in dots in a plot.

I have tried several experiments both to destroy the insect and to prevent its attacking other vines, which I will be glad hereafter to make public through the medium of this publication; but I cannot refrain from urging on the Government the necessity of offering rewards for the discovery of either a preventive or a cure, and not to wait till the European vine-growers should discover one, as they know as little about it up to the present as we do.

X. X.

Discovery of Diamonds in Situ.*

PROFESSOR P. V. JEREMEJEN, of St. Petersburg, has made the important announcement of the discovery of diamonds in great abundance, but of but microscopic dimensions, in Xanthophyllite, a rock occurring exclusively in the Schischimskinu Mountains, in the Urals. He published a short statement to this effect earlier in the year, and has now sent a paper to the current number of the *Jahrbuch für Mineralogie*.

For a long time the Professor had made foliated minerals a special object of study, and on directing his attention to xanthophyllite he found that it enclosed crystals which in form, by brilliancy of lustre, and marked convexity of crystal faces, reminded the observer of the diamond. To remove any doubt that might attach itself to the blow-pipe and other reactions which he made use of, he placed

* This information has been forwarded to us by a correspondent, and has been taken from the latest number of *The Engineer*. We publish it as a contribution towards the apparently interminable controversy touching the "Diamond Matrix."—Ed. "C. M. M."

three specimens of the rock in the hands of his colleague, Prof. Lissenko, of the Berg Institute, who burnt them in oxygen and convinced himself that free carbon was present in this mineral. Every precaution was taken to remove any carbonates, carbonic acid, or hydrocarbons, that might possibly be present.

The diamonds are very irregularly distributed throughout the rock; here they are in good excess, there they are wholly wanting, the colour of the xanthophyllite forming a good test of the relative quality.

The rock was discovered in 1839 by Professor Gustav Rose, of Berlin, who chose its name on account of its yellow hue and foliated texture. A recent examination by V. Jeremejen of a number of specimens in the collection of the Berg Institute at St. Petersburg has shown that it is not exclusively yellow, but is sometimes colourless, yellow, brown, grey, or green. The green xanthophyllite contains most diamonds, and especially that occurring either in or immediately in contact with the steatite or talcose slate, with which it is associated. Both the latter are likewise found to enclose them; the crystals, however, are less distinct and numerous.

Measurements made by aid of the microscope of facial angles have not as yet enabled the Professor to determine the crystalline system of xanthophyllite. It is optically uni-axial and negatively refractive. It has a specific gravity of 3.035 to 3.062, with the hardness of apatite. Though before the blow-pipe it does not melt, by very slight heating it becomes opaque. A fragment which has been ignited exhibits under the microscope very peculiar cavities of ditrigonal and almost hexagonal form, which the author attributes to the disappearance of the diamond crystal, either by combustion or the breaking up of the general structure of the matrix by ignition. Three analyses by Meitzendorff indicate the following as the composition of this mineral:—Silica, 16.30; alumina, 43.95; iron oxide, 2.81; magnesia, 19.31; lime, 13.26; soda, 0.61; water, 4.33; total, 100.57. The numbers corresponding with the ratios $RO : R_2O_3 : S : O_2 : H_2O = 10 : 18 : 6 : 3$, or those of the American mineral, dintonite.

The form of the diamond crystals is a hexakistetrahedron, with distinctly convex fully developed faces and edges. They are enclosed symmetrically, their trigonal axes being parallel and at the same time perpendicular to the foliation of the matrix. Moreover, on examining a flake of the rock it is found that the homohedral halves of the trigonal axes of many of the crystals, and the homohedral halves of the trigonal axis of many others, are, without any disturbance of this parallel position, directed towards the eye of the observer. V. Jeremejen remarked identically the same remarkable arrangement in a reddish-brown diamond from Brazil, in which a great number of small diamond crystals are imbedded.

As long as the diamond was only found in alluvial deposits, in land associated with metals and minerals of various kinds, the most varied theories have been held regarding the mode of its formation. Since, however, it has been met with in the Brazilian Itacolumite, the scientific views as to its origin have been confined within much narrower limits. The explanation, however, which has gained acceptance is that ascribing its production to the Neptunian processes by the slow decomposition of hydrocarbons. The presence of the diamond in xanthophyllite, lying in beds of talcose slate and steatite, fully supports the earlier expressed opinion that the gem was of aqueous origin. Though we as yet know nothing of the means whereby free carbon has been converted into crystallized diamond, we cannot avoid regarding the water and carbonic acid, occupying cavities in xanthophyllite, talc, and other minerals, as taking an important part in the last stage of that mysterious process to which this beautiful gem owes its origin.

Albany Natural History Society.

DR. ATHERSTONE IN THE CHAIR.—NOVEMBER 11.

DR. ATHERSTONE exhibited some fossil plants, obtained at sixty feet below the surface, from Vice's coal mine on the Stormberg. They consisted of a number of leaves scattered over the surface of a slab of shale. The leaves were about three inches long by a third of an inch wide at the base, tapering to a point, and are marked by a longitudinal striation. Dr. Atherstone considered they were *zamites*, or fossil *zamias*, and that they were likely to prove of importance in fixing the geological age of the coal of the Stormberg. The principal mass he intended to send to England, but two small ones he presented to the Museum.

NEW REPTILIAN FOSSIL.

Mr. Glanville read a note on the reptilian head sent by Mr. McKay, from the *Dicynodon* beds, East London, as follows:—

"This skull is 2·875 inches long and 3·62 inches breadth at the broadest part, which is where the two parietals extend outwards to form a portion of the posterior boundary of the temporal fossæ. From this extreme breadth, occasioned by the flattening out by pressure, to the extremity of the intermaxillary bones, the breadth rapidly diminishes, so that the contour is very nearly that of an equilateral triangle. The external opening of nostrils, like those of *Dicynodon*, were separated from each other by a bony partition. The condition of the fossil does not permit us to see if there are any teeth in the upper jaw; but we can see that there is no provision for the two distinctive feet of the genus *Dicynodon*. The nostrils are situated nearer the point of the snout than in *Dicynodon*, and, for the size of the head, are large, having a diameter both ways of ·875 inches. The orbits, however, are much larger in proportion, the long diameter being 1·5 inches, while the width, from the external edge of the malar bone to the ridge of the posterior frontal, is one inch. The position of the temporal fossæ, the walls of which have been displaced by pressure, is in the fossil behind and beneath the orbit. The posterior part of the head appears to have been crushed forward, yet an occipital condyle, which is single, like the same part in *Dicynodon*, is shown.

"In the lower jaw, of which there are both rami in a compressed and fractured state, the symphysis is formed by the union of the two sides at the chin, over a very extensive surface, as in *Dicynodon*. It is very deep and curved, as in that genus. The dentary piece is strengthened by a sudden longitudinal projection externally, about midway between the alveolar edge and the lower side. Internally these jaws exhibit teeth of a very singular character. The left ramus has three successional teeth, that are so exposed as to show what was the character of the fully-developed organs. They lie in a groove, the internal side of which has disappeared, and are conical in shape, but with remarkable tooth-like processes springing from the posterior margin, each process being free from the others, arising independently from the body of the tooth. One of these young teeth is bounded anteriorly by the fang of a complete or adult tooth, without any bony partition between them. In like manner the right ramus shows successional teeth and the fangs of old ones. The fossil has been very much damaged, so that it is impossible to describe with any minuteness the remainder of the lower jaw; but if the cement which has been used to represent the parts that are lost is a faithful representation, then the articular surface of the lower jaw reminds one very much of that of *Iguanodon*; and although the teeth are not serrated after the fashion of *Iguanodon*, yet their serrations, such as they are, together with the general character of the skull, point to a vegetable diet as being most

likely that on which this new reptile fed. We have not sufficient data to judge the size of the temporal fossæ; but, from what we see, we may conclude that the muscles moving the lower jaw were not of any large size or great power. The great orbits and large nostrils point also to nocturnal or crepuscular habits; and the whole together, while showing the peculiar facies of the Dicynodon type, is yet full of variation from it. In like manner, the reptilian heads taken to England by the late Mr. Bain, all exhibited the Dicynodon type. Some even by the possession of the two great teeth; differing from Dicynodon by the presence of a row of teeth between the two large ones, borne entirely by the pre-maxillaries. Another, without teeth in the upper maxillaries, had them of disproportionately small size on the palatals, meeting others in the lower jaw, that spring from the internal edge of a thick terrace along the dentary piece. It is just possible that this last-mentioned individual might also have been herbivorous, and so have contributed to that diversity that evidently reigned in those old Dicynodon ages, probably to as great an extent as it does now.

COAL FROM THE DRAKENSBERG MOUNTAINS.

REV. MR. GEDGE, having presented the Museum with coal from the spurs of the Drakensberg, between the Tina and the Tsitso Rivers, Mr. Glanville stated that he had subjected both the coal now shown and that obtained from the sandstone quarry close to Graham's Town to examination. They were both anthracitic, having no bituminous matter in them. They both burn with difficulty, have about sixty per cent. of carbonaceous matter in them, and the ash consists chiefly of siliceous matter. These specimens seem to stand in near relation to a singular form of quartz found at the Stormberg. This is a fibrous quartz so light as to float on water, but so charged with carbon as to be perfectly black, with a shining coaly lustre. In addition to the coal, the Rev. Mr. Gedge had presented a piece of silicified wood and fossil stems and leaf from the same locality. Nests and eggs of *Lanius collaris*, Gmel., and *Colius striata*, Gmel., were exhibited and Mr. Roberts exhibited *Ploceus oryx*, Lin., two specimens in full breeding plumage from Daggaboers Neck. The stations of this bird, said to be a "local one" by Layard, it is important so far as possible to define.

Mr. Hellier exhibited a fluid extract of Elands Boonjes, *Elephantorrhiza Burchellii*, Benth. This extract, made with cold water, was a deep rich red-brown colour, and promised to be a valuable dye in the hands of the calico printer. As it yields many fine shades and tones of colour with different mordants, the products of this plant may become articles of commerce and export. The seeds contain twenty-two per cent. of a bland sweet oil, and the roots contain thirteen per cent. of tannin. This plant grows in great variety on the Zwart Kei and other places in the Queen's Town district.

Also a specimen of Native Green Copperas, *Sulphate of Iron* from the neighbourhood of Rouxville, in the Free State, forwarded by Mr. John Wright, of the Hope Town district, for inspection and report. The specimen is marked with a little earth, quartz pebbles, and other stones, but it contains fifty-two per cent. of the sulphate of iron, which exists in a dried or uncrystallized state.

DR. ATHERSTONE, PRESIDENT, IN THE CHAIR.—DECEMBER 17.

Dr. Atherstone drew attention to the large size of the hail-stones in the late storm, and said that some he had weighed were one and a half ounces, oval, flattened, depressed in centre, with an apparent nucleus of snow, the outer covering of which was ice in consecutive layers.

Mr. Jno. Dugmore, lately from the Diamond-fields, presented a large collection of stones, illustrative of the geology of Pniel. Most of them were of igneous rocks, showing vesicular structure.

Mr. T. B. Glanville was elected a member of the Society, and presented a specimen of the rock in which diamonds are found at the latest New Rush.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Life at Natal.

(IN CONTINUATION OF "LIFE AT THE CAPE.")

BY A LADY.

Durban, June 2, 1864.

* * * It seems so strange to be writing to you once again from South African soil, and to be breathing once more the delicious air of these South African skies. Both at Cape Town and Algoa Bay I was so much engrossed with the anxiety and trouble caused by my husband's illness, that I had neither time nor heart to write. The effects of that accident, which eighteen months ago sent us home invalided (husband and wife are *one*, you know), still cling about him; and the excitement of seeing old scenes and meeting old friends, after we reached Cape Town, upset his nervous system, and quite prostrated him. Thank God, he is better now. As soon as we left Algoa Bay, and passed into these calm latitudes, where earth seems merely brushed with the tip of winter's wing, he began to improve.

I do really think that the week we spent in Cape Town, before the coasting steamer brought us on, would have been the very happiest period of my life, had it not been for James's relapse. We cast anchor in Table Bay overnight, and when I rose early next morning, and saw, through our port, the glorious front of the mountain wearing its royal robe of sunshine, as it used of yore, I—well, I felt more inclined to say my prayers than I had felt for many a long day. Read that noblest of all ascriptive poems, Coleridge's Hymn to Mont Blanc, and you will know exactly what I felt when those sunlit crags once again smiled down upon me.

But this letter is to cover new, not old, ground, although my pen could run on for ever, I think, concerning the dear folks and the dear surroundings of Cape Town. Most of our old friends were there; but we missed a few familiar faces, the C.'s amongst them. However, as they are here, their absence at that point rather pleased us.

than otherwise. Algoa Bay we found as busy and as uninviting as usual. There were more wool wagons in the street, and a few good buildings had been put up. Nor must I omit to mention that a manifest improvement was visible in the little "park," or public garden, at the back of "the hill." I really think that shrubs taller than a hollyhock will be visible there in time.

After leaving Port Elizabeth all was new to us,—and thoroughly new, let me remark, everything since has been. You seem to pass into a new set of conditions, natural and social, after leaving Cape Recife behind you. Up to the Kowie the sea-shore is either sand-ribbed or rock-barred. Nearer Cape Town bare mountains frown down upon the ocean. Nearer Algoa Bay a barren band of dazzling sand belts the shore. Further north the coast quite changes its character. We passed the Bird Islands just before dusk, and pitied—oh, so thoroughly—their wretched occupants. A month's residence in such a spot would ensure me a certain passport into a madhouse. They are so low as to be scarcely visible until you are close upon them,—nor is there any apparent sign of verdure to freshen and diversify their barrenness.

Next morning, about noon, we reached East London. Of this interesting, but not inviting, port the less said the better. It struck me as being the wretchedest apology for a harbour I had ever seen. There are no headlands to guard the anchorage. A narrow river—the Buffalo—enters the sea over a bar which often chokes the mouth up. On the high land to the southward a group of houses may be seen, with a flagstaff in the centre. There are evidences of barracks higher up. And this is all you see, except the hungry-looking ribs of several vessels that have been blown or rolled ashore. I use this latter term advisedly, as sometimes the rollers set in just here so suddenly and violently that ships have been engulfed at their anchors.

After a little parleying with the flags, a boat was seen pulling off from the shore. There are buoys moored all about, with warps connecting them to the beach, and along these warps huge cargo-boats are hauled out from the river and back again,—a horribly slow process when tide and sea are against you. The boatmen here are said to be the hardiest and most reckless on the coast, and they need be, to live such a life of aquatic misery. As our vessel was rolling heavily, it was sickening to see the way some women and children were pitched into and out of the boats. Even one or two soldiers, strong-looking men, turned pale when their turn came for the jump.

Enough about East London, however,—a place I never care about seeing again, although it did good service during the last Kafir war, when the troops and stores were landed here. As the soldiers now are gradually being removed, the occupation of the place has almost gone. Among the boatmen, by the way, was a young amateur—A. M., son of the Colonel M. who is, they say, to be the future Governor of Natal. He is one of several brothers who seem literally

without fear, and has already distinguished himself by saving one or two lives from drowning at the risk of his own. It seems to me that this kind of unselfish courage—albeit, perhaps, somewhat reckless—is so excellent a quality for a young African-born colonist to possess that when found it deserves record.

So on we went. I should have said that around East London the country looked green and parklike, quite different in its features from the rugged majesty of the Camp's Bay hills. But next morning seemed to introduce us into a new world. The steamer puts off shore during the night for safety's sake; so by the time I got on deck we were still only making inshore again, so as to get between the strong southward-flowing current and the coast. We were then nearly abreast of St. John's. The "Hole in the Wall," a detached mass of rock perforated at its base, had been passed at an earlier hour, but the scenery we saw was quite enchanting enough to satisfy even my enthusiastic eyes. Here the hills, which may be from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, skirt the sea, and are clothed with dense and varied vegetation to the water's edge. There are bends of the shore, receding coves, and shaggy headlands, very much like what you may see in the Scottish lochs, only with a more constant garb of green. The "Gates of St. John," where the Umzimvubu forces its way seaward between two towering heights, are most majestic, and the Captain was good enough to run his vessel close in for our edification. Further on we passed Shepstone's Bay, a large depression of the coast, equally beautiful in its garniture and its contour. A vast tract of woodland, known as Windsor Forest, follows the coast for about twenty miles. A merchant on board descanted largely upon the abundant supplies of timber to be derived from this district, but my unpractical heart rejoiced at the thought that the day was probably far distinct when the picturesque beauties of those hills would be marred. Further on the forest recedes, and you see waterfalls leaping down the gorges, and the mouths of rivers passing through patches of jungle to the sea. Then for a mile or two the steamer passed right under a wall of sandstone cliff, that reminded one of Norway. There was no beach visible here except where streams trickling down the precipice had left a nook of sand in some shoulder or slab of rock below. There were many such streams, some well deserving the name of cascades; and at one point a singular group of tall and straight spires of rock stood out in isolation from the sea.

Beyond this point the country grew less bushy for a few miles, but the grassy hills stretched so invitingly to the beach that one longed to have a canter. A little old gentleman, Mr. W., who had lived in Kafirland nearly thirty years, and who had been acting as showman all the day with a degree of pride that was most delightful, pointed out to us the exact spot where the *Grosvenor* was wrecked a century ago. We were so ridiculously close to the shore that an iron butt, which still marks the site, could clearly be seen. The tale of the wreck, as told by Mr. W., was most thrilling. He was

personally acquainted with some of the descendants of the unhappy women who were forced into marriage with the native chieftains, some of which descendants, strange and sad to say, were born bereft of reason !

Just before nightfall, when the coast had assumed a parklike character—so much so that one wondered to find no chateaux and manor houses peeping out from these seeming pleasure-grounds—we saw Natal for the first time. At daybreak the next morning—that is a week ago—the *Dane* was at anchor. There was nothing to be seen but “the Bluff,” a bushy headland that runs out into the sea, and forms the southern bulwark of the port. They say that all along the coast such promontories guard the southern banks of the streams as they enter the sea. At the top of the Bluff is a flagstaff. To the north and abreast you stretches a tract of low jungly land, fringed with sand-downs. Behind this are dark, bushy hills, broken here and there by river gorges, and dotted over with cottages and gardens. Of the bay itself and the town you see nothing from the roadstead, nor did we for some hours, when an active little paddle-wheeled steam-tug came puffing out with an air of great importance, as though fully conscious that this was the event of the month. This was the first of the evidences we found here of that more pushing, go-ahead spirit for which Natal has become famous in these parts. The *Dane* is too large a vessel to cross the bar at all times ; and as this was a “bad time,” it fell to our lot to undergo the horrors of a species of middle passage. The passengers were let down into the hold of a cargo-boat, and left to make themselves as comfortable as they could among the boxes and bags deposited there. Not the slightest effort was made to consult the comfort of anybody. As soon as we were packed in, the tug took us in tow, and, as the bar was rough, the hatches were put down. Imagine the delights of the position ! Darkness of the darkest ; heat, stench, confusion, and all the worst terrors of sea-sickness. Then when the boat pitched amongst the breakers, as she did in superb style, performing marvels of agility, a chorus of howls, screams, groans, curses, and a general sensation of being mixed up confusedly with your kind. Although by no means a man-hater, there was a species of miscegenation which I neither expected nor desired. Happily, like all extreme agonies, it was soon over, and the burly boatmen—not bad fellows by any means—took off the hatches and introduced us to daylight once more. Altogether, I think this was the longest five minutes I have experienced.

We soon forgot our misery, however, when we turned a point and entered the bay. I had heard a good deal about the beauties of this sheet of water, and am not disappointed. It presents a strangely changeful and yet peaceful scene. There is no grandeur about it. I often wonder how the bay would look were Table Mountain, or even the Devil’s Peak, substituted for the Bluff. That headland runs at a height of about two hundred feet along one-third of the bay’s circuit. It

is narrow, steep, and covered with bush down to the very edge of the water. As you enter the bay, under its shadow, the effect is very impressive. On either side the land is flat, though well wooded, and the Berea hills rise beyond at a distance of a mile or so from the sea. They are about a match for the Bluff as regards height, but they rise so gently that their slopes are the favourite sites for the residences of the towns-people. On one side of the bay there are three low islands. When you are round "the Point," or spit of land off which the shipping lie, and where you disembark, you seem to be in a lake, so narrow is the entrance, and so completely is the harbour shut in from the sea. For fourteen years past Government has been trying to improve the entrance, and some very ambitious works are now being carried out, so far without result. Even my woman's eye tells me that with a deep entrance there would be few finer harbours than this landlocked bay would then become.

We stepped from the boat on to a little stone wharf, with steps leading into the water. There were the usual rattle-trap ship-chandlery places in front, with a substantial Custom-house on one side and a little block-house on a sand-hill beyond. A small group of inquiring faces peered down at us as we drew near, and eager questions were put as to "the war." They only get one mail a month, and intermediate chances of communication seldom occur, so that the advent of the mail is a much more serious event than it is in Cape Town. I saw at a glance that I was amongst English people. Though they wear the seedy aspect that is common, I suspect, to most colonists of their standing, they are unmistakably descended from John Bull. One thing struck me at once: black hats are quite at a discount; no one wears one, except, I believe, a Mr. H., a banker of whom I hear a good deal. But then, from all accounts, he is what a Yankee would call "a most remarkable man," and it is but right that such a notability should be distinguished from his fellows.

My first experience of Natal was a fright. Just after we had landed, a loud, shrill shriek suddenly rent the air. Not expecting a railway in so secluded a place, the sound of a locomotive whistle startled me. We hurried, therefore, to the iron shed which is called a station. James was immensely amused by the mixture of extreme condescension and official fussiness exhibited by the Customs officials here. They dealt very tenderly with my poor baggage, however, and it was only J.'s guns that caused any difficulty.

Natalians are very proud of the fact that their railway was the first opened in South Africa. It was the only one travelled on by Prince Alfred, on his visit four years ago, when it brought His Royal Highness down at a speed so great that it seems never to have recovered itself,—to judge, that is, from the speed, or rather the want of speed, displayed in carrying us to town. There are but two carriages, and all possess equally hard wooden seats, to which a uniform charge of sixpence gives admission. In our carriage there

were people of all grades: ship captains, boatmen, Government officials, merchants, and a number of nondescripts. They all seemed to know each other, and, so far from hanging off as their countrymen generally do in railway carriages, were as chatty and friendly as the members of a "happy family" could be. Most talkative of them all, and certainly most amusing, was Mr. L., the English clergyman here—I mean the minister of the Church of England, in contradistinction to the ministers of "other denominations." This charming ecclesiastic has been exceedingly attentive and kind. He piloted us to our hotel, and has since then called daily. He is a thorough specimen of the good old type of country clergymen, of good birth, social instincts, and genial sympathies. Between ourselves, I don't think polemics trouble him much, but he expresses unbounded disgust at the Bishop's new work on the Pentateuch.

But I must tell you about the journey up. We followed the beach for some little distance. At low water the bay is so empty that a child almost might walk across it; but when the tide is up, as it was then, and a fresh breeze blows, the mimic waves that sparkle in the sunlight are inexpressibly refreshing. By-and-by we turned into the bush, which is here thick and jungle-like. I made my first acquaintance with that tree of evil omen, the mangrove, here growing in abundance all round the bay. It looks strange to see the trees, with their bright glossy leaves, growing out of the water. In due time the train emerges on a "flat," as small plains are called here, and you pass a straggling series of dejected-looking cottages and houses, which represent Durban to you. * * *

June 3.—Having a week's experience now at my back, I will briefly try to convey to you my impressions of the place. Durban looks to a stranger, at first, as though a number of one to two-storied buildings had been peppered down upon a sandy waste. There are two long main streets, in only one of which the buildings can be said to follow each other continuously, and even then these edifices are so unlike and so diverse that one's customary idea of a street is not a little subverted. Here and there a building with an upper floor, and a cement or stucco front, stands apart in proud isolation; but its neighbours for the most part are far humbler, both in size and pretension.

The one great peculiarity of Durban is its sand. Sand prevails everywhere; sand lines the streets from side to side; sand buries one's feet, enters one's eyes, dazzles one's vision, and sometimes seems, when it blows hard, to get into one's brain. In West-street an effort has been made to run a brick footway or pavement on either side, and as seringa trees have been planted along the outer edge, one can manage to trudge along with a little more comfort than when wading through the other streets. Then, too, what is called the Market-square is being enclosed,—in fact, has been so shut in with a parapet wall and iron pale-railing. This enclosure, which is many acres in extent, has quite a home aspect, and, like so

many other things you see here, indicates the origin and character of the people.

In point of fact, putting coloured people to one side, you only meet Europeans here. There are scarcely any Dutch families in Durban, although they abound "up country." Nor are there any "colonial-born" families, except one or two that have been transplanted from the Cape Colony. Most of the people you see came here as "Byrne's emigrants," fourteen years ago, though a good many have come since. Natal is always receiving a sprinkling of new settlers, so that there is less to write about, and fewer vivid impressions to be formed, than amongst a community so racy of the soil as that of Cape Town.

And yet, although all here is so new, I am not offended by any Yankeeism about the place,—I mean by that painful obtrusion of newness that makes America so unpleasant to a well-balanced Conservative mind, such as that of the daughter of my father ought to be. Folks generally, from the little I have seen of them, appear a homely, sociable, unpretending set, anxious to live very much as they or their fathers lived in the old country,—too much so, I think, with a due regard to the fitness of things. It has occurred to me already that a little less tenacious conformity to old habits and ways would tend materially to personal and household comfort. But it is rash to preach where one knows so little. Several ladies have called upon me, and they all tell the same tale regarding the want of proper service. Good European servants are very scarce, and, when got, very hard to keep out of the charmed circle of matrimony. Kafirs are commonly used here for domestic work, and you see the funniest incongruities in consequence. Big strapping fellows, dressed in white shirts, are seen tenderly nursing babies in long clothes. All the washing of the town is done entirely by Kafir men, who take a sack of linen to the banks of a river four miles off, and, after beating and scrubbing these with all fury for some hours, return and claim a shilling. They don't seem able to compass the finer branches of the laundress's art yet, but as Mantalini's they are invaluable.

This brings me to, perhaps, the most noticeable feature of Durban life. Natal being in want of labour—that is, being unable to get as much work as the colonists require out of the 200,000 natives within her borders—sent to India five years ago for coolies, and there are now several thousands here. They make capital servants—cooks more especially. James was delighted when he sat down to dinner here first, and had a real Indian curry handed to him. The fact at once put him in love with the country. In other ways they give an Oriental aspect to life, which mingles very well with the African and European elements. At dinner we are served by both Asiatic and African waiters, and I don't know which I prefer. Certainly, both are preferable to the average run of English stolidities. I said as much to a lady the other day, when she laughingly lifted her eyebrows, and gently murmured, "Wait and see."

These Zulus, however, do appear to deserve their title as the gentlemen of the Kafir races. There is about them a cheeriness of spirit, a manliness of gait, and a certain dignity of presence, which you don't find in the Fingo, and not to such an extent in any of the Frontier Kafirs. Though their language is a sealed book to me, I feel convinced we shall like them much. * * * *

June 6.—There seems to be less ceremony and more real hearty friendliness here than in any other part of the world, claiming to be civilized, that I have been in. People appear thoroughly anxious to make one happy without waiting to be introduced, so to speak. Yesterday Mrs. B—— came and asked me to join a picnic certain families were giving to-day. I was only too glad to do so, and a very pleasant day we have had. At nine in the morning we all went down in the same hard-seated and draughty old carriages, and in the company of the same seedy and weather-worn individuals, by train to the Point. Several pretty girls were of the party, and the character Natal bears abroad in this respect does not seem misplaced. On reaching the Point there was a general packing down in two large rowing-boats which took us over to the Bluff in about a quarter of an hour. The water was intensely blue and the vessels rested motionless on its shining bosom. A hard rim of "silver sand" girdles the Bluff, and the hill itself rises so steeply therefrom that the road to the top has been escarped at a long angle. We sauntered round by the beach and the boulders that encumber it, to the end of the headland, where a very picturesque group of rocks juts into the sea. The sea has washed right through a huge flat-topped mass of sandstone at the extremity, and formed a natural arch, in which a delicious scrap of blue sea and bluer sky is framed. Here we encamped until luncheon time, scrambling about the rocks or wandering along the beach, which further on, where it fronts the sea, is softer and sandier. This is not a good place for shells, as the delicate molluscs are apt to get smashed along the ragged rocks ere they reach the sand. The tide being out, some delicious pools were uncovered. I was told a better place for exploring the "wonders of the shore" was to be found further south, but my modest desires were quite content with what I saw here. One pool in particular was a perfect paradise of sea treasures and beauties. Sea urchins, anemones, and tangle clothed the sides in the richest scarlets, greens, and purples, splashed here and there with the orange of a magnificent fungus. At the bottom, shell-fish of lovely hues crawled peacefully about, while hosts of striped, blue, and golden fish darted hither and thither. No man-made aquarium was ever half so beautiful.

The Indian Ocean does no discredit to the South Atlantic. I had thought the latter was unmatched for grandeur, but this oriental sea has both majesty and beauty. There is a depth of blue in it, even close inshore, which you rarely see elsewhere, while the long ceaseless heave of the waves as they roll towards the beach is suggestive of a march from Australia to Africa.

After the usual consumption of good things,—and I must confess the warmth of climate by no means etherealizes the taste for creature comforts here,—we clambered up an almost perpendicular path, cut out of the jungle, and resembling a staircase more than anything else. When at the top, however, the fatigue of the ascent passed out of mind. Though the view is quite different in character from what you get along the Kloof Road, it is singularly beautiful. On one side the sea stretches from under your feet, south and east, without a break. There is an utter lack of islands along this part of the coast, and the eye sweeps outward into unstinted distances. On the other side the lake-like bay, with its group of islands, reposes below,—a sheet of silver environed with verdure. The vessels at anchor are so still, they look like “painted ships,” while the scattered town of Durban is far enough off to have none of its incongruities visible. Around spread and rise the hills of this ever-ascending country, which gradually rises higher and higher until the Drakenberg mountains, which form its western frontier, are reached. Altogether, an enchanting dreamy landscape, which one regards with much the same sensations that the Rhine from Drachenfels, or the bay of Naples from over Nisida, produces on the mind. Some one at the picnic remarked that the bay of Natal, in its way, was as beautiful as the bay of Naples. I was amused at the scornful disbelief with which a young colonial received this proposition.

Except among one or two Cape people who were present, I detected none of the Cape accent in the speech of our companions. They talked in very much the same tone as people at home would talk in. Scotch extraction was evident in many cases, and the “Land o’ Cakes” has contributed very largely to the social structure of the community. The life of the party—as usual, I should say—was Mr. L., the clergyman, again. He has a rambling way of speech, and a habit of making much of trifles, which are pleasantly original. I wish some of my young Cape friends had been with us to take a lesson in gallantry from this old parson. He is a most attentive *chevalier des dames*, albeit the father of an enormous flock. A Mr. R., one of the chief officials here, reminds one somehow of the first Napoleon—at a distance, of course; but he talks far more learnedly on subjects in general than, I will be bound, the Great Emperor ever ventured to do. I was pleased to make the acquaintance of the Miss G——s, elegant, quiet, and pleasant-mannered girls, one of whom danced with the Prince in 1860. If her eyes sparkled as brightly then as they do now, his choice did justice to his taste. * *

J—— has gone to Maritzburg to look out for quarters, so I have to amuse myself in his absence as I can. The hours are apt to pass slowly here, as the sandy streets do not encourage me to walk; there are no carriages that I can see, for the same reason; and the only promenade is the bare enclosure in front of our hotel, of which one soon gets tired. Twice a week, however, a volunteer band plays, and people gather together to listen, and gossip. I fancy that petty

scandal is about as popular here as it is in other equally refined communities. There is a circular line of benches round the "pagoda" where the musicians stand, and while sitting here, with folks all round me, it was impossible to avoid picking up a pretty good idea of local small talk. I won't tell tales further than to say that dress was the most popular theme. Coming out, as I have, straight from England, colonial fashion looks nearly related to dowdiness, and the garbs of ancient times are much more common than I expected again to find them. Two or three ladies who happened to be very moderately in keeping with the age, as regarded their bonnets and skirts, were denounced as "frights," "shows," and "absurdities," though I have a strong suspicion ere a year be out the fair denounciators will themselves be arrayed in modes quite as extravagant. From what I see, I should fancy that Natal is at least, and *en permanence*, one line of fashion behind the age.

Yesterday I went to the Gardens. They are about two miles out of town, at the foot of the Berea Hill, or rather on the lower slope of it. Captain C., the very agreeable young commandant here—where, by-the-by, the garrison only consists of one company—offered to escort Mrs. M. and myself if we were disposed to ride; so having secured a discreet and quiet horse, I went. The Gardens cover fifty acres of ground, and, being so large, are ill-kept in one sense, though they are very creditable in another. The show of flowers is very poor. Indeed, the place resembles a large plantation or shrubbery more than a garden. There are scarcely any tropical plants or trees not represented here, and the scene strongly reminds one of the torrid zone. Only the palm is wanting in its fully developed glory. A dwarf and very picturesque species grows wild, but it does not overtop other vegetation and make its graceful plumes a leading feature in the landscape. Palms are trees of slow growth, however, and some young ones we saw looked both healthy and vigorous. Mr. M., the curator, an accomplished botanist, was most kind, and pointed out to us all the *specialities*. The mangoes pleased me particularly. What a dense mass of leafage they throw out, making just the kind of tree to take shelter under on a sunny day! Bananas and pine-apples are irrepressible in this country. They swarm everywhere, and grow whether you will or no. The latter are commonly used for bordering purposes, and take care of themselves when once planted. Banana groves form a delightful appendage to a house. Their long pendant leaves rustle softly as the breeze blows over them, while their brighter green makes a refreshing contrast to the darker hue of the native foliage. These gardens are another illustration of the paralyzing effect of State aid upon private enterprise and liberality. In former years, the funds of the society were generously supported by the contributions of subscribers; but now that Government gives—I think—£300 towards their maintenance, the support of the townspeople has almost ceased. A place of such extent wants at least £1,000 a year spent over it to be all that it might be made. At

present it is little more than a wilderness—though a very luxuriant and a very varied one. Shows are held here once a year, but the curator complained bitterly of the declining interest evinced by the planters and farmers of the neighbourhood.

After leaving the Gardens, we rode about the Berea for an hour or two, admiring the snug little cottages of residents, and drinking in the magnificent view of sea and land you get from every point. Many of the Durban mechanics, who earn only weekly wages, live here on their own leaseholds, in some cases on their freeholds; and surrounded by their three or four acres of fertile garden ground, their lot seems a very happy one when compared with the wretched experiences of their home brethren. Here the working man can have his orchard, garden, field of corn, and paddock, in full view of as lovely a prospect as heart can desire, without ruining himself in the acquisition.

I can see no houses much above the bungalow standard of pretension, but they are mostly well furnished. The churches are the only ambitious edifices in the town. There are some six or seven in the place. St. Paul's, where Mr. L. officiates, is a neat little Gothic church, only wanting a tower to be complete. There is a big Wesleyan chapel in the same style, but in worse taste; and a Congregational chapel, with a Doric portico in front, and on either side windows so square and vast that devotion therein must be fervid, at any rate. There is also a Presbyterian congregation, which meets in a public hall, where a veritable Boanerges of a preacher holds forth in very dogmatic and intolerant style. At least so J. told me, though his (the minister's) people appear to regard him as another Knox. But the nicest church building in Durban is the Catholic chapel, which I discovered by accident. Attracted one warm day by some lovely roses blooming in a trim and luxuriant little garden, I looked longingly over a fence, when forth came a simple shy old *père*—Father S.—reputed to be the most self-denying man in the place. His manner is a charming mixture of self-depreciation and courtesy. His garden shall see me again. * * * *

You must really excuse the prosy character of this letter. My mind has not yet accustomed itself to the dreary fact of the children's absence. When I look at the little ones which swarm here, and see how plump and bright they look, I bitterly regret being so ill-advised as to leave my lambkins behind. I should say that Natal is more prolific in children than in any other product, and the Indian friend who advised us to leave ours in England was sadly out in his climatic knowledge. Next month, when I have had my home letters, and settled down to this place, I may be able to send you something better worth reading. Meanwhile, let me add that the climate of Natal at this time of the year is simply perfect!

The Battle of Boomplaats, and what followed it.

PART II.

THE writer, in the last paper on this subject—(contained in our December number)—diverged from the thread of his story, at the farm of Jan Kok, about midway between the Vaal River and Mooi River Dorp. He will, therefore, now take a fresh start from there. The party of five—Southey, Bramley, Dyason, Piet Venter, and the Field-cornet Geer—having crossed the Vaal early in the morning, halted at Kock's for breakfast, and thereafter proceeded to the place of meeting appointed by Potgieter—a farm about four miles on the Vaal River side of the town. Potgieter had previously arrived there, and had with him about twenty of the principal farmers of the neighbourhood, and a "Hollander," a recent importation from the "mother country," who was there, seemingly, chiefly for the purpose of doing the talking. The afternoon and evening were devoted to discussions of various public topics, in which the Hollander took a lively and prominent part on the Boer side, making one speech of at least two hours' duration, in which every grievance that the Cape Boer ever had, or believed himself to have had, was dished up afresh, and clothed in such strong and pertinent language as to satisfy all present (nearly) that every evil or scourge that South Africa had groaned under were consequent upon the assumption of British rule. He was well up in the traditionary history of the people among whom he had taken up his abode, and he ran over some of their great hardships and sufferings under the English-Cape administration with a volubility that astonished the Boers, who themselves say but little as a rule, and that little slowly and with caution, when the subject under consideration is of importance. There were in those days many "sayings" and "*geloven*" (believings) among the outlying Dutch farmers, which attributed the principal evils under which the people of this Colony from time to time had suffered to the arrival of the English. Various diseases among the people, unknown before, had made their appearance after the taking of the country in 1806; and some of the chief inhabitants, particularly men who had held high offices under the Dutch administration, and accepted office afterwards under that of England, had been smitten with these diseases. One high official was generally named, in particular, who was alleged to have been seduced by the English to betray his trust, and to be the main instrument in handing over the country. This individual, according to tradition, had no peace nor rest,—seldom slept; and when he died it was discovered that myriads of small vermin had taken up a position under his skin, and been for ever gnawing his flesh. Then the rust in wheat, smut in oats, lice in cabbages, and such like scourges had come in with the Settlers of 1820. The "Hollander" did not allude to these matters, but he

raked up others—such as the admission of the Hottentots to the privileges of citizens, emancipation of slaves, non-payment of value, Kafir troubles, and a host of things of that nature, by which the Cape Colony had been rendered unbearable as a habitation for the South African Boer. They could not live there, nor elsewhere, under such laws and government. They had trekked in consequence of what they had been made to suffer; and all they wanted now was to be left alone, to manage their own affairs in their own way.

Potgieter and the one or two others that joined in the discussion were more moderate in their language, but it was manifest that they had no desire to be brought again under English rule. The result of the conference was an engagement on the part of Potgieter to call meetings of the people, inform them of what had been done and said, and to communicate thereafter with the High Commissioner, who had, through Mr. Southey, intimated his willingness to make arrangements for the management of affairs beyond the Vaal in a way suitable to the wants of the people.

On the following day the party rode into Potchefstroom, accompanied by Potgieter, and went direct to the residence of the Landdrost, Mr. Lombard, who invited them to “off-saddle,” and regaled them with tea and bread and butter. They remained a couple of hours or so, looked a little about the town, and then prepared for their return to Geer’s. Some little excitement and uneasiness was observable, more particularly among some Englishmen, chiefly old soldiers, deserters from their corps, who had settled there. These had evidently “liquored up” somewhat, and were strolling about in a state of partial intoxication. One of these informed Southey that there had been a talk about taking advantage of his visit to shoot him and those with him, and that he had been offered a handsome reward if he and others of his class would do the deed. The party returned to Geer’s in the afternoon, arriving there about sun-down. In the evening, conversation turned upon the subject of the deserter’s communication, and the farmers present expressed their thorough belief in the truth of the man’s statement. They are wonderful believers in this sort of treachery; and during the stay of the party at Geer’s, he often cautioned them against approaching too near the banks of the river in their walks abroad, as he never doubted but that Adriaan Stander, Rooy Andreas van Collar, or some other noted rebel was sitting under cover on the opposite side, anxiously looking for an opportunity to have a “pop” at him or them.

On the way back from Geer’s towards Winburg, the party halted at the farm of Willem Venter (Long Willem, and a brother of Piet’s), in order to enjoy—what had previously been arranged for—a lion hunt. Lions were known to be about there, and it was intended to look them up. During the day preceding that on which the hunt was to take place, Mrs. Venter (Willem’s wife) had been observed to be more than usually fidgety and “*onrustig*,” and she

several times expressed her disapprobation of the intended proceedings on the following day. The lions, she said, had done nobody any harm of late; their cattle and horses grazed night and day in the open, and had not been interfered with. The lions lived contented upon the food which God had provided for them (the large game with which the country then teemed), and it was a tempting of Providence to seek to destroy them under such circumstances. (There was a common belief among the Boers that there was much more danger in lion-hunting when the lords of the plains were behaving well than when they were doing mischief among their flocks and herds.) The good woman's remonstrances and admonitions were little heeded; her lord and master had promised to get up the hunt, and no one felt inclined to draw back; so, despite of all she could say, when the party separated for the night, it was decided to be up and doing a couple of hours before daylight, so as to reach the ground about sunrise, when it was expected that the lions would not be unwilling to exhibit themselves. At the time so agreed upon all were assembled in the "voorst" next morning, and after partaking of coffee, which Mrs. Venter had prepared for them, the men went forth to "up-saddle," and Mrs. Venter took advantage of their absence to make a last appeal to Mr. Southey. "Don't go on this shooting," she said. "Why not?" said Mr. Southey. "I have already told you," she said, "how wrong and dangerous it is." "But," said Mr. Southey, "all the arrangements have been made at my request; and to afford me pleasure and amusement, friends have come from a distance to join and aid us, and it would give offence to them for me to cry off now at the last moment; besides, I really wish to go. But you have surely some other reason than those you have given for so pertinaciously endeavouring to put a stop to the hunt?" "Perhaps I have," she answered. "What is it?" "Well, '*en koegel kan party mal een wonderlyke coorse neem.*'" "Oh! is that all?—the bullet is not moulded yet that is to kill me." "*Jy praat makkelyk,*" she said. By this time the men were returning to the room to announce that all was ready. The conversation just narrated had been carried on in an under tone, and was heard only by the writer (in addition to the two that had conversed). The hunters were soon mounted and off, leaving the good old lady in no very happy mood. She clearly distrusted some one or more of them, but which, was only known to herself. There were ten or a dozen in all, and several of them had fought against us at Boomplaats only a few weeks before, and were, perhaps, supposed to entertain no very amiable sentiments towards Englishmen in general just then; and they had been fined too, and had to pay for their share in the rebellion. After riding for seven or eight miles, a large vlei (as it is called up there), or extent of marshy ground, covered very thickly with high reeds, was reached, and riding along the side of this at a sufficient distance to be able to look over the reeds, a small island, or patch of ground bare of reeds, but having on it a few clumps of low, scrubby bush, became visible.

The party halted, and after looking for a while at this "island" perceived two lions sporting together upon it. To reach the island it was necessary to ride through the high reeds for a hundred yards or so, which was considered dangerous, but it was done cautiously. The lions had, however, disappeared, and could nowhere be seen when the party got upon the island; and they were about to return, when Mr. Southey dismounted and walked to one of the patches of bush—quite a small patch—covering, perhaps, a space of twenty feet square only, and started the two lions out of it. They went off with a bound and a roar towards the high reeds on the opposite side of the island to that on which the party had entered, Mr. Southey discharging both barrels of his gun at them as they darted into the cover, though whether with effect or not was unknown. One only of the animals, however, was again seen—the lioness. She went straight through the cover on to the open ground, and trotted leisurely up the side of a gentle slope at a short distance from the vlei. The party waited a while, to allow time for the male to follow the example of his "better half;" but finding that he was either unwilling or unable to do so, went in pursuit of the one that had broken cover. And now was witnessed for the first time by the Englishmen present the Boer method, which is very methodical, of lion-shooting. They had been accustomed to hear sportsmen talk of their lion-shooting exploits, and one of them, in particular, may be mentioned, viz., the late Dr. Frazer (Marygold Frazer, as he was familiarly called by his friends), a gentleman well known on the Eastern Frontier and over the Orange River, first as an army surgeon and afterwards as a large land-owner and politician, retired from the army and settled at Bloemfontein, and who was selected by the people of "the Sovereignty" to proceed to England with the Rev. A. Murray and endeavour to prevent the confirmation of Sir George Clerk's abandonment proceedings. They were, as is well known, unsuccessful in their mission; and Doctor Frazer, disgusted at finding his hopes of being able to settle in the Sovereignty under the British flag blighted, sought and obtained employment under the Foreign Office, was first sent to join Sir F. Williams at Kars during the Crimean war, as a colonel on the staff, and afterwards received a diplomatic appointment, in which he continued until his death in Scotland, a couple of years or so ago. This gentleman was in the habit of riding out from Bloemfontein single-handed, and bagging his brace of lions with as much quiet and composure as other sportsmen would do in the case of antelopes or partridges; and he would sit by the hour together and recount his exploits,—how he had ridden or walked up to within a few yards of a crouching lion and put a bullet between its eyes or through its shoulders or across its spine, or in some other well-selected spot, so as to render it incapable of making the spring upon him, which it lay prepared to do directly the distance between them had been brought to the proper stride. And the Doctor would laugh at, and ridicule, the Boer method, which he said was unsportsmanlike. The Boer method,

however, had the advantage or not being *very* dangerous, while that of the Doctor was dangerous in the extreme, requiring steadiness of nerve equal to that of a surgeon when operating on the human eye, the most careful attention to the gun and ammunition, and frequent, almost daily, shooting practice, for, with the slightest failure in aim, or a misfire caused by defective ammunition or a neglected gun, death followed almost as a matter of course—while the Boers, being always on such occasions six or eight or more together, were able to have a reserve fire ready for an emergency. A description of the morning's proceedings will afford the reader an insight into the Boer method of lion-shooting. The party crossed the vley, and riding at a sharp pace in the direction the lioness had gone, soon hove in sight of her and continued on after her, at a safe distance of some five or six hundred yards. She at first, on finding herself pursued, increased her speed, but after a while slackened; then halted, turned round, face to the enemy, as if to examine and count them, and calculate her chances of being able to overcome them. She did this very boldly and leisurely, apparently sensible of her own great strength, and her possession of weapons for offensive or defensive warfare that most men were afraid of. When she halted the party in pursuit halted also to afford her time for examination and reflection. The distance between the combatants was too great at that time to admit of the battle being commenced, and her ladyship, after taking her observations, lashing her tail about a bit, and grinning to show her teeth, wheeled about and cantered off again, followed by the horsemen at a safe distance. This sort of sham-fighting lasted for, perhaps, an hour, the lioness now and again turning round, facing her enemies, and as it were challenging them to closer combat, they acting warily and biding their time. At length that time arrived; the lioness got tired, and refused to continue to play at fighting any longer, lashed her tail about more furiously than before, growled loud enough to be heard afar off, exhibited her powerful and magnificent teeth once more, and then sat herself down. The old hands said, "Now comes the storm; she won't go any further, and we must prepare." (The country was quite open,—not a bush or tree, or stone, or any other description of cover of any kind for either side, except the artificial cover which the Boers ever have with them on such occasions, and construct by means of their horses.) So, rode up to within firing distance, say between two and three hundred yards, dismounted, turned the horses' tails towards the lion, and tied their necks to each other, so as to form them into a sort of wall. This being done and the "after-riders" made to hold on by the bridles, to keep the horses steady, the warriors file round to the back of the horses and get between them and the lion; then certain of them are told off as the firing party, the others as a reserve, who are on no account to discharge their weapons unless the others miss their aim, and the lion pounces in upon them and leaps on the horses, which is what may happen, for the orders are that in the event of the lion charging, and not being knocked

over by the firing party, the warriors must run round to the horses' heads—get behind the earthworks as it were—upon which the lion will leap on to one or other of the horses, and is to be shot off by the reserve. All this arranged, and well understood, the fire opened from the right of the firing party, and soon the lioness felt one of the bullets graze her. Upon which, with tail on end and mouth open, she made a charge, as if to sweep all before her; the men fired steadily, and before she could close upon them bowled her over, while still at a distance from them of over a hundred yards. She lay flat on her side, head down, and at that distance appeared to be dead; but the orders were not to approach her, but wait and see if she would rise, or attempt to rise. She did not; and after a while, all guns being re-loaded, the party advanced cautiously towards the apparently dead lioness. As they neared her, she was seen to be still alive and breathing heavily. On reaching within about ten yards one of the party discharged his gun into her chest, on which she sprung to her feet and made an effort to avenge herself, but a second bullet discharged right into her mouth finished her. She was a noble, full-grown animal, worthy, perhaps, of better and more honourable treatment on the Frazer principle. The skin and head were soon taken off, and with these trophies the party returned to the hospitable abode of "Neef Willem," and were received there by his good "huisvrouw" with marked feelings of satisfaction. She appeared to be overjoyed to find that her prognostications of evil had not been realized. The teapot received extra attention, and the "treksel" then in it, although not fully used up, was discarded, and a fresh "treksel" put in. And there was a great noise among the poultry as, one after another, a turkey and half a dozen cocks and hens had their necks wrung as a preliminary to their being served up for supper. The old lady had made up her mind to do honour to the hunt, and Neef Willem willingly co-operated with her, for soon after supper he suggested that she should search the sly corners of her cupboards for "kruid soopjes," while he tuned up his violin and prepared himself to play "Valschrievier" and "Mal Jan tusschen de Hoenders," for the young people to dance to. Willem was a bit of a musician, and performed his part well, keeping the house alive and all in it jolly up to near midnight.

The duties of the War Tribute Commissioners were by this time (November) approaching towards conclusion. Most of the Boers who had rendered themselves liable to it had come in and paid their fines, and the President was preparing for his return to the Colony. Before his departure he was invited to a public dinner, which came off at the residence of Commandant R. Botha, on the farm Bloemspruit, where about fifty of the principal farmers of the district sat down to a sumptuous entertainment, some coming from distances of twenty-five and thirty miles, and among them several of Pretorius's staunchest adherents, who had been heavily fined for the part they took in his support. The dinner went off well. The usual loyal

toasts were drunk and heartily responded to, and all present were in excellent humour. In the evening there was dancing, which was kept up with spirit until early next morning.

The people of these parts (the districts of Vaal River and Winburg), where, theretofore, the largest amount of disaffection had prevailed, appeared to have made up their minds to settle down quietly, and to judge from the speeches made at the dinner, there was not likely to be another attempt to get rid of their allegiance to Her Majesty the Queen of England.

Among the native populations matters were not so satisfactory. There never had been much cordiality between the various Chiefs. Moshesh claimed to be the great chief of the country, and that all others were subordinate to him. The others, such as Moroko, Molitsani, Sinkonyella, Gert Taaybosch, &c., would not admit this, but claimed each for himself a separate and distinct jurisdiction, owning no allegiance to any one. Moshesh's claim to superiority rested on the grounds of pre-occupation of the soil; he was, he said, at one time the only chief there,—the others had come in subsequently, and settled down either with his tacit or distinct permission, and had in various ways, according to native custom, admitted their inferiority. This admission the others denied, and hence arose perpetual disputes and occasional passages of arms.

As regarded Moroko and his Baralong, much hinged upon a matter of cattle. They had many years before come from the other side of the Vaal River and taken up their position at Thaba 'Nchu. Soon after arrival there Moroko appears to have sent messages to Moshesh with a quantity of cattle. This Moshesh held to have been an act of submission on the part of Moroko, and an acknowledgment of his superior rights; while Moroko, on the other hand, maintained that the cattle were not paid as tribute, but as purchase money for the land,—and this view of the case was taken up and stoutly fought for (on paper) by the Wesleyan missionaries who had all along resided with the Baralong people.

Sinkonyella's claim to the country occupied by his people rested upon the right of conquest. There was no doubt that they had come down from the north, driven the Basutos out, and settled themselves down, and that Moshesh had failed in all his attempts to oust them; and that they had held possession for some twenty years or more. Moshesh admitted this, but he said, "it is a mere question of time; they must either submit to me or be driven out when I find myself strong enough."

Thus there was perpetual feud among these people and occasional outbursts, in the shape of small wars. One of these occurred at the time we are now referring to (November, 1848), when a party of armed Basutos endeavoured to drive some of Sinkonyella's people out of a portion of the country they occupied. Molitsani sympathized with Sinkonyella at this time, and his people came in for a share of the Basuto hostility. They attacked the people of Molitsani

resident at the mission station of Mekuatleng, to the no small alarm of the family of the Rev. F. Daumas, the resident (French) missionary there. Several of the station people were killed or wounded on this occasion.

It was this state of things that the measures of Sir H. Smith were intended to put an end to, and could he have been thoroughly supported at home and in the Colony, there is little doubt but that he would have effected much good in that direction. He had not that support which his measures deserved to have had, partly owing, perhaps, to his own eccentricities and his *manner* of proceeding, which absorbed too much attention, and the cause suffered in consequence. Sir Harry Smith came to the Colony as Governor full of good intentions, and with pretty correct notions of the policy best suited to the circumstances of the time. He did his best to work out that policy, but failed to accomplish the object. It is not intended here to enter into a discussion of the whys and wherefores of that failure, but it may be mentioned that there were people who considered the foundation of it to have been laid by four words of the first speech he delivered after arrival. The speech was delivered on the jetty immediately on landing, and the four words were, "I will be Governor." These words had an unmistakable meaning, and they gave rise to feelings which, to say the least of them, did no good. Governor Sir George Grey (no mean authority on such matters) more than once remarked to the writer of this paper, "that of all the Governors this Colony had ever had, Sir Harry Smith was the only one who had a native policy." The ideas were good, but could not be fully carried out.

The policy that Sir Harry had expressed his intention of adopting towards the native tribes inhabiting the country between the northern slopes of the Drakensbergen and the Sovereignty proper was to assign to each separately the portion of land occupied by them, to have the limits or lines of demarcation between them properly defined, and to require the chiefs to maintain order within their respective boundaries. Internally, he would not interfere with native rule, but he reserved the right to interfere with what he termed "international disputes;" and it was one of those disputes that now arose between Moshesh and Sinkonyella, originating, it was said, in a desire on the part of Moshesh to squeeze Sinkonyella's people out of a certain tract of country on the south side of a tributary of the Caledon River before the boundaries were defined. The active hostilities did not last many days. Major Warden proceeded to the scene of trouble, investigated the causes, and decided upon their merits, but it is doubtful whether his decision was ever fully acted up to. Mr. Southey, before returning to the Colony, visited Sinkonyella, Gert Taaybosch, Molitsani, Moshesh, and Moroko, at their respective head-quarters, and had long interviews with them on boundary and other matters; and he described on paper what, after inquiry, he considered to be reasonable lines of

demarcation between the tribes respectively, and also between the natives and the Sovereignty proper, except on the Caledon River district side, which remained open for consideration on a future day. Strong objections were urged by Moroko to the line laid down between him and the district of Bloemfontein, and it is believed that subsequently some slight alterations were made in it; but generally, as between the natives and the Sovereignty proper, the lines were considered fair, and were afterwards, during British rule, adhered to. The greatest difficulties in the way of boundary settlements were with Moshesh, who regarded himself as *the* chief of the whole country, as well that occupied by the other native tribes, as much of that in the occupation of the farmers; and he could not be brought to thoroughly acquiesce in any definition of boundaries which would deprive him of the right to urge his claim to be considered as such chief. Personally, perhaps, Moshesh had no insuperable objections; he might, had he been left to himself, have been induced to fall in with the necessities of the times. He saw, and admitted, that serious troubles would in all probability arise out of a non-settlement of boundaries. He could not, however, act in opposition to the advice of his councils, and hence his sayings and doings appeared to be inconsistent and shuffling.

At the interview with Mr. Southey, on Thaba Bossio, he agreed to meet that gentleman at, or in the neighbourhood of, Beersheba on a certain day, for the purpose of going over the country on the Caledon River district side, and defining a boundary. Southey was there at the time appointed, but, instead of Moshesh, there came a letter from his missionary, the Rev. Mr. Dyke, to say that Moshesh had been unable to keep his appointment, and fixing a future day for his appearance. On that future day he again failed to put in an appearance; but on this occasion, his son Nehemiah appeared, and said that he and the Rev. Mr. Rolland had been authorized by Moshesh to attend the meeting on his behalf—not to define or to agree to a boundary, but to object to any such definition. They urged, on behalf of Moshesh, that the whole country belonged to the Basuto nation; that the farmers and others, who had come in and settled, had not acquired right of property in the soil—they had merely been permitted to live on it. Moshesh did not object to this sort of occupation, but he did object to any one presuming to have a right of property in the land. No such rights were recognized by Basuto laws. By those laws the land belonged to *the people*, and could not be alienated by any one individual, or by the whole together. The land did not belong to any one generation, but those who had yet to come had equal rights in it, and could not be deprived of those rights by present occupiers. These were strong arguments, and it availed little to urge against them the fact that lands had been alienated. This would not be admitted by the Basutos. The land, they said, had only been lent; and Moshesh, they said, looked on the transaction as like the lending of a cow yielding milk: the milk

might be appropriated by the borrower, but not the cow. It was useless to argue with such people on the plea of alienation ; and another plan was adopted. On the part of the farmers and other European occupants, it was argued that the land never had belonged, in reality, to the Basutos ; that its original occupiers were Bushmen, who had been "cleared" out in the same way as Bushmen have heretofore been, and still are, it is said, being "cleared" from the face of the earth—*i.e.*, destroyed ; that when the farmers first moved into the country, it was a wilderness, totally unoccupied ; and that, so far from its having then belonged to the Basutos, the fact was that the Basutos at that time really possessed next to nothing,—they were cooped up in their mountain fastnesses by Sinkonyella on one side ; Mosilikatse on another ; Korannas, Griquas, and mixed races on a third ; and, in fact, they were driven to such straits as to be reduced to a state of cannibalism. This was matter of history which could not be gainsaid ; but Nehemiah would not admit that it disproved their claim. It might be quite true that for a time they were dispossessed of a portion of their territory by their surrounding enemies ; but it was a mere question of time ; the enemies would again have been driven out if the farmers had never come in, and the Basutos would in course of time have regained all they had lost.

The result of this meeting was unsatisfactory to all concerned. It was evident that Moshesh was unwilling or unable to agree about a boundary on that side. Mr. Southey was much dissatisfied with the obstinacy of the Basutos, and told Moshesh's representatives that the people would find cause thereafter to regret that the question had not been amicably settled when so favourable an opportunity for doing it had occurred. He should now have no alternative but to endeavour to sketch out a line himself, and recommend the High Commissioner to adopt it. This he did ; and after a while the High Commissioner notified to Moshesh what the line was. Moshesh was greatly dissatisfied with this, and represented that, if this line were adhered to, a large number of Basuto villages would be on the Sovereignty (proper) side of it, and, consequently, outside his jurisdiction, &c., &c. The French missionaries sided with Moshesh, and pressed the High Commissioner to reopen the question, and Major Warden chimed in with them, and the High Commissioner gave way. Major Warden was authorized to go himself with a surveyor to the locality and mark out another line. This he did, the late Mr. F. Rex being the surveyor selected ; and a line further this way was laid down. It is doubtful whether this line gave much greater satisfaction to the Basutos than the previous one, while it rendered necessary the removal of a great many farmers, who had long occupied their farms, built upon and cultivated them. At any rate, the end of this boundary question was not like that of the Settlers of 1820—peace—but a constant source of trouble and uneasiness. At a later period Sir George Grey, as High Com-

missioner, at the request of the Free State and Basuto Governments, went up and tried his hand at a settlement; and at a later period Sir Philip Wodehouse did the same; but ultimately war between the Free State and the Basutos broke out, and the Basutos were pushed back far beyond the lines of Rex or Southey.

The Streets of Dublin, and the History they tell.*

THE nomenclature of the older Dublin streets is interesting in an antiquarian and historical point of view, including as it does the Irish, Danish, Norman (ecclesiastical and mediæval), Stuart, Williamite, and Hanoverian periods, down to the present time, as well as those important streets called after the Viceroy's of the day, or the large landed proprietors, whose town houses, gardens, and meadows were towards the end of the last and beginning of the present century covered by rows of fashionable streets, and stately squares, which still exist as ornaments to the city. We shall proceed in a few brief notes to illustrate this subject, keeping in view the yellow-kilted Celt, the battle-axed Dane, the armoured Norman, descending down to the long-wigged pulvilio-scented noble of the Georgian era,—to even the nondescript statesman of the present day, in his forty-shilling paletot and twenty-shilling shepherd's plaid unutterables.

1. Of Celtic or pre-invasion names, but very few remain. The "Coombe," from *Cum* (a hollow), still exists. Stony-Batter—supposed to be the great northern road from Tara, which crossed the river at "Ath Cleath," the "Ford of Hurdles," now Whitworth Bridge, from which the old city derived the name it is still called by the Irish-speaking peasantry—represents in its corrupted form the pre-invasion highway "Bothar-na-gloch," or the "paved" or "stony" road. The name "Donore," "Fort of Pride," remains in the old manor of St. Thomas Donore, in the Earl of Meath's Liberty; while in "Mullinahack," a region almost unknown to strangers, extending from the rear of Home's Hotel, on Usher's Quay, to Thomas-street, we have the Irish "Muileen a Chaca," or the "Unclean Mill." Authorities are divided as to the nationality of "Grange-gorman" lane. Some say it preserves the memory of an old Irish hero—"Mac Gorman," Lord of Leinster and King of Ui Manche (*vide* Gilbert, vol. i, p. 343), while others advocate

* By the last mail from England we received this interesting article, accompanied by the note which we subjoin.—ED.:—"You asked me for an article, as of old, for your Magazine. A pressure of official duties, consequent on my retirement after a third of a century's hard work, prevents me sending you anything very original, or bearing on the old Cape community; but if a few rough notes historically referring to my native city—a city which, no doubt, many Cape men visit when they take their European tour—may be found of sufficient interest for your pages, pray accept them. Some few Cape Irishmen may probably be pleased to read them. I have still a memory of a Porter, a Vigers, a Fitzgerald, and possibly a few more.—H.H."

the claims of the Sea King "Gormund," one of the Danish rovers who for centuries maintained a footing for themselves in old Dublin, and whose name, in a corrupted form, may still be traced in the "Ormond," or "Gormund," now Wormwood Gate. "Poolbeg" street has a Celtic name, although the street itself is comparatively a modern one.

2. Of the Danish period we can only find one recollection, and that is in "Oxmantown" or "Ostmentown" Green (where the notorious "Little John" is supposed to have expiated his career of felony upon the scaffold), which still gives a title to the family of Parsons, an old Cromwellian stock.

3. Of the names of the Norman or Mediæval periods, we can perceive traces in "Harold's" Cross, "Dolphin's" Barn, and the various localities bearing the name of "Bagot," called after English settlers who did valiant watch and ward on the frontier marches against the pestilent tribes of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles. "Castle" street, "Fishamble" street, "Ship" or "Sheepe" street, "Winetavern" street, "Cook" street, "Pill" lane, "Greek" street, "Exchequer" street, "Chancery" lane, and many other decayed localities still represent the Mediæval times in the Irish metropolis, then clustered around the Castle and the ridge extending to the present "Thomas" street, the eastern end of which was then entered by the "New Gate" of the city wall.

4. The memories of the old cathedrals, monasteries, convents, and other ecclesiastical establishments, many of them existing before the invasion, are preserved in "St. Patrick's" street and "Close," "Cathedral" lane, "St. Sepulchre's," "Mitre" alley, "Bishop" street, "Saint Keven's" port, &c., all in the neighbourhood of St. Patrick's Cathedral; while other old religious foundations may be traced in "St. Francis" street, "St. Thomas" street, "Dame" street, "Marrowbone" (Mary-le-bone) lane, "St. Michan's" or "Church" street, "St. Mary's" abbey, "St. Stephen" street, &c. The prefix of "Saint," however, is generally dropped in naming them (which struck the ear of Sir Walter Scott strangely when he visited Dublin)—a custom which is probably a relic of the old Puritanic leaven, which has always much affected the Reformed Church in Ireland.

5. Of the older churches in Dublin, St. Patrick's, St. Kevin's, and, perhaps, St. Bride's and St. Nicholas, represent all that existed before the Ostmen, or Danes, gained a footing in the city. The Kings of Leinster, however, founded the nunnery of "Saint Mary's Dames" and the monastery of "All Saints" (now Trinity College). The Danes founded "Christ Church," "St. Mary's Abbey," "St. Catherine's," "St. Michan's," "St. Olaff's," "St. Michael's," and several other old parish churches, many of them no longer existing, and none, except "Christ Church," but have been rebuilt within the last two centuries.

To the Norman invaders belong the monastic institutions of

St. John, St. Francis, and St. Thomas, the Holy Trinity, Priory of Kilmainham, and also the old parish churches of St. Werburgh, St. Owen or "Audeon," St. Andrew, &c., &c. The parish churches of St. Paul, St. Mary, St. George, and St. Thomas, on the north side of the river, are all comparatively modern ; while those of St. Stephen, St. Martin, St. George, St. Olaf, and St. Michael le Pole, on the south side, no longer exist, their very sites being forgotten.

6. Of the Williamite and Brunswick, or Hanover periods, we find "Boyne" street, "Aughrim" street, "William" street, "Nassau" street, "Orange" street (now "West Essex" street), "King" street (N. and S.), "Queen" street, "Anne" street, "Denmark" street, "Britain" street, several "George's" streets (South Gt. "George's" street derives its name from the old chapel of St. George, which formerly stood there), "Brunswick" street, "Prussia" street, "Prince's" street, "Frederick" street, "Hanover" lane ; and in the names of "York," "Cumberland," and "Gloucester" streets are preserved the names, if not the memories, of the junior branches of the House of Hanover ; while in "Charlotte" and "Mecklenburgh" streets the old Queen of "snuffy" reputation is remembered. The visit of the First Gentleman in Europe to Dublin, the "Avatar" of Byron, is commemorated by the "King's" bridge ; but the "Regent" period is otherwise unrecorded. Of the religious and polemical divisions that have ever distracted the Dublin body politic, we find but a very faint trace in "Protestant" row, a miserable alley inhabited by chimney-sweeps, and worse ; and in "Repeal" terrace, a wretched row of cottages—both in very obscure localities. Later times have produced a "Home Rule" street, which is also rather unfortunate in point of situation, as well as reputation.

7. The streets named from the different Viceroys, from the seventeenth century to the present time, are very numerous, and present a pretty continuous series from 1660, including the names of Ormond, Essex, Clarendon, Capel, Rochester, Grafton, Sackville, and Dorset, Cavendish, Stanhope, Harrington, Bedford, Montague, Northumberland and Percy, Townsend, Buckingham, Temple and Grenville, Rutland and Granby, Westmoreland, Camden, Hardwicke, Richmond, Whitworth, Talbot, Anglesea, Haddington, Heytesbury, Bessborough, Eglinton, &c. A strange thing it is to miss out of the list no less than three once very popular Lords Lieutenant, namely, Fitzwilliam, Normanby, and Wellesley, for the streets and squares named Fitzwilliam are called after the lord of the soil, now represented by the Herbert family, and not after the Viceroy. Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenant during 1798 is also unrepresented. This fashion has somewhat abated of late years, although we occasionally see a third-rate terrace in the suburbs bearing the name of a recent or existing Viceroy, soon to be changed to another in following the favourite of the day. Who can read

these names without reminiscences of Swift, Clarendon, Walpole, and all the political and current gossip of the last two centuries!

8. Of great Commanders we preserve the recollections of Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington, in streets or quays, besides a column and obelisk to the two latter,—the one considered as a gigantic Milestone and the other a sham Doric, to be avoided as a warning to all young architects.

9. Of the famous historical names of the Geraldine and Butler periods, we preserve Ormond, Kildare, and Leinster, in quays and streets; "Arran" street, &c., are called after the old Butler branch of that title. Of the Cromwellian and Jacobite periods no street recollections seem to exist. The names of Pitt and Chatham we find strangely associated in very questionable neighbourhoods, while the Drama's sole representative is "Ryder's" row, once called "Ryder's Folly," named after the original lessee of "Crow-street" Theatre. A road in the suburbs is, however, still known as "Jones' " road, after Fred Jones, the last proprietor of that ill-fated building.

10. Of large landed proprietors, we find in the streets of the now ruinous and poverty-stricken "Earl of Meath's Liberties," nearly all the names and titles borne by that family in "Meath" street, "Earl" street, "Chambre" street, "Brabazon" street, &c. The now extinct Mountjoy family gave their names and titles to "Gardiner," "Mountjoy," and "Blessington" streets, &c. The Drogheda estates, are represented by "Henry" street, "Earl" street, "Of (f)" lane, "Moore" street, while the present "Sackville" street was formerly called "Drogheda" street. In like manner, on the south-east side of the city, stretching out in the direction of Rathmines and Kingstown, we find the flourishing Fitzwilliam, now the Pembroke, estates, with a rich nomenclature of "Merrions," "Sidneys," "Herberts," &c. Of streets built upon gardens or old town houses of local celebrities, "Aungier" street, "Fownes'" street, "Crow" street, "Sir John Rogerson's," "Usher's," and "Aston's" quays, "D'Olier" street, "Mercer" street, "Holles" street, "Danzille" street, "Eccles" street, &c., may be mentioned.

11. Streets named after distinguished Irishmen are indeed painfully few and far between, and we look in vain for the illustration of that gallery of names that we are so familiar with in literature and politics. Swift's name is indeed found in a faded street off Ormond Quay, and here "Stella" is said to have once lived, but we can hardly name another street in Dublin that is called after an illustrious Irishman. For although we may find the names of Usher, Moore, Plunket, and a few others attached to streets, we cannot trace them to the great names themselves, not even to obscure individuals who happened to be namesakes of the real men. We look in vain for Burke, Flood, Grattan, O'Connell, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Sarsfield, Gough, and a host of other worthies, while of the ancient heroes Brian Boroihme, Ollam Fodleagh, Nial of the Red Branch, Fian MacCoul, &c., not a trace is found. The names of Charlemont and Fitzgibbon inspire some faint remembrance of the

1782 period, while "Beresford" and "Coleraine" street, recal but the Riding House, the "Pitchcaps," and "Triangles," of 1798 and 1803.

12. "Cutthroat" lane, "Cutpurse" row, "Bloody" bridge, "Murdering" lane, and "Whisky" row, smack strongly of the good old times of the wars between the "Liberty" prentices and the "boys" of Ormond Market, when the prisoners taken in these skirmishes often suffered a sort of crucifixion or impalement by being suspended from the hooks in their own shambles.

13. Dublin has in common, perhaps in imitation, with the great Metropolis its "Fleet" street, "Temple" Bar (not a gate, however), "Drury" lane, and "Bow" street, a "Haymarket" also, and a "Smithfield," "Spitalfields" and "Pimlico,"—the latter perhaps the most squalid collection of dwellings to be found in any European city except Constantinople or Amsterdam.

14. Of Mediæval streets, the names of which have become changed, we have "Back" lane, formerly "Rochelle" street, "Kaiser's" Lane, "Haggin" Green, now "College" Green, "Skinner's" row, now "Christchurch" place, "MacGillycholmags" street, now "Michael's" lane, "Mass" lane, now "Chancery" place, "Lazar's" Hill, now "Townsend" street, with several others most old and dilapidated. Many other old Irish towns have their "Kaiser's" lane, Cork and Drogheda notably, and these are generally found where a steep incline exists.

15. Dublin is rich in streets, reminding one of times when there really existed such a "rus in urbe" as the "new compact" between the "curled darlings" of the aristocracy and the "horny-fisted" men of labour would seek to create. It possesses a list of titles attached to squalid lanes which, although to the ear they "babble of green fields," are now, alas, nothing but purloins of wretchedness. "Pleasant" lane (most Unpleasant—a resort of ragmen and such like), "Cherry-tree" lane, "Garden" lane ("*horresco referens*"), "Cow" parlour (an insult to the vaccine tribe), "Pigtown" lane (appropriate enough for wallowing swine), "Chicken" and "Cuckoo" lanes, "May" lane, "Love" lane, and "Moss" lane, "Park" lane, "Summer" street, "Lamb" alley, and many others, which, from their position at the edge of town, may have been once as Arcadian in fact as in sound, are now reeking with filth and rubbish.

16. And, in conclusion, it is worthy of remark that while observing the paucity of Celtic or Irish names in the city itself, the immediate suburbs have scarcely any other names than those of Celtic origin,—for instance, "Kilmainham," "Ringsend" (Rins' inn) "Clontarf," "Ballybough," "Inchicore," "Drumcondre," "Dundrum," "Fuin Uisge" (corrupted into "Phoenix") park, &c., which would clearly indicate that Dublin City for many centuries was held by a colony of foreigners, while the native Irish still kept the surrounding villages, and have transmitted their names, at all events, almost unchanged to the present day.

Cape Fishing.

FISHING, like every other branch of the fine arts, is as much an education as any of the various sciences we hear so much and know so little of. It must be taught, not only by experience, but by wise and accomplished masters, sages deep read in vermic lore, matured by careful reflection and laborious study. Its details, its various niceties, its peculiar manipulations, in fact, its education in all its many branches, can only be successfully achieved by appreciative and intelligent pupils; and when mastered after years of real hard work, what a glorious, what a magnificent field opens out to the intelligent and enthusiastic student! It is difficult, indeed, for the mere outsider to understand the feelings of a true disciple of Izaak Walton, or appreciate the untold delights that lie beneath the calm waters of the river, or move in the teeming depths of ocean. What soul can *he* have for the pleasures to be found by the streamlet's side, where in some shady nook the piscatorial philosopher pursues his pleasant sport, almost as charmed with the beauties around him as he is with the more practical enjoyment before him! And what part or lot has he in that glorious excitement which thrills and tingles in every nerve, when the sportsman hooks and struggles with some magnificent fish, and after perchance a long, long fight, brings to land the glory of his lifetime, the crowning triumph of his day, the very memory of which becomes a theme that absorbs all others, and cheers his gallant old heart when rod and line are laid on the shelf and he can fish no more!

Table Bay, the head-quarters of fishing and of fishermen, was once on a time unrivalled for the variety and abundance of its fish. Its waters swarmed with mighty shoals, which rippled on the surface or moved in dark masses far below. Fish then were to be seen in acres, and were captured by hundreds of tons; the fish-market was full to overflowing, and very frequently it was found necessary to bury quantities for which no sale could be found. How have the mighty fallen! Our waters have sadly degenerated,—once so prolific, now so woefully barren. In those days we had the geelbeck (*Otolithus Æquidens*), kabeljauw (*Sciæna Hololepidota*), red and white steinbrass (*Chrysophrys Laticeps*), stockfish (*Gadus Merlucius*), snoek (*Thyrsites Autun*), galjoen (*Dipterodon Capensis*), white stumpnose (*Chrysophrys Globiceps*), and a host of other and smaller varieties. They were to be had in profusion in every part of the bay, and gave to the sportsmen of the day unlimited fun. Off the old south jetty, inside and outside the shipping, all along the bay coast, even from the rocks, large fish were to be had, and many a splendid day's sport have I enjoyed in those truly golden times, when the waters of Table Bay were to me as the Elysian Fields, over which I could roam at pleasure and never be satiated with their delights.

At the present day, not only is the variety of our fish woefully curtailed, but the quantity is almost reduced to nil. The geelbeck,

the kabeljauw, and the red steinbrass have entirely disappeared ; the white stumpnose is seen in its proper season, but not in the immense shoals of old, and is now caught singly, where formerly it was captured in tons ; the same may be said of the white steinbrass and the stockfish. In short, all the better kinds of fish have departed for pastures new, and are only to be found in quantities in False Bay, round the east coast, and as far northward as Sandwich Harbour, Walwich Bay, &c. Even that quiet resting-place for storm-tossed vessels, Saldanha Bay, has lost much of its old prestige, and is spoken of as a thing of the past. But, by way of compensation, our old friend, the snoek, true to his historical tradition, though somewhat fitful in his migrations, does now and then make his appearance in his ancient form, and marshals his forces as of old. He is by no means a bad fish, and plays a very much larger part in our domestic arrangements and on our export sheets than any one of his compeers ; indeed, without him the poor of Cape Town would be poor indeed, and our butchers' bills would be wondrously increased. So, I say, all honour to a fish which for sport, for food, and for commercial value is unrivalled at the Cape.

In regard of the present scarcity of fish in this bay, as compared with 1840 to 1847, and prior to those years, how is it to be accounted for ? Why should the smaller kinds be as abundant as ever, such as the hottentot (*Sargus Capensis*), the harder (*Mugil Capensis*), the klipfish (*Blennius Versicolor*), &c., when all the larger kinds have fairly quitted the bay ? This is a question I have often put to myself, and as often have I been unable to afford a satisfactory solution. Are the waters of the bay colder than they used to be ? Are the fish on the coast less abundant ? Has it been caused by the numerous steamers which now and for many years past have been plying in these waters ? Or is there any other reason for this desolation ? At the time the gas-works were opened, it was said large fish were getting scarce,—that the refuse liquor from the works had caused this wholesale, this simultaneous emigration. This idea is manifestly erroneous, for if one kind had been so expelled or driven away, it is reasonable to suppose that all would have been equally affected and also have taken their departure. I scarcely think any change can have taken place in the temperature of the water. One thing, however, is certain, that after a south-easter has blown for two or three days the water becomes much colder than usual, and fish do not so readily take the bait. Steam can have had no influence whatever, for fish are just as abundant on the coasts and shores of the United Kingdom as they were twenty-five years ago, with the exception, perhaps, of some of the rarer kinds, and where any particular sort has become scarcer, as with the cod on the banks of Newfoundland, it is because they have been reduced by the fishing of hundreds of years. I confess I am nonplussed ; I fairly give in. I cannot account for this partial extinction of our piscatorial glories. I shall only be too glad if any one with more knowledge of the mysteries of fishdom will kindly enlighten us all on this most unsatisfactory state of things.

Yet, though I mourn that we are not as we used to be, there is left to us an ample and a pleasant field for sport. We seldom make a large capture, but we have learned to be content with the day of small things; and if, in addition to what enjoyment is left to us, we take into account fresh air and cool sea breezes, with their health-properties, I think we will find fish sufficient to give many an hour's healthful amusement to the amateur sportsman, and thus help him to dissipate much of the languor and weariness that are the natural concomitants of hard work, close rooms, and a badly-drained city.

For a day's really good sport I would recommend the *Gnu* and Robben Island. If you are a friend of the captain or owner of the ship, you may get up sufficient interest to borrow the ship's boat; if your party is too large, or you cannot accomplish the matter any other way, take a boat of your own,—the captain of the steamer will willingly tow you over and back on Island days,—and the time he remains there, five or six hours, will afford ample opportunity for full indulgence in the sport. The best months range from January to July, and the fish to be caught are hottentot, klipfish, an occasional white stumpnose or galjoen, and any amount of crayfish. The hottentot are particularly numerous at the Island, and generally run large,—some weighing as high as ten pounds. It is a common thing to secure between two and three hundred in a few hours, besides quantities of fine large klipfish of the most beautiful colours, and probably a few stray fish of one or two other kinds. Both the hottentot and stumpnose afford excellent sport, particularly if the former be one of the larger sort; but should you be so fortunate as to hook a galjoen, if he be but an ordinary size, you will have your hands full, and plenty of work for your rod and reel, for he is a most powerful fish, avails himself of every obstacle that may intervene between you, such as a rock or mass of seaweed, fights most desperately, and does not give in till he is more than conquered. The bait invariably used in Table Bay is crayfish. This fish is usually caught in circular nets about three feet in diameter, and baited with any kind of offal you can manage to procure. It is also to be purchased in the fish-market, Rogge Bay, at almost all times, should the sportsman be unable for want of time to catch his own bait.

The next best ground for the species of fishing above described ranges from the Breakwater to the Mouille, off the wreck of the *Athens*, abreast of the old lighthouse, and along the shores of Sea Point, as far as you may wish to go. I have made numbers of excellent captures off the Mouille, having caught on one occasion in a very few hours upwards of two hundred hottentot fish, besides swarms of fine klipfish. My largest fish, hottentot, weighed 13 lb., and afforded quite half an hour's excellent sport. The rod I use is the usual trolling rod, with about twenty fathoms of salmon line on the reel; the size of the hooks varies according to the average weight of the fish, as oftentimes they run very small, and require very fine tackle.

Snoek fishing, however, may be considered the most exciting sport to be had in Table Bay. This is a most ferocious and voracious fish, armed with formidable teeth, and for its size very powerful. On being captured, it is immediately knocked on the head with a short stout bludgeon, to prevent unpleasant and very incisive bites, the quality and temper of which I am perfectly competent to testify to.

The galjoen and harder are captured in tolerably large quantities in set-nets between Salt River and Three-anchor Bay. These nets vary in length from sixty to two hundred and forty feet, and are spread out from the shore, and anchored at each end. But like everything else in the world, this kind of fishing has its drawbacks. The seal is the fisherman's greatest enemy, and simultaneous with the appearance of the galjoen, commences his raid on the outspread nets. No sooner is a fish entangled in a mesh, than the seal secures it, and in doing so, invariably breaks a hole in the net; and when fish are very abundant, the nets for the time being become perfectly useless, so torn to pieces are they by the sharp teeth of this powerful wolf of the sea. Some few weeks ago I determined to try the effect of strychnia on a very large and very destructive animal. His capacity for fish was something extraordinary, and the quantity of mischief done to the fishermen's tackle proportionately great. This fellow was at that time in sole possession of Table Bay, its nets and their productions; his range commenced at Salt River and extended to Three-anchor Bay; he reigned despotic and supreme. Like a man-eating tiger in an infested district in India, he was the terror of Rogge Bay; the children spoke of him with bated breath, the men whispered to each other and scowled in utter impotence, words of bitter wrath were expressed, but there was none to recommend action. This dragon of the sea daily devoured from forty to fifty galjoen, to say nothing of positive shoals of harders, and was calculated to consume fish to the value of twenty-five pounds a month, every farthing of which was a dead loss to the fisherman.

One morning when he was very busy at his destructive work, I pushed off in a fishing-boat, and attaching a poisoned harder to one of the numerous nets set off the Mouille, I had the satisfaction of seeing him bolt it. On the following day, peace reigned supreme over Table Bay, and gladness prevailed among the poor fishermen. The take of galjoen rose from twenty the day of the poisoning to one hundred on the following morning, and for a week fish were in abundance. However, other seals came one after the other, all of which were successfully destroyed; but luckily between each arrival there was generally an interval of about a fortnight, which enabled the fishermen to effect some very profitable captures, and thus redeem in part their old misfortunes.

I trust at another time to speak more fully on this pleasant topic, should my readers kindly grant me leave to do so.

C. W.

Mouille Point, January, 1872.

The Story of the Pious Adviser.

[THE following sketch, which I have translated from Rosegarten's "Chrestomathia Arabica," is a story of the advice given to the Caliph Haroun Erraschid, or Er-Rasheed, by one of the reputed saints or devotees of the Musselmen. The title Caliph or Khaleefeh, which signifies "successor," was first assumed by Abu Bekr, the immediate successor of Mohammed, and continued to be the title of the universal sovereigns of the Muslim Arabs; but it was afterwards used in a more exalted sense, as vicar of God, whilst those who obtained the title claimed to be supreme religious and political governors of the Muslim world. A Caliph was addressed as "Prince or Commander of the Faithful." The saints or devotees of the Muslims are a peculiar class of men, known by the common appellation of Welees, or particular favourites of God. They are distinguished for their self-denial and charity, and for their frequent repetitions of the Koran, which they learn by heart. Their self-denial sometimes even borders upon insanity. "An irresistible influence has often been exercised over the minds of princes and other great men by reputed saints. Many a Muslim monarch has thus been incited (as the kings of Christendom were by Peter the Hermit) to undertake religious wars, or urged to acts of piety and charity, or restrained from tyranny by threats of divine vengeance to be called down upon his head by the imprecations of a Welee."

In the story before us, the Caliph Haroun is represented as going with a single attendant, named Abbas, to the houses of some of these holy men to seek advice from them. To two he goes without success; but, nevertheless, rewards them by giving them a sum of money sufficient to discharge their debts.

But the third is a true devotee. He is engaged in religious exercises when he is ordered to answer the summons of the Caliph; but the Commander of the Faithful is nothing to him. He would rather avoid contact with a worldly prince, whose life is spent, not like his, in self-denial, but in the midst of all the pleasures which the world can afford. It is only when he is reminded of the duty of obedience by a quotation from the Prophet (*i.e.*, Mohammed, who is always so distinguished by Arab writers, and whose name they never repeat without a benediction), that he is prevailed upon to open. But he waits not to hear what the Caliph has to say, but at once relates to him the advice given by former saints, reminding him that to be a monarch is to bear a great burden, and that at the last day he must render an account of his stewardship. Unlike the other two advisers, he acknowledges only one debt, the debt he owes to God, and scorns to be paid for his spiritual advice with gold.

However widely Christians and the disciples of the Prophet may differ on points of doctrine, there is here at least a connecting link between them, if they act up to the principles of the religion they profess, in their mutual recognition of the great law of Christian charity, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." O. H. H.]

THE STORY OF THE PIOUS ADVISER.

El Bikaè says that the following story, which is taken from the Commentaries of El Fodail Ibn Ijâd, is related by El Fadl Ibn Errebi :—

Haroun Erraschid, the Commander of the Faithful, made a pilgrimage to Mecca. So he came to me, and I went out with haste and said, "O, Commander of the Faithful, if thou hadst sent to me, I would have come out to meet thee." And he said, "Alas ! something has troubled my heart ; seek me out an adviser." Then I said, "Here is Sufjan Ibn Ujain." So he said, "Go with me to him." Then we went to him, and I knocked at the door. He said, "Who is there ?"—and I said, "Answer the Commander of the Faithful." Then he came out with haste, and said, "O, Commander of the Faithful, if thou hadst sent to me, I would have come out to meet thee." Then Haroun said, "Hear for what reason I have come to thee, and God have mercy on thee."* So he conversed with him a while ; then he said to him, "Hast thou any debt ?" He answered, "Yes." So he said to me, "Abbas, pay his debt." And when we had gone out he said to me, "Thy friend does not profit me at all ; seek me out an adviser of whom I may inquire." I said, "Here is Abdul Razzah Ibn Hammam." He said, "Go with me to him." So we went to him, and I knocked at the door. He said, "Who is there ?"—and I said, "Answer the Commander of the Faithful." Then he came out with haste, and said, "O, Commander of the Faithful, if thou hadst sent to me, I would have come out to meet thee." He said, "Hear for what reason I have come to thee." And they conversed a while. Then he said to him, "Hast thou a debt ?" He answered, "Yes." He said, "Abbas, pay his debt."

And when we went out, he said, "Thy friend doth not profit me at all ; seek me out an adviser of whom I may inquire." I said, "Here is Fodail Ibn Ijâd." He said,—“Go with me to him.” So we went to him ; and lo ! he was standing praying and reciting a verse from the Koran, which he repeated. He said, “Knock at the door.” So I knocked at the door, and he said,—“Who is there ?” I said, “Answer the Commander of the Faithful.” He said, “What have I to do with the Commander of the Faithful ?” So I exclaimed,—“Gracious God !” (lit., Praise be to God) “oughtest thou not to obey ? Has it not been told us of the Prophet,† upon whom be benediction, that he said, ‘It is not lawful for the faithful to make himself vile.’” So he came down and opened the door. Then he went up to an upper chamber, and put out the lamp, and fled to a corner of the corners of the house. Then we entered, and began to feel for him with our hands ; and the hand of Haroun touched him before mine. Then he said,—“O, that hand. It will be well with it if it escape the punishment of the great and glorious God in the world to come.” So I said to myself, “He will indeed address him to-night with words from a pure heart.”‡ Then Haroun said to him, “Hear for what reason I have come to thee, and God have mercy on thee.” But he answered him, “Lo ! Omar Ibn Abdal Azeez, when he was exalted to the Caliphate, came to Sâlim Ibn Abdalla, and Mohammed Ibn Kâb, and Rajâ Ibn Haiwa, and said to them, “Behold, I have fallen into this calamity : advise me.”

* A common benediction.

† i.e., Mohammed.

‡ i.e., “He will indeed tell him nothing but truth to-night.”

(He, then, considered the Caliphate a calamity, but thou considerest it, thou and thy friends, a blessing.) So Sâlim Ibn Abdalla said to him, 'If thou wouldst escape the punishment of God, fast from the world, and let the breaking of that fast be death.' And Mohammed Ibn Kâb said, 'If thou wouldst escape the punishment of God, then let the elder of the Faithful be to thee a father, and let the middle-aged be to thee a brother, and the younger of them a son; and reverence thy father, and be generous to thy brother, and have compassion upon thy son.' And Rajâ Ibn Haiwa said to him, 'If thou wouldst escape the punishment of the great and glorious God in the world to come, love for the Pious* what thou lovest for thyself, and abhor for them what thou abhorrest for thyself; then die when thou wilt. But, behold, I say unto thee, Lo! I fear for thee a great fear in the day when the feet slip."† Hast thou, then (and God have mercy on thee) the like of these men with thee, and those who advise thee the like of this ?'

And Haroun wept‡ a sore weeping, so that there was no spirit left in him. So I turned to Fodail, and said to him, "Speak kindly to the Commander of the Faithful, and God have mercy on thee." So he said, "O, Commander of the Faithful, it has been told me that a Governor of Omar Ibn Abdal Azeez was accused to him; so Omar wrote to him, 'O, my brother, I remind thee of the length of the watch of the people of the fire in the fire, together with the endlessness of eternity; so take heed that thou be not carried away from the presence of God, so that there be no memory of thee left, and hope be cut off from thee.' So, when he opened the letter, he traversed the province through until he stood before Omar; and he said, 'What has brought thee to me?' He said, 'Thou has rent my heart with thy letter; I will not return to my government until I find the great and glorious God.'"

He said, and Haroun wept a sore weeping. Then he said, "Tell me more, and God have mercy on thee." So he said to him, "O, Commander of the Faithful, lo! Abbas, the uncle of Mustafa, came to the Prophet, upon whom be benediction, and said,—'O, Messenger of God, appoint me to a government.' But the Prophet said to him,—'Lo! a government is a grief and repentance in the day of resurrection; so, if thou canst avoid being a governor, do so.'"

And Haroun wept a sore weeping. Then he said, "Tell me more, and God have mercy on thee." So he said,—"O, beautiful of face, thou art he of whom the great and glorious God will inquire concerning these men in the day of resurrection; so, if thou canst effect that thou preserve this thy face from the fire, take heed to thyself that neither at morn nor evening there be deceit in thine heart to one of thy flock; for, behold, the Prophet, upon whom be benediction, said, 'Whoso riseth early to deceive them, he shall not smell the smell of Paradise.'"

So Haroun wept, and said to him, "Hast thou a debt?" He

* *i.e.*, Musselmen.

† In the last day, or day of judgment, when, according to the Mohammedans, good and bad alike must pass over the bridge, at Sirâ, stretched over the midst of Hell, and described to be finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the good would be enabled to pass with ease and swiftness, like lightning or the wind; whereas, from the slipperiness and extreme narrowness of the path, the bad would fall down headlong into Hell.

‡ Weeping is not considered by the Arabs a mark of an effeminate disposition.

answered, "Yea, a debt to my Lord, of which he hath not exacted an account ; and woe unto me if he ask it of me, and woe unto me if I be not taught my answer." He said, "But I mean any debt to men." He answered, "Behold my great and glorious Lord hath not commanded me this ; but he hath commanded me to believe his threat, and obey his commandment. For the great and glorious One hath said, 'I have not created angels and men but that they should serve me. I do not desire of them any food, and I ask not that they should give me to eat.' Lo ! God, he is the supporter, possessed of power, the Mighty One." Then he said to him, "Here are these 1,000 dinârs ; take them, and spend them on thy family, and be strengthened therewith for the service of thy Lord." He answered, "Gracious God ! I point out to thee the way of salvation, and dost thou reward me with the like of this ? God bless thee, and stablish thee."

Then he was silent, and talked with us no more. So we went out from before him, and when we reached the door, Haroun said, "O, Abbas, when thou pointest me out a man, point me out the like of this man ; this is the Prince of the Pious."* Then there entered in to him (to Fodail), a damsel of his women, and said, "O, Sir, thou seest in what a distressed condition we are ; if thou hadst accepted this money, we might have refreshed ourselves therewith." So he said to her, "The comparison of me and of you is like the comparison of the people who had a camel, and lived on the gain of it : † and when it grew old, they killed it and eat its flesh." So, when Haroun heard this speech, he said, "Let us enter, if it be possible that he receive the money." And when Fodail knew it, he came out and sat in an open space at the door of the upper chamber ; and Haroun went and sat at his side and began to talk to him, but he answered him not.

So, whilst we were sitting thus, a dark maiden came out, and said, "O, Sir, thou hast troubled my master all night ; now go away, and God have mercy on thee." So we departed.

Another story, illustrative of the character of the same Caliph Haroun, is translated in Lane's *Arabian Nights*, as follows :—

It is related by El-Asma'ee that Haroun Er-Rasheed, at a grand fête which he was giving, ordered the poet Abn l-Atâhiyeh to depict in verse the voluptuous enjoyments of his sovereign. The poet began thus :—

"Live long in safe enjoyment of thy desires, under the shadow of lofty palaces !"

"Well said !" exclaimed Rasheed ; "and what next ?"

"May thy wishes be abundantly fulfilled, whether at eventide or in the morning !"

"Well again !" said the Khaleefeh ; "then what next ?"

"But when the rattling breath struggles in the dark cavity of the chest,

"Then shalt thou know surely that thou hast been only in the midst of illusions."

Er-Rasheed wept ; and Fade, the son of Yahya, said, "The Prince of the Faithful sent for thee to divert him, but thou hast plunged him into grief." "Suffer him," said the Prince ; "for he hath beheld us in blindness, and it displeased him to increase it."

* *i.e.* Musselmén.

† *i.e.*, On the money it brought in.

At the Tati Gold-fields.*

Enkosini (*i.e.*, at the King's, wherever he may happen to be at the time), at present on the Umzingwaine River, four or five miles south of Gibbekeriko,
August 17, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. ———,—As I feel sure you will be glad to hear of our successful progress, I expend—I will not say waste—the mid-night candle in giving you a little outline of our proceedings since we reached Tati on the 18th July last; and as I suppose you will like to know what progress is being made in gold-working, I may as well tell you first of my visit to the Blue Jacket mine, which is at present being worked by my friend, Mr. Griet, I believe on behalf of Sir John Swinburne.

On Sunday, July 23, Mr. Griet came into Tati to visit us, and invited me to walk out with him about three miles north-east, by a rather picturesque path through the bush, the distance by the wagon road being a little more. Granite, clay slate, and quartz in reefs or scattered fragments are found along either side our path, until we come in sight of a dazzling heap of milk-white quartz, glinting in the declining sun, and marking the position of our haven of rest. We next see through the bush his sheep and goat kraal and little store-house, with the floor raised about two feet from the ground, and the posts covered with tin, to prevent rats climbing up them, and his dwelling-house, a very comfortable little place, *i.e.*, for one whose wants are few, and who, like Mr. Micawber, does not want to swing cats—an amusement for which there is decidedly not room, its interior dimensions being probably nine feet each way—just affording space for two rustic beds and a rustic table, on which my host managed to place a very decent supper. Mr. Griet had several specimens, but they could not be seen to advantage by candle light; he also showed me a plan of the mine, which is now about seventy feet deep, and which contains water that percolates through the rock, and which has the singular property (so a friend previously informed me) of being five feet deep every morning and only three in the evening. My informant rather seemed to hint at some connection with the tidal waters of the ocean, or influence of the Tati River, or the moon's changes; but a simpler explanation is that Mr. Griet draws water from it for daily use.

It appears that the first shaft is sunk in an old native working, and has struck a leader. From this a prospecting level was driven, and during the process it was found that the native workings had gone about twenty feet down, and the prospecting level met them. The

* These interesting letters, though of some weeks' older date than the one published in our last, came to hand some weeks later. The pictures they give of life at the Tati, and among the Matabili, are as graphic as they are unpretentious.—Ed. C. M. M.

marks of fire were plainly visible on the rocks, and in one crevice Mr. Griet showed me a stone—a fragment of trap or greenstone—that had been used as a pick or hammer to dislodge the softened quartz.

The quartz was then most probably piled into heaps, with wood interlaid, burnt, and then ground with a pebble on a flat slab, as painters grind colours, or Hottentots coffee, or Makalakas snuff,—in fact, just as the Mashongas further north grind the quartz now,—and the gold extracted by washing the pounded stuff in wooden bowls.

The Tati gold would in old time probably find its way in quills and joints of reeds down to Inhambane, whence I believe gold still goes to Portugal, and not to India. Whether it ever went to Jerusalem is still an open question.

The first Blue Jacket shaft is sunk six or eight feet below the prospecting level, and strikes a leader which tends downward at an angle of about 45° ; and after following this for some distance, the excavation goes suddenly upwards, and reaches the solid reef, six feet or more thick. Lying at nearly the same angle, another shaft is sunk down upon this, and through it most of the work of the mine is carried on; and at a short distance another shaft was commenced, with the view of striking the reef lower down; but before this was very deep, it was found that the reef dipped down at a still greater angle, till it became, perhaps, nearly 80° with the horizon. Another shaft was not continued, but the water before mentioned was reached, and I expect Mr. Griet at the present dry season will value it nearly as much as his gold.

On Monday, July 24, after breakfast off a goat killed the night before for household use, Mr. Griet invited me to go down the mine, and we accordingly descended by a single-pole miner's ladder, with tree-nails driven through it, as far as the prospecting level; and after examining this, we went down about six feet further by horizontal poles stuck like ladder-rungs into the sides of the rock; and from this, by aid of a rope, we let ourselves, in a stooping position, down the incline of the leader, and from the bottom of this climbed up into the larger excavation in the reef, perhaps six feet higher, and down the sloping floor of which a frame-work of mimosa poles had been laid for the bucket to slide on as it was hauled up from below, laden with gold quartz, with rubbish, or with water. The shaft was timbered with mimosa wood, to keep fragments from falling on the miners, and the roof of the excavation was supported by pillars of the same. The quartz appeared to be, in various places, six, eight, or more feet thick, and nearly all gold-bearing; and limestone is also found in contact with it. Mr. Griet has one European assistant—a young Swede—and a few natives, who are already capable of drilling a hole, charging it with powder, tamping it, cutting the fuze to the proper length, and firing the shot with safety to themselves. The bucket is then filled with the fragments,

which are hove up by a rude winch, and assorted at the surface. Returning to the surface we examined the quartz, of which there was about one hundred and fifty tons, and in all of which there was gold visible to the naked eye, though in the common or inferior heap we could not, on a cursory inspection, find it in every stone. In the second pile, specks were plainly visible; and in the third or selected lot, the gold was still more apparent, many of the pieces being very richly sprinkled with dust and larger particles, some of which were as big as the head of a good-sized pin; while at the house, Mr. Griet showed me selected samples of great beauty, and told me that some would perhaps give a result of 1,500 oz. to the ton. Of course, these are exceptionally rich, and no such average can be calculated on in working a mine, or we should indeed become spoiled children of fortune. These, I believe, will be sent home to Sir John Swinburne, to show the value of the property being worked. I understand the work has cost about £300, which, with the purchase of the original claim, would come to about £500, and Mr. Griet has got about £300 worth of gold out of it. It is said that from seventy-five tons raised by the Australians at Todd's Creek, higher up the Tati (thirty or thirty-five miles), and crushed by the Limpopo Company, 226 oz. were obtained, 170 of which were from the first forty tons. More than 400 oz. in all have been sent from Tati. I am sorry to find that this party is likely to break up. I believe it originally consisted of thirty-five. Last year eleven only were working. This year six had been tempted away by the more brilliant, but less certain, attraction of the Diamond-fields; and during my stay at Tati, two more were leaving, so that only three now represent the party. You must not ask me to write a long letter. I was detained so late in Natal, and was obliged then to start with so few oxen, and they enfeebled by intense cold on the snow-capped Drakensberg and in the Free State, by want of grass all the way, and by long treks of three days at a time without water between Ba-Mangwato and the Tati, that but for the kind assistance of Mr. Hartley and other friends, I could hardly have brought my wagons here. The length of time required to send a letter home and receive an answer prevents my obtaining assistance from the company in time to be of use; and thus I am left to struggle on, getting supplies on my own credit, until the company can send me more from home, and to maintain the favourable position I have gained with the Matabili and their king, Lo Bengula, in which, I am happy to say, I have been completely successful.

Of course, you heard of the length of time during which the Matabili were seeking for their young king Kuruman, and of the person supposed to be him in Natal, and of his own denial that he was so; then of the proof brought forward that the true Kuruman was killed in Matabili Land, and of the installing of the next heir, Lo Bengula, as king of the nation; and of the manner in which he defeated the tribes who refused allegiance to him.

At the time I left Natal, Khanda—or Kuruman, as he now claims to be called—was encouraged by fugitives in that country to assert his right to the chieftainship; and His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal charged me with a letter to the King, informing him of the fact, advising him and his nation to settle the question without bloodshed, and desiring all British subjects to remain neutral. The King listened to all this (interpreted for me by Mr. Lee) in a most patient and proper spirit, and seemed to consider it seriously and carefully. After some days, he asked me to write his answer, in which, after thanking the Governor for his friendship, he relates the efforts he made personally to find his elder brother, and the proofs that were brought forward of his death; his own reluctance to accept the chieftainship, or to go to war with the disaffected until they forced him to fight; and he declares his intention not lightly to resign the dignity he has now accepted, and his hope that friendship will continue between his nation and ours.

You will be glad to hear that the absurd claims made by the Governor of Quillimane are discountenanced by the King of Portugal, and a letter to that effect has been sent to Lo Bengula by the Portuguese Consul-General, Mr. F. van Zeller. You will also congratulate me when I tell you the King has accepted my explanation of the unavoidable delay in getting out machinery and working plant; has confirmed his verbal grant, and consented to give me a written one; and has also given me a new road—*i.e.*, liberty to find a road through the unexplored country south of this, crossing the Limpopo between Zoutpansberg and Blaauwberg, so that I can avoid the “Doorst Land”—a thirsty country, near Matjen’s, as well as all annoyance from that chief himself. I hope that I will, and I will be in Natal before the close of the year; and with very kind regards, I remain, &c.

Tati, September 15, 1871; lat. 21°28, long. 27°51.

MY DEAR MR. ———,—Before returning to Mangwe to commence my homeward-bound journey by the new road the King has given me (*i.e.*, given me liberty to make) direct south,—crossing the Limpopo above the junction of the Shasha, and crossing between Zoutpansberg and Blaauwberg,—I take advantage of a spare half hour, and venture to waste Mr. Nelson’s midnight spermaceti in writing you a few lines, to inform you that since I left this on the 1st or 2nd of August to go to the King’s residence, I have been completely successful in not only keeping the interest of our company unimpaired, but in actually improving it, by obtaining a written confirmation of the grant of mining privileges he made me on the 9th April, 1870.* I was the bearer of a very friendly letter from the

* *Copy Ratification of Grant made verbally by Lo Bengula, Supreme Chief of the Matabili nation, to Mr. Thomas Baines, on behalf of the South African Gold-fields Exploration Company (Limited), on the 9th day of April, 1870.*

I, Lo Bengula, King of the Matabili nation, do hereby certify that on the 9th day of April, 1870, in the presence of Mr. John Lee, acting as agent between myself and Mr.

Governor, informing the King of the intention of the person called Kuruman at Natal to come up and claim the chieftainship, to which the King replies that, having sought for his brother till it was proved that he was dead, and refused the dignity as long as he could, he does not now intend to give it up. He is very quiet in manner, and seldom gives an answer, especially on any important subject, the moment a question is put to him; and this, I believe, is the natural consequence of the law which declares the King's word unchangeable. He seldom acts without the advice of his Indunas; and if he wants this, he must ask it before his word is passed, for it is no use after. He seems to be gradually concentrating the strength of his nation, rather more to the south-west than formerly; and Umkaitcho, the "fighting general," has now built a new town at Kumalo Drift, with several small villages round about him, and extensive patches are being broken up all along the road for corn lands. He is raising a new regiment, named *Le Besa*, or the "call of boys" from ten to eighteen years, and these are kept away from their mothers and all female influence, that they may grow up hardy. They are sent out to hunt as part of their discipline; and beside running down and killing several small antelopes, they caught a python alive and threw it

Thomas Baines, then and now commanding the expedition of the South African Gold-fields Exploration Company (Limited), I did freely grant to Mr. Baines, on behalf of the above-named company, full permission to explore, prospect, and dig or mine for gold in all that country lying between the Gwailo River on the south-west and the Ganyana on the north-east; and that this my permission includes liberty to build dwellings or store-houses, to erect machinery for crushing rocks or other purposes, to use the roads through my country freely for the purpose of introducing and conveying to the mines such machinery, tools, provisions, materials, or other necessities, and for the removal of the gold so obtained; and it also includes all lesser details connected with gold-mining.

In making this grant I did not alienate from my kingdom this or any other portion of it, but retained intact the sovereignty of my dominions; and Mr. Baines engaged, on the behalf of the said company, not to make any claim contrary or injurious to my right as Sovereign of the country, but to recognize my authority as King, and to apply to me for such protection as he might require, and I engaged to grant such protection to Mr. Baines as should enable him to enjoy all lawful and proper use of the privileges granted him by me. And I also certify that when, in November of the same year, 1870, Mr. Baines asked me what tribute or payment he should make in return for said privilege, I declined to name any sum, but left it to the judgment of Mr. Baines to make me annually, on behalf of the said company, such present as might seem proper to him and acceptable to me.

Among the Matabili the verbal promise of the King has always been regarded as a sufficient guarantee; and many white men now enjoy privileges in virtue of grants made by my father Umseligazi, which I regard as binding on me.

I also regard my verbal permission given to Mr. Baines as valid and binding on me and my successors; but finding that the customs of white men require that such grants or promises should be made in writing, I now hereby solemnly and fully confirm the grant verbally made to Mr. Baines on behalf of his company.

In witness of which I hereto append my sign manual.

LO BENGULA, his X mark and seal.

Signed this 29th day of August, 1871.

Signed same time in witness hereof:

G. A. PHILLIPS.

F. BETTS.

ROBERT J. JEWELL,

JOHN LEE,

down before the King, who still laughs heartily at the particular fix he was in till the brave boys again caught it with their bare hands, and carried it off. He is also reducing the disorder that grew up since his father's death, and some of his punishments are sharp and severe. One man was brained in the presence of an English trader for asserting personal right to land instead of acknowledging that he only had the use of it under the King; another was bound to a tree and left to perish, as an example, in sight of the army, which passed twice a day. I believe, however, such punishments are few, and he seems not naturally cruel. All the white men speak with pleasure of the improvement in the behaviour of the natives towards them, and we can tell at once whether the King has gone out hunting by the relaxation of restraint among them. At such times, petitions for "toosah" (*i.e.*, ("baksheesh")) swell into importunate demands, and attempts at petty thefts are made with considerable ingenuity, perseverance, and audacity; every one becomes in will, if not in deed, a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. The servants' blankets, &c., are run off with, but generally recaptured, the thief escaping while the pursuer recovers his property; and one morning a young fellow actually opened the tool-chest, and ran off with the jack-plane, which, contrary to the proverb, proved too heavy for him, and he dropped it on the chase. There is a doctor at the King's, from Hope Town, but he is not like the King's own "Macholoque"—a doctor of medicine—but of sorcery and incantation. He renders shields invulnerable and warriors invincible. Nevertheless, the former are sometimes bored, and the latter floored; but Matabili discipline is a great preventive of defeat, for death without benefit of clergy is the punishment for the least display of cowardice; and the wily doctor takes the credit of all this to his medicine. His fee, I understand, after a successful raid last year was three hundred head of cattle, and he asks more and more, till the King begins to ask also—"How must a man pay a doctor?" I believe this is the same professional who so long possessed a valuable diamond nearer to the "fields." He has a family, and a few attendants, who, priding themselves on some fancied superiority to the Matabili, and feeling responsible to no one, have given a great deal of trouble; and last year one of them struck a white man who, tired of his insolence, ordered him away from his enclosure.

During our recent visit our driver, Stephen Gee, a very quiet and well-conducted young man, was clapping a new whip to try its power, when January, one of the doctor's party, called him a child, and chaffed and taunted him till Gee went and offered his hand, challenging him to try his strength of grip. Instead of testing his strength fairly, January at once seized him by the waist, tripped him, and threw his head upon a stone, and, as he tried to rise, repeated the throw, bruising him severely. Gee, enraged with pain, rushed to the wagon for his gun, which Mr. Kisch took from him; he then got my sword bayonet, but was again disarmed. When I returned to

camp, Mr. Kisch told me, and I asked whether January were so clearly in the wrong that I might, without risk of getting the worst of it, bring the case before the King. He told me, yes; not only was he a witness, but other white men were present, and the rest of the doctor's party were ashamed of the conduct of their man. I requested Mr. Jewell to see that Gee did not get hold of deadly weapons till the first ebullition of rage was over, and went to inform Mr. Lee, who agreed to speak to the King in the morning. Accordingly, after the King had sat a little before breakfast, and had dictated part of a letter, and was just taking a turn round the wagons before leaving, Mr. Lee thought it a good opportunity to open the case; and I therefore related the circumstances, adding that I had come into the country in friendship, doing no harm to and interfering with no one, but rather trying to keep peace by bearing with and passing over slight offences,—that I would have said nothing if my man had been hurt in a fair trial of strength, but this was an unfair and treacherous attempt to do him injury; that if we had been in the wilderness I should have protected myself, or if in the Colony, as these men were also subjects of our Queen, I should have applied to a magistrate; but now, being in his country, and actually at his royal village, I had abstained from taking the law in my own hands, feeling it my duty to apply to him for redress and protection. He answered, yes; he was very sorry, his heart was sore, and his mind troubled, that such a thing had happened; he already knew the circumstances,—that Willem, one of the party, had been to him and had admitted that his man was in the wrong,—that he had given him a severe lecture for coming into his land as strangers seeking a home, but carrying on no profitable industry, neither hunting, trading, nor doing any work, but living on his bounty, and in return bringing war and trouble upon him by insolent aggressions upon his other visitors or guests, who were peacefully pursuing their several occupations, and by overbearing conduct towards them, which he would not allow his own subjects to be guilty of. He added, in conclusion, that the culprit must pay.

I requested Mr. Lee to thank the King for his attention to the case and to assure him of my desire to live peaceably and commit no breach of law; but as there was a general opinion amongst the white men that he would not dare to punish the family of so important a man as the doctor, I also asked Mr. Lee to say that I had brought the affair to his notice, not for the purpose of giving him trouble, but for that of knowing how I might act should future occasions require it.

I was glad to see that he took my meaning at once, and said, "I cannot tell you how to act, because that would be placing power in your hands which I ought to keep in mine, and I hope no future occasions will arise." I thanked him, and added I was glad to hear him speak in this manner.

I asked Mr. Lee afterwards what the King meant when he said January must pay, and he said it would be a fine to the Government, and not damages to the injured man. I said that would satisfy me. I only wanted the man punished, and Gee would not require any profit in the matter. Mr. Lee said that when January had come to our wagons, the King said to him, "Go away! Are you coming here to make me more annoyance? You who in the white men's country are only among their pot-washers are now pretending to set yourselves above them and me, and behaving to them with insolence I will not suffer in my own Matabili."

In the course of the day, a very respectable half-caste man named Zwartbooi, and one of the doctor's party, came into my tent with a cow's tusk weighing about sixteen pounds. At first I thought they wanted to trade with Mr. Kisch, and took no notice, but I soon found that I was concerned in the matter, they having brought the tusk as an atonement, with an apology from January. I asked whether the King knew that they had come, and learned that they had called by his order. Mr. Kisch thought I should make the culprit himself come and offer the atonement, but I thought it better first to send for Mr. Lee, and have the benefit of his advice, and he told me that to do so would be a breach of native etiquette, for that it would be an insult to me if the offender were to appear in my presence until his friends had made the propitiation, and received assurance of pardon from me.

I told them I was glad to receive their assurance that they disapproved of the act of their comrade, and the doctor also disclaimed what his son had done,—that I hoped the fine would bring January to a proper sense of his misconduct, and I should accept the tooth, not for its value, but as an acknowledgment of the offence on January's part, and of forgiveness on mine, for I had not brought the complaint for the sake of gain, but for the preservation of order and the prevention of such irregularities. Zwartbooi especially spoke very sensibly on the subject, and declared he would himself help to maintain peace. I then ascertained from Mr. Lee that the tusk was now absolutely mine, that the King did not expect it or any part of its value, and I called Gee and presented it to him. In the afternoon the doctor sent to me for some beads, and learning from Mr. Lee that a little return present was considered an acknowledgment of the restoration of good-will, I sent him some, and at a proper opportunity made my acknowledgment to the King.

When I finally took leave, I spent three or four days with our friends, the Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Thompson, at their new station of Hope Fountain,—latitude, by two observations of Alpha Lyræ, $20^{\circ} 15' 27''$, altitude above the sea level, 4,274 feet, on a source of the Umzingwaine, which runs to the Limpopo. I had also a most friendly interview with Um Monbati, whom you will read of in Moffat and Harris. He recalled all the circumstances of my first visit to him, and said again to me "the country is yours." He is

now extremely old and feeble, but his intellect as clear as ever; he remembers yet which finger the English bride in St. George's, Cape Town, had the ring put on, and many other such circumstances.

Believe me, yours very truly,

THOMAS BAINES.

Königswinter.

There lies a lovely spot beyond the straits
Where the broad Rhine rolls swiftly, strongly by,
Its bright green waters, flashing in the sun,
Laving the vine-clad base of Drachenfels.
There in the summer months I love to dwell,
To wander by the rugged mountain paths
That creep in tortuous windings through the hills,
To gather flow'rets in the deep ravines,
And wooded uplands rising to the crag,
And ever and anon to burst upon
Some panorama soft, and beautiful,
A distant bending of the mighty stream,
Now lost, now gleaming mid the piled hills,
Each blending softly to its mist-wrapped base,
Making the other more distinct; and haze
Enshrouding corn-fields, woods, and mould'ring towers,
Softening, but not destroying, the rich tints,
Lending enchantment to the fairy scene.
And then at night beneath the clear blue sky
I love to sit, sipping the nectar wine,
And watch the rapid kahns,* like phantoms glide
Noiseless athwart the bosom of the stream;
And see the moon rise through the fleecy clouds
Deepening the darkened outline of the crag.

Oft in those hours my heart is borne away
To a sweet cherished spot in distant climes,
Where skies as blue, and moons as brightly shine,
And, crowning joy! a well-loved maiden dwells,
Whose eyes delight me more than azure skies,
Whose footsteps than the brightly rolling stream,
Whose smiles than all the beauties of the land.

J. K.

* River boats.

Along the Limpopo to the Sea.

ON the 6th July, 1870, Capt. Elton commenced a remarkable journey, of which we have been favoured with a detailed and extremely graphic narrative. His starting point was the Tati Settlement; his course was mainly along the Limpopo; his destination was Lorenzo Marques on Delagoa Bay; and the date on which he arrived at that point was the 8th of September. The distance thus actually travelled in three months was 964 miles, partly by wagon, partly by boat, but mostly on foot. The object of the enterprise was the "opening up of water communication and a more convenient route from the gold settlement of the Tati River to the sea-coast," in the special interest of the London and Limpopo Mining Company; and the report of the whole expedition was forwarded by Capt Elton to the Geographical Society, where it was read on the 13th November last. No printed copy of it from home has yet reached the Colony; but from a copy of it kindly supplied to us by Capt. Elton himself two months ago, we are privileged to present our readers with a series of very interesting extracts. The first stage of the journey was from the Tati to the Limpopo at the affluence of the Shasha, a distance of $258\frac{1}{2}$ miles, mostly through the Makalaka country, of which extremely graphic sketches are given. The second stage was the descent of the Limpopo to the Falls of Tolo Azime, a distance of 85 miles, which is thus vividly described:—

On the evening of the 30th July, I encamped in the bed of the Shasha, at the distance of a hundred yards from the Limpopo—here a broad, deep stream about two hundred yards in breadth, fringed with large trees and thick underwood, where the first sight to greet our arrival was a family of six or seven crocodiles sleeping upon a small sand island, rather above the affluence—a living justification of the name given the river by the Boers—"The Krokodil."

The 31st was a busy day, spent in getting boat and packs in travelling order, and in visiting the two embouchures of the Shasha. I decided to send the oxen over the ford at the "Tuli," precipitous ranges of hills, making the left bank of the Limpopo apparently impracticable; and in the case of the land party failing to meet the boat, I instructed 'Mbata to halt at the first river he met running in from the southward. A water-buck was killed and prepared as "biltongue," for the voyage. Notes, maps, and sketches were looked over and put straight, and finally the boat was brought out of the Shasha and anchored in a creek of the Oori, below the camp.

At dawn on the 1st August I began my voyage, Selika's men shrieking with delight and excitement at the sight of the first boat that had ever been launched on the upper waters of "the great river," for up to the very last moment they would not believe that I seriously meant to carry out my plans, and told terrible stories of crocodiles, hippopotami, and rapids to my men; working strongly on the nerves of Sevombu, the youngest of the party, who, I fancy, began to repent having followed my fortunes.

The drift of the "Tuli," and a succession of broad shallows, gave us some trouble in the boat, but for the major part of the day's journey, plenty of water was found. Crocodiles were seen in numbers; a large troop of buffalo broke from their covert in the reeds, and halted to survey us from the lower slope of the hills on the left bank. From the opposite range on the Zoutpansberg side, a species of wild fig, taking root everywhere amongst the interstices of the rocks, hung in long, graceful tendrils, and appeared to cover the favourite hiding-places of numerous monkeys, who loudly chattered their surprise at our unusual appearance. One or two large fish eagles rose from the shadow of the cliffs with shrill screams; an occasional cormorant, a few pairs of Egyptian geese, and graceful blue and white herons lazily watched our approach; and towards evening large flocks of hornbills passed in their clumsy flight over our heads. Where the hills receded, large tamarinds, figs,* and a few baobabs towered over the thick foliage of the smaller trees, and the dense underbush interlaced with coils of "monkey-rope"—the resting place of innumerable birds and their colonies of nests—

"The river trailing like a silver cord
Through all, and curling loosely, both before
And after, over the whole stretch of land."

On the 2nd, I met with an untoward accident, which entailed continual discomfort on the rest of the journey. Coming suddenly round a bend, the boat was driven down by the stream, and upset under the wide-spreading branches of a large tree, which, undermined by the current, had partially fallen into the water, remaining firmly attached to the bank by its curling roots. I lost all my blankets, waterproof sheet, thick overcoat, and cooking utensils, and my store of tobacco and sugar was entirely spoilt—irreparable misfortunes! Luckily, it was no worse, and the boat, bottom upwards, was brought up on a sandbank about half a mile lower down the river. Two hours later we passed the Ipage (or Paje), a clear, broad stream running in from the north-west, through a gorge in a considerable range of hills hugging the left bank, and abruptly ended by a bold, escarped bluff, the habitation of legions of baboons, opposite a small kraal under a chief, by name Itepa, where we spent the night drying everything by a large fire.

On the following day, August 3rd, we found the land party at Mafelagure's, a village on the right bank about a mile above the embouchure of the Injelala (or Hout River of the Boers), running in from the south-west through a mouth choked up with reeds and bulrushes.

The Limpopo (from the Shasha to this point only obstructed by small rapids) gradually increases in importance, and a broad channel with from four to ten feet of water can be followed without great difficulty. The prevailing direction is south-east, although the course winds considerably; and up to Itepa's, the left bank is almost invariably overshadowed by lofty ranges of hills, stretching away far inland from the river, the right bank being freer from obstacles; and from opposite the Ipage a flat, well-wooded country.

* There are four different trees on the Limpopo bearing leaves and fruit of the fig family. Two of them attain a very large size, and one is remarkable for its wide-spreading branches, which give it the appearance of a giant umbrella. None of the four are identical with the Indian "banyan." In addition to these trees, there is the parasitical creeper of the same family above alluded to.

Itepa's and Mafclagure's men are an offshoot of the Makalaka tribes, inferior in appearance, and darker than the tribes on the Shasha and Tuli, arising from the admission into their kraals of the wandering Masaras—the lowest type of humanity in these regions, and akin to the Bakalihari. They have but few guns, and are principally armed with bows and arrows; quiet and inoffensive in their manners; afraid of their neighbours and strangers, but, on better acquaintance, civil and communicative. From them we heard the first report with regard to the falls of the Limpopo, which they described as “a wall of water,” and a desolate region, where lions abounded, and had driven out everybody, and where hippopotami and crocodiles were to be found in legion.

Beyond Mafclagure's, at about nine miles' distance, we passed on the right bank a group of isolated conical hills—one fronting the descent of the stream, with huge blocks of granite placed one above the other, in the position of giant steps; another crowned with a large baobab tree, constituting a peculiar feature in the landscape; and a little below this point a high range ran nearly parallel to the opposite shore. Rapids now became more frequent and of a more formidable character, until the 'Mzinyani was reached—a large river running in from the north.

Here the Limpopo, stretching out to a width of a more than a mile, rushes in a dozen different channels over large boulders in seething and foaming rapids, interrupted by circling eddies, and deep, dark, silent pools, the habitat of hippopotami, who feed on the long waving grass of the thickly wooded islands, the surrounding reeds being honeycombed in every direction with the paths by which they travel on their nocturnal journeys; and at a distance of five miles, the river culminates in the cataracts of the Tolo Azime.

The boat had been racing down with the current, and all my energies were directed towards running on shore. The trees on either bank of the channel, and the abrupt turns, entirely prevented any looking ahead; but the increasing roar of distant waters gradually overcoming even the constant boiling of the rapids was a danger-warning of ominous portent. Sevombu clung to a thwart, and was quite helpless with fear, until we ran safely into a little creek under a large shelving rock, where we made fast, and scrambled through a sea of reeds and brushwood, in order to obtain a view of the situation.

Twenty yards' walk opened up a spectacle well calculated to make us shudder at the peril we had so narrowly escaped. A magnificent fall dashed down into a yawning chasm right ahead of the channel where we had stopped the boat, and formed one of a succession of cataracts by which the river precipitates its waters through a vast rent in the land to a lower level. Torrents of pale green water tore through the narrow passage beneath our feet, foaming and breaking in clouds of spray, over huge boulders, syenitic and micaceous rocks, intermixed with masses of a reddish-coloured granite rising perpendicularly from the gorge and overtopped by a sombre, columnar wall of basalt, imprisoning the roaring flood between dark and lofty barriers.

Granitic and hornblendic rocks and boulders lie scattered broadcast, and in the wildest confusion, over all the barren land on the right bank, stretching away to a low line of hills in the distance, witnesses of the convulsions and upheavals to which the land has been subjected, in order to form this “deep lateral gorge,” through which the Limpopo descends

from "the central plateau lands;" the whole country from here taking one downward step, and descending to a lower level in a most striking manner.

Our position was not an enviable one. We stood on an island where our boat was of no assistance to us, and the sun was nearly down before we discovered a large fallen tree lying over the head of a smaller fall higher up. Over this we passed, making ourselves fast to the rope of the kedge, which we took from the boat, and scrambling over the rocks of the smaller rapids beyond, reached the right bank, and our camp at eleven p.m.—a long day of feverish excitement effectually keeping me awake the greater part of the night.

In the morning we moved down below the falls, and spent two days in endeavouring to extricate the boat from its awkward position. No assistance was at hand. Mafelagure's people had spoken truly—not a human being could be discovered, and the kraals a few miles higher up had long been deserted by their former inhabitants. We succeeded, however, in carrying the boat to the foot of one of the higher falls, where it was swept down the chasm, the wreck finally lodging on the ledge of rocks near our camp, completely knocked to pieces, and of no further service, and I consequently abandoned the "Freeman"—a most unfortunate loss.

Let me endeavour to describe Tolo Azime more in detail, although the attempt to do so will, I fear, be a failure. I cannot exaggerate the beauty of the *coup d'œil*, or the natural and material features of the scene, for although much inferior in point of size to Niagara (which I have seen), or to the falls of the Zambezi, "the combination of contrasts" afforded by the falls of the Limpopo in their peculiar formation and surroundings render them well worthy of a place in future African maps, and of sufficient interest and importance to repay the exertions of any future traveller whom curiosity may prompt to bend his steps in their direction.

After the embouchure of the 'Mzinyani, the river, as I previously observed, rushes in a dozen different channels in seething and foaming rapids separated by islands. The channel on the extreme right bank continues its direction towards the south-east, boiling and sweeping over rocks and boulders, and is precipitated by a series of gradual and successive falls into a narrow gorge, where the volume of water is quickly increased by other channels seeking the same outlet. The gorge speedily increases in depth, and at last runs between perpendicular walls, principally composed of granite and basalt, 70, 100, and 150 feet in height. Here the remaining—the main—branches of the river, inclining suddenly to the south, leap in a succession of parallel cascades (six in number) into this abyss, thundering majestically into the chasm, and almost obscured by clouds of spray, rising in white vapour from the torrent below, which foams and races down into a circular basin, surrounded by high escarped cliffs, and then turning rapidly to the south, and again to the south-east, escapes in a deep, narrow, swift channel, on its journey towards the sea.

The large trees and the vivid colouring of the left bank, extending to the islands, and to the very verge of the fall, is in marked contrast to the barren lands, sandy valleys, stunted bushes, and scattered rocks on the opposite side, where from the summit of the basaltic rocks overhanging the gorge a magnificent perspective is obtained. The whole scene lies

before you. In front of you, and on a higher level, is the perpendicular barrier over which the river leaps into space. Below you thunder the waters into the chasm. Far away to the left you mark the gradual descent and commencement of the gorge, while to the right abrupt and escarped rocks overshadow the circling depths of the basin,—dense woods sloping gradually from its margin towards a blue range of distant hills. One of the advantages of the Tolo Azime is that a point of view can be obtained from which the whole panorama may be surveyed.

Hippopotami abound both above and below the falls; they tore up the thwarts of my boat during the night of August 6. Waterbuck, koodoo, numerous monkeys and baboons, otters (*Lutra capensis*), and a few buffalo were observed on the left bank; but on the right only a few impalah and klipspringer were seen; and my oxen had to be driven down the river banks for some miles to find a few parched blades of grass.

The Boers of the scantily-inhabited Zoutpansberg district hardly ever venture in this direction across the Zoutpansbergen. Even in the healthy season they look upon the country as malarious and fatal, an epidemic fever having travelled from the mountains on one occasion in company with a party of hunters, subsequently to which a fine was instituted by the “Raad” to be levied on every inhabitant crossing the range during the wet and hot months of the year. Both at Mafelagure’s, and afterwards at Amabaya’s kraals, the natives assured me that they had never heard of any hunter having visited the Falls, nor are they laid down on any map up to the present date. Should they have been seen before my visit, it is strange that from no single source—either from traveller, hunter, trader, or native—was any information received as to their existence during several months spent almost entirely in making inquiries with regard to the Limpopo.

At Tolo Azime the Upper Limpopo may be considered to terminate, and to debouch from the central plateau. The falls, of course, are an insurmountable obstacle to navigation; and, indeed, the rapids for some distance higher up had already condemned this division of the river as unnavigable.

The third stage extended 187 miles, from Tolo Azime to the affluence of the Nuanetzi; and the fourth for 174 miles further, to Lipulule, or “the meeting of the waters.” The descriptions of both these we reluctantly omit from want of space. Of the final stage, however, for 260 miles longer to Lorenzo Marques at Delagoa Bay, we resume Capt. Elton’s narrative, as follows:—

On the 29th, our midday halt was made close to “the meeting of the waters” of the Lipalule and Limpopo—a point already named by Mr. St. Vincent Erskine, who from here traced the Limpopo to the sea. I had now more than connected my journey with his, and as single-handed and without a boat I could make no practical survey of the lower waters and the bar, I determined to strike across the Lipalule, cross the Uncomogazi, and gain Delagoa Bay, reserving the mouth of the Limpopo until I could visit it from the sea, and prove whether the bar would permit light draught of water vessels to enter the river.

The left bank of the Lipalule, where the long grass which hides numerous pit-falls for hippopotami makes the path extremely unsafe, was

followed to the kraal and ferry of Iligungunyan, about eleven miles from the junction of the two rivers, and on the following morning my men crossed in a hide boat, the oxen swimming across. The water was beautifully clear, and running swiftly on a sandy bottom, the ford being breast deep, and the river about 250 yards in breadth. On the opposite bank we struck through a dense bush country, in order to reach the path leading from Madumelan's, on the Limpopo, down to the Uncomogazi. With the exception of two hours' halt, we marched until sundown, and halted by a small pool, where elephants and a large herd of buffalo came down to drink. The next day, the 31st—still travelling through the same monotonous jungle, meeting giraffe, gnu, pallah, and zebras on our way—we were without water until 3 p.m., when we found the path and an Amatonga kraal, under Ritobi, who regaled my party with beer and dakha, and presented me with a calabash full of fresh eggs, pressing us very much to pass the night in his village. We pushed on, however, and slept near Cunyana's, and on the following morning our two guides (from Iligungunyan's) left us. That day—1st September—we travelled over undulating flats, and skirted the left bank of a river, the 'Nwetzi, running towards south-south-east, halting on it after dark, beyond a large group of kraals, under Qualikoto, a thickly populated, fertile, and flourishing colony. The 2nd September, crossing the same river three times (early in the morning, about three in the afternoon, and after sundown), we slept on its right bank, near the kraals of Umgewenia. Game very plentiful, and lions roaring round our camp all night.

The 3rd, Saturday, we reached Magud's, one of the principal chiefs of the Amatonga, a number of villages near a lake communicating with the Uncomogazi, the dark line of large trees skirting the river being about two miles distant from our camp. Magud, we learnt, had been summoned to the Busi River by Umseila, who was presiding over a council of his feudatories, but in his absence the acting chief of the kraal greeted our arrival with *empressement*.

As we approached the lake—a fine open sheet of water more than a mile long—I observed a number of hippopotami in it, and on offering to shoot one for my host was laughed at, and told that only one white man had ever killed any of "Magud's cattle," but that I might try my luck if I liked. Leaving the chiefs to talk with 'Mbata, and my dinner cooking, I walked down to the lake to bathe, and took my gun in my hand. I was fortunate enough to find a large bull hippopotamus, with his head and shoulders out of the water, yawning and clashing his jaws together, and put a ten to the pound bullet, with six drams of fine powder, right through his neck. In his dying struggles he crossed the lake into shallow water, pursued by four or five of his companions, who hunted him about, and attacked him fiercely, the water all around them being white with foam—one of the most exciting scenes possible. When he was fairly dead they left him, and the Amatonga were in a perfect delirium of joy when they saw his huge barrel-shaped carcase lying on the shoal; and when I presented him to the chief, and disclaimed all my rights to the meat, presents of eggs, fowls, maize, and sweet potatoes were showered upon me for the rest of the evening, and my popularity was firmly established.

Early the next morning, the 4th September, notwithstanding the crocodiles, a line of Amatonga, assegais in hand, entered the water and towed the hippopotamus into a small creek, where the division of the

spoil took place. The screaming, fighting, and general confusion over it was deafening, and at last a man was dangerously speared through his face and neck, and carried away seriously wounded—a trifling incident, which almost passed without being noticed.

In the afternoon I succeeded in marching, although I was begged hard to remain and shoot another of "Magud's cattle," but I was anxious to cross the Uncomogazi, in order to make an early start the next morning. Magud farms the ferry to a small chief on the river, and he drove a terribly hard bargain with me. I gave him the last piece of cloth, the last knife, and the last string of beads I possessed, and then was obliged to add ten bullets and half of my last canister of powder and my own pocket-handkerchief before he would embark us. The "zeekoe" meat, of which he carried an immense piece, had evidently not inspired him with either gratitude or forbearance. He had got "a good thing," and was determined to make the best of it.

The boat in which we were ferried across was hollowed out of the trunk of an immense tree, and carried my baggage and eight men with ease, in addition to the two Amatonga, who managed the boat with considerable skill and great knowledge of the banks, currents, and back-tow.

From the ferry to the sea, the natives call it three days' journey, and here this magnificent river is running in a navigable channel of deep water for almost its entire breadth of about 600 yards; yet although it falls into Delagoa Bay, almost within sight of Lorenzo Marques, the Portuguese absolutely turn it to no account, and, until quite recently, had not the least idea of the direction it took, of its importance, or whether it was connected with the Limpopo or not, contenting themselves with using a few small boats, in order to go up as far as the villages of Maragouin and Magud.

The river is known by the various names of the Uncomogazi, Comatie, Uncomanzi, Uncomogatie, King George's River, Uhlwandhle, and the Manissa (properly Maniça), and the manner in which it has been confused with the Limpopo, and the Limpopo with one of its own affluents—the Mariqua, is proved by a quotation made by Mr. Cooley (he quotes from *Burchell*, I think), in which the following statement is made:—"Numerous rivers flow rapidly towards the east and north-east, through the country of the Marútsi, who are separated from the Maquaina, in the latter direction by a great river, called Makatta. This is the river called Mariqua by the colonial traders, and which there is reason to suspect is identical with the Mannees or King George's River of Delagoa Bay."

It fell to the perseverance and good fortune of Mr. St. Vincent Erskine to carry down the Limpopo from the affluence of the Lipalule to the sea, and prove it to be the river laid down on Captain Owen's chart as the Inhampura; and I believe my friends Carl Mauch and Erskine divide between them the honour of tracing the upper waters of the Uncomogazi. The river called by the natives the 'Nwetzzi, which I followed on the 1st September down the left bank and crossed three times on the 2nd September, finally halting on the right bank beyond the kraals of Umgwenia, I have no doubt is an affluent of the Lagoa River, for the natives assured me that it did not join either the Limpopo or the Uncomogazi, but was the affluent of a distinct river which fell into the sea about midway between the other two.

Turning our backs on the large trees bordering this fine river, our path led through a thickly wooded grass country, where lions gave us some

trouble during the night, and on the 5th we crossed the Itobe—a swampy stream, and saw in the distance the smoke of Quasilinda's, a considerable group of scattered villages, which are the usual stage from Magud's ferry. However, I was getting impatient, and we slept that night at the Quanyambé, ten miles further on our road, awaking in the morning dripping with the moisture of the heavy mist hanging over the swamps.

We had to make a detour of about four miles, in order to turn the pool of brackish water surrounded by tall bulrushes, from which the Quanyambé marshes rise and stretch towards the south. In the basin of this pool and on the margin of the marsh are considerable incrustations of salt, which the inhabitants of the adjacent villages told us were renewed every dry season. They collect and roughly purify the salt, which they send up the Uncomogazi, and barter for tobacco, dakha, millet, and fowls. The marshes extend to the Uncomogazi; and the natives we saw were badly-clothed, unfortunate-looking individuals, whose physical and mental qualities have evidently deteriorated from the debilitating effects of fetid and muddy water, and a life-long residence in the malarious exhalations of a low, pestiferous, and swampy valley.

After leaving this valley, the same day (6th September) brought us to Quonquondyan's, upon a clear bright river, running in a winding stream, embowered and overshadowed with tropical foliage—palms, bananas, and large ferns, but infested with legions of mosquitoes. This we crossed in the evening, and from our halting place, Nondwan's villages, on the following day, made a long journey down to, and descending the right bank of, the Uncomogazi (past the kraal of Maragouin), arriving early the next morning in pouring rain at the gates of Lorenzo Marques, where the sentry appeared to have some scruples in admitting a party headed by a white man dressed in an old leathern kilt and gaiters, considerably travel-stained and rather excusably over-excited at his safe arrival at the sea-board.

The ridges running parallel to King George's River and extending to the heights commanding Lorenzo Marques are bounded by dead flats, and between the vast sea of reeds fringing the river's banks and these bluffs lies a strip of peculiarly rich soil, admirably adapted for the cultivation of cotton, and which at present yields to the natives extraordinary returns in holcus and maize.

The principal trade at Lorenzo Marques is in the hands of the French house of M. Favre, of Marseilles (M. Regis, ainé of the same city is also establishing a branch house), and of the Banyans from Diu. Things have changed mightily since in 1823: "the Leven and Barracouta saw a caravan of 1,000 traders with 300 or 400 tusks and many cattle" arrive at the factory. Elephants are scarcer now, and have moved up towards the 'Usabia and Busi, and the main trade consists in the purchase of ground nuts and gingelly seed, orchilla weed, bees wax, and a little ivory, against which are bartered powder, guns, striped, white, and blue cottonades of Swiss manufacture, beads, and brass wire.

The town is built on a whalebacked sand flat, nearly surrounded by water at low tide, and entirely commanded by the neighbouring heights, from which the natives from time to time have threatened the Portuguese with comparative impunity. It is surrounded by a wall, and defended by three bastions fronting the land, and a bastion at each extreme angle, from which stockades and piles run down into the sea beyond low-water mark, as additional securities against attack. Each bastion mounts a gun

on a traversing platform, and the works have been lately repaired, but the same old useless honeycombed cannons (16 in number) remain, and the feeble garrison, consisting of about 120 soldiers (principally negro troops, with a few Europeans), serves as a temptation to hostilities on the part of the surrounding tribes, who occupied the heights and besieged the town not many months before my visit.

In 1833, Lorenzo Marques was captured by the Vatuas, and the Governor taken prisoner and killed on Schefina Island in Delagoa Bay, opposite to the embouchure of the Uncomogazi. Subsequently retaken, hostilities again broke out in 1841, and in 1843 the Portuguese, taking the part of Manicusse against the chief of Magaya, experienced a serious reverse. In 1845 peace was made, but a few years afterwards internal seditions again threw this unfortunate establishment into a state of disorder, which unhappily would appear, with occasional intervals, to be prolonged up to the present day.

A half-ruined fort, a "place d'armes," around which the best houses and the custom-house are built, and three parallel streets, connected by narrow lanes, compose, together with a few detached buildings, most of them in a state of decay, the town of Lorenzo Marques. Banyans, half-castes from India, a few Europeans, Mulattos, the mixed soldiery, and a large number of slaves constitute the population of this port,* situated in a magnificent bay watered by five rivers, two of which, the Uncomogazi and the Maputa, are certainly available as means of communication with the interior,—a fact which apparently has failed to strike the Portuguese, who know but little of the surrounding country.

To the incessant intrigue and the evil passions aroused by the ancient slave trade, to the incapacity, apathy, and want of vitality of preceding governments, and to a general dearth of money must be ascribed the condition of the Portuguese possessions on the east coast of Africa. Powerless in the interior, the Zambezi is daily slipping away from their hands, and a general feeling of uneasiness is everywhere observed. There is an entire want of confidence in the Quillimaine district, and for the moment progress on the finest river of East Africa is a myth, and the interests of civilization are on the wane!

The entire district from the Lipalule to Delagoa Bay is inhabited by Amatonga, and by the men of Madumelan and Umseila, the latter the paramount ruler of the entire country from the Uncomogazi to the Busi, and the chief of the government often styled in maps as "Manicusse" or "Schoschonga." The customs of the Amatonga (who pay tribute to Umseila through his powerful vassal Madumelan) frequently bear a strong affinity to those of the dominant races, the Amazulu, the Amaswazi, Vatuas, and Mavitis of Umseila. The men wear the head rings peculiar to the Zulu tribes, and the government of each kraal is directed by its respective chief, responsible only to Umseila. In agriculture they excel, but in courage, hunting, and in war are far behind their conquerors; yet their delight is in the war-dance, and they affect the great warrior with tolerable success, arraying themselves in all the paraphernalia of

* The population of Lorenzo Marques in 1858 consisted of 73 Europeans, 1 American, 12 Asiatics (Christians), 39 Banyans, Moors, &c., 368 natives, 276 women (natives), and 384 slaves of both sexes: total 888 souls. At the present day, the European population is greatly reduced, and the slave population increased in numbers. I do not believe there are 20 Europeans now living in the town.

ostrich plumes and leopard-skin "moochas," and carrying the shield and the assegai with almost as bold a swagger as their prototypes. Perhaps this difference may be accounted for by the fact that the Zulu lives mainly on beef, and that the Tonga does not own a single head of cattle. 'Mbata used to point with a sneer at their flocks of poultry and call them "Amatonga oxen!" But in beer-drinking they hold a proud pre-eminence; the 'utchwalla—the pombé of the Makúas farther north—they both manufacture and consume with the greatest industry, and the large conical beer-vats are many in number in every village, and continually resounding with the noise of the heavy log pestles with which the women bruise the holcus and keep time to an unrelenting chant of constant repetitions. "Dakha" they inhale through a bamboo of some four or five feet in length, with perforated joints, and to the abuse of this powerful stimulant, as well as an excessive indulgence in tobacco and snuff, they are universally addicted. Every man carries a snuff purse, and on meeting a stranger snuff is offered before any questions are asked or any salutation is made. In the manufacture of baskets and mats they are exceedingly clever, and with a small adze work both neatly and ingeniously in carving hard wood for pillows, beer vats, bowls, &c. They are good walkers, but incorrigibly lazy, and we invariably walked down our guides on the road. Loquacious to a degree, they never speak the truth, and the commonest phrase that catches the ear at every turn is "'Manga!" (or Amanga)—equivalent to "I cannot believe you!" A statement is made—the reply is 'Manga!—you are going to march—'Manga!—you propose smoking—'Manga!—it is hot—'Manga! In fact, 'Manga is the shibboleth of the race.

Both men and women are darker than the Amazulu, less muscular, and with coarser cut features. Inferior in point of good looks, they are decidedly below the common level with regard to morality. Stealing is not uncommon, and hardly regarded as an offence, and promiscuous intercourse between the sexes is the rule and not the exception,—the rigid virtue enforced by bodily fear (a *régime* which succeeds admirably among the women of the Zulu tribes) being unpractised among them. A girl is only liable to punishment should she bear a child before becoming the legitimate property of a husband, duly purchased with cottonades or ivory, but no attention whatever is paid to her conduct before marriage, and the greatest liberty of action is tolerated.

Their creed is that of the Amazulu, Makalaka, and of South-Eastern Africa in general. They have a faint belief in one supreme power, but have no form of worship or any tangible religion, only an uneasy feeling of superstitious dread, a morbid fear of evil influences, of being bewitched, of the "evil eye," and of the shades of the dead. The departed is popularly supposed to visit his old dwelling in the form of a serpent, and to kill a snake within a kraal is a crime which will certainly entail the sudden death of one of the inhabitants. Nothing of importance is undertaken—no hunting party or journey is set on foot—without the "sorcerer" of the kraal appointing the favourable moment. Crocodiles they have no fear of; a man must have committed an unpardonable sin to be bitten by one. "Wizard-discoverers" are implicitly believed in, many people being impaled and speared on charges of witchcraft promoted by them. An intense susceptibility to impressions renders them blindly suspicious, and accusing an individual of the "black art" is sufficient to

raise the public voice against the defendant, who does not himself expect to meet with fair play, and not uncommonly admits his guilt, perhaps more than half persuaded to do so by the force of his own traditional prejudices !

Their musical instruments are few in number. The rude lute, consisting of a bow of hard wood, strung with gut, to which is attached half of a calabash, is the one most commonly in use, and is played sometimes with a bow, but more often with the fingers. Both this and a rude description of jew's-harp are common to both the Amatonga and the Makalaka, and indeed were seen all down the Limpopo. A few rude drums and trumpets made of koodoo horns were observed near the Uncomogazi, but the dances and songs appear to be all plagiaries from the Amazulu, or very inferior productions. The indecent dances so common at the "batusas" of the slaves in the Portuguese districts are seldom witnessed in the interior, and would appear to be exaggerated in character the nearer they approach to semi-civilization. The famous war-chants and dances of the Amazulu become poor imitations both in the hands of the Amatonga and Makalaka tribes.

Thoroughly afraid of the Amazulu, and always ready to furnish Umseila with women for his warriors, the Tonga has not quite learnt to respect Lorenzo Marques, or fear the Portuguese, whom he describes as "a man who travels in a litter, and is afraid to come openly up to a kraal to trade !" The Boer he both fears and hates ; and with regard to the Englishman—he is excessively fond of his money, and very ready to work in order to earn it !

In conclusion, a few words on the climate of Lorenzo Marques, so dreaded in the Transvaal and Natal on account of its supposed fatal effects on Europeans. The large rivers bring down, during flood time, an immense deposit of decaying vegetable matter, and the heavy rains which succeed great heats, the nightly dews, and the exhalations produced by a powerful sun—all constitute natural causes which tend to the insalubrity of Delagoa Bay. Add to these predisposing causes the very position of the town itself, surrounded by a pestiferous marsh, and there is more than enough to account for "coast fever."

Any abuse of strong liquors and any excesses are rapidly followed by fever, but men in good health who are even moderately careful with regard to their diet and morals need not regard a visit to the eastern coasts with fear. If the town of Lorenzo Marques was removed to the heights which command it, where the inhabitants would enjoy the benefit of the sea breeze, I believe that more than half the sickness would disappear ; and astonishment at the want of forethought and judgment which could have selected so unfortunate a site, both in a sanitary and a military point of view, is the first impression experienced by all new arrivals. The invariable system of the early Portuguese explorers has been to place water between all the ports and the mainland ; hence the mistake—a fatal one with regard to the public health, and a still more fatal one to prestige.

Transformation.

When will to-morrow come ?—They say
 “ To-morrow will come never.”
 That scarce can be ; for then to-day
 Would still go on for ever.

’Tis Time’s weird spell. His magic stroke
 Transforms all earthly things :
 He turns the acorn to an oak ;
 To dust, the pride of kings.

Where infant grace and gladness smil’d,
 He breathes his wizard ban ;
 And makes, of that light-hearted child,
 A care-worn, grey, old man.

O’er princely hall, and lordly tower,
 On eagle wings he hies ;
 And where they frown’d in state and power,
 A mould’ring ruin lies.

He passes ; and from oceans deep
 Rise islands o’er the flood.
 He passes on ; and oceans sweep
 Where royal cities stood.

He waves his wand ; and, swift as thought,
 Before a man can say
 “ We have him now ! To-morrow’s caught !”
 Heigh presto ! ’tis To-day.

E. J.

Notes on Rural Matters.

THE excellent prices realized in Europe for all kinds of Cape produce, diamonds excepted, must be gladdening to the producer. Wheat in our home market is quoted at a good figure for the farmer. The crops have been harvested in excellent condition, notwithstanding the showery summer. That venerable institution, “ The Oldest Inhabitant,” cannot bring to mind, we imagine, a season of so many summer showers. To carriers and the many others on the road, with thousands of head of cattle, travelling towards the Diamond-fields, the frequent rains must have been a real blessing,—strengthening the herbage on the veldt and accumulating water at every outspan-place—cooling the atmosphere and giving fresh vigour to both man and beast.

The importations of seeds, trees, and plants during the month of January was considerable. W. W. Dickson, Esq., of Roeland-street, returned to the Colony

about the end of the year, bringing with him additions to his already extensive collection in two "Ward's" cases of living plants, mostly florist flowers, and a parcel of bulbs. The latter is kindly placed at the disposal of the Botanical Garden. Seven large cases of seeds, bulbs, and trees, principally of an economic nature, were received by the early January mail steamer, for disposal by the Superintendent of the Botanical Garden. In this importation there is a large number of varieties new to the Cape of apples, pears, plums, and cherries, seven new varieties of strawberries, and golden champion grape vine; all in most excellent condition. Upwards of one hundred new dahlias have also been received. Although not the most favourable season for living plants to arrive at the Cape, the season for lifting and sending off all kinds of fruit trees and other deciduous plants from Europe necessitates their arrival here during the hot season.

MR. WM. LIPPERT has presented to the Botanical Garden through Mr. C. A. Fairbridge a very curious native *Euphorbia*, new to the collection. The latter gentleman is the contributor of a further donation of native succulent plants. Mr. Jas. Lycett, of Worcester, has contributed a large basket of Cape bulbs and plants, unnamed.

VARIOUS attempts have been made at the Cape during the last twenty-five years to establish a paper or magazine devoted to farming, gardening, and rural affairs generally; but success has not waited upon many a praiseworthy effort in that direction. The last of this class, *The Farm*, closed its career at the end of 1871. This little nursling of Graham's Town struggled hard to live, and bore bravely on for several years, doing much real good in its own unpretentious way; and we hoped it had got a hold, and was gathering strength, but it was not to be. *The Farm* expired for want of the support of that class to whose interests it was devoted,—a fact not creditable to the farmers in the East.

JUST a hundred years ago, Francis Masson, the botanical collector for the Royal Gardens, Kew, arrived at the Cape. From that date the flora of the Cape began to be known in Europe. According to Masson, the botany of Southern Africa was quite unknown to science previous to 1771, although the Dutch had been in possession of the Cape Settlement for nearly 130 years. Excepting a few Geraniaceæ, and succulent plants, few other Cape plants had been introduced to Europe. When the naturalists who accompanied Captain Cook returned to England, they strongly advised sending a collector and botanist to prosecute discoveries at the Cape, so impressed were they with the vast botanical riches of the country. Masson, then a pupil at Kew, was sent out, and remained collecting for two years and a half. During that time he transmitted immense treasures to Kew. Subsequently Masson returned to the Cape, and remained ten years, collecting and transmitting great botanical riches to Europe. Masson was the author of a beautifully-illustrated work on Cape *Stapelias*.

A WRITER in a late number of *Nature* asks "What is 'Tulp'?" and quotes from a Cape paper a case where damages were sought in an action in the courts at Graham's Town for the death of some cattle from eating tulp, in a hired pasturage in Albany. "Tulp" is Cape Dutch for Tulip, a name applied by

colonists to several species in the genera *Moræa* and *Vieusseuxia*, several species of the first-named genus have, on account of their regular flowers, more the appearance of the tulip than the other genus *Vieusseuxia*, which have narrower sword-shaped leaves, and flowers resembling in a greater degree the common *Iris*, the type of the order *Irideæ*, to which both genera belong. Tulp, when eaten by cattle is fatal in all stages and seasons, but instinct leads them to avoid it most generally. At one season, however, it bears so close a resemblance to the young nutritious herbage which springs up after the first rains of the season, simultaneously with the Tulp, that the animal is unable to discriminate, and fatal cases occasionally occur. The after-development of Tulp is so marked, the plant standing twenty to twenty-four inches high, that there is no real danger, except with hungry cattle turned on the veldt where this plant abounds. The Tulp is freely spread by seeds, but is easily eradicated by drawing out the leaves before the plant begins to flower. By this simple process they are freely detached at the "eye" of the bulb, which in consequence rots and perishes finally. Some doubt still exists regarding the identity of Tulp as a species. We are unable, at this season, to procure a specimen from a locality where cattle have really perished from eating the plant. We have been promised specimens gathered in the neighbourhood of Graham's Town, and hope to have something to say upon the identity of the species at some future time. Professor MacOwan thinks the Tulp of Albany *Moræa polyanthos*, and says, "My specimens were examined by Dr. Oliver, of Kew, and although he did not recognise (?), I am pretty sure of it by description." It appears from a paper by Lieutenant Dalyell, F.R.S.E., 27th Regiment, read by Dr. MacLagan to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh in 1852, on the poisonous properties of a Cape irid, the specimen then submitted to Dr. Balfour was determined to be *Vieusseuxia tripetaloides*, D.C. The following quotation is given from Lieutenant Dalyell's paper:—

"During 1841 (I write from memory)—when Lieutenant of the light company of the 27th, ordered to the Orange River—on one occasion, after a fatiguing march, a halt was made on the banks of the Little Fish River, near the village of Somerset. That evening, eighty of the baggage and artillery oxen were reported dead, and next morning forty more were found poisoned, having eaten the flowers of a small iris-like plant, which grew in abundance around the encampment. During the following year, whilst in command of the Tarka, I had many opportunities of renewing acquaintance with the same plant, not, however, under similar circumstances; it is only when oxen are so far exhausted by over-driving as to lose their discriminative instinct in the hurry of impetuous hunger that poisoning follows its presence in their grazing grounds. The plant was always regarded as an enemy, but I never saw it eaten by cattle except in the instance I have detailed. It is not possible for me to state the precise time in which, in any one individual, death followed from eating it. I think, however, I may venture to offer from three to nine hours as the most probable time."

Although the local name "Tulp" is not given in Lieut. Dalyell's paper, there can be little doubt but that that plant is meant. If "Tulp" is either *Vieusseuxia tripetaloides* or *Moræa polyanthos*, they abound plentifully in the West, and both species are in our herbarium. It is well known that the bulbs of several species of *Moræa* are poisonous. The bulbs of one species, *M. edulis*, on the

other hand, are very nutritious, and are exposed for sale on the market. They are about the size of a marble when cooked, and have a rich nutty flavour, in consistency like an early young potato.

PROFESSOR MACOWAN, of Somerset East, writing to us of the extensive and well-arranged herbarium which he has created at the Gill College, says :—"Every plant added since my arrival in the Colony is fairly gotten by exchange, captive by my own bow and spear. The Cape section of the herbarium contains a fine set of Burchell's plants, collected in 1812-14; many from Ecklon and Zeyher, Drege, and others; the more recent very extensive sets from H. Bolus, Esq., of Graaff-Reinet; others from Kennedy, Atherstone, Bowker, Sanderson, Murray, and all MacOwan's collections since 1862. It may be considered nearly complete as regards the flora of Albany, Graaff-Reinet, and Somerset. The American section, by the continued care of Dr. Asa Gray, is approximatively complete, with reference to the North Atlantic States. It contains Oakes', Tuckerman's, and Mann's New Hampshire and Massachusetts collections, Sullivan's Ohio, and Lapham's Wisconsin plants, Hall and Bebb's Illinois, Eaton's New Jersey, and Canby's Delaware and Florida collections. Of the Pacific States flora, there are Bolander's fine Californian sets, with a few of Dr Kellogg's, from the same district, Eaton's Nebraska and Kansas plants. From the Rocky Mountains is a nearly complete series of Hall's collections, and some of Drummond's. Lastly, imperfect sets of Lindheimer's and Fendler's Neo-Mexicanæ.

"From Continental India are sets of Falconer's Kumaon and Bengal collections. From Peninsular India is a valuable set of Wight's herbarium, amounting to nearly 1,200 species; from Australia, a large series from Dr. F. v. Mueller; from St. Helena, all Melliss's excellent collections; from Brazil, two centuriæ of Dr. Burchell's plants, a small set of Abyssinians from Dr. Schimper, and a nearly complete series of Mauritian ferns from His Excellency Sir H. Barkly, K.C.B., Orphanides' *Flora Græca Exsiccata*.

"In course of exchange there are now due,—Hance's Southern Chinese flora, Wright's Cuban collections, Philippi's Chilian herbarium (from Dr. Heer), and North European collections from Drs. Sonder and Reichenbach."

THE Cape Government herbarium is sadly in want of a small modicum of the time and the enthusiasm which Professor MacOwan so ably devotes to the Gill College herbarium. It is, we venture to think, a subject deserving the consideration of the Governor and his Executive whether a sum should not be placed in the hands of the honorary curator for the preservation and improvement of this Government property. In all properly managed herbaria, the collecting, drying, and preparing specimens for renewal and exchange is unceasing work; the study and determination of species requiring much patient industry, correspondence, and reference to botanists at home and abroad. In addition to such ordinary routine work of a herbarium, there is much required of a preliminary nature in the Cape Government herbarium, such as internal fittings, &c., for the proper arrangement of the collection. The weeding out of the numerous decayed

and decaying specimens—often mere fragments—is a work, too, of immediate necessity, but requiring much patient discrimination.

THE greatest novelty flowering in the Botanical Garden during the month is *Allamanda Hendersonii*, for the first time. The blossom is five inches across, of a rich deep yellow colour. An immense improvement on either *A. nobilis* *A. nerifolia*, and others of the same genus which have blossomed in the Gardens. *Lasiandra macrantha floribunda* is just opening its large saucer-shaped, lovely violet-blue flowers for the first time. The older *L. macrantha* has been established in the open border, promises well, and is covered with flower buds, giving hopes of a great display. The *Lasiandra* is the only Melastomad found to succeed in the open in these Gardens. *Lagerstræmia indica*, in flower, presents a noble aspect at this season, covered with spikes of charming coloured flowers. The plant grows well everywhere in the Cape Colony, and is worthy of more extensive cultivation. The white species *L. alba* appears constitutionally weak, or perhaps the climate is unsuited to its wants. The specimens in the Botanical Garden have not yet flowered.

PATRONS of high-farming, gardening, breeding, and planting are so rare in our community that we can ill afford to lose the least of them. It is with deep sorrow we record the loss of one of the most true and munificent promoters of rural matters that ever lived amongst us as one of ourselves. T. B. C. Bayley, Esq., who died on 29th December last, was a warm friend to progress in any shape. His hand was ever open to assist in any scheme having in view the development of the material resources of the Colony. As an importer of the best thoroughbred stock, valuable fruit trees, plants, and seeds, his name will long remain a household word in South Africa. We had abundant experiences of his largesses, without stint, of trees and seeds to indigent farmers and others. In all his undertakings he was purity—disinterestedness itself, except in his interest for and intense desire to see progress and improvement in what he most truly considered the backbone of the country—its agricultural interest. His loss will be felt in many a home, rich and poor. A great lover of integrity and truth in all things, he was ever tender to suffering, and helpful to the poor and needy struggling in undeserved poverty. Mindful even in his “last testament” of those sacred words of Holy Writ, “Remember the poor,” although he has passed away, the poor and needy in the neighbourhood of his late residence will have cause to bless his memory for years to come.

MR. ALBERT KENNEDY, of Surbiton, Swellendam, died at his residence on the 5th January last. This gentleman was distinguished for considerable attainments in natural history, particularly in botanical science, and corresponded with the eminent savans, Drs. Hooker, Balfour, Mueller, Professor MacOwan, and with the late Sir Wm. Hooker, and Drs. Harvey and Anderson. Quite lately Mr. Kennedy believed he saw a wide field for enterprise in the Colony in the extraction and preparation of scents from orange blossoms, and from many of our powerfully-odorous native plants. He imported a Still and other necessary apparatus for the purposes of his experiment; but though “man proposes, God

disposes." He was cut off just when everything was ready to proceed to final results.

THE CAROB TREES, *Ceratonia siliqua*, are now covered with pods fast becoming brown, and approaching maturity. Some inquiry has of late been made regarding this tree, its probable success in the soil and climate of the Cape, and its products. The following is the history, in brief terms, of the tree. It is necessary first to give the various names by which the plant is known. We adopt the popular English name "Carob," because it is the name generally used by Englishmen, and because it is the diminutive, somewhat corrupted, of the name used by the Arabs in the East—"Kharoub,"—the earliest known name of the tree. "Algaroba" is a Spanish name for the tree, and is the one most in use by the greatest number of people. "Locust Tree" and "Johannes Brod" are also names applied to the Carob. The Germans use the latter name. Both are derived from the same tradition—that the pods were the locusts of the wilderness eaten by St. John. The tree is found to this day in the holy regions mentioned in Scripture. The name Locust Tree is sometimes used by Europeans. But the true Locust Tree is *Robinia pseudo-acacia*, a native of North America, a handsome deciduous tree, with beautiful pinnate foliage and white flowers. It is not uncommon in gardens at the Cape, and known to colonists as the "White Acacia." It is also a tradition that the pods of the Carob were the husks which the Prodigal Son fed upon. This has more probability on its side. It is now believed that the locust mentioned in Scripture was the veritable locust which at the present day is a pest to our frontier farmers, but which are *not* considered unpalatable by Bushmen, Hottentots, and other natives. The small seeds which are imbedded in the soft fleshy pods are said to have been the original carat weight used by jewellers. The Carob is a small branching evergreen, leguminous tree, twenty to thirty feet high. The wood is hard, and of a light-red colour, and is useful for many economic purposes. The leaves are dark green, pinnate, and rather leathery in texture. The flowers are red and green, destitute of corolla, and produced in small racemes, inconspicuous. With us the tree is polygamous—occasionally dioecious. Old writers state, decidedly, that the tree is dioecious, a belief in which led us twenty years ago to graft our young Carob Trees. We find seedlings perfecting seed as soon as a grafted plant. It is the pods which constitute the value of the Carob Tree. They are from five to ten inches long and an inch to an inch and a half wide, and an eighth by a fourth of an inch thick. They contain a large quantity of saccharine matter. The pods are extensively consumed in countries bordering on the Mediterranean. The tree is found to succeed best in places subject to long periodical droughts. Naturally, the roots penetrate to a great depth, but if they come at an early period in contact with water, the growth stops, and the plant never becomes so vigorous and productive as where the roots find their own depth without encountering excessive moisture. Horses, mules, pigs, sheep, and all kinds of cattle are fed upon the pods. They are quite fit for human food. The street gamins in Liverpool, London, and elsewhere consume large quantities under the name of "sugar beans." Large quantities of the Carob are now brought to England, where it is used for feeding purposes. It is said to form a large proportion of the ingredients in all cattle condiments. It is also used in the distillation and manufacture of "French brandy" for export.

The Carob Tree succeeds well in the climate of the Cape. The farmer and landholder need no further incentive, we hope, to be up and doing in the planting of the Carob, reaping thereby great benefits for themselves, and conferring blessings on posterity and the land of their birth or adoption.

THE Americans have another native tree called the "Honey Locust," *Gleditschia triacanthos*. This is a handsome tree, and presents a singular appearance at this season, when the green pods, which are six to twelve inches long, flat, and spiral in outline are hanging pendent from the twigs. The wood is useful on account of its hardness. It succeeds well here, but is rare. The plants in the Botanical Garden are now in pod.

THE STELLENBOSCH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY held its annual Show on the 24th of January,—a day to be long remembered by visitors for its excessive heat. There can be no doubt of the coolness of the pretty place on a cool day; but on a hot day, it is—rather a hot place. Stellenbosch has always been famous for its fruits, and its character was maintained by the exhibits on the 24th. In other respects, it can hardly be said the Show was equal to many that have gone before.* But even with the many imperfections and short-comings perceptible at all Agricultural Shows at the Cape, we wish they were more general and of more frequent occurrence.

J. M. G.

Irrigation by means of Dams.

FROM time to time public attention has been directed to the great advantages to be derived from irrigation and irrigation works. They are stock subjects with members of Parliament at elections, all of whom are quite ready to admit their value and importance; but none have as yet devised a general scheme for satisfying the wants of the country; and there are diversities of opinion as to the method by which such useful undertakings should be encouraged. Some think the Government should undertake the work at the public expense; others, that private land-holders should be aided by grants or loans; whilst there are not a few who consider that these last do not know their own interests if they neglect to enhance the value of their farms by the construction of reliable dams at their own cost. So varied and extensive are the lands of this Colony that possibly all of these propositions might be applicable,—that is, in some cases the Government might beneficially operate; in others, individuals or communities might be aided, leaving those obviously more favourably circumstanced to their own resources.

Against action on the part of the public there is always expressed the opinion that, nothing can be done without the intervention of experienced irrigation engineers from Italy or India, where extensive and very valuable systems of irrigation are in successful operation. This idea would be perfectly reasonable and just if the Cape resembled either of these countries in regard to its water supply, which it certainly does not. In Italy the necessity for extensive works of this kind is occasioned, I believe, by the fact of there being a superabundance of water, which, if not skillfully directed into convenient channels for the purpose, would be injurious to large areas of low lands, that formerly were unhealthy, useless marshes. Such a system of irrigation is, in fact, a system of drainage, and by no means applicable to this country.

Our rain-fall is comparatively small and partial, and the physical features of the country are such that, small as our supply of water is, it rapidly drains off into the ocean. To arrest this drainage, something very different from the

* And why, oh why, in the name of the golden-haired Ceres and Bacchus with his ivy crown, should visitors from Cape Town or elsewhere be kept starving with hunger and parched with thirst! Were the misarrangement to occur but once in a way it might be forgiven. But when it occurs perpetually, one year after another, it is unpardonable.—Ed.

Italian system is required; and instead of canals to reclaim marsh lands and prevent inundations, we require dams, from which mere rills of water may be led out sparingly to fertilize neighbouring patches of arable, and comparatively level lands or gentle slopes.

On almost every farm in the country such dams could be advantageously constructed under the direction of civil engineers in the Colony; but certainly not by farmers with the aid of a stone-mason, bricklayer, or quarryman. Many dams constructed in this rude, unskilful manner have failed because of improper form, workmanship, and the selection of bad sites. The cost of proper structures might be greater, but their value would also be greater.

Irrigation on a more extensive scale might be effected, in some parts of the country, by partially damming up our rivers at suitable intervals; but owing to the fact that, they are mostly deep-seated and much below the general level of the lands they traverse, the channels required to lead water to them must necessarily be very long, so as to be taken from a sufficient height, which in most cases would involve the construction of expensive aqueducts across minor streams, gullies, and even valleys; unless, indeed, the water should be raised directly into reservoirs or tanks, by means of wind pumps.

Costly, however, as such a system might be at first, I cannot but think that the lands benefited would bear an annual tax which, in the course of years, would repay both capital and interest, at the same time that the value of the property taxed would be proportionately increased, even if it did not add largely to our export of produce.

That the profitable introduction of what may now be called exotics, such as sugar, coffee, cotton, &c., &c., would result from the power to lead out water over many patches of ground now useless and barren, there can scarcely be a doubt; and when we consider that, for these and other supplies, we are indebted to other countries, we might at least save the cost of transit and commission, as well as rejoice in the certainty, that the extension of such agricultural operations would soon stir up a greater spirit of enterprise and industry in our rural population than has hitherto prevailed.

HENRY W. PIERS.

South African Museum.

SINCE our last report the following contributions have been received, viz.:—From Mr. Louw, a second box of specimens from the Witzenberg Flats.—A black and white muishond from Mr. R. M. Ross, of Rondebosch.—From Mr. Holding, a case of beetles and moths.—From Miss Elliot, of Rondebosch, a collection of minerals and fossils from the Rev. Dr. Beadle, of Philadelphia, comprising corundum, andalusite, broad plates of talc, and fossils of fish, &c.—From the Rev. — De Vries, of Sutherland, large perfect scorpion in spirits; and from Mr. Thos. Mathew, of Claremont, a remarkably large toad.—From Mr. Wright, M.L.A. for East London, a collection of pebbles from the Vaal River diamond-diggings, consisting of agates, chalcedony, striped jasper, &c.—From Mr. P. de Smidt, of Calvinia, a collection of quartz crystals, clear, smoky, and topaz coloured, as well as calc spar.—The Messrs. Commaille, of Sutherland, have brought in a collection of quartz crystals, chalcedony, fibrous iron ore, &c. All the crystals are sprinkled with iron pyrites, and one of them is imbedded in a crust of chalcedony.—Mr. Uys, of D'Urban, Cape District, presented a large collection of pebbles from the Sifonel diggings, comprehending jasper, chalcedony, agates, cornelian and rock crystal, a specimen of very friable sandstone, filled with bright particles of yellow mica, and a piece of indurated clay slate, with iron pyrites, from Hebron.—From Mr. Louw, of Witzenberg Flats, another case of mineral specimens.—Mr. C. A. Fairbridge presented a specimen of fine gold from the Tatin, supplied by Mr. Isidore Gordon.—From Mr. Kuys, of Blueberg Flats,

the jaw teeth of an elephant, taken from the skeleton therein buried, which is too ponderous for transmission.—From Mr. J. Hudson, of Mossel Bay, skin of a bird, "*Recurvirostra Avocetta*."—Specimens from the Hon. G. Wood, M.L.C., of rocks passed through at depths of 80 to 104 feet, in a shaft sunk by him between the Massfeld and Bathurst, in searching for coal, much resembling graphite—probably argillite, which accompanies coal.—Obtained from Colonel Eustace a parcel of fossil bones, discovered in Beaufort West, sent to him, with specimens of excellent coal derived from a vertical seam discovered by Mr. Thomas, the coal-seeker. The fossils are so peculiar, the one being the head of a saurian, and the others so like the bones of birds, they have been forwarded to England for identification by Professor Huxley.—A specimen of what is called the Ribbon fish, "*Gymneterus*," fifteen feet long, in fragments, and without the tail, was brought up by some fishermen, who captured it at Rogge Bay. It appears that this fish is known to distant island fishermen, as being forty feet long; and from its slender shape and snakelike movements, it is probably the "sea serpent" of late years, so minutely described by navigators. From its head there is erected a plume of flexible rose-coloured spines, and from head to tail, along its back, there is a conspicuous manelike fin. Its general colour is like burnished silver. The eye is large and silvery, and the profile of the head comports well with that of a horse. It could not be preserved. There are two smaller specimens in the Museum.—From Mr. W. Groom, of the Knysna, received three bottles of reptiles, admirably preserved.—From Mr. Boonsaier, of Blueberg, a Riet-hen, "*Porphirio Erythropus*," in excellent plumage.—Mr. J. Adams, of Papendorp, presented the corroded fragment of a Spanish dollar, found on the beach.—Mr. G. Trill presented specimens of rock from the Namaqualand copper-mines, the only specimens of native rock from thence in the Museum.—From Mr. Chapman, two specimens of the rat kind, one of which is new to the Museum, and has been sent to England for identification. They are from the interior.—Two rare specimens of the "*Rooibekke*," from Queen's Town, presented by the Hon. R. Southey, from his son.—Messrs. Alston and Morece presented several specimens of manganese and iron from the Tulbagh district.—Mr. Dunn has placed in the Museum for temporary exhibition three very perfect diamonds.—Through Mr. P. de Smidt, from Mr. Burnett, some fossil bones, discovered at Riet River, Calvinia.—Miss Hewit has supplied a large collection of minerals and fossils, collected by her father, but, unfortunately, without any indication of their localities.—Mr. J. F. Davis has presented an interesting collection of mineral specimens from Remhoogte, comprising cornelian, agates, chalcedony, and what appears to be "*itacolumite*," a highly micaceous, laminated sandstone, generally associated with gold deposits. Many of the pebbles, corresponding with those of the Vaal, are angular, instead of being rounded and water-worn. Also, some specimens of fibrous silica, like yellow asbestos.—Mr. McGibbon presented, from the captain of the *Hibernia*, specimens of the oceanic telegraph cable to be laid between Australia and Singapore.—Mr. Elton presented skin of a large otter, from Mr. Wilcox, Berg River.—From Mr. P. G. van der Byl, a well-preserved skull of a sand-mole, and the rounded, water-worn vertebrae of a large fish from the beach at Struys Bay.—From Mr. P. D. Martin, of Simon's Town, two specimens of native pottery.—Mr. Philipson brought from the Free State skin of armadilla.—From the Hon. R. Southey, Colonial Secretary, specimens of rock from the mouth of the Orange River.—From Mr. Cooper, specimen of agate, with the forms of quartz crystals impressed upon it. Very curious.—From Mr. C. A. Fairbridge, fossils of "*Odhoemia antiqua*" and "*Mereites cambriensis*," found by Dr. C. Hann, at Prince Albert; an agate pebble from the Transvaal; and a large lump of a species of gum, very like gum copal, from the shores of the George district, much perforated by pholas borings.—Another box of fossils, &c., from Mr. Louw, of Wittenberg, more or less of a silurian character.—Received from Mr. Elton, a fine specimen of veined, dark-coloured marble, from the Worcester District, as well as a portion of a fossil saurian, and a breccia of quartz, iron pyrites, and manganese, from Camp's Bay.—A minute and very singular insect from Mr. W. H. Fletcher, of Charlie's Hope, Camp Ground. A similar one was captured

in the Museum garden.—The Rev. G. Murray, of Willowmoore, presented the foot of a Steinbok, consisting of three perfect cloven hoofs, the animal being in no other respect deformed.—Mr. Lasker has presented two small diamonds and some fossil bones from beyond the Orange River.—13th November, 1871, received from Mr. Gustav Vylder, Swedish naturalist, fifteen volumes of entomological works.—20th November, from Mr. Arthur Morris, a golden cuckoo from the Knysna, "*Chalcites Smaragdineus*."—22nd November, two beautiful cardinal from Mr. Broadway.—8th December, from Advocate Reitz, a parcel of ghelenite and garnet from the Diamond-fields.—9th December, from Mr. Atmore, George district, a rare bird in that country, "*Nettapus Madagascarensis*."—12th December, Mr. W. Anderson sent in a large specimen of a black hairy tarantula.

HENRY W. PIERS, A. Curator.

Notes.

OUR contributor, J. M. G., has in his "Notes" referred to the lamented decease of Mr. T. B. Bayley and Mr. Albert Kennedy. To these we regret having to add two other names. The first of them is that of the venerable and patriarchal Brownlee, of King William's Town. In many other capacities than that of Missionary—to which he consecrated the best energies of his life—Mr. Brownlee was, in the truest sense of the term, one of the foremost "worthies" of South Africa. In some future number of this *Magazine* we trust to be able to present our readers with a fitting memorial of his life and labours. We may, however, just here remark that with a strong taste towards botanical pursuits, he was a constant contributor to the Botanic Garden in Cape Town. The second name we have to include in our obituary list is that of Mr. William Kinneer, M.L.A., of Beaufort West. As a true-hearted colonist, with warm sympathies and strong co-operation towards every movement calculated to develop the resources, alike intellectual and material, of this country, his memory merits the panegyrics which have been pronounced upon him by our contemporaries in the newspaper press.

WITH reference to an article in a recent number of this *Magazine*, a correspondent at Stockenstrom writes us a private note, from which we extract the following:—"I think in the *Magazine* before last, Mr. H. W. Piers states that the parting scene between Retief and Sir A. Stockenstrom took place at Graham's Town. Curiously, a fortnight before the *Magazine* arrived here, the Rev. Mr. Thomson gave me a most interesting account of the scene. The two asked him for a room in his house, and the two friends locked themselves in to discuss matters. After some hours the door was burst open by Sir A., heated and excited. The two parted never to speak again. A few days after, Mr. Thomson went to Post Retief, where Retief was living, to solemnize the marriage of his two daughters before they trekked."

WITH reference to an epigram which we published some months ago, and which, as much to our amazement as to our amusement, excited some angry correspondence from our friend the Rev. Dr. Colgan, of George, another reverend correspondent has forwarded to us the following:—"When I was at Cambridge, an undergraduate translating a passage of Tacitus in the lecture-room came to the word "*Euphrātem*," which he pronounced "*Euphrātem*." He was pilloried in the following epigram:

Venit ad Euphratem Dawson, conterritus haesit.
Tum transire volens corripuit fluvium.

Which was translated:

When Dawson came to the Euphrates,
He began to shiver;
So, to make the passage easy,
He *a-bridg'd* the river.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Transvaarpe Exodus.

COLONIAL pioneers have, as a rule, been men not given to romance. They venture into unexplored regions in search of bread, and not of adventure. The prospect of unlimited land to be had for the taking, and countless game for the shooting, was the mainspring of the impulse that drove the restless settler of North America westward, whilst the same influences first urged the frontier farmer of South Africa in a northerly direction. From time to time individual Boers crossed the fords of the Great River with their families and flocks, to search for fresh pastures beyond the drought and locust-ridden confines of the Colony. These men at that time cherished no idea of an independent Government. Personal and private considerations alone operated in overcoming their natural reluctance to risk the hazards to which they might be exposed in an unknown land. They visited the Colony to appeal to justice, to pay taxes, and to participate in the rites of religion.

It was not till the year 1836 that this emigration assumed a new character. Instead of isolated cases of migration, we now find organized parties of Dutch farmers forsaking the Colony. The causes which gave impetus to this wholesale expatriation were mainly the slave emancipation and dissatisfaction with the native policy of the British Government.

The first of these grievances and its merits have been already sufficiently discussed in previous numbers of this periodical, and need not detain us long. Cape colonists of all parties are agreed that the glory England gained when she yielded to the eloquence of Brougham and the earnestness of Wilberforce, and let the slave go free, was, to a great extent, dimmed by the slovenly and disgraceful manner in which the emancipation was carried out in the Colonies. Men who have acquired "vested rights" in the souls and bodies of their fellow-creatures have not much claim upon our sympathies; but there is no denying that the slave-owner had reason to complain. The slavery tendencies of the Dutch colonists, and especially of the Boer emigrants, have been much exaggerated by orators and politicians in England, guided more by their zeal for freedom than by a regard for truth. When in 1834 Captain Armstrong, of the Cape Corps, was

commissioned to take a force and seize the slaves who were said to have been abducted beyond the frontier, he found that only fourteen slaves had been taken away, and of these no less than ten belonged to one man; and a number of Hottentots, the reputed ill-used and oppressed people of the "cruel Boers," although told that they might return with the military party, chose to remain with their hard taskmasters. The 9th and 10th articles of Retief's Instructions to Commandants, promulgated by the leaders of the emigrants, prove that the Boers had no intention of perpetuating slavery as an institution. The commandants are required to take the utmost possible care that no servants, of whatever class or colour, are ill-used,—that no person possesses himself by violence of the children of Bosjesmans or other aboriginal tribes,—and that he does not entrap them in any unlawful manner, nor take them away from their parents or relatives.

The native policy of the British Government was the other and more important cause of dissatisfaction. At the close of the Kafir war of 1835, Kafirland, as far as the Kei, was annexed to the Colony under the name of the Province of Adelaide. The philanthropists, at the head of whom were Mr. John Fairbairn and the Rev. Dr. Philip, opposed the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, maintaining that by shifting the boundary from the Fish River to the Kei the Kafirs would be cooped up within such narrow limits as to make it impossible for them to subsist honestly. In the early part of the year 1836 a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the treatment of aborigines in British Colonies. Sir Andries Stockenstrom, who happened to be in England at the time, was examined. His long acquaintance with the Colony and his connection with the Government added weight to his testimony and advice, in accordance with which the Glenelg Ministry resolved that the policy of Sir Benjamin should be abandoned, and the annexed territory again restored to the Kafirs. For the purpose of carrying this into effect Sir Andries was appointed, on the 2nd of February, 1836, Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province; and the manner in which he intended setting about it was intimated in his reply to an address from the Winterberg farmers, in which he stated, "From the principles to which I have always clung I shall not deviate one hair's breadth. In one word, equal rights to all classes, without distinction." The consequence of this leniency towards the Kafirs gave great offence to the frontier farmers, both Dutch and English. They had suffered most during the war, and were naturally violently opposed to anything like a compromise with their humbled enemy.

The Lieutenant-Governor, as the representative of this obnoxious system, had to bear the brunt of their indignation. The flames of party were kindled, and raged so fiercely that even to this day the embers are still smouldering with a glow, the intensity of which is exemplified by the obituary dedicated to Sir Andries by Mr. John Centlivres Chase, who, in his History of the Cape, pays the following tribute to the memory of his "fallen" foe:—"Ambitious, proud,

and unyielding, assailed it must be confessed, too, by a bait glittering, irresistible, he took the seals of office with conditions he should have spurned ; and afterwards, under bad advisers and questionable friends, he disdained to conciliate when he might have done so. The reward was a brief, uneasy, and tempestuous administration, a barren baronetcy, and a life pension he was unfortunately not destined long to enjoy. Never in this Colony has fallen a man who could have achieved more good for his native land than himself ; but, unhappily, he missed his way. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Those who are anxious to study the rights and wrongs of the question may refer to the pages of the *Graham's Town Journal* and *Commercial Advertiser* for 1836—38. It is beyond the scope of the present paper to enter into the details of the controversy. The perusal of these publications will afford the reader an interesting and amusing instance of how personal and political animosities are invariably blended. In the *cause célèbre* of *Stockenstrom vs. Campbell*, where Mr. Chase himself figures as a witness, the historian is placed in the awkward predicament of having to refuse answering a question relative to his conduct towards the "man who has missed his way," on the ground that he would commit himself.

As for Stockenstrom, he has left his mark on colonial history, and whether for good or evil rests on the verdict of posterity, and not of Mr. Chase. His biography has yet to be written, for South Africa cannot afford to let the memory perish utterly of the only great Africander she has yet produced, a man valorous in battle, firm and consistent of purpose as a statesman, eloquent and fearless as an orator, and, above all, a true lover of his country.

On the 18th October, 1836, Retief (the Commandant and recognized mouthpiece of the Winterberg Boers) wrote to the Lieutenant-Governor that if no protection were granted him to stop the ruin of the country, the abandonment of this Colony would be the consequence in his ward ; to which His Honour replied, "If you and your fellow-burghers will be wise under all your misfortunes, I yet see happy days for you in the future ; but be assured that nothing is to be had from me by threats. I would walk round the world to serve this country, but will not allow myself to be moved one inch out of my road. I have this day heard that you are about to quit the Colony. Perhaps you may be of service to your fellow-burghers over the boundary, and assist them with good counsel. I pity you all, but wish you prosperity and the protection of the Almighty. Wherever you may roam, forget not—and remind your countrymen—that you are Christians, and, as such, have heavy responsibilities."

Addresses almost in identical terms with that from Winterberg continuing to pour in, the Lieutenant-Governor seems to have been firmly convinced that men like Retief were acting on the instigation of his enemies ; for he says in a letter dated from Shilo, Sept. 23, 1836, "I place so much interest in the fate of my countrymen that I consider it my duty at least to advise them fully to weigh what they

undertake, and what the consequences may be to them and their posterity if they allow themselves to be led away by the cunning and deception of persons who have nothing but their own interest in view. When will my unfortunate countrymen learn whose advice they ought to take?" It is said that when stereotyped editions of the same threats to "trek" continued pouring in to Sir Andries, he at last ceased to reply, except by noting on them the laconic endorsement "Trek! A. S."

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Shortly after the conclusion of the Kafir war of 1834 the first party of actual emigrants, consisting of about thirty families, left the Colony, under the guidance of an Albany farmer named Louis Trichard. Their object was to reach Port Natal, the country around which had been from time to time occupied by permission of the Chief of the Zulus by small parties of Europeans, such as that of Lieutenant Farewell in 1829, but of which the British Government, though constantly petitioned by the settlers so to do, had refused to take possession. Trichard's party, being desirous of eluding the Kafir tribes, proceeded across the Great River in a north-easterly direction, skirting the mountain chain which divides Kafirland from what was then Bechuanaland, and is now the Free State. They were led by the course of the mountains far beyond the latitude of Natal, and about the end of May, 1836, they found themselves in a fertile but uninhabited waste lying between the 26th and 27th parallels of south latitude, on the banks of a river which, on account of its size and beauty, they named the Mooi. And here, owing to the formidable difficulties which opposed their further progress, these pilgrims came to a halt. Subsequent emigrants scattered themselves heedlessly along the banks of the Vaal, with the design of remaining until the country in advance should have been explored. They found this tract already partially occupied by Griquas, a tribe of bastard Hottentots, who, under their captain, Adam Kok, had, as early as 1801, migrated from the Kamiesbergen, in the Cape Colony, to a place called Griqua Town. The ground of which the Griquas took possession they had found waste and uninhabited except by roving hordes of Bechuanas, and it extended north and south along the banks of the Vaal, covering the greater part of the country now known as West Griqualand. Those Boers who had intended making the banks of the Vaal merely a temporary resting-place, finding these people friendly and the pasturage good, relinquished the idea of moving further, and by means of purchase, and sometimes by means of force, gradually made themselves masters of the soil,—the line between their land and that of the Griquas always remaining more or less undefined, until the dispute as to the ownership of the Diamond-fields made the question as to boundary an all-important one.

Trichard's party was followed by many others, each consisting chiefly of the members of the same family, under the leadership of

some patriarchal ancestor, such as that of old Jacobus Uys, of Uitenhage, who headed more than one hundred emigrants, all related to each other either by birth or marriage.

About the end of May, 1836, S. Bronkhorst and H. Potgieter, accompanied by a small number of more adventurous Boers, left the camp of Trichard, near Zoutpansberg, where he was now located, for the purpose of exploring the country to the north-east. They travelled sixteen days' journey beyond the camp, and reached to within six days of Delagoa Bay, where they met two sons of Coenrad Buys, living among a friendly tribe of natives, who, from the peculiar formation of their nasal organ, they named Knob-noses. Buys was a colonial farmer who had become so notorious for his many and impudent thefts of cattle, that he had been outlawed, and, having to fly the country, penetrated so far north as these Knob-noses, where he married a woman of that tribe. He was, therefore, the first European settler in the country now known as the Transvaal, and, being also a thief, was a fit prototype of a class of emigrants who, unfortunately for that Republic, became in later years only too numerous.

When Bronkhorst and Potgieter returned to where they had left Trichard, they found the camp deserted, twenty-four of their countrymen butchered, and all their stock carried off by the warriors of Moselikatse, whose territory was bounded on the south by the Vaal. This Moselikatse had been a *protégé* of the great Chief Chaka, king of the Zulus. He had been entrusted with the command of a kraal, or out-station, and with the charge of a large number of cattle. To this trust he proved faithless. He revolted, and fled with his people and the booty towards the north-west. Of this treachery Chaka had no right to complain; it was to a similar manœuvre that he owed his own ascendancy. Moselikatse, in his progress northward, attacked and utterly destroyed numerous tribes which then occupied that country. In this manner he became so formidable as to acquire the fear-inspiring title of the "Lion of the North." Ultimately, he selected the country known as Kuruman, near the sources of the Molapo and other streams, as his permanent residence. In this den the "Lion" had several times been bearded by his bastard neighbours Jan Bloem and Barend Barendz; and to guard against the inroads of enemies, strong parties were frequently sent by him to lay waste the country watered by the Vaal. It was one of these bands that had taken Trichard's camp by surprise, and caused the emigrants to fall back four days' journey from their first position to the south side of the Vaal. They encamped near the embouchure of the Donkin, one of its principal tributaries, and, having lashed fifty wagons together, awaited the attack of the Matabili. On the 29th of October a battle took place, of which Harris gives a description well worth quoting:—

"The Boers drew up their wagons in a compact circle, closing the apertures between and beneath them with thorn bushes, which they

finally lashed with leather thongs to the wheels and disselbooms, and constructing within the enclosure so formed a smaller one for the protection of women and children. These arrangements hastily completed, they rode forth to confront the enemy, whom they presently met, in number about 5,000, on their march towards the camp, when some skirmishing took place, in which several of the Matabili were slain. It has already been remarked that their principal weapon is a short spear termed 'Umkonto,' which is not thrown as with the Kafir tribes, but used for stabbing, for which purpose they rush in at once upon their opponents. Terrible as is this mode of fighting to unwarlike nations, it is calculated to effect little against muskets in the hands of cavalry. Their numbers and impetuosity, however, rendering it impossible to keep them from the wagons, the farmers retired within the enclosure, where by the time their guns were cleansed they were furiously assailed by the barbarian horde, who, with savage yells and hideous war-cries, poured down like locusts upon the encampment. Closing round the circle, and charging the abattis with determined resolution, again and again did they endeavour to break through the line or clamber over the awnings of the wagons. Dealing, however, with men whose lives were the stake, their attacks were constantly repelled. Repeated volleys of slugs and buckshot, discharged at arm's length from the heavy bores of the besieged, ploughed through their crowded ranks. A desperate struggle of fifteen minutes terminated in their discomfiture. Hurling their javelins into the enclosure, they retired in confusion over the heaps of slain, leaving upwards of 150 of their number dead or disabled. The Matabili did not, however, retire empty-handed, for they carried with them the whole of the flocks and herds of the Boers, amounting to 6,000 head of cattle and 41,000 sheep."

After this affair, the Boers fell back to near the sources of the Modder River. Here they were reinforced by a party from Graaff-Reinet, under Gert Maritz. There were now collected together at Thaba 'Nchu no less than 1,800 souls. Maritz was elected Governor-General, and on the 3rd of January, 1837, a commando was organized for the purpose of punishing Moselikatse. It consisted of 170 Boers, 40 of Peter David's Griquas, and 60 armed savages, under the guidance of a Matabili warrior, who, having been taken prisoner in the fight of the 29th October, did not dare again to present himself before his royal master. This expedition crossed the head of the Hart River, struck into Kuruman, and, taking the Matabili unawares, attacked their town of Mosega on the 17th January. Four hundred Matabili fell to avenge the massacre at Zoutpansberg, and 7,000 head of cattle were recaptured, together with the wagons which had been taken from one Erasmus. Such lessons as these soon taught the "Lion of the North" to respect the ponderous rifle of the white man.

On the 8th of April, Pieter Retief, to whom we have already alluded as Commandant of the Winterberg, arrived at the Boer camp.

He possessed in a high degree those qualities which fit an individual for becoming a leader of men. He was, immediately on his arrival, elected Governor, and drew up the following resolutions for the regulation of his subjects, who now, in May, 1837, consisted of 1,600 efficient fighting men, possessed of upwards of 1,000 wagons, all assembled near the confluence of the branches of the Vet River:—

1. That all persons, without exception, shall separate themselves from the connection with England, and decline the same.

2. That all judges, both spiritual and temporal, and all persons in official capacity, in discharge of their duty, must be obeyed on pain of the Court.

3. That all who disobey these resolutions will be put out of the community by the United Army.

4. That no person opposing these resolutions shall be allowed to reside within the limits of the United Army, or to hunt or kill any game in the country occupied by the aforesaid Army, under such pains as will be fixed by law.

5. That those who could not attend the meeting of to-day shall appear to-morrow, to confirm these resolutions by oath.

6. Further, that all persons who without sufficient cause shall neglect to appear shall be considered as having voted against the resolutions, unless they can prove that they were prevented by sickness or other necessary cause.

7. And, further, that those who separate themselves from the United Army must be content to bear the losses they have sustained, or may sustain, through their own faults, and no assistance whatever will be granted them.

8. That those who do not submit to the first and second resolutions shall not be entitled to share in any cattle, wagons, &c., &c., which may be retaken, or to enjoy any advantages which may be gained by the next commando against Mooklikatse.

9. And, further, that all persons who shall follow our United Army for the purpose of joining our community shall immediately take the prescribed oaths; and those who wish to separate themselves from us shall be compelled within twice twenty-four hours to pay all their debts, or their property shall be sequestrated till their debts are paid.

Vet River, 6th June, 1837.

These resolutions were the Free State Declaration of Independence. Maritz was chosen "Judge President of the Council of Political Affairs;" Bronkhorst, Liebenberg, Greyberg, Van Vuuren, and Oosthuysen, "Councillors of Polity;" and E. Smid, "Minister of Religion."

Retief having thus organized a system of government and an executive, broke up his camp at Sand River, and parted from Maritz. Accompanied by Piet Uys (son of old Jacobus Uys, of Uitenhage, to whom reference has before been made), he crossed the Drakensberg,

and reached Port Natal on the 19th of October. He then hastened on before his party in order to have an interview with Dingaan, for the purpose of obtaining concessions of land for his fellow-emigrants. The history of Dingaan is briefly as follows :—

About a hundred and fifty years ago a chief named Tingwesio and his people inhabited the country eastward of the river Tugela. By his superior intelligence and the better organization of his army, he subjugated all the neighbouring tribes, including that of the Zulus, then only 2,000 strong. One of the inferior wives of Senzengakona, the Zulu Chief, bore him a son called Chaka, to whom as he grew up Tingwesio took a strong liking, on account of his energy of character and warlike qualities. Chaka's energy soon displayed itself in the assassination of the legal heir to the Zulu throne ; and then Tingwesio himself fell a victim to the ambition of his favourite. Chaka, having usurped Tingwesio's place, united all the tribes that owed allegiance to him under the name of Zulus. He substituted the short stabbing-spear for the long missile weapon used by the other Kafirs, by which means he entirely changed the mode of warfare, causing his men to close immediately with their foes, and fight them hand to hand. With this improved weapon he carried his victorious arms west as far as St. John's River, and east to Delagoa Bay, leaving the countries which he passed over a solitude and a waste. It is estimated that this South African Attila destroyed no less than a million human beings. He died and Dingaan, his son, reigned in his stead ; and from his being described as an atrocious miscreant, we may conclude that he walked pretty closely in the footsteps of his father.

In a letter dated the 18th November, 1837, addressed by Retief to his friends west of the Drakensberg, he describes his meeting with this chief, who, he says, received him with much kindness, and finally told him, with a smile on his countenance, " You do not know me, nor I you, and therefore we must become better acquainted." That better acquaintance cost the unwary Governor his life.

An extract from the journal of the Rev. Francis Owen, an American missionary to the Zulus, describes the fate of Retief and his followers thus :—

" February 2, 1838.—Dingaan sent for me to write a letter to Retief, who, with a party of Boers, is now on his way to the Zulu capital. The letter was characteristic of Dingaan. He said ' his heart was now content because he had got his cattle again.' (These were some cattle which Retief had recovered for him from Senkoyela, another chief, as the condition upon which Dingaan would grant him territory.) He requested that the Boer leader would bring all his people to the capital with him. He promised to gather together all his army to sing and dance in the presence of the Dutch. He would order cattle to be slain for them, and said, ' Tell them they must

come unarmed, and bring their horses, and dance on them in the middle of the town, that it might be known who could dance best, the Zulus or the Abalunga.'

"February 6.—A dreadful day in the annals of the mission. My pen shudders to give an account of it. Dingaan sent me word of his intention to massacre the Boers. The reason assigned was that the Boers were going to kill him. He was anxious for my reply. What could I say? * * * * I was released from this dilemma by beholding an awful spectacle. My attention was directed to the blood-stained hill nearly opposite my hut, where all the executions took place, and which was now destined to add sixty more bleeding bodies to the number of those who have already cried to Heaven for vengeance. I turned my eyes, and beheld an immense multitude on the hill. About nine or ten Zulus to every Boer were dragging their helpless, unarmed victims to the fatal spot. I lay myself down on the ground. Presently, the deed of blood being accomplished, the whole multitude returned to the town to meet the sovereign, and, as they drew near to him, set up a shout that reached the station, and continued some time."

Not long after this massacre, messengers were sent from the Cape to persuade "these infatuated people" (as Mr. John Fairbairn, whose prejudice against the Emigrants was excessive, styled them) to return to the Colony; but the very women refused to retire till their slaughtered husbands had been avenged.

Piet Uys, the firm friend and companion of Retief, and who was then beyond the Drakensberg, crossed the mountains with 200 Boers to reinforce the remnant left in Natal; and with 800 men, of whom but 300 were properly armed, he marched on Umkunginglove, and attacked the Zulu army, 15,000 strong. He was outnumbered, and fell, exclaiming "I can go no further; fight on, boys, and trust in God!" His son Cornelis, a lad twelve years old, seeing him surrounded, charged his murderers, and slew three of them before he himself went down by his father's side.

On the day this battle was fought, R. Biggar, with the English settlers of Port Natal, who had from the first shown a determination to stand by the Boers, marched to their assistance; but he and his little army were also overpowered and forced to retreat.

No less than 2,000 Zulus had shared the fate of Uys. The Boers, though sorely pressed, did not despond; and in subsequent encounters proved to Dingaan, as they had before proved to Moselikatse, that the treachery and the assegai of the savage are but poor weapons when opposed to the pluck and the fire-arms of the white man.

Not five months after the massacre at Umkunginglove, Dingaan was in full retreat towards Delagoa Bay, and the Boers were in a fair way of obtaining by conquest what they had at first endeavoured to acquire by negotiation, when on the 14th November, 1838, Governor Napier proclaimed the military occupation of Natal, for

the purpose, as was alleged, of staying further bloodshed. The emigrants had crossed the Orange River, deeming that they had left the land of Egypt behind them for ever; and now, after all their wanderings through the wilderness, lo! Pharaoh and all his host on the *other* side of Jordan.

Disgusted and disheartened, they were determined never again to submit to British rule; so once more they turned their backs upon the sea, recrossed the Drakensberg, and spread themselves northward and westward, to people and found the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic.

Who is to go?

A TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"HURRAH! HURRAH!" shouted a merry schoolboy running up a steep garden path and whirling a bag of books over his head as he entered a pretty little cottage at the top of the path.

"What now, Georgy?" said his mother, as she welcomed him home; "you seem happy, indeed, to-day; what has pleased you?"

The question was asked with a motherly reflection of the lad's glee, as if she wished not so much to satisfy curiosity as to share his pleasure.

"Oh, mother! the whole school are going to have a holiday, and we are all going to Stinchcomb Hill. Farmer Johnson has promised us a couple of wagons and a stout team; we are to have tea under the 'great beech,' and to play on the common afterwards. Won't it be jolly?"

"That it will! When is it to be, Georgy?"

"Oh, on Thursday next, if the day is fine enough. Let me see,—this is Monday; only two days more; how can I wait?"

To look at the two, you would scarcely know which enjoyed the prospect the most. The child seemed the most excited; but the mother had a look of quiet happiness that told her boy's pleasures were her own.

"It's my turn to-day, mother, to feed the cow and take the milk round;" and so saying the lad hung his bag on a peg behind the door, and proceeded to put a clean smock frock over his clothes. His mother brought him the can and a little milking-stool, and Georgy sallied forth to his evening task. His mother watched him down the path, shading her eyes from the now almost level rays of the evening sun, as if it were a treat to see him near her after the day's absence.

It was not every cottage among the "cottage homes of England" that boasted such an outlook as that. It stood on the side of a hill, facing another that abruptly from the mill-pond in the bottom of the valley. The hills on either side of the valley were dotted with

cottages at unequal distances from top to bottom, and indeed enclosed a large and scattered village. In the day time it looked like a hive of peaceful industry,—and such, in fact, it was, for the cottages were almost all occupied with artizans who worked in the cloth mills of the neighbouring valleys, filling them with the whirl of the dripping wheel and the quick rattle of the shuttle. In the dark winter evenings, when the cottages could not be seen, but the glow of fire and candle shot out into the darkness, the valley looked as if it were lighted with a hundred torches.

Behind the cottage was a wood of tall beeches, which at this end of the valley stretched along, narrowing in its way until the lowering ridge of the hill met the upward sweep of the valley below, where they wandered on together in a broken, breezy upland that fell suddenly in a glorious sweeping range, with the valley of the Severn at its base. Below the cottage garden there was a little paddock sloping down to the mill-pond, in which there was grazing the cow that Georgy had gone to milk. There was a neat “skillen” in the corner of the field for the cow to rest in, and a little house, out of which a few fowls were marching with a stately tread. The cow seemed to know and, apparently, like her young master, for she suffered herself to be milked in the open field without strap or chain.

The mother gave one glance round at the glowing red that filled the valley, as if she never tired of enjoying the familiar scene, and went in to her work, ironing at a deal table, and every now and then clinking the iron against its rest. At one of these pauses she turned round and looked at the clock, saying to herself,—“It is past 6, and Walter must soon be here.” She looked as if she would be glad to welcome him home from work, and gave a scrutinizing glance at the kettle to see if it were ready to make tea for the boys. She was plainly happy with her two boys, and yet there was an habitual shade of sadness on her face.

“Widow Jenner,” as the neighbours called her, had lost her husband about four years before the day we are describing, and though the remembrance of him was as “ointment poured forth,” and her boys were very good to her, and, what with the cow and Walter’s work at the mill, they managed to earn a livelihood,—yet she often sighed for the familiar presence that was once the strength and joy of the house. These sorrows, however, she kept as much as possible to herself, and would not let them shade the young, bright life about her. She was always obliged to be busy, too, in caring for and training her children; and this is the best cure for a wounded spirit.

The mother had not to wait long for her second boy. He came, hands and face covered with the blue cloth dye, and proceeded to make himself clean for the evening. He looked about two years older than his brother, and had a rather more reserved expression of countenance.

“Georgy gone round with the milk, mother?” were his first words.

"Yes; but he will be in directly, and then we will have tea."

It seemed to-night the mother thought as if both the boys were unusually pleased, for though Walter did not make any such demonstrations as his brother, yet he had a satisfied air that bespoke some inward pleasure. At last the secret came out.

"Mother, the foreman has given four or five of us a holiday, and we are going over to the 'Woodhouse.'"

"When is it to be, Walter?"

"Next Thursday."

"Next Thursday,—why, that is the day that the school are going to Stinchcomb Hill, and Georgy is going with them."

The mother said this in a half perplexed tone, for she knew it would be impossible for both to be away at once,—at least, in the evening,—because the cow had to be milked, and the milk sold. It gave her pain to think that when her boys so rarely had a holiday, and attended to their work so faithfully, there should be any difficulty in the way of their both enjoying it. But it seemed impossible.

By-and-by Georgy came in, and gave his mother the money he had received for the milk, and all sat down to tea.

"We're all going to Stinchcomb Hill on Thursday, Walter!"

"And I'm going to the Woodhouse," replied Walter; "the foreman has given us a holiday, and we can't both be away."

This was a sad blow to poor Georgy; he only exclaimed,—“Oh, what can be done!”—and they sat awhile in silence. Presently, Walter exclaimed, with a rather half-ashamed air,—

"I'm the oldest, and I think you ought to let me go."

"I told mother first," said Georgy, "and it was all fixed before you came home."

"Well, I think it very hard that, when you do nothing but go to school, and I am at work all the week, you are not willing to let me have a holiday for once."

Nothing more was said that night, and the boys went to bed with the matter undecided. Poor Georgy dreamed of wagons and horses, and caps flying in the air, and taking tea under the great beech-tree; but the pleasure of the vision was stopped by his dreaming that some one seized hold of him just as he was getting into the wagon, and held him fast until the great red flag which the boys held in the middle of the wagon had disappeared from sight. The next morning both went to work as usual, and the mother revolved the matter, sorely perplexed.

Georgy came home as usual to dinner, for the school-house was a very short distance up the hill, across the valley.

"Georgy," said his mother, "I think you must let Walter go."

"Oh, mother, how can I? We shall never go again for a long time to come—perhaps never at all."

"Well, but think; Walter works hard all the week, and does not get so many holidays as you do; and, besides, you know you ought to try always and think of Walter's happiness before your own."

"What—*always*, mother?"

"Yes, always to make it the *rule of your life*."

George sat and mused with a sad, doleful face. He was naturally a kind-hearted boy, and would have done almost anything to please his brother or mother; but when it came to sacrificing his own happiness, it was another thing, and his young heart seemed hardly schooled to such discipline. Now, Stinchcomb Hill was a beautiful place to go to; George had been there once, and he cherished a lively recollection of it. The Severn wandered like a thread of light through the land, and widened gradually into the Bristol channel, bearing a hundred sails upon its glowing breast. All this passed in review in Georgy's mind, with the tea under the beech, and the games on the spacious upland; and the struggle was hard, indeed. Presently he went and rested his head on his mother's shoulder, and said,—

"Mother, I will let Walter go."

His mother gently kissed him, saying,—"*That's right; I know you will be happier in the end than if you went.*"

It was curious to mark Georgy's face afterwards; it would be wrong to say that it did not express disappointment, but there was a peaceful look beneath, like the morning sun behind a June mist.

In the evening Walter came home as usual, and Georgy gently stole up to him, and pinched his ear by way of introduction, and then half whispered,—

"Wally, I'll let you go, and I will stay at home and mind the work."

"No, no, no!" said Walter, half choking at the last negative; "I was wrong, Georgy; you shall go, and I will stay."

"Oh, but I have quite made up my mind, Walter,—I have, indeed, and I would much rather stay."

Ah! what a different strife now! This was the battle where victory was worth winning.

The mother interposed, and said,—"*Georgy and I have quite settled it, Walter, and you must go; you work hard for us all the year.*"

The mother added no word of rebuke to Walter for his selfishness in the first place. She knew that both had learnt the right lesson, though in different ways.

And so Walter went with his companions to the Woodhouse. It was a large enclosure,—half park, half forest; and he wandered through the thicket and open lawns with his companions. He kept thinking of Georgy. Though he was not unhappy, he did not feel exactly at rest; he knew he was really willing on the second day to give up his holiday, and that kept him from any bitter upbraidings; but he thought of his selfishness in the first dispute, and it was not a pleasant recollection. He made resolutions in the quiet of the wood that were of some use to him in after-life.

And Georgy staid at home. He watched from the cottage window the wagons start, and the cake put into the baskets, and packed with

the rattling crockeryware, all in picnic fashion. It must be confessed that when the horses started, and the boys gave a loud hurrah, Georgy's heart leaped for a moment, as if he must go with them; but it was soon over. He was not wanted at home all day, and his mother had planned a little excursion into the woods behind the cottage; so they started forth, George with his school-bag filled with sandwiches and bread and cheese; and he was happy, deeply happy, with a new strange joy. Whenever did the mill-pond glisten with so rich a sheen from the summer sun, or the shadows of the trees wave so softly on the green undergrass of the wood? Georgy long remembered that day.

He had another reward, too, the next morning, for when he went to school every one was inquiring why he was not there. Many a one had missed little Georgy Jenner's open, merry face, and many wondered if anything was the matter. He had no sooner got into the school-room than the master inquired from Georgy the reason of his absence, and so the secret came out. Now, the master was not a man of many words, yet every one paid attention when he did speak; and so, when he said, "Well done, my boy; I'm glad you staid away," before all the school, Georgy's happiness was complete.

The brothers from that time lived a happier life together. They were not unhappy before, but they learnt that day a little secret, that, like a living seed, brought forth many a beautiful blossom.

One or two sentences for my young readers to remember. The battle of life, of good with evil, is fought about *little things*. It is easy to admire unselfish kindness in books, but harder to practise it. Try from henceforth to do both.

F.

The Wood Spider.

(NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.)

WHILE wandering over the wooded hills of the Kleinemond River, with my net and portfolio in search of specimens, &c., I came suddenly upon a small recess, or opening in the forest. It was clothed in long waving grass; through the adjacent lofty branches a burst of sunshine had stolen in upon its centre, forming a glorious contrast to the surrounding shade.

"And in it there were *two* tall trees,
And o'er it blew the *ocean* breeze."

They stood apart from the trees of the forest near the centre of the grassy recess, and were conspicuous for the light colour of their stems, which was evidently produced by the presence of a minute species of moss or lichen, similar to that which whitens rocks in high localities

or mountainous regions. Suspended between the stems of the trees, was the light transparent net of a wood spider. I could scarcely distinguish its slender meshes in the bright sunshine; the spider was upon it at the time, busy with some repairs, or probably its presence would not have been suspected. It was one of those peculiarly formed species, which invariably excite our wonder and surprise, having a long process or horn projecting from the centre of its body, which to a casual observer would have appeared an incumbrance of no ordinary magnitude. At my approach the little creature seemed somewhat startled, so off it trotted, and seated itself upon its hiding place, the *bare stem of the tree*, where I soon perceived that its resemblance to a spider or anything that had life was no longer evident, for as it sat motionless, with the long projection from the centre, and its legs carefully folded beneath its body, it was a fac-simile of the knots of wood or protuberances upon the bark of the trees which it inhabited,—the long horn resembling the remains of a former twig or branchlet which had died and fallen away, leaving only its foot stalk to show where once it had been.

The colouring and pattern upon the spider, in every particular, resembled that of the moss-clad stems of the trees; upon its legs when folded was a minute round patch of white surrounded by brown, similar to the smaller patches of lichens which dotted the bark; in fact, the imitation was perfect—a small knot of wood with the remains of a broken twig upon it. For some time I stood near, admiring the beauty and simplicity of the contrivance. At length, to try the spider's faith in its concealment, I waved my hand ominously near, almost brushing it from off the stem where it sat. The spider, however, strong in the belief of its security, was not the least alarmed but remained immovable.

After leaving the forest and its quiet occupants, the idea occurred to me that perhaps the lichens that in a great measure covered the stems of the trees grew also upon the back of the spider, as barnacles do upon the creatures of the sea. This, however, was mere conjecture, for although I believe it possible, I do not think it probable. The wonderful and varied forms of spiders adapting themselves to every condition of life, even under the most adverse circumstances, is evident to all who have made nature their study. Obviously, the spider's form and colouring is a provision for the safety of a creature that has no wings to flee from its enemies, or other means of protecting itself; and it is one of the many of Nature's pretty little pieces of ingenuity, which will invariably strike a reflective mind, causing it at once to admire, wonder, and speculate,—a beautiful contrivance for the safety of a spider, a thing, apparently, of so little value. "That ugly spider!" is the usual exclamation,—an insect despised by nearly all, feared by many, and sought after by none. Nevertheless, who shall decide or condemn? Not we, who have made the study of God's works our pastime, for He "who marks the sparrow's fall," regards the spider likewise, and has set apart the work which is

allotted to it ; it has its "mission,"—for is not the spider one of those appointed to keep down the preponderance of insect life? one of the protectors of our herbage plants? Go unto the forest and watch its oft replenished net, and mark well the creatures that are snared therein, and learn a lesson, that without our friend, the "hideous spider," there would be a missing link in Nature's endless chain.

"Oh Lord, how wondrous are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

M. E. BARBER.

Tharfield, Kleinemond River.

Shipwrecked.

Days, weeks, and months,—how many have gone by
 Since wind and wave first cast me on this shore?
 What know I of that hour? A midnight sky,
 A burning ship, a many-voiced roar
 Of flame and wind and sea, and dying cries
 Of drowning men, boats overladen all—
 Spars drifting by where one with staring eyes
 Clings with a desperate fear, till like a pall
 Black horror closes o'er what seemed his bier ;
 He wakes ! to find himself alone, and here.

There lay the spar upon the beach, and I
 Beside it, when the morning sun arose
 And touched me into life ; but far or nigh
 No vestige of the ruined ship, or those
 Who late had trod her deck, a merry crew.
 I sought along the shore with eager gaze
 And paced with restless steps the island through—
 No living creature met me. When the blaze
 Of day was past I reached a palm-clad height,
 And a faint hope revived before the sight.

Far off I saw what looked a little cloud
 Resting upon the waters, but so still,
 So chanceless in its form, I cried aloud
 That it was land ; my cup so full of ill
 Had this one drop of comfort, that my friends
 Had not all perished in the stormy sea.
 Then to my heart fond hope a tremor sends—
 They have a boat, will they remember me !
 Alas how long is it since hope hath flown
 And left me with the mocking sea alone.

It mocks me with an everlasting roar,
That will not let me rest ; my fitful sleep
Is broken with the noise upon the shore
Of thunderous waves, that ever dash and leap
Upon the jagged rocks. The land is low,
And often in the night I think the sea
Is rushing onward like an angry foe,
To overwhelm the little isle and me ;
And starting to my feet in dim affright
I rush into the darkness of the night.

A little while, and then my wildered brain
Grows clear and steady, and again I try
In my rude hut some needful rest to gain ;
But through my dreams the sea beats constantly.
I hear the long swift stealthy wave that glides
Up the low beach, and then methinks I see
A horrid thing, long-limbed, with spotted sides
Like to a snake, which ere I turn to flee
Gathers me in its folds with hideous strain.
Shuddering I wake, afraid to sleep again.

Once—was it months ago or years ?—I thought
The world was full of blessing and of praise ;
The birds sang pœans, earth and air were fraught
With happiness, and I could daily raise
My heart to Heaven in humble gratitude.
'Tis easy to give thanks when one is blest.
I loved and was beloved, nor vainly sued :
She was my own. Oh Heaven ! her tender breast
Is torn with anguish ; since that fatal day
She mourns me dead, and weeps her life away.

'Twas my own joy that coloured all beside.
Now lonely and forsaken, I can see
The bitter truth : then, in my foolish pride,
Which might make angels laugh, if such there be,
I thought the world was made for men,—that they
Were half as gods, and should for ever live ;
And o'er their petty cares from day to day
God did Himself keep watch, and daily give
To each his mingled cup of good and ill,
And in his direst need was near him still.

Dreams all, and idle fancies ! As I lie
On this bare rock, the highest on the land,
And look up at the starry midnight sky,
All hope dies out at sight of that bright band.

There they roll on, great worlds so high and vast,
 Each in his course appointed. What am I
 In such a universe? An atom, cast
 By chance upon this desert isle to die,—
 Like broken sea-weed, which the waves in play
 Tear from its bed, and fling here to decay.

Blind Fate sweeps on relentless. What is man
 But a mere link in being! He is born,
 Lives on his little life, and, if he can,
 Finds him a heart to love, or dies forlorn,
 And passes out of sight for evermore,
 Helping to make the earth that was his home.
 So shall I, lying on this lonely shore,
 Mix slowly with the winds that o'er me roar,
 By God unnoticed, and by man unknown,—
 A useless waif, flung here to die alone.

What is this lying near me on the sand?
 A fragile purple shell, a lovely thing,
 So slight that should I seize it with a hand
 Too rude, 'twould be a wreck; the waves that fling
 A ship upon the rock in fragments small
 Have spared this tiny shell. Why should they spare?
 What power preserved it safe from dangers all,
 And painted it with tints so bright and rare?
 Was it but chance? I know not, but I know
 At sight of it my heart doth softer grow.

Hush! For methinks I hear the rush and sweep
 Of myriad wings; aye thitherward they fly.
 A flock of swallows; o'er the pathless deep
 Straight onward to their northern homes they hie.
 Oh, blessed creatures! they can find their way
 Back to their nests. "They fall not to the ground
 Without the Father; ye are more than they."
 One spake these words whom men as God have crowned:
 Can it be true? And doth the Father care
 For me more than the winged tribes of air?

Oh God! I thank Thee for these tears,—the first
 That I have shed since hither I was cast!
 Since I can weep I am not all accurst.
 Tears are not for despair; the bitter past
 May be forgotten, and I yet may stand
 In my dear home, with those I love around.

How they would press with eager voice and hand

To welcome back the lost, the newly-found !

And my sweet love ! How would her dear eyes tell

All that I long to hear, yet know so well.

This is the track,—this way the swallows flew,—

And home-bound ships may pass. Is that a bird,
White-winged and large, upon the waters blue ?

Onward it moves, its snowy pinions stirred
By the light winds. Forward it dips its breast.

Ah, now 'tis hidden by the rising sea ;

Again it sails majestic on the crest

Of a great wave. So large no bird could be.

My eyes grow dim, and all my senses fail :

This is no bird : it is, it *is* a sail !

Be still, my beating heart ! Let me not die

In sight of help. Still onward comes the boat,

Sent by some ship perchance, which passing by

Hath seen my signal from the palm tree float.

Aye, there with shortened sail she waits for me.

Lord ! when my faithless heart denied thy care,

This ship was sailing o'er the mighty sea

Unto my rescue. Lord, still with me bear !

Thou hast been mindful ; Thou dost bid me live ;

In mercy now my unbelief forgive.

W. G.

Graham's Town.

The Battle of Boomplaats, and what followed it.

PART III.

At the time of which we have been writing, 1848-49, the finances of the Orange River Sovereignty were at a low ebb—quite insufficient to cover the expenditure needed for its proper and efficient management, and there seemed to be little prospect of a very early equalization of income and outgoings. The chief and almost only income was that derived from land in the shape of quitrents, which, in order to pacify and satisfy the population, had been pitched very low. Very little was obtainable from traders' licences, there being but few resident dealers ; most of the traffic was carried on by itinerating traders from this Colony. Transfer dues were not leviable upon transactions in land to which no formal title existed, and stamps (a main source of income in civilized countries) had not found their way into what was then regarded as the wilds of the interior. Sir Harry had no Imperial purse to fall back upon, and the only possible way by which he could

carry on the affairs of the territory was by supplementing its income by means of loans, or advances, from this Colony. This process, we may be sure, was not over agreeable to the Government of the Colony, the members of which were supposed to have been not over friendly to the extension of British rule over the "vast interior waste." But besides this, the revenues of this Colony were in those days but small, and insufficient to meet the demands of our own people for public works and other needful improvements. Hence arose a constant pressure for the reduction of expenditure; and Sir Harry, instead of being able to carry out his plans to provide churches and schools and other public institutions to the extent to which he had led the people to hope for, found himself unable to maintain all he had started with. Major Warden was urged to push on the work of the Land Commissioners, and to issue certificates, in order to increase the amount of quitrent receivable; but the process was necessarily slow, and, after all, it required a large number of farms to do much for the revenue, with annual rents of only from 30s. to 60s.; and a reduction of expenditure was deemed to be an absolute necessity. It was probably not a very easy matter to select officers, or offices, for reduction in such a young community,—but it had to be done; and one of the offices selected was that of paid secretary to the High Commissioner. The office of High Commissioner was one of recent invention, commencing with Sir Henry Pottinger's Government, only about a couple of years before, and the salary of the secretary, during Sir H. Smith's time, had, for some reason or other, or for no reason, but for convenience, been charged against the Sovereignty.

The officer holding the appointment was provided for elsewhere, and the major portion of the duties were thereafter to be performed by the Governor's private secretary (without extra pay),—a thoroughly efficient and very excellent officer, but one who possessed no knowledge of the peculiarities of character of the natives of South Africa, or acquaintance with the people from whom reliable information respecting them could be obtained. This deficiency, however, was not thought much of, for all native matters were, as was supposed, in the most comfortable and satisfactory state. The Kafirs on and beyond our eastern border were as quiet and peaceably inclined as people could be. Much had been done for their benefit by their old friend, "Udemit" (Smith), and more was to be done. They had nothing to complain of—much to be grateful for; had suffered much in and from previous wars, and were not likely to try their hand at another. These were the arguments and views of high officials, and the views and opinions upon which, for a time, our native policy was based. We had at the head of affairs at King William's Town a military officer (Colonel Mackinnon), of tried ability, who, in the various staff appointments that he had held, had acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his superiors. He was a man of order, punctuality, and decision of character. His office was one in which order reigned supreme; a place for everything and everything in its

place,—every paper carefully folded, docketed, and in its place, tied up with red tape. Go in when you would, ask for what document you liked, he could put his hand on it at once. Reports from superintendents, from officers of the Kafir police, &c., &c., were all in their places, and all indicated quietude and peace. And as a natural consequence, his reports to the Governor breathed the same satisfactory assurances. He was new to the work ; he could neither speak nor understand the Kafir language, nor, indeed, the colonial “lingo,” by means of which Europeans, Kafirs, Hottentots, and others communicated with each other. There was always a sheet of foolscap between him and the people over whom he had been placed. He never moved about among them. What was the use ? He could not communicate with them except by means of an interpreter, or, may be, two interpreters,—one to turn Kafir into Dutch, and another Dutch into English. And besides, if he absented himself from office, who was there to fold, docket, and put papers in their places ? Our governors in those days were military men, who knew good staff officers from bad ones, and who, probably, believed that a good staff officer must be good at anything. Colonel Mackinnon had been an excellent staff officer ; *ergo*, he must be equally good as Chief Commissioner of British Kaffraria. He was, however, not perfect in that capacity ; he lacked the quality of being able to acquire an accurate knowledge of all that was going on around him ; he was unable to dip into the minds of the Kafir people : hence, while they were concocting and brewing mischief, he supposed all to be peace and prosperity.

Over the Orange River the surface of affairs was occasionally ruffled. The unsettled boundary was an open sore between the Basutos and the farmers, and among native populations Moshesh's claim to be “Chief Paramount” was a source of constant irritation. Messages passed to and fro between Moshesh and the other chiefs, which kept alive a feeling of insecurity, and indicated that Moshesh would, if a favourable opportunity occurred, establish his claim by force. Under these circumstances, Major Warden's position was not an enviable one. Urged from head-quarters to push on the work of the Land Commissions, to increase the revenues in every possible way, to keep down expenditure, and yet to satisfy the people, were tasks not easy of accomplishment. There would come reports from civil commissioners of resistance offered or threats uttered by Basutos towards the Land Commissioners and surveyors,—complaints by farmers of Basuto encroachments upon their farms,—counter-complaints by Basutos that the farmers were encroaching on them. And, as if these things were not enough to worry him to death, there was Adam Kok's grievance. The terms of the treaty between Adam and Sir Harry, entered into in the beginning of 1848, left room for the question whether Adam had made over to the British Crown all the alienable land described in his previous treaty with Sir P. Maitland, or only so much of it as was at the time of the treaty of 1848 in the actual

possession of our people. Adam held that he had not alienated the whole, and still had the right to dispose of all that had not been sold or leased by himself and people at the time of his treaty with Sir Harry. The High Commissioner held the opposite view, and maintained that he had, on behalf of the Crown, acquired the whole, in consideration of an annual fixed sum to be paid to Kok in lieu of a share of the quitrent; and Major Warden's proceedings were based upon this assumption, in spite of Kok's remonstrances and appeals. Kok's views were adopted by some persons of influence in his own country and in this Colony, who aided him in bringing his case under consideration of Her Majesty's Government; and much correspondence thereon ensued between the High Commissioner and the Secretary of State for the Colonies, which was made public in blue-books, as also were certain representations made on behalf of the Basutos, in which it was made to appear that by the boundaries that had been defined, those people were deprived of large extents of territory which they had occupied for several generations; and their hardships and heartburnings, should they be compelled to abandon their ancient villages, and move back "over the border," were depicted in strong terms, and Her Majesty's Government was urged not to permit such great injustice to be perpetrated. There were persons well acquainted with the Basuto people and country who maintained that these representations were not correct,—that, in fact, many of the villages were of but recent construction, and that the Basutos had been, and still were, pressing southward and westward, with the knowledge and connivance of Moshesh ever since his treaty with Sir Harry, in which it was agreed that our people should retain possession of the lands they then occupied. These representations and counter-representations gave to persons at a distance the idea that the land question was a mass of complications; and the published correspondence between the Secretary of State and the High Commissioner did not tend to impress the minds of the people of the Sovereignty with a belief that the arrangements of Sir Harry would be adhered to. A feeling got abroad among the Boers that the interests of the whites were once more to be sacrificed for the benefit of the blacks; and they began to look about them for a way to escape, before the lands they occupied were taken away from them and given back to the natives, or they were in some other way made to suffer, in order to pacify the friends of the "zwart schepsels." As a rule, the Boer saw but one way of escape, viz., to realize his land and clear out of the country while land was still worth something in the market; and when the Boer mind was once made up on such a subject, he usually sold his land for whatever he could get—*i.e.*, took the first substantial offer, without reference to what might be considered to be the real value. There was the vast interior (over the Vaal) before him, where land in abundance might be had without the payment of money, and land there was as valuable to him as land anywhere else; his wants were few, and most of them could be got out of the land, wherever situ-

ated. He cared not for the artificial wants of civilized life. True, the land over the Vaal did not belong to him or to his people, and was most of it in the occupation of natives; but some of the Boer element had located itself there,—had, in a way satisfactory to the Boer fraternity, acquired lands there, and was more competent to deal with the native question than the British Colonial Government was. Native laws, native customs, and native “rights” did not trouble them much in respect to land matters. They knew very well that the great law of the natives prohibited any individual, or number of individuals, from selling land; yet they hesitated not to purchase land from any one who would make his mark on a piece of paper-writing, professing to be a deed of sale of a slice of country, and thereafter to hold that that “deed of sale” was a good and valid document, by means of which their Government, or individual members of their community, had acquired a lawful and just title. When the Boers first crossed the Vaal River (as stated in a previous number), and drove out Moselikatse and his hordes, they got possession of a very extensive tract of country, which theretofore had been occupied by those treacherous and barbarous people; and as they moved forward they found it necessary, or deemed it proper, to make further clearings to secure peace and quiet. By these means, and by occasional purchases, they were always in a position to allot land to new comers; and as they desired to strengthen their position by adding to their numbers, new comers were heartily welcomed, and got grants of land without difficulty. When, therefore, the people of the Sovereignty began to feel themselves uncomfortable, it was natural for them to look to this “better land” for a future settlement, and they commenced to move thitherwards one after another as rapidly as they could dispose of the land they possessed in the older settlement. So soon as this discontent and desire to move became known abroad, that old bugbear of colonial Governors in general, and of the late Sir G. Cathcart in particular, the land-jobber, who had lain dormant for some time, got into renewed life and vigour, slid in among the discontented people, fanned the flame of their discontent, and purchased their farms by the score for a few hundred pounds sterling. Few of the settlers possessed formal title-deeds to the lands; some had certificates signed by the British Resident, by which their claims to a farm (with undefined limits) was admitted; but many had no document at all; still they sold, and the “jobber” bought the farms as occupied, leaving questions of boundaries and extents to future settlement by land commissioners and surveyors.

This change of proprietorship did not add to the comfort of the British Resident. The original Boer occupier was, as compared to the jobber, an easily-managed individual; he was content to remain without formal title until it suited the purpose of the Government to issue it, so long as no doubt existed that it ultimately would be issued. But the jobber required his title; he had purchased to sell again, and in some cases had borrowed the money to pay with, and

to him, therefore, the title-deeds were all-important ; and he was continually *at* the Government for his *papers*, and pressed for them with a tenacity such as “jobbers” only are supposed to exercise,—may be, to the discomfort of the local Government, and, we may imagine, also of the High Commissioner, who were doing all they could in the matter—as fast as they could with safety do it.

There was another evil connected with this change of proprietorship, and that was, that large tracts of the country were becoming unoccupied. The Boers had resided upon, and beneficially occupied, their farms ; but the jobber, in many instances, resided in this Colony, and his ten or twelve farms were left to look after themselves. This, added to the discontent of the still remaining farmers, or many of them, with what they regarded as our vacillating policy towards the natives, tended to weaken the local Government in the eyes of the natives, and emboldened the Basutos, particularly, to press in over the lines of demarcation, and settle down upon any unoccupied land they could find. The Governor was urged at this time to go down himself, and explain matters, but did not do so ; he probably had his time too fully occupied here. He had been seriously ill for many weeks ; and had there not been the troubles consequent on the attempt to convert the Colony into a penal settlement ?—and, besides, notwithstanding the perfection in which Colonel Mackinnon’s office and papers were kept, and the peaceable nature of his reports, there was a cry raised in the East that a cloud was gathering there which portended a storm. For a long time this cloud was not visible in the West. No telescope could be found there sufficiently powerful to detect it—not even from the top of Table Mountain, much less from under its shadow, although in the East it was alleged to be distinctly visible to the naked eye. The Easterns could see plainly, they said, that the Kafirs were preparing for once more waging war upon us ; their depredations upon the Colony were more frequent, more extensive, and more daring than they usually were in times of peace ; and these, with other internal indications, satisfied the Eastern people that a storm was coming on. The Governor, not being able to see the cloud from Government-house, went himself down to the East for the purpose of examining it ; but even there it was not visible to him, neither was it to his deputy, the Chief Commissioner, and they pronounced it to be a delusion, caused by defective or jaundiced vision. The Governor returned to Cape Town ; but was not long there before the cloud had expanded itself sufficiently to be clearly seen from his country residence at Rondebosch, and he hastened back to the East to endeavour to disperse it, or to lessen its injurious effects if it must burst upon the country.

When the Governor arrived at King William’s Town he found the state of affairs very critical ; but he hoped to nip them in the bud by a rapid and bold movement.

Sandilli, the then young head of the clan Gaika, was alleged to be the prime concoctor of the treachery. He was first summoned to

appear before the Governor to account for his sins, but disobeyed the injunction, and an expedition was planned with a view to his apprehension. We had at that time in our service a semi-military force, denominated the "Kafir Police," composed of Kafirs belonging to the several native tribes on our immediate frontier, and officered chiefly by young frontier men. Somehow or other—no one can, perhaps, tell exactly why—we had formed the very extraordinary opinion that this force was to be implicitly relied upon, and that in any conflict between us and their own people they would take part with us. Acting upon this assumption, these men were taken into our confidence, and made fully aware of the intended expedition against Sandilli,—the time when it was to be, the route by which it was to proceed, and the object aimed at. To reach Sandilli's kraal, it was necessary to traverse a difficult and dangerous country along the valley of the Keiskamma River; and the expedition had no sooner got into this than they found themselves suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by a formidable body of Kafirs placed in ambush, awaiting their arrival. Open hostilities at once commenced; our confidants of the Kafir Police deserted their colours, and joined the enemy, carrying their arms and a plentiful supply of ammunition with them; and thus began the "Kafir war" of 1850-1-2-3.

A Stroll with the Camera.

BY J. E. SEAMAN, M.D.

"VUKA NUSASA!"—"Yes!" replied the "intelligent Zulu," in response to my injunction that he should rise early, which I had endeavoured to convey to him in the vernacular of his country. It was from the circumstance, probably, that my pronunciation was defective, or that my native servitor deemed his acquaintance with English superior to my knowledge of Zulu, that he adopted the above rejoinder. I might, indeed, have suspected some latent satire in that affirmative, but the placid vacancy of his countenance was altogether reassuring. There was not a wink in his eye, or a curve in his face, and I felt—in the absence of certain copper-coloured damsels, for whose society John has an undoubted weakness—he was utterly unequal to the perpetration of a joke. For some time previously he had been employed to carry a camera and other photographic requisites on sundry expeditions undertaken before breakfast, and latterly had become reconciled to a task which for several months he had evaded on every possible occasion. It was *umtagati* (no good), he had confidentially affirmed to his *confrères* of the stable. He seemed impressed with the belief that the camera possessed occult properties of its own—that it was a diabolical invention, reasonably under the control of the white man, but to be

regarded by the native mind with suspicion and distrust. Matters had, indeed, been brought to an alarming crisis by another circumstance. In order to disabuse my dusky *aide* of the fears he entertained, I had on one occasion, when the camera was duly arranged, induced him to look at the focussing glass, on which the inverted landscape—a roadside view—was depicted. For some seconds he regarded the image with rapt attention, when, unfortunately for my experiment, a Kafir, at that moment crossing the road, obtruded himself within the line of focus. To see one of his brethren thus reduced to the dimensions of a beetle, and proceeding leisurely upon his head, was more, apparently, than Kafir flesh and blood could stand. With a howl of dismay, and an agonized "*Weu!*" John turned and fled, and for several days we missed him from his ordinary avocations. At the end of that time he emerged from retirement, and resumed his work. Latterly, he might be said to have "made things pleasant" with the camera. He still regarded it with an eye askance and lifted it in a highly gingerly manner when the necessity obliged him; but, instead of evincing timidity or apprehension, a studious politeness now characterized all his relations with the instrument in question.

It certainly cannot be said of Natal, "the rain, it raineth every day;" but with respect to the "winds that blow," there is seldom any lack of such aerial contingencies; and however agreeable these punkah-like demonstrations undoubtedly are in a warm climate, to the landscape photographer they are the reverse of pleasing. Essential to the accurate delineation of foliage by the photographer's art is calm, clear weather, and that "still life," when

"Ev'ry pendant leaflet hangs
Unruffled by the breeze."

But, in place of this desirable repose, a perpetual dance of St. Vitus seems the natural condition of foliage in Natal. There are exceptions, however, to every rule; and if the breezes of the country are to be ever "caught napping," it is in the early morning only. With no small gratification, therefore, I find a clear, bright dawn, with scarcely an indication of approaching wind, awaiting us. Some dry plates, prepared beforehand by the process of M. Deleseret, are quickly packed; and handing the camera to the compliant John, who receives it with much *empressement*, I hoist on my own shoulders the stand, and we proceed on our way. This latter article, which has been described by its maker as the "new patent self-acting tripod camera-stand," has an unpleasant method of illustrating its principles by suddenly collapsing when least expected, or remaining extended like a perverse umbrella, and refusing to be closed. The sun, rising brightly in the clear morning sky, lights up the fresh green landscape; still lagoon and picturesque hill-side are throwing off the mists which have been shrouding them, and all nature seems starting into life; birds flit rapidly from bush to bush, filling the air with their shrill or

plaintive notes ; whilst on the broad grass, yet spangled with the dew, the newly-emerged butterfly may be seen expanding its wings for a preparatory flight. On our way groups of Kafirs meet us, whose curiosity is at once aroused by John and his *impedimenta*.

There is no greater gossip in the world than your Kafir. With a Gamp-like facility he seizes the opportunity for a *buluma* (talk) whenever a chance presents itself. Snuff and other amenities are exchanged, and, as they squat in a circle, the conversation never flags, until, perhaps, an irate master suddenly dashes in, and disperses the assemblage. Interruptions of this nature are not unfrequent on the road. "*Weu! Weu!*" exclaim group after group of coloured pedestrians as the camera and John draw near. With an air in which dignity and consideration are combined, the latter invariably stops, and deposits the apparatus on the ground. The Kafirs cautiously gather round, eyeing it much as a naturalist would some newly-discovered animal of ferocious instincts. John, however, is equal to the occasion, and, in a superior manner, appears to reassure them. They glance at him admiringly, and ejaculate "*Weu!*" Explanations of a doubtless remarkable character are then entered upon, snuff is liberally handed round, and, after several minutes have elapsed, this interesting *séance* is brought to a conclusion, the departing strangers, as they retire, expressing their astonishment by "*Weu mam!*"—which may be freely translated as "Good gracious!"

A mile or so of our journey having at last been accomplished, we enter the bush, and descend a narrow and devious cutting in the hill-side, leading to the river, our intended scene of operations. It would be difficult to find a fairer study than the one before us. At our feet runs a rapid stream, leaping noisily over the grey old boulders which intersect its course. At one spot the boulders are clustered in a cairn-like group, and from their midst emerges a tree fern, round the base of which a number of aquatic plants have gathered. On either bank the fan-like strelitzia and wild palm overhang the current with their graceful leaves, whilst the dense foliage of the adjacent bush forms a charming background to the whole. To arrange the camera and focus for this harmonious *mélange*—a picture in which river, rock, and foliage blend—is the work of a few minutes ; and then, as animal life always adds materially to the interest of a view, I determine to introduce John, whose dusky skin will serve to tone down certain bright patches in the foreground. He has so often "sat" before that one may almost regard him as a species of lay figure—an impression which the habitual severity of his *pose* would encourage. On these occasions his features exhibit all the cheerfulness of a patient about to submit to a surgical operation. Any approach to mirth, or the hysterical simper which afflicts young people in the studio of the professional photographer, is unknown in my experience with him. It is with no little amazement, therefore, that I observe, whilst in the act of focussing, a broad grin manifest itself on his usually impassive countenance. It is not a mere smile or complacent smirk, but

an expansive, unmistakable grin, of so prolonged a character as to suggest the realization of Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit*. To account for so striking a change, it is obvious there must be an immediate cause, and in the space of a few seconds the mystery is unravelled. Tripping lightly through the bush, with calabashes on their heads, come some half-dozen Kafir girls, under the escort of an ancient and sour-visaged *umfazi* (dame). They pass down into the open, and then stop, staring curiously at us, their interest seeming equally divided between the camera, myself, and the recumbent figure of John. The presence of so much fascination is evidently too much for the latter; his head commences to gyrate, his eyes twinkle, and a noise like that of a suppressed chuckle proceeds audibly from his lips. Under these circumstances, the only course to be adopted is to wait patiently until the curiosity of our visitors is allayed, and the interruption at an end. Incessant is the clamour of these inquiring damsels, and it necessitates a corresponding energy of gesticulation, grimacing, and even capering on the part of John to satisfy all the questions he is assailed with. During this interval the *umfazi* stands aloof, regarding me with an expression of fierce hostility, and evidently viewing the entire proceeding with distrust.

"*Wenamile na?*" (Are you satisfied?) roars the distracted John.

"*Si nga bona,*" (We must see) shriek the girls in chorus.

In a short time the conversation enters apparently upon a new phase, and frequent allusions are made to the *inkosi* (master), as they glance in my direction. At last, John, whose mirth has now reached a climax, advances, and with some difficulty speaks. "Make gals' faces,—stand on head,—gals keep so! '*Mushli intombi!*'" (Nice girls!) I gather from this ingenious explanation that the ladies in question are willing to be photographed, or, as he expresses it, alluding to the inverted image, "stand on head" in the camera. The chance of getting so much character into a picture is not to be despised, and whilst John acts as master of the ceremonies, and places the figures in a group, I secure the requisite sharpness with the lens. The *umfazi*, who appears to regard the camera as a description of fire-arm, no sooner sees it levelled in her direction than she beats a precipitate retreat, howling dismally at the impending fate of the rash *intombis*, thus left to the machinations of the white man. At last everything is ready, and the plate exposed. The only person guilty of an indiscretion is John, whose eyes are not under their habitual control, and evince a tendency to wander. When the slide is closed, and the operation over, my sitters seem in a measure chagrined that so little of the wonderful has been forthcoming. As a recompense for their disappointment, each one is gratified with a peep at the focussing glass, on which the inverted landscape is displayed. As they have thus the opportunity of seeing John with his head where they would naturally expect his heels, the sight is sufficiently sensational to be interesting, and sends them in a happy state of bewilderment to their kraal.

We are now preparing to return, when a confused murmur steals through the bush, the tree-tops gently undulate, and before another minute has elapsed the wind in boisterous gusts sweeps down the ravine, and precludes all further chance of out-door photography for the present. It matters little ; for if the development of the negative is but moderately successful, our early stroll will not have been in vain, and the result will at least be characteristic of the country.

A Trip per "Transport."

A WEEK waiting for the Transport wagon in an up-country village, after circuit and its excitement were over, and the village aforesaid had just relapsed into a state of quiescence as suddenly as it had quickly burst into a fitful animation : what a weary week it was ! To make matters worse, the all-expected wagon would *not* come up to time. It had the agreeable faculty—according to the compassionately-given information of the Job-like comforter who had the privilege of being the "local agent"—of turning up hurriedly "*somewhere* after midnight, sir ;" of course, just in those small hours, "when"—I instinctively felt what was coming, after that demon smile of his—"repose is *so* refreshing, sir, arousing intending passengers from the very depth of their somnolence, and rushing away with a fierce unrelentlessness, which shows less mercy, sir, than even the most uncharitable of all other conveyances, Her Majesty's post-cart." Seven nights had tranquil slumbers been disturbed with visions of a Transport wagon in every conceivable variety of form and place,—now rushing along the still Karoo with railway speed, then tearing madly down some steep mountain-pass, bowling at length over a fearful precipice into darkest of abysses below. It was just—how vividly I recollect it !—when my sleep-imagination had deposited a freight-load of deceased diamondiferous diggers at the bottom of a kloof, surrounded by the million fragments of what once had been a Transport wagon, and when, as the solitary survivor, I had determined to write a volume of warning to the Company on the subject,—that I was rudely jostled into wakefulness ; and before I well knew where or what it was, found myself *uncomfortably* seated in the back of the wagon, in close companionship with the guard, and away from all the rest of the inmates. Away we went, dashing along the main street of the village at the rate of eight miles an hour, amidst the loud hurrahs of a dozen excited passengers, wild in their enthusiasm with the really noble team which bore us so rapidly along. For it was the cute device, as I afterwards often painfully found, to put in the best teams at the entrance to and exit from the village, leaving the intermediate stages to be done by occasionally the most nondescript kind of cattle. Hence the huzzahs.

It certainly isn't my intention to add one word to the well-worn description of the route to the Fields ; but merely to sketch slightly what I suppose may be taken as an average specimen of a wagon-load of diggers bound to Eldorado, and noting the strange variety of character which one already begins to find thrown together in our Transport wagons. The *bête noir* of the South African traveller has too long been the lack of life along the road, and the monotonous description of its *voyageurs*. The Diamond-fields have fortunately done away with all this, and put journeying in a new and lively phase. As we rattled along an hour in the darkness one was left to gather the character of his fellow-travellers from their chattering conversation until daylight showed exactly who and what they were, and enabled you to spend an hour or two quietly in the study of their respective characters before mixing up with their merriment. The fact that I was the custodian of some thousands of pounds of bank notes, which in a weak moment I had rashly undertaken to carry from a branch colonial bank to its head centre at Klipdrift, made me even more than usually anxious to diagnose the motley group from their varied physogs. And what a variety there was ! A cute, shrewd-looking young Yankee, all the way from "Californy, sir—ee," cheek by jowl with a hurly-burly Australian gold-digger ; a pale-faced Cockney next to a red-headed stationer's clerk from Manchester ; the youngest son of a Worcestershire curate next to a phlegmatic German, who covered himself and us with an incessant cloud of smoke ; a lively Parisian next to a smart young farmer from the neighbourhood of Eerste River ; and sundry other minor characters who made no impression on one for good or bad. Say, was not this a motley group, indeed, bound to Golconda from almost the four quarters of the globe ? It took some days to learn from each in turn the story of his migration to the wilds of Africa ; but I will at once introduce them. The Cockney—Smith, by the way, *was* his veritable name—chanced to come from a coal-mine in the provinces in which he had an interest, to listen once again for a while to the sweet sounds of Bow Bells, and breathe again the pleasures of "city life" in Cockaigne, when his attention was attracted by the announcement in the *Times* of the discovery of the 88-carat Star of Beaufort. The Cape steamer was to leave next day ; and inflated with visions of Sinbad diamonds, he secured his passage at once and was off, without communicating with a friend until his arrival at Madeira. His ceaseless hobby was to hunt for coal as we sped along the Karoo, but I am afraid no success attended him. A real live Dopper boer, with his broad-brimmed hat, was the subject of his especial wonder, and that shaking of the hand which is the readiest passport to the hearts of the boer *familie*, was his intense horror and disgust. The auburn-headed stationer was a companion he had picked up on the passage out, and was about, at least for rough South African experiences, as great an innocent as himself. Not so the next couple, the Yankee and the Australian. Side by side, they were

as unlike as possible in physique and character. The former was a spare, slim, active, well-formed man of medium height, brimful of caustic conversation and humour, gathering in everything around him at a glance,—the character of the country, the nature and habits of its people ; nothing escaped his piercing, restless grey eye. And shrewdly correct he was in his "guesses ;" as a traveller, perfect in his ready adaptability to whatever befel him, and as good a commissariat officer as the most experienced colonial could desire. He had served as a private through the whole of the American war, and gave us several striking proofs along the road of his full ability to forage and ravage the surrounding country, like another Hans Breitmänn, for supplies, when more legitimate resources failed. One instance of this displayed the most consummate coolness of perpetration on the part of "California," as he was christened for the *route*. We were crossing a river just where it took an ugly bend round a hill, when pop ! pop ! pop ! from the Yankee's neat little revolver (which he had an unpleasant habit of carrying loaded in his coat-pocket) put a summary end to the existence of a brace of tame ducks, the property of a farmer who stood in the front-door of his house on the opposite side of the river, vociferating and gesticulating violently at this shameful inroad on his rights. Remonstrances were all unheeded ; out sprang the Yankee, secured his ill-gained prize, reached the opposite bank, and sauntered along, skinning his trophies with the nonchalance of a freebooter. Whether by way of penalty or not, I cannot say, but immediately after, our cumbrous wagon stuck in the very middle of the river. The naturally disgusted farmer stood smiling at us in our misery. There was no help for it but to strip, and send "every man to the wheel," to extricate ourselves from our uncomfortable position. "Bismarck" and "Melbourne," the Transport-wagon *cognomina* of the German and the Australian, growled immensely, but worked like heroes. We soon overtook the Yankee, who had pursued his peregrinations wholly unmindful of us and our misfortune. He had skinned and cleaned his birds—had suspended them in their tempting purity from a stick which he jauntily carried on his shoulder, trudging along *a la militaire Americaine* to the famous air of "Glory, glory, Hallelujah !" He resumed his seat as if nothing in the world had happened, much to the disgust though of Bismarck in particular, whose teeth still chattered from his chilly and enforced ablutions. "Gott in Himmel !" he growled, "ich de farmer dere : r—r—rifle ! (putting himself in attitude, with the imaginary barrel in the direction of the unconcerned American) bom ! bom ! schiet !" An invitation to partake of the duck at the next out-span was the only reply, but it was refused with an intense look of disgust. And I am bound to add that when those dainty ducks were served up in savorly style at our next halting, honest Bismarck was true to his resolve, and dined off a crust of black bread. The Yankee's life had been as versatile as that of most of his countrymen. He had been a Californian gold-digger for some years, but

last hailed from Chicago, the City of the West, whose beauties he never tired of describing. I have often imagined the interest with which in his tent on the far-off Vaal he must have since perused the sad story of the destruction of his ideal city, and the nobler story of its Phoenix-like return. There, since the conclusion of the war, he had served as a post-office clerk; and on hearing of the discovery of South African diamonds, having no more direct means of coming out, took steam-boat for London and the mail to the Cape. The lively recitals of gold-life experience between him and the Australian brightened up many a languid hour along the road.

"Melbourne" was a perfect type of his class. Like most of the Australian diggers on the Fields, he was tall, well-proportioned, muscular, sun-burnt, and with such a manifold experience as twenty-five years at the gold-fields imparts. A good-humoured, large-hearted fellow he was into the bargain, with a thorough love for colonial life and its ruffeting and buffeting. Detained by a river for the night, how readily he set to work with pick and spade, to throw up a huge semi-circular mound of sand and branches in alternate layers, under the welcome cover of which there was room for all who wished. And then, despising alike the miserable shelter of a neighbouring hut and such better ease as a capacious wagon could give, how he doubled himself up in his blanket, and while the tender Parisian was cursing his fate and thinking of the Boulevards, he slept like a top upon the ground till dawn of day. Less communicative as to his past history, it was some time before I could worm it out. Well connected (I have, for curiosity, verified his statements since by references), he ran away from home when quite a boy, on the first discovery of the Australian fields. Penniless when he landed—he accumulated and lost two golden fortunes, with the waywardness of his class. Another competency earned, he revisited the scenes of his youth; but after his long colonial experience found European manners irksome to the flesh, and was about to return to Australia when the news of the diamond and gold-fields here reached England. His spirit yearned for fresh fields and pastures new. So out he came. "My friends," said the bluff fellow, "couldn't understand my leaving home again; but when they found I was bent on it, determined to give me a grand farewell, and invited all hands to a huge spread in the old hall. When they came to propose my health and wish me more luck abroad, I stood up and thanked 'em. 'I thank you heartily, my old friends,' I said, 'I have enjoyed myself tip-top, I assure you. But this ain't nature to my liking: so I invite you all to a picnic in the woods in our old Australian style.' And then I took them all out, from the gray-haired old folks, God bless them! right down to sister Clara's little one, right under the fine old spreading trees and gave them a colonial feed, the like of which they all said they had never known before."

"Isn't it true, Tom?" said he, turning to the curate's son, a frolicking lad of sixteen. Tom assented, full of recollection. "Your

son, I suppose?" I said. "My son! no; hah! hah! too good that for a foolish old bachelor like me! No, sir; his father's the curate of our parish, d'ye see. Tom is the youngest of fourteen, bless you; and when I came out I said I'd bring the boy along with me, and make a man of him before he got back to Worcestershire. The parson said, All right; but it was a stiff job to get over his old mother, I can tell you. But she trusted me at last. And the old Australian will keep his promise to the old folks at home; won't he, Tom?" But poor Tom said nothing. The tears coursing down the poor boy's face showed how far away his heart at that moment was. If he could have gone back with a bound, he would have done it,—much as he was charmed with the novelty of his new life, and much as he loved his new guardian. "Never mind, my boy," said the hearty old fellow when he saw he had touched a tender chord, "we'll make our fortunes up there soon: the diamond isn't made yet that can hide away from my Ballarat pick: and we'll go halves, so we shall, Tom." Flinging his arm round the lad's neck, he shook him by his hand and gave him a rough caress, which half compensated for the warmth of a mother's tender love. I knew that that boy would be as well cared for on the rough fields as under his father's roof.

And so, having sketched slightly the principal characters around me, our wagon rolled on from day to day, from night to night, until we were within an hour from the Fields. The excitement which then prevailed was so intense as to baffle description. The old Australian, with all his experience of twenty-five years' similar life at his back, moved uneasily; the Californian twitched about and chewed more vigorously, though silently; the Cockney grew paler if possible, and the Manchester man still more auburn than before, if that were possible either; the Frenchman pulled nervously at his *cigarette* and uttered no more *bon mots*. Indeed, we were similarly affected all round, each according to his temperament: save and except the German, who, true to his nature, smoked in calmness with the imperturbable gravity of a Bismarck. What we saw when the Fields in their glory burst upon us one fair moonlight eve, it is beyond my province to describe. My fellow-passengers are my only theme. Most of us spent the best part of that beautiful moonlight night in examining the claims. We met again at breakfast next day. The Californian's lower jaw had fallen considerably. The Australian, too, was more sombre than his wont. For the picture they had witnessed on the banks of the Vaal—that scene of restless turmoil and ceaseless enterprise and energy from dawn to dusk—had somewhat damped even the ardour of an old Australian and Californian. Next day their better spirits returned, and the whole *troupe* went to an out-camp, where, when I visited them a week later, they were washing and sorting for diamonds as if their very lives depended on every bucketful of stuff.

The Elixir.

Annette was a maiden of beauty and grace,
 Her mirror declared that such was the case ;
 Mamma was convinced that the mirror was right,
 As she daily affirmed to her daughter's delight.

What a pity her lot in the country was cast !
 That exquisite toilet and elegant air
 Were lost on the louts who surrounded her there.

Who so happy as she when the day came at last,
 That took her away
 To the city so gay,
 And gave her a chance all her charms to display ?
 There connoisseurs saw and approved of her too,
 And encouraged Annette to make her *début*.

On her first introduction, the maiden was shy ;
 Her cheeks hot with blushes and downcast her eye,
 She sat without speaking ; but 'twas not for long,—
 She heaved a few sighs and then found her tongue.
 At the concert next week she was easy and free,
 And talked without end when invited to tea ;

 All the dandies around
 Unexpectedly found,
 That the girl from the country they thought just to wheedle
 Had an eye like a hawk and a tongue like a needle.
 She made fun of the fanciful costumes they wore,
 Their eye-glasses, rings, and I know not what more ;
 Not one of these foppish young fellows came near,
 But she sent him away with a flea in his ear,
 So keen was her wit,
 So hard did she hit,
 That the boldest gallant went off in a fit ;
 The satellites, charmed for a while by her face,
 Sidled out of her orbit and vanished in space.

The third winter season came round, and Annette
 Had ceased to be looked on as such a coquette ;
 Adorers she had, not so young as before,
 Staid, elderly gentlemen, more than a score ;
 All men well-to-do, full of money and mettle,
 Who wanted a wife and were anxious to settle.

Annette had learned wisdom enough to abstain
 From the sallies of wit which inflicted such pain ;
 Though urged by a friend,
 Who hoped to ascend
 The throne when her reign should be brought to an end,
 She was careful her quizzing no more should offend.

She took now to thinking, and passed in review
Their claims and demerits who ventured to sue
For the hand still denied
To all lovers who sighed.

Mr. A. was too dumpy ; Mr. B. tall and skinny ;
Mr. C. had a squint ; Mr. D. was a ninny.
She ran through them all from A on to Z,
And none of the lot would she venture to wed ;
Not one—yes, she would—J. would suit her quite well ;
Next day it was K.,—the day after 'twas L.

Yes, L. it shall be, but——“ Mr. L., don't be flurried,
There's time enough yet, and I will not be hurried.”
The alphabet through to the end of the list,
Vowels, consonants, all, everyone was dismissed.

* * * * *

When she reached fifty-five, Annette's chances were small,
She would gladly embrace any offer at all ;
It was told as a fact she had made up her mind
To marry her footman—or else was inclined
As a sister of mercy to end her career :
But neither was right, as it soon will appear.

At this crisis from Yemen in Araby came

A man of great fame,
Alhami his name,

A physician so skilful in every disease,
His prescriptions afforded immediate ease ;
What was matter with each he knew at a glance ;
He emptied the hospitals, made cripples dance ;
If beauty were lacking, to those who could pay
Esculapius always had something to say ;
Cosmetics he had for the swarthiest skin,
For such as small-pox made as ugly as sin ;
Rub the baldest of pates with pomade from his box,
And Absalom never could boast finer locks.

But what raised his name
To the tiptop of fame,

He from marrow of grasshoppers* knew to prepare
A wondrous elixir, so potent and rare,

That a man with gray hairs,
Bent with age and with cares,

A few drops of this being laid on his tongue,
Would go off to sleep, wake—and find himself young !
All the way from Arabia no man could buy
This precious elixir—its price was so high.
Annette when she heard of it took up her things,
Her necklaces, bracelets, and brooches and rings,
Went straight to her “uncle's,” and found him so kind,
She'd no trouble whatever in raising the wind ;
Then called on Alhami and paid down her money
For the essence so rare (to be taken in honey).

* Believed to live on dew and renew their youth periodically.

She lost not a moment ; the sun had scarce set
 When she said to Francina,—“ Now put me to bed !
 Quick ! On with my night-dress ! Those horrid old clothes,
 Away with them—do with them just what you choose !
 Come in when it's light, I'll not need you before :—
 Now give me the drops—just eleven—no more !
 You must make it a spoonful—do mix it precisely :—
 There ! thank you, Francina, you've done for me nicely !”

She swallowed the mixture and dropped off to sleep ;
 The maid was inquisitive, longing to peep,
 But her mistress forbade her so strictly to watch her,
 She'd never forgive if she happened to catch her.
 Not a wink could she get, for she sat up all night,
 In her own little chamber, awaiting the light ;
 To hear the clock strike was the only variety,
 As she sat all those hours a prey to anxiety.
 Some little relief, it is true, she did find
 As she turned the thing over again in her mind,
 And pictured her mistress to beauty restored,
 By suitors surrounded, by lovers adored ;
 Her services then will be amply repaid,
 There'll be gifts without end for Francina the maid.

The long night is past,
 The day breaks at last,
 To the bedside on tiptoe she ventures to creep,
 And have just one peep
 At her mistress asleep.

What is it she sees that she starts in affright ?
 What is it she sees in the dim morning light ?
 Her eyes are just ready to bolt from her head,
 She lifts up both hands—there's a baby in bed !
 In the bed where she tucked in her mistress last night,
 It lies cooing and crowing and watching the light ;
 Its soft rounded limbs and blue eyes take the place
 Of the long scraggy form and the old wrinkled face.
 Cina's taken aback, for she sees at a glance
 That for her there's no longer the ghost of a chance ;
 Farewell to her place and her hopes of a purse !
 —Instead of a lady's-maid, *wanted a nurse !*

The bottle was labelled—“ Take drops just eleven ;”
 The spoonful contained somewhat more, say twice seven.
 Of a nostrum like this a drop is a drop :
 Whoever compounds it must know when to stop.
 The old lady wished to be forty years younger,—
 The dose made the term about fifteen years longer ;
 The consequence was, to her own great surprise,
 As a baby that morning she opened her eyes !

Here our story might end ; but I'd better relate
 How it fared with Annette, and what was her fate.

Made an infant again by this potent elixir,
 A nurse was engaged to feed and to fix her.
 The nurse and the governess did well their duty ;
 Annette, as of old, was renowned for her beauty ;
 She'd scarce entered her teens, was a long way from twenty,
 When, allured by her charms—of admirers she'd plenty—
 One offered his hand—it was all he had got ;
 She snatched at the bait, and he turned out a sot.
 So sadly at last closed this lady's career,—
 She died broken-hearted in less than a year.
 Young ladies !—the moral is pointed enough ;
 I've told you my story, and that's *quantum suff*.

—After A. C. W. STARING.

The Copper Mines of Namaqualand.

THE aspect of Port Nolloth, as viewed from the sea, is not inviting. Iron-roofed buildings are seen nestling between mounds of drifting sand ; huge piles of what afterwards proves to be copper ore stand prominently forth, as though asserting their importance. When the ship is anchored, and the ugly rollers that break over the "bar" are safely passed, the bay is reached,—not a very extensive one, but still not to be despised on a coast having so little shelter for vessels as the African.

A noticeable feature at Port Nolloth, and one shared by most small towns on the sea-board, is the superabundance of flag-staffs. Every house has at least one, and some staffs have no corresponding house. Perhaps the staff is erected as a preliminary step. On the arrival of a vessel, anything that will float is sent aloft, from a red handkerchief to a union-jack.

On landing it is observable that the port has its improvement schemes, as well as older places. There is the jetty, which, when completed, will be a great convenience for loading and discharging ships. Down the jetty the miniature railway runs, so that the ore may be brought from Annenous and run alongside boats or small vessels, into which it can be discharged direct,—a great improvement on the existing method of shipping copper. At present, copper ore is brought down by the trucks in bags of about one hundred-weight each ; these are placed in stacks larger than hay stacks. When ore is to be shipped, one gang of coolies carry the ore to the beach, while another gang wade out to the boat, each man carrying a bag.

Copper is shipped in different stages of treatment. There are lumps of raw sulphurets, as broken out of the mine, various classes of dressed ore, regulus, and pure red copper.

As soon as the luggage boat has its complement, sail is set, and after crossing the "bar" the boat runs alongside the ship, into which

the copper is discharged. Large vessels ride at anchor outside, but smaller ones cross the "bar," and anchor in the bay.

This bay is partly formed by a small rocky island, and partly by its continuation under water. The rock forming the island and shore consists of grey micaceous sandstone, of a useful description for building or flagging. This sandstone is traversed in places by large quartz veins, and at the distance of a few miles from Port Nolloth, copper ore occurs, but has received little attention. On the right, as we land, is the Custom-house; behind this the stores, &c., belonging to the Cape Copper Mining Company; and at the back of all, the workshops and engine shed connected with the railway. To the left are stores and private dwelling-houses. There are numerous balks and planks lying about; and if you have any pity for your poor feet, walk along shore in preference to the deep loose sand. Of course, there is an "oldest inhabitant" here, one, too, whose portly figure speaks well for the health of the locality. The energetic superintendent of the railway also resides here. Copper is the foundation on which the settlement is built, and on the development of this industry its stability and growth depend.

Having glanced hastily at the port, we will take our seats in the trucks for Annenous. Close to the bay the moving sands give trouble by covering the rails continually, necessitating constant attention. Our engine, the "John King," is quite a pigmy. The gauge is a very narrow one—two feet six inches. The engine, trucks, and speed of course correspond. Small, however, and slow as it is, the advantages it possesses over the old plan of transporting the ore through the heavy toilsome sand in wagons drawn by oxen can scarcely be estimated. As we proceed, it is interesting to note that the sand has been drifting for but a comparatively short period, for immediately underneath is the old surface soil, full of fresh roots. It is even said to have only commenced within the memory of some who still reside here. Very probably, a few hundred pounds spent in tree planting would tend to check its further spread. At a distance of ten miles from the beach, shells are met with in the cuttings, indicating a recent elevation of the coast. Two miles further on, the "poort" is reached. On the north side stand the Oograbis ranges, composed of schist and quartz rock, dipping towards the ocean. Further on, a bridge is crossed, the stones of which are noticeable on account of the facility with which they split, the rock being a saccharoidal talcose quartz rock. When the poort is passed, a broad valley stretches out in front. The soil is sandy, with bushes of euphorbia, pelargonium, mesembryanthemum, &c.,—in fact, genuine Karoo country, and presenting in spring a most gorgeous array of brilliant-hued flowers of various shades of magenta, red, orange, yellow, and white. Two or three stations are passed, at which the mules are stabled and fed, for both mules and the engine run on the line. At a distance of about twelve miles from Annenous the engine stops, the rest of the journey being per-

formed by the aid of mules. Forty-eight miles from the bay stands the temporary terminus. Here again are more stacks of copper ore going down, and heaps of coal, coke, &c., on their way up to the mines. Another "oldest inhabitant" resides here, who also possesses a most respectable contour. The scene becomes especially busy when a mule train arrives, and dashes along at a full trot round into their places to be discharged. At this point the engineering difficulties of the railway commence, as up to this point the line has had a gentle incline towards the coast, but no hills or other difficulties to surmount. Right in front stands a high range of mountains, that must be surmounted before Kookfontein can be reached. There are numerous tracks up it, but all are desperately steep. The route chosen for the railway is the side of a spur immediately behind the station. Along this the cutting has been made, the line gradually mounting the spur until the crest is at last gained. The gradient is very steep, and the turns sharp; but with narrow rails such difficulties are more easily surmounted than with a broad gauge. Where narrow deep kloofs cross the line, bridges have been built. In these kloofs, and along the sides of the cuttings, a variety of curious and interesting plants are visible. Near the top, hard gneiss and tough steatitic gneiss have been cut through, and the rails laid to the crest of the spur. About a mile further on, towards Kookfontein, there is a spring known as Klipfontein; there are several small rocky kopjes and detached masses of very hard, fine-grained granite rock in the vicinity of the water. Many of these have their edges and corners quite polished by the friction caused by elephants and other wild animals rubbing themselves in bygone days.

About ten miles from Annenous the mission station of Kookfontein stands. It is on the edge of a strip, about five miles wide, of horizontal sandstones and slates, probably of the same age as the Table Mountain sandstone. Kookfontein is fast developing into a village, with "winkels" and substantially-built dwelling-houses. From Kookfontein the road runs for several miles across a gneiss plateau, and then down kloofs and spurs, and between very singular kopjes of loosely-piled rocks, until Ratel Poort is reached—a narrow rocky gorge, with high hills frowning on either side. When a few miles more are traversed, a tall chimney-stack suddenly strikes the eye, and soon Ookiep is reached. It is ninety miles from the sea, and consists of a group of stone buildings, with iron roofs, situate on the north side of the mine, with a few detached residences built close against the range running along the north side of the village. As this mine and Spectakel are the only two in the Colony, it deserves a somewhat detailed examination. Perhaps the first objects that attract notice are the huge heaps of rock, &c., that are lying about the mouth of the shaft. They have all a certain greenish colour, and are formed of various qualities of stuff, from the large lumps of mixed rock and ore to the heaps of refuse rock from which the ore has been separated, and stacked also in heaps ready for bagging. The

processes through which the ore passes before being bagged are interesting. As the rock is broken out, it is raised to the surface, and thrown into heaps. These heaps are operated on by "cobbers," who break each lump into small pieces, separating the solid ore, the barren rock, and the rock with ore through it. These latter pieces are put through the stone-breaker, and then through rollers. It is then put into the "strakes." These strakes are box sieves working in water, with a jerking motion. The effect of the concussions is to separate the heavier from the lighter particles; at the same time, all the very fine material passes through the perforation. This, as it collects in the strakes, is taken out and put through the "buddle"—a circular, inclined table, with the centre as the lowest point, around which brushes sweep the fine material; and water being led in from the outer rim, all the material travels towards the central outlet of the table, but the lighter particles travel more quickly than the ore. The brushes also tend to check the progress of the latter, as they sweep round, and also to separate the heavy from the light particles; the result being that all the particles of rock are washed through the centre of the table, and the ore remains on the high rim of the buddle. This is also taken out, and bagged for shipment. The various operations here described are performed by natives, such as Damaras, Zulus, Hottentots, Bushmen, &c. There is a great deal of "picking" necessary to separate the various classes of ores, and for this work they are peculiarly fitted, as their keenness of vision enables them to sort with great accuracy.

The next attraction is the smelting works, under the management of a gentleman trained in the German School of Mines. Here I would briefly allude to the great benefit not only Germany, but the whole civilized world, has derived from these schools; for wherever metallurgical processes are required, whether in Europe, America, Australia, or elsewhere, the students of these schools are preferred to all others as managers.

The process at present in operation for reducing the ore is by German blast furnaces. A small engine drives the blast, and the ore, fuel, lime, &c., used as flux, are fed in from a stage near the top of the furnace. One furnace will produce about one ton of copper per day. The principal ores used are silicates and mixed ore containing magnetic iron, from Koperberg, &c., and most of it is reduced to regulus. The fire, after being once lit, is not allowed to expire until the furnace requires repair. At night it is a curious sight to watch the great flames dancing, and throwing a lurid glare for a considerable distance around. The slag comes flowing slowly out on to the hearth in front of the furnace, and falls as a sluggish stream of molten rock into crucible-shaped receptacles. These, when full, run along rails, and the slag is tipped out red-hot. As these masses cool, they become dark in colour, vitreous, and brittle. When the furnace is ready for tapping, a steel rod is driven by means of a heavy hammer through the

plug of clay left in the side and at the bottom of the furnace. On being withdrawn, a fiery stream rushes out of liquid copper, likely, perhaps, to be formed into pennies, sham jewellery, or saucepans—all useful articles in their way.

Rows of holes have been previously dug in the sand, and the stream of molten metal fills one after another. When the slag begins to run, the opening is stopped, and a fresh charge put into the furnace.

If coal and transport were more reasonable, there is practically no limit to the amount of ore available for smelting; but as fuel costs £9 per ton, and it takes two tons for one ton of metal, nothing but rich ores can at present be profitably employed. The Koperberg alone would supply scores of furnaces with moderately rich ore. It is an extraordinary mineral lode, running for nearly two miles, and in some places one chain wide. Attempts were made to work it more than two hundred years since; but they failed, as nothing poorer than native copper would pay for transport in those days.

With the permission of the very able manager-in-chief of the Cape Copper Mining Company, we will now examine the workings, from which so much rich ore has been obtained. Near the shaft an extensive excavation marks the site of former workings. On descending the shaft, the first few feet consists of soft rock; then comes "short," or much-jointed rock; next intensely-hard, gneissose granite; and at the 240-feet level (for the mineral rocks dip to the north), the beautiful purple and yellow copper ore is reached,—the latter looking almost like lumps of solid gold. There need be no inquiry here as to where the ore comes from to supply 160 tons per week, for large masses of fine ore are seen everywhere in the sides and roofs of the "drives." Even in the rock fine particles of ore may be discovered penetrating through and through it. All the ores below are sulphurets. (This holds good of all the mines in the district.) From the surface down for a few feet the ores consist of oxides, carbonates (rare), and silicates. This is the case wherever atmospheric agencies have acted on the lodes. For the next 120 feet (to the bottom of the shaft), there is copper ore all the way. In one place it is 75 feet through, mixed with rock. The bottom of the shaft is thickly studded with patches and seams of yellow and purple copper. The drives have not yet been extended sufficiently far to decide where the limits of all this wealth are. Of the very permanent character of the deposit there can be no doubt, as it is in the bed-rock (gneissose granite). After groping through a few of the slopes, and enjoying the gloomy blackness that bounds our prospect under ground, we will ascend through a genial shower until the level of the incline is reached. From this level trucks run up and down, carrying ore to the surface. Walking up the incline, we soon step out into the presence of the glorious sun.

This is the principal mine of Namaqualand, but there are many others that have yielded well, or would do so if worked. Springbokfontein, which boasts of a court-house, civil commissioner, &c., is about five miles from Ookiep. It is the official capital of Namaqua-

land, and some years since the mine yielded very handsome returns. The system adopted was that of quarrying the rock away from the hill-side, and picking out the ore. At present there are but a few men employed on it, though there can be but little doubt of the ore existing under the present workings. The ores obtained from the part already worked were principally oxides, silicates, &c., showing that atmospheric agency had converted the sulphurets into these ores. About ten miles easterly from Ookiep stands the village of Concordia, with its numerous centres, that will probably resolve themselves, as they are opened up, into the outcrop of two parallel copper veins. A new company has just begun operations, and if they can manage to make a poor percentage ore pay the smelting on the spot, there is a bright future before them, as the manner in which the sulphurets occur, especially in the western shafts, would indicate a permanent supply of similar ore for a great depth.

There was a great mistake made a few years since in abandoning this mine. Many of the mines have been abandoned through bad management. For instance, at Concordia the old system was to pay the miners so much per ton for all the ore they could separate from the "burrs" during their spare time. It was the custom of these miners to hide the ore they obtained by throwing it among the refuse and again finding it, and deriving the bonus. Of course, this could not last. So it has been with such mines as Numeis, &c., which in themselves were good.

Spectakel, another rich mine, is about thirty-six miles in an easterly direction from Ookiep. Here it is very difficult to form any idea of the direction of the lode, if there be one, as no systematic workings have been carried out. Large and cavernous excavations have been made into the side of the hill. A glance at the sides shows what a quantity of ore must be there. Flakes, seams, and patches of purple and yellow sulphurets are everywhere observable, and though not rich in percentage of rock quarried, still the great quantity and excellent quality of the ore should, by a systematic working, prove very remunerative. An incline has been sunk, and is kept dry, and the ore drawn upon rails by a steam-engine. The vast heaps of refuse are all being carefully picked over for ore, as smelting works are being built, and this refuse will then pay well on account of its fusibility.

Koperbergen is about the best-defined mineral course in the district. Many openings have been made above its course, which exceeds one and a half miles in length, but with no marked success; the reason being that though there is an unlimited supply of moderate ores, the present cost of fuel precludes the possibility of profit. NababEEP is another promising mine, but not worked. There can be no doubt, however, of the permanency of the copper-bearing rocks. The most important problem to solve is the transport one. Could this be accomplished with speed and cheapness, the industry of copper-mining would soon develop itself into one of no mean dimensions.

An Episode in the History of the Anti-Convict Agitation.

THE Editor of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* having been not long ago hauled over the coals for introducing controversial politics, I shall endeavour not to offend my weaker brethren; although I must not be understood as if concurring in the censure—for if contemporary information is not preserved in periodicals like the *Magazine*, where is the future historian to obtain his data from? True, even the honest, impartial, and interesting account of the Battle of Boomplaats, or Mr. Piers's ideas on the origin of the Natal rebellion, may some day require an "*audi alteram partem*;" and if Penn and Richard III, or Cromwell and Mary Queen of Scots are still debateable characters, there is no knowing what may be said in future time of Sir Harry Smith and Pretorius, of Sir Henry Pottinger or the Boer envoy who caught the overwrought Governor swinging a lady in the Drostdy Garden. All this I mention merely as introductory to the statement, that notwithstanding my disinclination to discuss the Anti-Convict insurrection at present,—and with the object solely of amusing some of your readers, as well as aiding in throwing light on the manner in which the pledge system was carried out,—I nevertheless am at all times ready to declare myself as having been an adherent to the action taken by the Association at the time, in full assurance that Sir Benjamin Pine was not the fittest judge or umpire, and that some day the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which contains that gentleman's account of the matter, will be corrected like many other "unveracities," to use Carlyle's phrase.

But to my tale.—The writer happened to be at Stellenbosch during the time when the *Neptune* was at anchor in Table Bay, and the head centre in Cape Town having learned that a Mr. M—— (better known as Willem Plets) had from extreme loyalty, or love of lucre (we have no right to judge), sold slaughter sheep to the Government, the said M—— was declared under the Pledge. Just at this juncture his unlucky star brought him to Stellenbosch, where the gamins of the village received him English hustings fashion, with rotten eggs—to which uncivil if not criminal proceeding—it was supposed—those who ought to have known better *egged* them on, supplying *shells* which, though fifty score men and fifty score women could not put together again, contained no dangerous explosives. Hereupon the unfortunate object of public rancour—I believe a former Heemraad and at the time a Justice of the Peace (there were no J. P.'s during *pleasure* in those days)—could not but feel that his dignity was in question, and not receiving the satisfaction from the Resident Magistrate which he thought he was entitled to, at once proceeded to Cape Town to lay his grievance before Her Majesty's representative. Apparently, the Executive must have been led to believe that a serious outbreak had taken place at Stellenbosch; and the news spreading, the ever-vigilant Committee of the Anti-Convict

Association immediately dispatched Messrs. Fairbairn and Merrington, whom I saw arrive post-haste in a carriage and four from one of the Cape Town livery stables in order to stop anything like overt acts that might be construed into a breach of the law. To their great satisfaction, they found that a mountain had been made of a mole-hill; and having consulted with Mr. Onkruidt, the chairman of the local committee, the deputation returned at once to town—informed in the mean time that Major Wolfe was to be sent down next day to inquire into the alleged riots. Mr. Onkruidt (the Commandant of the Stellenbosch Burghers in the last Kafir war) only said that he would do his duty fearlessly, repeating William of Orange's motto—"Doet regt en kijkt niet om" (Be just and look not back); but as there is a Cape juvenile game in which the words "Kijk niet om of die wolfie kom" are introduced, a facetious friend added them—without, however, eliciting a smile from the imperturbable ex-Commandant. All was on tiptoe of expectation next day. People had been informed that two or three omnibuses filled with police had been dispatched from Cape Town to support the Magistrate; but as we afterwards learnt, these were prudently left at Eerste River. The Special Magistrate had probably read of the bad effects an untimely ostentation had had, when tried in Canada by Governor *Head* (Heaven bless the mark!)

At any rate, he arrived unattended at the hotel, accompanied only by M——, who had his son beside him in his gig, armed with a "brown bess," vulgo "baviaan-bout," and one policeman with a drawn sword following the antediluvian "*Sees*." But the naughty boys of Stellenbosch are so renowned for making fun out of the most serious affairs that you would hear one sing out to the policeman not to cut off all their heads—whilst others reported that all the penny trumpets had been bought up, and a little army of small boys were waiting at the entrance of the village, to escort the coming police troops into it, with music of a kind which their former M. P., Mr. Bosman, of the Rifle Band (who, however, never blew his own trumpet), would have felt quite ashamed of.

If I recollect right, the Court was formally opened the next day, and poor Major Wolfe had a tough job of it—for it was evidently not the wish of the Government to push things to extremes, and yet such a serious business as the complainant made of it could not be passed over. One of the accused asked the complainant what he had done.

"Oh" (was the answer), "you were the ringleader in the disturbance."

"What did I say?"

"I could not hear exactly what you said, but by your gestures I could plainly see you were urging the others on to attack me."

"Your Worship, ask M——," (purposely omitting the Mister, in order to annoy the irascible old gentleman), "how he could know that I was not saying to the people, 'For goodness sake, don't throw M—— with rotten eggs' (Mense, moet ver M——

nie met vrotte eyers gooi nie) ;” whereupon, the Bench, with the greatest gravity attainable, laid it down that “the law ordains that every individual present in a crowd who does not do his best endeavour to quell a riot—is guilty of art and part,” and so on.

“Well then, sir, Mr. Ryneveld, the Magistrate of this place, was himself a rioter.”

I forget how the unseemly discussion terminated, nor do I know whether this was Justice’s law or not, as I soon after left the courtroom, but judgment was reserved,—or rather, the whole thing was looked upon as a mere preliminary investigation, and nothing more came of the case ; probably the Government wisely determined in their discretion to show great leniency, or to make themselves as little ridiculous as this “ridiculus mus” would allow them.

During the proceedings, one of the Anti-Convict League who was standing near showed me a note from the inn-keeper to the sitting Magistrate, worded in something like the following style :—“Sir,—The Malay Priest was at my house just now, and has prevailed on my cook and several other servants to leave me at once, so that I am afraid I cannot secure a dinner for your Worship this evening ; the reason given is that Mr. M——, who is under the pledge, breakfasted with you at my establishment this morning.”

I don’t know whether our Justice was one who loved “a fair round belly, with good capon lined,” but I still recollect the grateful smile on his countenance, when it was intimated in a whisper, that the “Vehmgericht” would give an order to the faithful Malays “to feed the hungry,” for that day, at any rate.

Most or all of the principal actors of that day are no longer living, so I need not keep this portion of my diary sealed for so long a term of years as Talleyrand ordered to be done with his.

The West Coast of Africa.

A VISIT TO BONNY.

A LOW-LYING coast, bordered by mangrove bushes, dotted here and there with palm and cocoanut trees, ending in a bright sandy beach, against which a heavy surf kept breaking, was what met our gaze on board the *Queen of Carthage*. Presently, the look-out man descried an uneven notch in this monotonous fringe, which was identified as the entrance to the Nunn—one of the numerous mouths of the delta of the fatal Niger, the name of which brought up numerous memories connected with the martyrology of African exploration. Park, Vogel, Trotter, the brothers Lander (under the shadow of whose monument we had sat not long ago in the old town of Truro) ; Baikie, whose father, a hale old man of eighty, we recollect well meeting in Orkney ten years ago, and who then was fondly looking forward to a meeting with a long-

absent son, who never came ;—these and many other associations crowded on us. Past numerous other openings in the open surf, and we cross the bar of the Bonny—the ancient great slave mart, but now the emporium of the oil trade. As we ascend the muddy stream, the river, at its entrance about eight miles broad, becomes narrowed to three ; and after about ten miles steaming we anchor amongst numerous hulks, which constitute the residences and warehouses of the merchants engaged in the trade. The native town of Bonny was not visible, being, we were informed, situated on a creek opening on the left bank of the river, and hidden from the shipping by the dense jungle—the country, as far as visible, appearing to be an immense dismal swamp, almost uniformly level, except when varied by a clump of tall trees here and there.

Not long after our arrival, the merchants, all of whom live on board the hulks, paid us a round of visits, which we returned, finding many of them very good fellows, who had in the course of their career “played many parts.” One had been a captain in a crack cavalry regiment, who, after exchanging into the line, let himself down gradually into the Cape Mounted Rifles, and afterwards during the American war served in the Illinois Cavalry, and latterly as a successful diplomatist and merchant. Another had been a Naval officer ; while others had travelled, and seen the world variously ; and formed as jolly a group of Bohemians as one could wish to meet.

Life on board the hulks, under ordinary circumstances, was very slow, as they rarely or ever went on shore, their sole amusement being to watch through their glasses the canoes pushing off from shore laden with oil, and speculating whether or not they were to be the lucky recipients,—the excitement becoming intense as the canoes approached the line of hulks. The hulks are, many of them, old men-of-war and Indiamen, some famous in their time, then present, and reminding one of the career of celebrated racing horses who afterwards become cab-hacks. The poop is occupied as a dining room and sleeping cabin for the Europeans, who consist of a trader, captain, two or three clerks, and a boatswain. On the upper deck, as far as the forecastle, are placed the boilers, &c., for clarifying and testing the oil, and under the forecastle is the mess place and sleeping berths of the kroomen, numbering about thirty. The lower deck is used as a store and trade-room, where the muskets, cloth, square face (Hollands) choppers, “manillas,” are all kept and displayed ; while below in the hold the oil is stowed.

On the first arrival of a hulk in the river, previous to opening any trade, a present, or “Custom Dash,” has to be made to the King, who comes off in great state in a large canoe paddled by about thirty of his subjects, and seated in an arm-chair placed on a platform in the centre of the canoe. The value of the present may amount to £15, and is given in cloth, muskets, powder, or rum,—no money being ever made use of in any of the trade transactions, from motives no doubt of deep commercial policy. In all subsequent transactions, a

tax of the value of five gallons to the puncheon (puncheon two hundred and fifteen gallons), goes also to his Majesty, which mode of keeping up the revenue is called "comey." There are, however, a considerable variety of "dashes," payable before the merchant gets the puncheon, as it does not reach him in at all a direct manner; the oil coming from upwards of seventy miles in the interior, the owners have got to put themselves under the protection of one of the Bonny chiefs, who exacts his black mail in the shape of "Gentleman's Dash," which, if the transactions be in pieces of cloth, amounts to fifteen out of the fifty, supposed value of a puncheon. This cloth is a cheap Manchester print, and each piece is twelve yards. In addition, there are a variety of smaller "dashes" or presents to the attendants of these Rob Roys, called "Topside," "Work Bar," "Custom Bar," "Boys' Dash," varying in value from 3d. to 1s. 6d. The transaction being completed, the "gentlemen" and their attendants have to be invited to breakfast at the traders' table. This may be considered an easy, plain-sailing way of procuring the oil, compared to what generally takes place, as owing to competition, which is as sharp on the Bonny as anywhere else, it is more often "diamond cut diamond" with the rival traders. The Eboe country, from which the oil comes, does not belong to natives of Bonny, they being only middlemen, and living by the "black mail" levied on the oil brought down, which they are enabled to do owing to all the creeks and network of channels opening into their coast line. The chiefs have great power in recommending the owners of oil as to what hulk they ought to take it to. Hence, when one of these gentlemen knows of oil coming down, he goes on board a hulk, or several hulks in succession, and obscurely intimates this, in hopes of being asked to breakfast, or receiving a *douceur* in some shape, as a bottle of rum, &c., known as "sugar mass," in order to have his influence in getting this oil. The knowing ones, however, if they think he has carried on this game in some other hulk, ask him in a casual way "how Mr. ——— lib," the owner of the hulk he is supposed to have come from, and if he answer that "he lib plenty proper," they come to the conclusion he has received a "dash" there, and politely show him the gangway. The merchants have very wisely made a rule confining the trade to from six to twelve a.m. on account of these loafers, whereas in the other rivers they hang about all day long,—in fact, it is considered beneath the dignity of a "Bonny gentleman" to earn his livelihood in any other way. As illustrative of this, happening to ask a native on deck if he was a Bonnyman, he hastened to assure me "he no Bonny gentleman; he only a poor fisherman." On inquiring further as to this distinction, his answer was, "Bonny gentleman goes on board hulk; sells oil; catchee chop,"—the word "chop" meaning food, and in this case equivalent to breakfast.

The oil of commerce is of an orange red colour and of the consistence of butter, and when brought on board the hulk the cask is gauged in the usual manner; after which a tube containing a series of

cells is thrust into the cask, and on being withdrawn is closed by a sliding lid, bringing up specimens from all depths. These are put into a shallow saucepan, and heat is applied to boil the oil, when the presence of water, sand, or other foreign substances becomes apparent. The tree from which palm oil is procured is known to botanists as the *Elæis Guineensis*, its habitat being a zone of about thirty miles in breadth, and distant from this part of the coast about forty miles. This palm averages thirty feet in height; the fruit is borne in clusters, each undivided fruit being about an inch and a half long by an inch in diameter. The outer, fleshy coating of the fruit yields the palm oil, to obtain which the usual plan is to throw the fruit into a pit with water, where it is allowed to remain about eight days, and then collecting the oil; or, when in small quantities, by boiling the fruit in water, and then skimming off the oil as it rises to the surface. The kernel is not here exported, but at Keta the nut is crushed by a hydraulic press, and the kernel exported in cakes, fetching a very high price in the European market. The natives use the oil in a great variety of ways,—as a sauce for that delicious dish, “palm oil chop,” as also with the Ochro (*Hibiscus esculentus*) forms the celebrated “Palaver Sauce;” while as an external application in wounds and sprains, it is considered infallible. I believe the value of a puncheon in England is about £35, while here it is purchased in trade for about £7. The high salaries and commission tempt men to come out; and although by care health can be for a time preserved, yet epidemic years appear, when every white man dies. Such a year was 1862, when 130 Europeans died of yellow fever, only one escaping. A story is told that in the commencement of the epidemic one of the merchants issued invitations for a big dinner, in order to promote harmony and keep up the rather flagging spirit of the community; but finding himself attacked with symptoms which, from having previously resided in the West Indies he but too well knew the fearful significance of, with what strength he had remaining he sat down and wrote to his friends, apologizing for having to put off the dinner, but asking them to his funeral next morning at six o’clock. He died the same evening.

Being anxious to see the town of Bonny, a day or two after our arrival in the river we pulled up the filthy, slimy creek, on the west side of which, a short distance from the entrance, we found the town. The houses are all built on piles, in a seething swamp of black mud,—the chiefs’ being of wood, having a verandah running round, and roofs of corrugated zinc, while those of the common people are all of mud and wattle. We called on one or two of the principal chiefs, and were hospitably entertained with palm wine, gin, &c. The doorways were surrounded by men-at-arms, somewhat of the character of the vassals of a baron in the feudal times. Inside there was no lack of furniture, large mirrors being especially numerous, while chairs, cushioned with velvet and resplendent in gilt, reminded one much of the property-room of a theatre. Passing through what might

be called the squares of this metropolis, we saw stages on which, at a distance of about six feet from the ground, were placed elephants' skulls and tusks, which we were told were "Jew Jew," or "fetish," and were not, therefore, capable of being turned to a commercial account. We, in course of our walk, reached the "Jew Jew" house, so celebrated in travellers' tales, but were rather disappointed, this chamber of horrors not quite coming up to our preconceived idea of it. It is a mud edifice, containing in the centre a sort of altar, surrounded by concentric circles of skulls, the uppermost of which were goats', the remainder human skulls, while in the central niche a guana in bronze, the Jew-Jew of Bonny, was placed, and underneath a profusion of elephants' tusks, rows of skulls, also well built up in layers against the walls, all of pearly whiteness, and many of them displaying cracks and lacerations, the result of heavy blows, and punctured wounds. In all, perhaps, there might have been about three hundred, the majority giving evidences of a violent death, although some showed excrescences and erosions arising from disease. We believe, however, all honoured by being placed here had met with a violent death, and been subsequently eaten. Cannibalism, no doubt, exists here; but whether as an ordeal, religious rite, or purely from liking, it is rather difficult to ascertain. Amongst the natives of Sitka cannibalism is a rite religiously enforced on relatives of chiefs fallen in battle, as it is believed in this way the courage of the departed is so conveyed. We, however, are inclined to believe the act here to be grosser, and more of the nature of gourmandizing, in corroboration of which we will subsequently cite facts.

The population of Bonny amounts to 14,000, ruled over by King George Peppel, son of the great Peppel, who was made some years ago such a hero in England by the Mrs. Leo Hunters of the day,* and who styled himself "Conqueror of Calabar," in virtue of having killed and eaten that Sovereign. He gave the English Government so much trouble that they deported him to Ascension, and kept him there for several years, and subsequently allowed him to return, which he did, visiting England by the way. He took out with him a private secretary, a lady's-maid, and a gardener, to whom he promised munificent salaries; but on arrival he stole on shore in a canoe, leaving his suite behind, and next day sent them off a few yams, regretting that the low state of the treasury prevented him from being able to do anything more for them. The private secretary found employment as a clerk on board a hulk, the lady's-maid found a protector, and the gardener worked his passage home. During his long absence the country had been governed by four regents, and Peppel found himself much tied down and his authority greatly abridged; but, being a clever man, he managed to pull the wires and do very much as he liked. On his death, his son, the present King George, who had been educated in England, ascending the

* The same, indeed, to whom the memorable Poet Close was appointed Poet Laureate.

throne, things became much different. King George, thus educated in England, returned with a slight gloss of civilization, but with utter ignorance of African customs and policy. The consequence is, that he is a mere puppet in the hands of his uncles, and is possessed of no real power, being a sort of King Log; and as one of the most powerful chiefs has lately cut off the supply of oil by taking up a commanding position in the centre of the net-work of creeks emptying themselves into the Bonny, trade has been at a stand-still, and Liverpool "desolated" in consequence. A "palaver," which is the usual way of settling all difficulties, took place, at which we assisted. The king and chiefs of Bonny, Ekreka and Ekhika, occupied one side of the deck, the kings and chiefs of New Calabar the other, the Consul and other dignitaries occupying a central position, while on the extreme flank of the hostile native camps the white traders took up their position, according to what side their interests were most involved in. King George, dressed as an English gentleman of the period, opened the debate, and began in the usual way, going back to a pre-historic period, showing how Bonny had always been superior to the rival power New Calabar, very much in the same way as the historian Hector Boece begins the history of Scotland from the "great Spate of Noah." King George endeavoured to show that, in regard to certain markets, and the exclusive right of resorting to them, which had been the cause of this trouble, the Bonny people had possessed this from time immemorial; and speaking of some trifling exceptions taken, made use of the proverb that "a man carrying elephant meat on his head does not try to pick up periwinkles with his feet." Everything was going on swimmingly, and the orator of New Calabar had risen to reply; but, unfortunately, some remark he made was considered so offensive that the Bonny people felt constrained to remind him that they had not only some years ago beaten the New Calabar people in battle, but that they had eaten the king, and his generals to boot, which very nearly had the effect of breaking up the conference. The Consul, however, managed to conciliate the rivals, and the debate went on. The King of New Calabar was present, and had a fetish bound on to his forehead, as also one on a cane of office he carried, in order to give him a brave heart to prevail over the Bonny people. He was dressed in a long checked Baltic shirt, paper collar, and stove-pipe hat; on his wrist he wore an ivory bracelet, which had perfectly taken, from frequent friction, the shape of the wrist. Not being an orator, he left all the talking to George Amakree, his nephew, who, in course of his speech, denied that New Calabar "gentlemen" ever practised cannibalism, but, on cross-examination, admitted that hands and feet were a *bonne bouche*, being "plenty too sweet." The long palaver was brought at last to an end, and a treaty of peace signed, having among its provisions one against cannibalism, which the Ekrekas at first refused to sign, as being against their religious creed, but ultimately gave in on compulsion; and so, in the language of the country, "the palaver was set."

The natives of these rivers are ethnologically types of the pure negro,—nose flat, hair woolly, lower jaw prognathous, and calcaneum prolonged. They are very short-lived; and, although polygamists, the population would rapidly die out if it were not for the system of domestic slavery carried on with the Eboe country. The chiefs having no children of their own, adopt their slaves; and at the present moment all the chiefs, with one exception, are natives of Eboe—formerly slaves—there being only one chief a freeman in Bonny.

Life on the Bonny is of a very monotonous kind. A billiard-room exists on shore, erected by the merchants, the entrance fee to which is three puncheons of oil, and the yearly subscription some smaller quantity. Hospitality is also largely practised; but the prospect daily of the sluggish, muddy, flowing river, and the dreary expanse of mangrove swamps, overhung with yellow miasmatic vapour, the odour of which at night is almost overpowering, is certainly not exhilarating. Festivities were kept up for a time; but ultimately all our friends got played out,—either fell ill or had pressing calls to visit other portions of the coast, although in some of these cases it was maliciously hinted that the new arrivals had stronger heads than those who had been longer out. At last, it came to our turn to leave, and we did so without much regret,—as, in the language of an old traveller, “this coast is forbidding in its aspect, dangerous to approach, repulsive when examined, and disgusting when known.”

Our Fancy Ball.

FROM time to time the social life of a community requires to be stirred to its inmost depths. Men are apt to grow self-satisfied and over-confident of the power of riches, until at length wealth is but an excuse for vulgarity. We need an awakening now and then to the influences of taste, refinement, and feeling, and should welcome with joy anything that tends to restore the balance between intellectual gifts and material prosperity. Money can command much, but it cannot exclusively command an eye for colour, a sense of the humorous, or an artistic taste for the picturesque and beautiful. The possession of these gifts makes a thing of beauty a joy for ever, just as much as if everyone possessed the power of gold, or the talisman of birth; and it is therefore with unmixed pleasure that we record our delight at the undoubted success of Lady Barkly's late Fancy Ball.

Fancy balls, as a means to an end, are calculated to do as much good in our colonial society as do representative institutions in political life. They serve to stir up individuality, responsibility, and many a latent gift within the most careless breasts. Hope, charity, patience, faith, and love expand and grow in the most marvellous manner and with most marvellous ease, where least we would expect to find them blooming. Under their charming tuition, the old become young, the weakly strong, the dullard sprightly and even amusing. Through

their aid, time past is made past time ; and as at a dramatic show, we find at fancy balls that

“ Eyes in tears
Both weep and smile : fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fears : abused, and glad
To be abused ; affected with that truth
Which we perceive as false : pleased at that ruth
At which we start : and by elaborate play
Tortured and tickled.”

Lady Barkly is evidently determined in her quiet way to rouse us all out of that state of apathy into which we have so long been plunged by brooding over our losses, troubles, and hard times. From the day that she announced her intention of honouring the Detached Squadron with the entertainment which we have just seen so successfully accomplished, a very great change has been coming over the spirit of our dreams. Prints, pictures, old books of travels and of heraldry suddenly became of immense importance to our future happiness as guides to costume. We were delightfully tormented with visions of impossible bliss, and spent all our spare time in inventing and planning, and cutting and contriving how we should astonish each other by the most gorgeous jewelry and the most lovely of dresses. Staid men of business moved with a quicker step through our dusty streets, as they trode imaginary boards, as Romeos and Hamlets, Sultans and Princes. Before their dazzled gaze, stars and coronets, daggers and trunk hose, glittered and gleamed with a meaning and power never before experienced. For one brief night they would flash into lurid prominence as the great men of other days, and it therefore behoved them to be wary how they let fall the secrets of the toilet, or lightly alluded to the “characters” they were about to take. As for the ladies, they have been born to a new life. Fashion has ceased to trouble their active little brains. No longer interested in 19th century absurdities, they put their whole hearts into reproducing the excellencies of the past ; and in the ante-rooms of milliners and artistic modistes turned over the most ravishing plates, and spent their whole mornings in picking and choosing between silks, velvets, and satins, and the rival merits and demerits of coloured ribbons,

“ Fresh greens, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And many a curious robe of sable grave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet and the scarlet bright
Branched and embroidered like the painted spring
Each leaf matched with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk ; there run
Italian works whose thread the sisters spun
* * * * *

Not out of common tiffany or lawne
But fine materials which the Muses knowe
And onely knowe the countries where they grow.”

At length the eventful evening came, when the labours of six months should at last bear fruit ; and most excellent fruit have we

both plucked and eaten in consequence. The night, to commence with, was as balmy and still, and brilliant with a full moon, as the heart of man could desire. Not a breath of wind to disturb the lovers in their whispered vows, nor were there clouds of dust to powder afresh the silvery locks of Strephon and Chloe as they paced about the lawns. The chaste Diana was evidently on her best behaviour, and contributed largely to the success of the Ball. Shortly before nine the company began to arrive, and were gazed at in respectful admiration by a dense crowd of well-dressed citizens drawn up in line before Government-house, and who relieved their feelings by cheering everybody whom they recognized in the lobby. A lady friend informs us that the scene in the cloaking-room was a most amusing one. As every second the door flew back, and a fresh beauty appeared muffled up in her wraps, there was a sort of pause of expectation. All waited to see what beautiful or gorgeous costume would be revealed. Then there was either a sort of lady-like buzz of applause, or a dead silence, as the costume proved becoming or otherwise. Then the arranging and "prinking" before the numerous cheval-glasses, the many tender final touches here and there, and the final gathering up of skirts, as with nervous laughs each essayed to make up her mind to plunge into the crowded hall, and undergo a second inspection, were highly comic to passive lookers-on. At first, the gentlemen seemed to feel their novel position very keenly, but soon recovered their self-possession when they saw the admirable coolness with which the ladies came to their rescue, and marched them off in triumph. We were especially struck with the temptations immediately showered upon a very realistic "St. Anthony," who vainly tried to keep his eye upon his book, as angels in red and green and blue hovered and twittered about his "sandalled shoon," and tried to distract his attention. The saint at last was obliged to have recourse to his "gourd," and sprinkled his throat with some very fiery liquid to escape a worse infliction. Anon there entered upon the scene, which was rapidly being filled up by fresh arrivals, a hoary-headed "Monk of the Order of St. Francis," who, cased in an enormous Propagandist hat, long defied scrutiny and recognition, though he proved a most sturdy and persistent beggar. He finally was seized upon by a very charming and fascinating "Mary Queen of Scots," to whom, no doubt, he acted as Father Confessor as they paced round the saloon. As the Governor and his lady took their stand near the throne, the band struck up, and then there filed a very motley crew before their highly amused Excellencies. What boots it to tell of the curious couples, the extravagant dresses, the fairy slippers, and the glittering crowns then passed under review. Here comes "Mephistophiles," without his Satanic leer, chatting with "Faust" and nodding to "Sir Walter Raleigh." There struts a "Highland Chieftain" in all the glories of kilt and cairngorm, and naked unstuffed legs, side by side with a "Sultana," and a "Lady of Ancient Greece." Moodily and sadly "Hamlet" drags his weary

limbs along, and ponders deeply on the nature of overtight hose. No Ophelia cheers his lonely way, nor does he even glance at "Miranda," who looks so pure and charming, on his immediate left, or at the crowned "Cordelia" on his right.

"Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

Like a perfect Juno now advances a lady of the Court of Charles IX—exquisitely dressed in black velvet and yellow satin, but in the disreputable company of "Sir John Falstaff," and that rogue of rogues, honest "Iago." Then follows "Cinderella," radiant with happiness, and charming as a fairy princess ought to be; but alas, no Prince is there to pick up her glittering shoe—while that solemn looking "Pilgrim" is pacing by her side, and reciting the Koran in her ear. An "Ancient Druid" crowned with oak-leaves—discourses pleasantly with a "Spanish Duchess" and the redoubtable "Van der Decken," and these again give way to "Italian Peasant-girls" and a group of "Neapolitan Fishermen." "A Briefless Barrister" consorts with two roguish-looking "Spanish Muleteers," and takes precedence of "Sir Fitzroy Kelley" and "Hugo Grotius," and even of "Marie Antoinette"—while pressing on his heels are "Medora" and her well-fed "Corsair," conversing with a Hebrew edition of "Dr. Syntax," elegantly bound in black. At least three more "Mary Stuarts" pass the throne, all in different sizes and styles, but all equally charming and radiant in black velvet and lace. Their presence has frightened away our Queen Elizabeth, whom we certainly made as sure of seeing as we did the Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart, but who are all unfortunately conspicuous by their absence. A cloud of two-penny "Postmen" give variety to the handsome costumes of others by their red cloth facings and professional get-up. And so we might go on detailing all the incongruities that then came before our notice, but we hold our hand. It would be quite impossible to convey a perfect picture of all the lights of the kaleidoscope, and so we must be content with saying that, if anything, there was a little too much red in the costumes and too little green or blue. But with this exception, it was really a very charming and most picturesque sight to see the admirable way in which our colonial "youths" fitted themselves to their parts, and contrasted with the very many exquisite dresses of the ladies. There was an almost endless variety of costume and character, and to us it seemed as if it was not always the wealthiest people who had the most appropriate or the most becoming dresses. Dresses from England by no means proved superior to dresses made in Cape Town, and if anything is to be regretted, it is this, that so very many dresses did come from England notwithstanding. Indeed, we are given to understand that the unlucky *Thames* had a large number of costumes in quarantine, so that the Health Officer narrowly escaped social ostracism by his refusal of an early pratique. Fortunately for the Ball,

the local milliners were equal to the occasion, and so earned the undying gratitude of dozens who had put off until almost too late the momentous decision that was to make or mar them in the opinion of society. The head-dresses were exceedingly suitable and becoming, and how everybody managed to procure such wonderful shoes out of our local shops was truly surprising. The most simple and thoroughly characteristic, and, at the same time, amusing dress and costume of the evening, was that of Old Mother Hubbard. The high-pointed hat, the mob cap, the flowered chintz gown, the high-heeled shoes, the spectacles, the wand in the hand, and the barking dog, recalled most vividly to one's mind the fairy tales of our youth; and we really felt sorry not to see more of these familiar characters of childhood. A dress of a Knight Templar in scale armour must have taxed considerable ingenuity; and the dress of "Beau" was literally made up of hundreds of little blue rosettes on an evening dress suit. We were much pleased by the respective beauties of a Tyrolese Jager, a Lombard Peasant Girl, a Man of the Period, and Charles II—who looked the Merry Monarch to the very life. The two most charming faces were those of ladies of a few centuries ago, with powdered hair: while undoubtedly the Spanish Muleteer Brothers made a capital match and were inseparable, and very handsome in their picturesque robes.

One very marked feature of this special entertainment was the delightful absence of anything like ceremonial. There was no stiffness or shyness. Everybody met upon a perfect footing of equality, and readily piercing each other's disguises, entered *con amore* into the humour of the hour. There was thus fun without carnival, and wit without licence, and far from giving cynics an opportunity of sneering at the excellent fooling, deprived them of their expected prey, and changed their growls into smiles and their sarcasms into jokes. The correctness of the costumes was the theme of general remark. With the solitary exception of a knight in armour finishing off his greaves with patent leather high-lows, we saw nothing at which to cavil. Here and there we detected undoubted dresses of the last century, but in such cases there was probably some association attached, which redeemed them from the charge of shabbiness and frayed sleeves. Possibly out of compliment to the French officers present (who, by the way, wore a most ingenious and handsome uniform), the times of Louis and Charles were well represented. French, if not spoken, was pretty well attempted during the evening, and spite of such *contre-temps* as styling turkey as "ze gooze," and round dances—"dances de cirque,"—on the whole, our visitors made their way very pleasantly indeed.

In presenting this slight sketch we must not forget to mention that Lady Barkly and Miss Barkly made everybody feel quite at home by the hearty manner in which they entered into the spirit of this Ball. They were ofcourse superbly dressed, and were well seconded in their efforts to please by the excellent services of the Colonial

Aide-de-Camp, Capt. Swiney, who was here, there, and everywhere, introducing strangers right and left, and fusing the naval and civilian groups in the most persuasive and successful manner possible. In this respect, the present *régime* is a great improvement upon that of Sir Philip Wodehouse, who rather neglected these *petits soins*, and altogether stood too much apart from his company.

At 12 o'clock the supper-room was thrown open, and disclosed the long avenue leading to the Gardens covered in, and so converted into a perfect conservatory—of hasty construction, it is true, but so full of hot-house flowers that the air was laden with perfume. Here plates were set for seven hundred guests; and as the lower end of this improvised banquetting hall was closed by a wall of mirrors, the reflection of the many lights and glancing dresses was highly dramatic and quite Sardanapalian to the eye. The side-walks, too, were nicely, but not too brilliantly lit up by Chinese paper lanterns, and dozens of people took advantage of the cool and quiet evening to wile away an hour in their pleasant gloom. The supper itself was superb, and champagne and sparkling burgundy flowed like water.

Dancing after supper naturally was livelier than ever. Even the men of the orchestra seemed to grow brisker as they gave out the melody of "Kiss her quickly, kiss her sly," and nodded their heads to the fascinating spell of the music. As the rooms grew thinner, one obtained a better opportunity of examining the dresses, which hitherto had only been seen in casual glimpses. And we here again reiterate our statement that in no case, from "The Firmament" downward to "Astrologers" and "Monks," was there any dress that was either indelicate or unsuitable to the Ball, for fancy or material.

Upon the whole, therefore, we consider this Fancy Ball to have been a very great success. It has thoroughly woke everybody up to the great fact that we possess a great deal of native cleverness, and that her Ladyship would do well to inaugurate a series of Charade parties, where some of our smart and active youngsters could assume "*poses dramatiques*," and assist to wile away the long, dull evenings of winter. It seems a pity that such splendid dresses should only be used once, and then cast aside for ever.

By four a.m. the lights were turned down, and soon all was still, where good-tempered revelry and the ease of perfect social equality had been keeping everybody in good humour for at least six or seven hours. If the ball to Prince Alfred was a great success for Sir George Grey,—by so much the more was this Fancy Ball a very great success for Sir Henry Barkly. The French officers and the officers of the Squadron thoroughly enjoyed it,—and had it not been the season of Lent, it is extremely probable that a very much larger number of wealthy and independent gentlemen and ladies would have graced it with their presence. The memory of this entertainment will long ring in our ears and dance before our eyes. It distinctly pleased Admiral Seymour,—may we not, therefore, also rejoice and be glad, and long for another.

Farewell to Annie.

And must thou leave us, Annie? Must thou leave the little throng,
Who've held thee as a sister, and lov'd thee well so long?
And shall the sweetness of thy smile, the music of thy voice,
And all thy gentle looks and ways no more our hearts rejoice?

Ah, yes! we must resign thee, though the quiv'ring lip may tell,
How bitter is the pang to speak that sad, sad word—"Farewell!"
Our home, thy childhood's happy home, its charge must now give o'er;
And some, that lov'd and cherish'd thee, may see thy face no more.

Thou'rt speeding to a world, where all seems fresh and fair to view;
Where softest tongues shall praise thee, and smiles thy step pursue:
But soon that freshness wears away; cold-hearted is the smile;
And tongues that speak the softest, may but flatter to beguile.

Yes!—fair as it may seem, that world a chequer'd scene will prove,
Where some, perchance, will envy thee; and, doubtless, some will love:
But where shall purer joys be found than those thy childhood knew,
Or friends to love thee better than the friends thou bid'st adieu?

Oh, sad and heavy doom that o'er this mortal region lies,
That thus we must be parted from what most we love and prize!
And all we prize and love is felt most precious to the heart,
And hardest to be parted from, when we are forc'd to part.

And so, this world must leave us soon, with all that it contains,
Its friendships and its jealousies, its pleasures and its pains;
And all we most avoid on earth, and all we most pursue,
And all we love most fondly,—we must bid them all adieu.

Oh, be it thine, while all around is fleeting thus away,
To seek the Friend who never fails, the joys that ne'er decay!
And may we find our common home upon that better shore,
Where those we love the dearest shall part from us no more.

An Albany Settler's Reminiscences.

IT is seldom we have to welcome so pleasing a contribution to Cape literature as the "Memorial of the British Settlers' Jubilee of 1870," written by the Rev. H. H. Dugmore, and published in very handsome style by Messrs. Richards, Glanville, & Co., of Graham's Town. The volume should be a household one among the Settlers and their descendants. In free and captivating language it pictures the events of frontier colonial life during the past half-century, genially portraying the characters of the "Pilgrim Fathers" of 1820, who left their Fatherland to make a home in what were then the wilds of South Africa, and describing the many vicissitudes which befel them. Mr. Dugmore was a youth fifty years ago,* yet his memory furnishes recollections of the landing on the sandy shores of Algoa Bay in 1820, and the up-country journey of the Settlers:—

And then began to arrive the strange-looking conveyances that were to carry them inland,—the light loosely-made wagons,—the long "spans" of long-horned oxen,—the drivers with their monster whips and strange speech,—the little impish-looking leaders with dark skins and scanty clothing, and with stranger speech than their masters. We have long since become used to all these things; but they were wonders *then*. Next came the visit to the stores provided by the Government; and the picks and spades, the axes and hammers, the ploughs and harrows, that were to "subdue the earth" for its new occupants, were added to their miscellaneous luggage. And so the trains of pilgrims began to wend their way towards a centre of attraction, where the hope of bettering their condition was the only shrine—for there were, as yet, no temples in the wilderness.

We "little ones" of those days felt none of the care that weighed on the hearts of our fathers and mothers. The gipsy-looking camp-fires of the first night's outspanning at the Zwartkops—the ringing echo of the whips among the hills, as driver assisted driver up the steep bush-paths—the scarlet blossoms and the honey-dew of the aloes, that stood like soldiers on the mountain sides—the wild flowers of the wilderness, so new and strange—the bounding of the spring-boks over the plains—these were excitements for *us* that banished both care and fear, and made the journey a happy and beguiling one.

And now the Sunday's River is crossed, and the terrible old Ado Hill is climbed, and Quaggas Flat is passed, and the Bushman's River heights are scaled. The points of divergence are reached, and the long column breaks into divisions. Baillie's party made their way to the mouth of the Fish River, where, it was said, the "Head" had been allowed to choose a territory, and where he hoped to realize imaginations of commercial wealth by founding a seaport town. And the Duke of Newcastle's protégés from Nottingham took possession of the beautiful vale of Clumber, naming it in honour of their noble patron. And Wilson's party settled between the plains of Waaipplaats and the Kowie Bush, right across the path of the elephants, some of which they tried to shoot with fowling-pieces. And Sefton's party, after an unceremonious ousting from their first location at Reed Fountain, founded the village of Salem, the religious importance of which to the early progress of the Settlement is not to be estimated by its present size and population. These four were the *large* parties. The smaller ones filled up the intervening spaces between them. Behind the thicket-clad sand hills of the Kowie

* The Hon. Mr. Godlonton, in a note accompanying the volume which he was good enough to forward to us, says:—"It may be as well to state that the poetry as well as the prose is the composition of Mr. Dugmore, whom I have some pride in introducing to you as the son of a British Settler, with no other education than what he could pick up at stray intervals on the Frontier."

and Green Fountain, and extending over the low plains beyond Bathurst, were the locations of Cock's, Thornhill's, Osler's, Smith's, and Richardson's parties. Skirting the wooded kloofs from Bathurst towards the banks of the Klienemonden, were ranged the parties of James and Hyman. It was the latter who gravely announced to Captain Trapps, the Bathurst Magistrate, the discovery of "precious stones" on his locatiou; and which the irascible gentleman, jealous of the reserved rights of Government, found on farther inquiry were only "precious big ones." The rich valley of Lushington afforded a resting place to Dyason's party. Holder's people called their location New Bristol; which never, however, acquired any resemblance to *old* Bristol. Passing on towards the front, there were Mouncey's party, Hayhurst's party, Bradshaw's party, Southey's party, stretching along the edge of the wide plains of the Round Hill, and drinking their Western waters. The post of honour and danger was the line of the Kap River. This was occupied by the party of Scott below Kaffer Drift, and by the Irish party above it. The Forlorn Hope of the entire settlement was Mahoney's party at the Clay Pits, who had to bear the first brunt of every Kaffer depredation in the Lower Albany direction. Names thicken as we proceed from Waay-plaats towards Graham's Town. Passing Greathead's location, we come among the men of Dalgairns at Blauw Krantz. Then those of Liversage, about Manley's Flat. John Stanley, "Head of all Parties," as he styled himself, belonged to the same neighbourhood. Turvey's party were in Grobbelaar's Kloof; William Smith's at Stony Vale; Dr. Clarke's at Collingham. Howard's, Morgan's and Carlisle's brings us by successive steps to the neighbourhood of Graham's Town; the suburbs of which were indicated by the painted pigeon-house at Brunett's. To the south-westward, the valley of the Kareiga was occupied by Menzies', Mills', and Gardner's parties. The rear-guard of the Settlement may be said to have been formed by the men of Norman's and Captain Butler's parties, who occupied Seven Fountains, and the upper end of the Assegai Bush River.

Besides these "parties," there were other companies of a more select and exclusive kind. Elderly gentlemen of upper-class connections, and retired officers from various departments of the king's service, came with small numbers of men under special conditions, and engaged for a term of years. The names of Bowker, Campbell, Philips, Piggott, and others, will suggest themselves; and such designations as Piggott Park and Barville Park, given to their domains, indicate the social position assumed by their owners.

The trials and privations which the Settlers endured from floods, failure of crops, and Kafir wars, and the energy with which all these drawbacks were struggled with and surmounted, until the country attained to its present prosperity, are facts which colonists should never forget. Those of us who are still inclined to be despondent about the future of South Africa may consider the following:—

Where then were the towns of Port Elizabeth, Colesberg, Somerset, Burghersdorp, Fort Beaufort, Aliwal, Hope Town, Murraysburg, Richmond, Middelburg, Bedford, Alice, Adelaide, Queen's Town, King William's Town, Bathurst, Port Alfred, East London? Must I go on to ask the same question in reference to Humansdorp, Alexandria, Pearston, Aberdeen, Hanover, Whittlesea, Dordrecht, Peddie, Seymour, Tarkastadt? There were none of them in existence. Even Graham's Town was not born—it was only in embryo.

I say nothing about the increase of towns and villages in the Western Province; though British immigration has had much to do with that. And I say nothing of the towns that are rising beyond the Orange River, though their commercial life owes itself to the presence of British energy, and the residence of not a few of the sons and daughters of the old settlers. Does any one ask for the rate of increase in these sons and daughters? Take a couple of specimens. It is not very long since old Joseph Trollip died. There live among us to-day of his lineal descendants *two hundred and seventy*. The Cawoods came, a family of *nine*. The present number of the united generations living is *three hundred and fifty-six*.

I wish I had the number belonging to the Hartley, Usher, Hart, and Bowker families. They would supply figures quite as expressive, although the father of the Bowkers did not marry till he was forty, and said in after life that he had even then committed a juvenile indiscretion in doing so; for his sons increased till he had to name them by Roman numerals. Does any one ask again, what sort of social positions are occupied by the old settlers' sons? They occupy magistracies and mayoralties; they fill seats in our Legislative Council and House of Assembly. There are settlers' sons members of the Government at Natal. A settler's son fills the second position in the government of the Cape. A settler's son ranks with the generals of the British army. The son of a British settler, knighted for his gallant deeds by our gracious Queen (God bless her!) has for years headed a force which might well bear the motto "Ubique" on its banners, for its detachments are seen *everywhere*; and if Sir Walter Currie's career has prematurely ended, it has been in his adopted country's service that he has wrecked his strength. Honour, all honour to the Brave! May they never lack successors worthy of themselves!

In this spirit Mr. Dugmore concludes in suitable verse (for poetry and prose adorn this volume of Reminiscences):—

"Our toilworn fathers have sunk to their rest,
But their sons shall inherit their hope's bequest.
Valleys are smiling in harvest pride;
There are fleecy flocks on the mountain side;
Cities are rising to stud the plains;
The life-blood of commerce is coursing the veins
Of a new-born EMPIRE, that grows, and reigns
O'er Afric's Southern Wilds."

Notes on Rural Matters.

THE South African corn-farmer has little to engage his attention at this season, unless burning and breaking up new land. The attractions of the Diamond-fields have drawn off so many of the stalwart sons of the soil, and the large profits of carrying goods to the Fields have absorbed such a large proportion of the ordinary stock of the farm in the form of mules, horses, and cattle, that we anticipate little new land will be broken up this year. Looking at probabilities, it is doubtful if the average acreage of the last three or four seasons will be sown in 1872. To meet the increasing consumption caused by the additional numbers attracted to our shores, the produce of the land ought to increase, but we venture to predict the reverse, and holders of stocks of wheat and other cereals will find a rising market in the Colony ere long. Prices remain firm in the English market, Cape wheat selling at top prices. The steamer *Marc Antony* takes away 7,000 bags of wheat to a market in Europe.

The wine and dried fruit farmer—they are always conjoined—is now busy preparing for the pressing season, while he is in the midst of the drying season. Apricots, mebos, and peaches, have undergone the necessary manipulation; but apples, pears, and raisins, are undergoing the process in March. The preparation of dried fruits is light-work, requiring nimble fingers and the exercise of some discrimination—we should say more than is generally practised—in rejecting un-

sound and inferior fruits. The whole household of the farmer, young and old, usually participate in the labours of the fruit-drying season.

There is now very little dried apples, pears, apricots, or peaches imported, and there should be as little of any other dried fruits. The Cape currant is immeasurably superior to any imported; and is, when procurable, always preferred by the discriminating housewife. It is rare that sun-dried dessert raisins, with the bloom upon the berries—the produce of the Cape—are to be met with; but that they can be grown and prepared here there is not a doubt, for we have seen them as beautiful to look upon, and to the taste far richer in flavour than any imported. The stoneless Sultana raisin grape-vine which we introduced from Greece ten years ago, succeeds well in our vineyard, and bears moderately well. The bunches of this grape are large, the berries oval, when ripe of a beautiful amber colour, and about the size of a Water Hannepot. The flavour is a combination of the Frontignac and the Hannepot; and very delicious. The raisins realize a large price. A Port Elizabeth correspondent wrote, last year, that he was prepared to give two shillings per lb. for all Cape Sultana raisins procurable.

Various causes operate to render the Cape farmer indifferent to improvement in his preparation of dried fruits, but to elucidate the principal of those causes would be trenching on the domain of political economy, an area which is altogether *Taboo* in these pages.

Towards the latter end of this month (March) seeds of the common fir, or “stone pine,” *Pinus pinea*, may be sown. We strongly advocate thick sowing of the pine family for many reasons, but principally to prevent the spread of fires in the plantation. When the plants are young, their horizontal branches charged with moisture, cover the ground, destroying the natural herbage and other inflammable material which spread the flames in all directions. Rapid evaporation of the moisture in the soil is also prevented by close planting or sowing. While the protection afforded each other, creates rapidity of growth in the whole. One of the most practicable means of preventing the spread of fire, and confining it to one section in a plantation is, cutting wide drives, or lanes, at least fifty feet in width, dividing the whole forest into isolated sections, so that when a fire occurs in any one section, it dies out, or is beaten out, when it reaches the edge of the drive. The drives must be kept clear of all dead and inflammable matter. When the thinning and felling of the timber in the plantation takes place, those drives are ready made roadways for carrying out the logs.

We know of no tree so well adapted to the poorest soil and most exposed situations as the common “Cape Fir,” so called. The seed is one of the largest in the fir tribe, and is, of course, less liable to accidents than a smaller sized seed when sown in rough ground. It germinates freely; ninety per cent, of ordinary seed may be relied upon becoming plants. How the tree adapts itself to the driest and most unpromising situations may be seen on the sides of the Kloof Road, both above and below the residence of P. Penketh, Esq. The judicious planter will, of course, always give preference to the oak, when the soil and situation will ensure its success.

Nothing in our Cape landscape strikes the Australian visitor to our rural districts with greater surprise than the entire absence of fences of any kind. To his mind the country is barren, unsettled—at least poor, and the landscape altogether wanting in that warmth which fences, plantation belts, and marked boundaries, give to thriving settled districts. In those Eastern Settlements, the very first thing a farmer thinks of on taking possession of his land is, to enclose it, and divide it into suitable paddocks. "Post and rail" is the most usual material, the native timber being well adapted for that species of fence. Wire fencing and live fences are now taking the place of post and rail in many of the earlier settled districts. Some Australian stockholders have as much as thirty (30) miles of fencing on their land. Planting and fencing in his lands are two subjects which the Cape farmer and landholder, great and small, cannot too zealously study and practise with energy.

The "Kei Apple," *Aberia Caffra*, an excellent native fruit, is now ripe. The tree is a prodigious bearer, one plant, in full bearing, being sufficient for the largest family. Eaten fresh, it is rather acid to most palates; but one or two in a pear or pumpkin pie, imparts a delicious piquancy to the whole. The great value of this fruit is as a preserve; it makes an excellent jelly, and is the most natural and agreeable substitute for red currant jelly, to eat with roast mutton or game. The plant is invaluable as a hedge plant, making in a few years, in ordinary soil, a perfectly cattle-proof fence. It is easily increased by seeds. In a few years we expect to see it as commonly in use as a hedge-row plant as the "Quick" or "Thorn" in Britain. The number of native plants suitable for hedge-row purposes is considerable. While those of exotic habitat, introduced and represented in the Botanical Garden, is perhaps greater. For the benefit of those concerned, a list of both Cape and exotic hedge-row plants, and their adaptability and merits on particular soils, and in certain situations, may be given in some future article in the Magazine.

"DIED, in the month of October last, in Nicaragua, Dr. B. Seeman, in the 45th year of his age; an eminent botanical collector and writer on natural history." There appears a very full notice of the career of this accomplished botanist in the *Gardener's Chronicle* of 30th December last. We recollect meeting Dr. Seeman at Kew, in 1845, which institution we had just joined, and Dr. Seeman was on the point of leaving to join the *Herald*, surveying ship, as naturalist to the expedition. In 1851 he visited the Cape in the *Herald* on the return voyage to England. Many of the most beautiful plants recently introduced to English and European Gardens were discovered by Dr. Seeman in the various countries he visited, and were brought out in Europe by Mr. Wm. Bull, the eminent plant-merchant of Chelsea. Dr. Seeman had a very brilliant and successful career as a botanist and collector; but as enthusiasm began to cool, he found what, alas! too many votaries of science find, that success, honours, fellowships, and all distinctions of a like nature, rarely lead to independence. During the last ten or twelve years of his life Dr. Seeman devoted his talents and energies, very successfully it is believed, to gold mining in the Republic of Nicaragua, where he died.

It is stated that all intention of holding an Autumn Agri-Horticultural Show is abandoned. Indeed, it is now too late even for most fruits. Cereals and wines can be shown at any season, but a combined show would, we think, have a good effect; and, with favourable weather, its financial success might be safely predicted.

Contributions to the Botanical Garden since last report have been a case of aloë plants, *Aloë Barbadosis*, Miller, from His Excellency Rawson W. Rawson. These plants reached here after a long voyage from the West Indies, *via* England in fair condition. The Barbadoes aloë drug realizes a higher price in the English market than the produce of any other country—Cape aloës being almost invariably the lowest priced. Mr. Hudson, of Mossel Bay, who takes great interest in the improvement of all articles of colonial produce, is impressed with a conviction that the character of our drug is due to the variety of aloë from which the juice is extracted. To remedy this, and seeing that the Cape is the principal habitat of the genus, he is of opinion that the cultivation of the true Barbadoes aloë must be attended with success. Hence the importation. We believe the bad character and low price of Cape aloës in the English market is altogether due to the dirty and nearly unmarketable state in which the article is exported, sand, stones, sticks, &c., being freely mixed up with the inspissated juice of the plant to the extent, not unfrequently, we are informed, of fifty per cent. of the entire weight of a parcel. The Barbadoes aloë is of a lowly growth compared with some of our Cape species; but it has the merit of rapidly propagating itself, through natural means, by suckers from old-established plants. We hope to have plants for distribution next year.

From Mr. Dunn some succulent plants have been received, collected by that gentleman during his tour in Namaqualand. Several of these are represented in the collection in the Garden by solitary examples. The whole of the northern territory is a vast unexplored field, offering forms and types rich and rare to the botanical collector possessed of courage and energy to traverse this country, which every traveller characterizes as a dry and barren desert,—a wilderness without a shadow.

J. M. G.

Notes.

DR. ATHERSTONE'S Picture of the Diamond-fields should have reached us a fortnight ago at the latest. In place of it, and only a week ago, we received the following apology, which, as a proper way of punishing our "erratic boulder" friend, and as a solemn warning to other procrastinating contributors, we here publish precisely as it reached us! In consideration of the penance thus inflicted, we forgive the Doctor this once:—

"I really don't know what excuse to make, I have so many, and which to take *first* is the difficulty. Railroads have, I fear, driven *diamonds* out of my head most completely. I have been scrambling through poorts and inaccessible cliffs, and calculating curves and gradients, losing myself and horses in wild out-of-the-way

kloofs, where no man but Southey and a few baboons ever dreamt of venturing in; and the scenes, and sights, and screeches, and shouts of sarcastic 'wildmen of the rocks' got so photographed on my brain that they were repeated night after night in dream-panoramas! Then I started with Robinson on another exploratory tour down the Riebeeck valley and Zartwater Poort-line, hunting up incipient tracks for rails amongst the tortuous Zuurbergen and the undulating hills of the Upper Bushman's River; then I joined the Governor, and was off in the springy trap of Cobb & Co. (limited) to the Moravian Institution of Enon, amidst the cliffs of the Enon-conglomerate and the forest kloofs of the 'Slacht Kamer,' where, as old Fourie told us, 'the flies and the elephants are so troublesome;' then, again, off to the Sunday's River cliffs and the 'Blauwkrantz,' hammering out fossil forms in the blazing sun, with Sir Henry and Lady Barkly looking on perspiringly, letting down the 'spider' by riems through impassable drifts and unbridged rivers,—away to the ammonite cliffs beyond Tunbridge's—over the jurassic sea—past the ancient 'commando kraal,' where the first railroad is to halt, and outspan, till the elephants, and the quarrelsome Settlers, and the Bayonians can be cleared out of the way,—when a railroad will proceed with a snort of delight, re-echoed by your humble servant; then we reach the Bay, and go on board the big steamers, and get pitched into by the bloodthirsty mosquitos, who hate strangers, or else like their blood. And here I get "sold" by an off-coloured and off-tempered driver, who nearly drives me to desperation, till, fortunately, the passenger-cart comes up, with one vacant seat, and I make a rush into it with my carpet-bag and hammer, and what is left of my propriety, and I get home saturated with dust internally and externally, and find *it is the 17th*, and I've never once thought of the *Magazine*, or the diamond trip, or my promises to you and the public. Now, what's to be done? Here a patient just calls me off, and the post is just starting, so I must think of it when I return. Meanwhile I must post this to tell you I've not written a line, nor thought of one, and don't see how I can manage to write anything in time. *Wacht een beetje*,—you've got the Flying Squadron; you can't want an article now with all that naval dissipation. I'll try my hand at a scribble when I get home to-night—if I do; but I fear it won't do to depend on so erratic a boulder, for I may roll off somewhere else. Excuse these hurried lines for my forgetfulness, and forgive,

"Yours sincerely,

"W. G. ATHERSTONE."

THE following has been forwarded to us by a Correspondent who, two years ago, copied it from a tombstone in the Parish Churchyard of Haddington. Any word of comment would be worse than superfluous:—

"Here now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801, only child of the above John Welsh, and of Grace Welsh, his wife.

"In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare.

"For forty years she was the true and ever loving helpmate of husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worth that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Life at Natal.

No. II.

(IN CONTINUATION OF "LIFE AT THE CAPE.")

BY A LADY.

Bellevue, July 10, 1864.

THERE is a Club here. I mention that fact without the slightest bitterness, as the said Club has introduced us to some very pleasant acquaintances. At first I thought it possible that, as Durban is so sociable and secluded a place, its Club might possibly differ from Clubs in general, by being open to our sex. Capt. C. soon dispelled that pleasing illusion by assuring me that no crinoline had ever crossed its threshold. However, I bear no malice, as the Club has opened the way to a Sugar Estate. J—— met there a Mr. V., the owner of a plantation not far from here. He is a man with great breadth of brow and wealth of speech—polite, pleasant, and, may I add, patronising. He rather oppresses me by his condescensions, which are as pronounced as his courtesies. Of these latter I cannot say too much. He sent in a wagonnette for us, drawn by six oxen, in which we were dragged through the sandy streets of the town, passing at the extreme end some pretty gardens with fine old trees in them. The road for some miles was not very interesting, as it skirted the bay beach on one side and the bushy Berea on the other. When we reached the grassy plain, sprinkled over with patches of bush, it became pleasanter. A little group of cottages near some lime-kilns is celebrated as the scene of the Dutch Camp at "Congella," in trying to attack which the Queen's troops made such a mess of it in 1840. No blame to them, however. The attack was to have been a night surprise, but the guns stuck fast amidst the mud and mangroves of the beach; the tide rose, and the Dutch farmers, having discovered what was coming, opened fire out of ambush. So the gallant 73rd were coolly shot down.

VOL. V.—APRIL, 1872.

The Umbilo is a little tidal stream about four miles from Durban, blessed with the habit of rising at high water to an almost impassable height. When we crossed it, a child might have waded over. I was pleased to see so many snug cottages standing in the midst of gardens and fruit trees. The banana groves are lovely, and carry one away to the tropics at a glance. Oranges seem to thrive here especially well, and I have seen many trees larger than any I saw near Cape Town. They are the only fruit in great abundance just now, although pine apples are to be had, as is usual more or less all through the year.

A little further on we crossed the Umhlatuzan, another small stream. How much prettier, by the way, Kafir names are than Dutch, though they require a little practice to pronounce them properly. I have a morbid desire to see an alligator, although I know were one to appear, I should be of all women the most timid. "Crocodile stories" are quite common here, and some are highly sensational. I was told of a missionary who was dragged from his horse, through a quantity of reeds for some distance, and awfully lacerated by one of these monsters. Another sad affair took place near Durban. A rope was stretched across the ferry of the Umgeni River, and two little boys were bathing along it, and with its help venturing into deeper water than they would otherwise have trusted themselves in. Suddenly a big snout rushed down upon the elder of the two, and tore him off, one pitiful shriek expressing his last consciousness of life. The father, who was in delicate health, sunk under the shock of this tragedy, and soon followed his son.

There is such a lovely place just beyond this river, belonging to the Z——'s. Mrs. Z—— is a daughter of our old Graham's Town friends, the Y——'s, and looks very fitly set in her charming surroundings. Their new house is barely finished, but one can already see that it will be a large and airy bungalow, with a spacious and spreading verandah. The prevalence of these adjuncts, which take the place of the Cape "stoep," marks a line of difference, and to my mind a very pleasant one. One can scarcely wish for a more delightful house than this of Mount View. It stands on the slope of a bush-clad hill overlooking the bay, which dreams in front. Perhaps your critical mind will ask in what manner "a bay" *can* "dream," and, scientifically speaking, I dare say you are right; but the phrase expresses my feeling on the subject, and I venture to think you will accept it too when I remind you that this shallow and landlocked sheet of water is never disturbed by more than mimic waves.

I saw here a Coffee Plantation, and at once fell in love with so cleanly and picturesque a pursuit. Were you to plant a coffee tree—as they call it—in your garden at K., you would treasure it as one of your most ornamental shrubs. It is a dark glossy-leaved evergreen, with radiating branches, the regularity of whose succession is made sure by the pruning-knife. In October a profusion of white powdery bloom bursts out, and the trees look as though a shower of

snow had fallen on them. In autumn, that is about March and April, the red "cherries" appear, and they are visible, off and on, for several months. Now, although "picking" has been going on for two months, there was a goodly crop of berries left; and I was immensely interested to find in the heart of the scarlet fruit, folded face to face in an inner husk, two blue and fragrant beans, such as we see in grocers' shops in Sloane-street.

After lunch and a ramble amongst tropical trees and plants, we got again into our wagonette and moved on to Mr. V's. Here we are on the top of a rise, with bigger hills behind us, all covered with bush, and a large plain, covered with sugar-mills, and plantations in front. A river winds through the centre, and dark woodland bluffs rise up beyond, shutting in a delicious vignette-glimpse of blue sea. There seem to be at least a dozen tall chimneys rising out of the plain, and the smoke curling from them contrasts beautifully with the sky. The scene makes an odd impression on one. Close behind is a "Kafir location," a tract of country set apart for natives, where all is pure (?) barbarism. In front, these steam engines and cane-fields suggest nothing but civilization. Do you ask me which I like best? It is hard to say. To your mind, among the bricks and mortar of our old suburb, I dare say a sugar plantation seems a very romantic and idyllic thing; and familiarity has not yet destroyed the illusion to me. Of course, we have been down to the mill. I find that is the correct thing to do. We were taken there in a "cane cart," and rather enjoyed the rusticity of the conveyance. Mr. V. was in his element. Our weak minds were so painfully ignorant in all matters pertaining to the growth of cane and the manufacture of sugar, that the fullest scope was afforded to his descriptive power. So we were shown cane-tops being planted in little oblong holes, ranged in rows a foot apart; then the young plants after they had shot up like thin wiry young aloes; then the plant cane when it was a year old—that is, when it was about half as high as we were; then the ripe cane—a thick tangled mass of vegetation, ten or twenty feet high, with the long pointed stalks twisting and twining about each other, until the wonder is they ever get unloosed; then, last of all, the "rattoons," which appear to be a kind of second edition that comes up without replanting after the fields are cleared.

I must really take breath after this long description, which does me infinite credit, I consider. The Kafirs are laughing and singing outside, having just killed a large green "mamba" that was taking its siesta in an oleander bush opposite my window. These snakes are the deadliest known, although their coats are so gay and attractive. * * * * Where was I when the snake charmed me away? At the sugar-mill? You must know, then, that Mr. V.'s mill is held to be a model one in these parts; and, true enough, it was almost as clean and tidy as your kitchen. You know best what that means; but you will know it still better if you imagine

Jane's treacle tin, multiplied ten thousandfold, and the contents distributed through the whole servants' quarter.

But let me make another descriptive effort,—hard as a woman finds it to be succinct. The canes, then, are all shoved between enormous iron rollers, which suck them in, and squeeze them dry as inexorably as a money-lender does his victims. The juice flows along a gutter into two large square tanks, where it is clarified. It then goes to the "battery." Don't start. We are as far out of cannon-shot as you are. Imagine five enormous washing boilers placed in a row, all full of boiling juice, which is constantly being poured from one to the other, and skimmed, until it reaches a smaller pan or "tench" at the end, from which a huge dipper lifts it bodily and discharges it into shallow wooden trays or coolers. There is something *infernal* in this operation; what with the bubbling of the juice, the naked forms of the Kafirs and Coolies brandishing their enormous ladles, the clouds of steam that arise, and the stifling heat that prevails,—to say nothing of a pervading perfume of burning butterscotch,—you have a very fair foretaste of what bad people may expect. Mr. V. seemed quite unconscious of anything peculiar in the scene. If I could but put his description on paper, you might read it before the Society of Arts.

The next process I really enjoyed. After remaining in the coolers for a certain time—I suppose until it is cool,—the candyish stuff is dug out into buckets, and poured into the centrifugals. These receptacles have perforated sides, and revolve at great speed in an outer iron case. The action forces the moist portion or treacle out, and leaves the crystallized sugar dry, clean, and white within. It was a marvellous transformation. Nothing could be dirtier looking than the stuff poured in; nothing could be nicer than the sugar left. As I like to carry pleasant impressions away, I would see no more after this; and J— tells me I lost some very valuable statistics about yield and cultivation; but I regret to say that when I pressed him to repeat the same, his memory quite failed him.

It is quite a relief to have *done* a Sugar Estate, as my ignorance no longer needs enlightenment, and I may be spared the purgatorial experiences of a "boiling-house." What a blessing that sugar-making was unknown in the days of ancient martyrdom! These seething cauldrons would have admitted hosts of saints to heaven.

11th July.—* * * Mr. V. made us stay a day longer than we had proposed doing, in order to pic-nic on the shore. A cane cart was again our vehicle, and a merry party we made. I should tell you that I have involuntarily got mixed up with quite a romantic love affair.

Annie B. came out with us in the steamer for the sedate and proper purpose of being married. She is a charming girl, with auburn hair and flirt's eyes—one of those low-browed, soft-voiced beauties who do so much mischief amongst the men. I took to her at once, and although her love of appreciation drew her into one

or two scrapes, and earned for her the frowns of one or two dowagers blest with rather plain daughters, I liked her more and more. Imagine her disgust on finding that the "happy man" was *non est* here, and that no tidings of any kind awaited her. "Charles," the name of the defaulter, lives somewhere in the western wilds—the Free State, I think they call it; and, of course, the poor girl would never think of proceeding to him there. It is a miserable situation, and I am glad to be able to act the part of "friend in need" to the forlorn maiden. She has a brave spirit and makes little sign, saying that there must be some mistake; but as days pass into weeks, and the missing lover "cometh not," her buoyant hopes are manifestly abating. J—— threatens all kind of vengeance should Charles prove faithless, and will, I verily believe, sally forth on a search into the interior, should nothing be heard.

But to return to our pic-nic and our cane cart wherein we—that is J., Annie, Mr. and Mrs. V., the children, and myself—are being transported to the beach, or rather to the river, for we only went as far as a winding stream, where a boat awaited us. For a mile or two we were rowed down the stream, coming aground here and there, and sometimes having to stoop under the branches that often met overhead. Two or three varieties of kingfishers flashed past—one drest in blue and crimson—being quite as gay as the Natural History Books make him out to be. And here, too, we saw a lori—imagine it!—one of those birds you dream of, and think of Mrs. Hemans when reading about them. It is a noble bird, about the size of a parrot, the body being emerald green and the wings a bluish purple; a royal crest sweeps back from the head, but can be erected at pleasure. Its wings, as you know, are lovely in hats. There is yet another bird, too, which I saw yesterday in the bush—the emerald cuckoo. Its robes are green and gold, with a patch of velvety and darkling crimson; but such a glow and glory suffuse its plumes that they are past description.

On we went until the water shoaled and we could go no further, so out we were carried and walked. A bushy hill soared above us; and keeping to the dry bed of the stream, we scrambled at last over some rocks and were once more by the sea. Round the corner was an exquisite cove, shut in by rocks, which at low water disclose the most ravishing pools, skirted by the hardest and smuttiest sand, and overlooked by steep slopes covered with the plummy strelitzia and other fern-leaved vegetation—a paradise, in short. Before us the sea broke and bounced highly on the outer rocks, and outdid the sky in depth of blue.

The hours were taken up as usual with fishing, fern-hunting, seaweed and shell-collecting, eating and drinking. The mussels and oysters on the rocks contributed to our lunch. Of the latter too much cannot be said in point of flavour, but in size they are small, and they are so fast embedded in the rock that it is hard to break them off. Some Kafirs were fishing, their lines, made of

twisted bark, being let down through chinks into the still waters underlying the rocks. Some noble hauls were made, and great was Annie's delight and mine at bringing safely to land a few blue and orange-striped beauties of our own. Their colours were so brilliant that the gold-fish in your parlour window would look pale beside them.

Before closing this letter, just a glimpse into savagedom. Early yesterday morning Mr. V. took us for a ride. I was mounted on Mrs. V.'s most sedate and respectable old cob, in comparison with which dear old "Sunbeam" at the Cape had been perfection itself. We rode down to the place, crossed a wide sandy river, and then meandered up by crooked Kafir paths to the realm of heathenism. Kraals were visible all around, generally on the brow of some secondary spur or hill. On approaching one, consisting of four straw huts, about a dozen wretched curs came yelping out, and they were followed by ten naked children, as innocent of fashion as Eve, three bigger girls, say about twelve, similarly attired, five big girls with a fringe to adorn them, and a background of ancient hags and men. Mr. V. knew the headman, who gave us a dignified reception. As far as I could see, for I did not like to go too near, the place was well swept and clean; but the idea of having your cattle enclosure—never raked out, by the way—surrounded by the huts you are to live, eat, and sleep in, is one which would only occur to a barbarian.

Two of the women (all the married ones wore leathern petticoats) had greasy black babies hanging at their backs. Their shining heads were hanging over the skin bandage in a manner so limp, and so suggestive of a dislocated neck, that I shuddered. Their mode of maternal feeding is not easy to describe. * * * One of them asked Mr. V. which of J.'s wives—meaning Annie and me—was the favourite! He, of course, said that Annie was, to her great enjoyment. We were thinking of dismounting, so as to inspect more closely—moved by woman's natural curiosity, you know—the household economies, when the oldest woman made a remark, which was so aptly interpreted by the accompanying gesture, that I beat a hasty retreat, and I came to the conclusion that heathenism is best studied in the pages of missionary books, from which all that is really heathenish is excluded. And yet Mr. V. told us that a missionary's wife living near—a refined and sensitive English lady—spoke of those very people as nature's gentle-folks, visited their huts regularly, and was never so happy as when petting and caressing these grimy and greasy picaninnies. It is funny to hear people talk of mission work in this country. They do not run it down. On the contrary, very kindly feelings seem to exist between the colonists and the missionaries, but they regard all the money and labour that are being spent in violent efforts after conversion as a waste of means that might be applied to better purpose amongst the white pagans of the old country. Here, as in the "old colony," I find that

Christian Kafirs are held to be no improvement upon the "pure and simple" savage; although, judging from my kraal experience just narrated, both purity and simplicity may be carried to an excess.

Durban, 15th July.—J. finds it difficult to get a furnished house in Maritzburg, and I am kept here longer than I expected in consequence. We know a few nice people, and then I want to see the last of Annie. She has made up her mind to return by the next mail steamer that leaves, and is thoroughly wretched—just in that frame of mind when she would accept the first offer that might be made to her,—love or no love, eligible or ineligible. She feels humiliated, which is of all sensations the worst. It seems that "Charles" is a young sheep-farmer, who came out a few years ago for his health, and was so pleased with the Free State and its wonderful climate, that he settled there. The interior mail comes in once a week, on Thursday, and Annie's expressive face is a picture first of expectancy and then of vexation, before and after the letters are delivered.

People here seem mad about railways. They are literally possessed with the subject. A certain Mr. E. is now in Maritzburg, acting as the promoter of a scheme to make a line from this to Maritzburg. Most of the folks are strongly in favour of the movement, but there are, as usual, a few oppositionists, to whom the pace of the ox-wagon represents a true ideal of progress. It is impossible to avoid taking an interest in a topic every one talks about, but I shall be heartily glad when the question is settled, and lighter subjects prevail. We may then hope to find something amusing in the local papers, which offer the driest reading imaginable. This Mr. E. is said to be an arch-diplomatist, and is using all his blandishments to get the members of Council to go with him. I see, too, that Dr. Duff, the great Indian divine, is on his way here overland. It will be a treat to see and hear one of the missionary heroes of one's childhood. By-the-by, who else do you think is here?—Bishop Gray, of Cape Town. He arrived in Durban from Maritzburg yesterday, having come to Natal on business connected with the "heretical" Colenso. This lastnamed prelate is to be subjected to all manner of pains and penalties. J—— has read the Pentateuch, and does not seem to think so badly of it as certain ladies here, who shake their heads, and predict all manner of calamities as likely to follow the return here of a bishop who "denies the Bible." Ecclesiastical strife raged in Natal some years ago, and is likely, from all accounts, to do so again. The Dean and most of the clergy have already declared for Cape Town and orthodoxy, but among the laity Bishop Colenso will be strong. Mr. L. speaks very vehemently on the subject, and seems rather disposed to close the doors of his church against the Bishop when he comes back. But though his hatred of neology is great, his love of church order is greater, and priestly allegiance may triumph over theological differences.

I went to see a wedding the other day. The bridegroom was a leading man here—a tall, handsome fellow—the bride a pleasing blonde. There was the usual array of pretty girls dressed in white, and the costumes were very much as usual, due allowance being made for distance from the centres of fashion. The shortcomings of this town in the matter of vehicles impressed me most. There was not one private carriage or “trap” of any kind on the ground. A large species of van—one of the Maritzburg omnibuses, in fact—conveyed the bridal party to church; one or two of the gentlemen rode, but most of the guests were afoot. I am told that the heavy sand of the streets prevents the use of horse vehicles, so the good people of Durban are pedestrians perforce; although the wearying character of these roads gives them the best possible plea for moving about on wheels. I take it, however, that the evil genius of South Africa prevails here, as at the Cape, though in less degree, and that the process of change is slow and difficult. J. is at a loss to understand why “chairs” and palanquins are not used here. “What is the use,” he asks, “of introducing Indian people without Indian customs?” We scarcely ever go out but we hear ladies complaining of the difficulties they are under as regards getting about after dark, and in rainy weather, but it would be easy enough to have a few chairs built, and a few coolies trained to carry them. Some day this will be done by a man of original genius, and then the wonder will be that the thing was never done before! Meanwhile, the good folks of the town are content to grope and stumble at night through streets apologetically lighted by distant lamps, whose fitful glimmer only serves to make darkness visible. When the moon does not happen to shine—as it usually does at this season—these said lamps are apt to be out of order, or have a perverse way of going out just when respectable people think of going home.

17th July.—As a proof to you that though we are so near the tropics, this is not a tropical winter, let me tell you that by this morning’s paper I see that a drunken coolie has been frozen to death in a reedy marsh where he had lain down to sleep. Had you stood in the same spot six hours later, at midday, I dare say you would have found a fan acceptable. The mornings now are quite bitterly cold, and frost visits all the low-lying moist localities. But the mounting sun soon warms the air, and diffuses a summer heat around. Mr. V. tells me that from the middle of June to the first week in August, all planters whose fields lie so low as to be within reach of frost go to bed in fear and trembling, and look out of their windows, when they rise, in timorous expectation that the green expanse of their plantations may have been whitened overnight by frost. Some years ago no one thought that cane would grow on the hills, which are quite free from this danger, but now it is found that cane grown there gives even better crops than cane grown in the valleys that are liable to frost. The consequence is that winter

is not nearly so much dreaded as it used to be, as a very small portion of land on the coast is within freezing reach.

You will see how thoroughly I am being coloured by the life around me. Living at an hotel much frequented by planters, I cannot help hearing on all sides talk about sugar, and as I always make a point of doing at Rome as Rome does, my interest in sugar-planting is quite absorbing. Don't think me egotistical when I repeat to you what a planter from the neighbouring county of Victoria said to me yesterday, after I had been listening to his remarks on the popular theme. He is a man of most dignified presence and deliberate speech—an African edition of Sir Charles Grandison. "Madam," he said, "pardon me for saying that for the first time in my life I have found in woman a practical mind, ah!—a gracious manner, ah!—and an attentive ear." I blushed, curtsied, and retired.

19th July.—This has been a day of such wild excitement, and I feel so indisposed to sleep, that before going to bed I must tell you of our experiences. Know, then, that a grand Volunteer Bazaar was opened this morning. All the town had been talking of this affair for weeks, and all the town had contributed to it. It was held in a large store, prettily decorated with bunting and coloured calico. At the stalls there were the usual array of pretty nothings, but a yet prettier array of girls. On the part of the elder saleswomen there was a manifest air of meaning business, which at once appalled J., who went under protest—but stayed, let me remark, for his own pleasure. The young ones may be described as being rather shy on the whole, although one or two I saw who seemed quite able to make the most of the advantages such a position offers. Annie had been carried captive by Mrs. ———, and bloomed brightly by the side of a very substantial dowager. To my mind, she was the prettiest thing there, and her fashionable garb was scanned by eyes which evidently meant to guide imitative hands. There was a weary look about her, however, which both J. and I remarked and fully understood.

This was not only a Bazaar, it was an Exhibition—shall I say of fine arts? All the available pictures in Durban crowded the walls. There were a host of familiar prints, and one or two oil paintings of which the less said the better. A few water-colour drawings contributed, I believe, by Mr. S——, a man of very artistic instincts—were really attractive—especially some sketches of local scenery. After the stock Swiss, German, and Scottish scenes which crowd home galleries, it is refreshing to look at views of savage nature and savage life in Africa. Why don't European landscape-painters quit the old tracks and study nature amidst her barbaric aspects? Some collections of curios, such as insects and stuffed birds, pleased me most. In the British Museum I always hurried through the Natural History Rooms, being overwhelmed by the enormous number of the "exhibits;" but little groups like these we

saw to-day you can spend your time over to enjoy. Perhaps, too, the enjoyment is enhanced by the fact that you may see any of the specimens before you in all the strength of life and glory of freedom, by keeping your eyes at work when outside.

The most extraordinary insects were the Mantes or "Hottentot Gods," which grow here to an immense size. Some were eight inches long, and exactly like bits of dry twig. The moths and butterflies were splendid. A moth here is a radiant, velvet-winged thing, with back and plumage marked in bands and circles of darkly shaded colour. But this is not the season for the gayer insects, nor yet, happily, for the offensive ones. Every one warns me against certain "ticks" of most irritating propensities, and certain mosquitoes of more familiar reputation,—pests which abound here in summer. So Durban shall see me not again before winter has ousted these plagues.

I have forgotten the Bazaar, however. Another *specialité* was a collection of wild grasses exquisitely arranged on cards, in the form of bouquets, by a missionary's wife. They needed no bloom to brighten them. All through the day various amusements were going on, to the immense delight of the crowds of children who thronged the large building. It was great fun to see a Kafir try a galvanic machine. The apparent unconcern with which he grasped the harmless-looking holders, the dawn of disquietude on his expressive features, the dropping of his under lip, the heightening glare of his lurid eyes, his vain attempt to drop the diabolical handle, and the final convulsion which bent his writhing form, were all studies of unaffected human nature.

What I could not help being generally struck with throughout the day was the serious and critical air evinced by visitors. Few and commonplace as were the pictures, meagre as was the exhibition, all was scanned with as much earnestness and gravity as though the scene had been the Louvre or the South Kensington. Doubtless, in fact it was manifest that some of the young people regarded the place as the centre of the world at that moment. Among some of the older ones ancient memories seemed revived, and we could not help frequently overhearing such words as "Before I left home," "When I visited the Great Exhibition in 1851," and so on. How strange it is to think of all the great movements of the world since that time, and to know that through them all these worthy folks have jogged on serenely in this sunny but most secluded nook of our good Queen's dominions.

Being a Volunteer demonstration, there was a strong military flavour about the festivities. Citizen soldiers swarmed in blue and buff uniforms. Officers in silver lace met one everywhere. A by-no-means badly trained band discoursed sweet music from time to time. J says that the corps is well drilled, and that the officers are very painstaking. Of course, we are never over enthusiastic about amateur soldiers, so you must regard this as high praise.

The "Major" of the corps appears exceedingly popular. He is a vocalist as well as a volunteer, and took part in a musical and dramatic entertainment, which closed the day's proceedings. I can't say much for either singing or acting, but I dare say had we heard some of the voices in a smaller private room, they would have sounded sweet enough. The good nature which would agree to strain one's powers in a low-roofed rambling store impressed me as being the highest patriotism of all. The colonists, however, are chiefly dependent on their own performances for occasions of this kind.

21st July.—We rode to-day to a shooting match, at which Volunteers from all parts of the Colony competed. The targets were erected in a sylvan glade shut in by gentle, bush-clad undulations—such a place as Poussin or Claude loved to paint. Several mounted corps were represented, and the dark uniforms of some of them were very effective. J. is much pleased with the military spirit shown by the colonists, and considering the presence of so many natives, there is need enough for the display.

25th July.—I open my letter again to give you a bit of real news. Last night the report of a gun awoke us all with the welcome news that the mail had arrived. My first thought was that I should have news of my chicks—my second that I should soon lose Annie's sweet society. I have quite come to love her as a sister. We were really sad at breakfast this morning, for she, too, has grown quite attached to us, and is quite enthusiastic about J., who asks me if I am jealous,—a question I leave him to answer. The mails were to be delivered about noon, and Annie, J., and I were sitting in our parlour, A.'s back being towards the door, when a quick step was heard approaching, and the next moment a tall, good-looking young fellow stood in the door, with his hat off, and the one word "Annie" on his lips. * * I need not tell the rest. It was "Charles" himself, and his story was the simplest in the world. There had been a misunderstanding as to where he should meet Annie. He had gone down to Algoa Bay; she had come up here. Hence all these unnecessary tears. Since then I have had my letters. All is well, and I am perfectly happy. I hear marriage bells in the distance, and I see a pair of absorbed lovers in the foreground.

A Dream about Owls.*

BY A CANTAB.

It was a warm day, and I was tired, and lay down in the enticing shade of the nearest firs. It was very cool and refreshing under the shadow of the outermost trees of a vast wood, and to hear the far-off hum of the city, and the solitary ring of the woodman's axe, and the rippling noise of running water, and the various other sounds which come in upon one in a forest as they do nowhere else; and thus I made up my mind to have a good half-hour's rest before I went a step farther. Between the brown stems of the trees I could get glimpses of blue sea and grey sand-hills, and mountains ever so far away in the background. All things seemed to quiver and reel in the glaring heat of the sun; it was a "lotos-eating" day.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Lulled by the drowsy peacefulness of everything about me, and the monotonous regularity of all the forest sounds, I felt myself about to doze, when suddenly I was aware of a large bright pair of eyes looking stedfastly at me from a broken bough of one of the trees. A glance was enough to assure me that the eyes were those of an owl. There was something in the look of the bird—I know not what—which caused me to fix my attention upon it. Perhaps it was that I traced some likeness in it to the stuffed owl that kept such a grave, wise watch over my father's library; or perhaps my severe classical studies and my enthusiastic reverence for the bright-eyed Athenè had led me specially to associate every bird of that kind with the beautiful goddess. However these things may be, impelled by some indescribable force, I soon found myself entering into conversation with the solemn old creature; and, strange to say, when I was answered in my own language I am not aware that I experienced the slightest surprise. My impressions of our preliminary remarks to each other are so very vague—they are probably connected with the weather—that I think it hardly worth while to record them; but I distinctly remember asking the owl what brought it to its present position, and why it was away from its companions.

"Oh," said the owl, "this is our holiday; we always have a holiday once in every seven days, and so do all the other living beings so far as I know, except those over which you men have the control. Careful statistics of Owldom prove that periodic relaxation, such as we enjoy, conduces immensely to length of life. Great numbers of my acquaintance have gone down to the sea-side to get some fresh air, but I dare say there are a few still left in the forest, like myself,

* We have received this article from England by the mail-steamer *Saxon* this month. It purports to be the record of a dream, and we leave it for the Chaldeans and the astrologers to divine the interpretation thereof, if any meaning or interpretation there be at all.—ED. C. M. M.

who are trying to devise some scheme for ameliorating the condition of certain kinsfolk of ours."

"Well," I remarked, "but don't you call that working? I thought this was your holiday, and that you abstained from all work on this day."

"I quite agree with you," said the owl; "this is work, and the hardest of all work, because the honest labour of the brain is ever so much harder than that of the hands, as the delicate frames of most students prove; but then it is so much more honourable than manual labour. But this work we are engaged in now is for the good of other people; it is quite unselfish, and therefore wholly ennobling: a work of this kind we think it not only allowable to do, but quite unallowable not to do. Some recreation, however, we always take, and we generally do something as different as possible from what we have been doing during the previous six days."

"Where in the world," said I, "have you got these notions from? Some of us men know them, but we find it very inconvenient to put them into practice."

"From our books," said the owl, as I thought, in a somewhat playful manner.

"From your books!" I ejaculated. "How do you manage to have books? There can't be any printing or writing among owls."

"Of course, there isn't; but though inferior to you men in several respects, and not having many of the faculties with which you are gifted, we are still possessed of capacities which you have not got, and can read and apprehend truth where all is a mere blank to you. We have such a knowledge of the operations of Nature in the deep recesses of woods and groves and mountains, that we cannot but own its goodness and beauty, and truthfulness withal, to such an extent as to be quite overmastered by these ideas; and so long as these ideas guide and encompass us we are prosperous and happy; but as soon as ever we try to mould and fashion them according to the workings of our own owlish nature, we lose all self-control, and get carried by all sorts of vain conceits we know not whither."

Fearing lest I might be dragged into some metaphysical or moral discussion, from which ignorance and the heat of the weather alike deterred me, I resolved to learn something more of the nature of owls, if possible, and reverted at once to a subject started by the owl in one of its previous remarks.

"But who," I said, "are those kinsfolk of yours the bettering of whose condition you said was the subject of your thoughts to-day? I suppose they are some of the conceited ones who followed their own devices not wisely, but too well?"

"Quite the reverse," said the owl. "Just as it is a token of arrogance and conceit to mould and modify the highest and noblest ideas, instead of being moulded and modified by them, so it is the distinguishing note of a poor and weak spirit not to use its heaven-sent faculties and opportunities so as to make the best of one's position

in life, whatever that position may be. Some of us owls think that the greatest among us is he who is always the master of circumstances, and, I would add, the slave of the highest ideas. But it is quite a mean thing to be always exclaiming that 'circumstances are too much' for you, and that you are too weak to fight against them without a host of extraneous assistances. Now, this was precisely the case with our kinsfolk to whom you referred just now; and if you don't mind listening to a long story this warm weather, which will give you an insight into the habits and customs of the owls, I shall be happy to tell it you."

I readily assented to the kind offer of the owl; and having settled down into the easiest and best position for hearing, I looked straight up at the bird, and bade him proceed with his tale.

"Well, you must know that many many years ago there was rather too great a number of owls in these woods, and to lessen that number we sent several thousands of them away to a distant part of the country, which was at that time inhabited by a race of owls with which we had rarely any dealings, and that often not of a very friendly kind. One colony of owls managed to settle among the others, and, with our assistance, gained command of nearly the entire forest. In the course of time, our owls and the others, finding that there really was very little difference between them, except in language, mixed up with each other; and at the present day it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. Of course, before matters were properly and securely arranged in that distant country, we were obliged to regulate our kinsmen's affairs, and we sent out discreet and trustworthy owls to govern them and supervise their actions. This style of things went on for several years; and as the owls increased and multiplied, and grew stronger, we gradually withdrew our support, and would have let them have the entire management of their own affairs, except so far as to send out from among ourselves a chief owl as a kind of president of their little commonwealth, and to keep up the connection between us and them. But, strange to say, they rejected our proffered gift of liberty. They said they hadn't owls out there clever enough to rule them, or even to transact their important business for them; and they thought that we, at this distance from them, would be better able than they themselves to hit upon the right owls to fill places of trust and value among them! In consequence of these representations, we sent out owls to occupy the chief places among them, selected often from no personal merit, but because they chanced to have influence exerted on their behalf among our chief owls. The result of this self-depreciation on their part was, that we frequently sent them out owls who knew nothing whatever about the duties of the station which they were called to fulfil. The relation of our colonial owls to other birds, their neighbours, was placed upon a most precarious footing; frequent wars ensued, and a large number of precious lives and a vast amount of valuable time were lost; but still the owls declined to be their own masters.

So far from progressing, the colony went back, or, at all events, remained stationary ; and while others of our species, who had gone forth in a similar manner, but had assumed the management of their own affairs as soon as they were able, had advanced to a considerable pitch of civilization, and secured a vast amount of wealth and proportionate happiness, these slothful owls were quite behind-hand in all those noble qualities which are the basis of moral and political prosperity."

I here remarked that the conduct of the colonial owls was something like that of boys who preferred not going into the water until they could swim, and when they did get as far as the water, never ventured in to any reasonable depth.

"I don't know much about swimming," resumed the owl, "that isn't at all in our line ; but I do know this, that when a bird's wings are strong enough it ought to throw itself boldly into the air and do its best to fly ; of course, it won't be able to keep up very long at first, but greater skill and strength are sure to come with practice. How can it possibly be expected that a bird which stops at home all day in its mother's nest will be able to take its part against other birds or grow up a noble and useful bird in any respect ? We have always found that they who stop at home and never move from their mother's side are an altogether useless kind of bird ; they want all that independence of action and self-reliance which every one must have who purposes to do something worth doing in this world. Now what is true of individuals is often very true of masses, and it is clearly so in this case. Others find fault with those owls from motives of political expediency, and because they are neglecting their direct pecuniary interest, inasmuch as it is always better to look after your own affairs than to get some one else to do so for you ; but I find fault with them because their conduct has a positively demoralizing effect. It is impossible to limit the action and reaction of private and public thought upon each other. Depend upon it that where your public policy is puerile and feeble, and has a tendency to make you think yourselves below the average of civilized beings in ability and capacity, your home-life will betray a want of those higher feelings which are the main sources of true social happiness and prosperity. It cannot be otherwise. If you educate a people to believe itself inferior to all the other people of the same kind in the world, the effect is a direct moral, social, and intellectual deterioration of that people. They have not got that manly self-reliance—quite a different thing from arrogance and self-conceit—which raises a people in the social scale, and places them on an equal footing with those to whom Nature intended them to be no whit inferior. There is always a great inducement in a self-governed country for the young to be as good and clever as possible, and to lead useful lives, which shall be productive of beneficial results both to themselves and their country ; they feel a certain interest and responsibility in everything that is done ; they are impressed with the necessity of acting through

life in such a manner as becomes those who may some time have to lead public opinion and control the affairs of State."

"Then you think," I said, "that the education of a people depends fully upon the form of government they are under and the share they take in it?"

"Yes I do," replied the owl. "An old bird came to us from a distant part of the world, Greece I think, and told us how that when that country became the tributary of Rome, there was a cessation of all true greatness in the people, and that from being the most polished nation in the world they became one of the rudest and most barbarous; and all this was in consequence of, or at any rate coeval with, this loss of freedom. I dare say there are various other nations and beings in the world that could equally well illustrate the truth of my remarks. Now these owls, our distant friends, are ever so much worse than the Greeks, because while the latter had their freedom forcibly taken away from them, the former have voluntarily resigned it; and how can they possibly expect to get on in the world if they decline to help themselves? And, further, you can't teach the young how to appreciate what is true and honourable unless there is a certain amount of acknowledged national truth and honour. The result of educating young slaves as if they were free is inevitably a fervent desire for freedom when they are grown up, and a vigorous attempt to possess it, which ultimately comes to mean still further debasement, in case they should be too weak to obtain what they are fighting for."

There was a short pause here, when I asked whether it was not possible for the owls appointed by him and his friends to manage the affairs of their distant colony to be of sufficient ability to perform their work properly.

"It is quite possible," answered the owl, "and they have done their work fairly well upon the whole, though there are many others out there who could do it a great deal better; but you have not only to consider this, but also the highly demoralizing effect, as I pointed out before, of a race of its own accord relinquishing its freedom and self-respect. This is quite an unworthy course to take, and I can assure you we are by no means proud of our relatives."

"But," said I, willing for many reasons to find an excuse for these unworthy owls, "might not some of them fear lest the supreme power should get into the hands of a mere clique, and their affairs be conducted with a view to the good of this clique and not with a view to the welfare of all?"

"I believe," said the owl, "this is one of the main reasons why they decline to be self-governed; but they ought to see that in a case of that kind they have the remedy in their own power. Whenever a mere section of them endeavours to serve its own petty wishes and to make the good of the community subservient to its own private ends, the great mass of the owls, who can generally discriminate between an honest owl and a knave, have the power of summarily

ejecting the obnoxious section from all participation in the government, and can select to fill their places those whose honesty and integrity may be depended on. To translate my idea into language which you will more readily appreciate, I mean to say that a colony of that kind does not want to have its affairs managed by the representatives, properly so called, of various little parts of it, but by genuine colonists—those whose aim is to do good to the colony at large, it may be at the expense of those particular portions with which they are specially connected. It has been one of the greatest drawbacks of that colony that for the most part each one has sought out his own private good, irrespective of the general welfare of the community, and this I attribute mainly to the fact that, not having the direct management of their own affairs, they cannot be made to view things in that large and liberal spirit which can alone secure their genuine prosperity. That what I say is true can be amply proved by experience in other parts of the world, where the same difficulties have arisen, and where they have been settled in the manner which we suggested at first, viz., the management of the affairs of the colony by the ablest individuals in it. But should it be said that this is not likely to work well so long as there are those who will not look at things in a broad light, my answer is, that the tendency of the present system is to make their views still more contracted, and to perpetuate or give long life to a most injurious species of narrow-mindedness.

“Then again, as to there being too few colonists of sufficient education to rule the country, why, the very fact of going to other parts of the world to obtain rulers is sure to make the number of well-educated colonists less than it would otherwise be. The demand for a thing invariably produces an adequate supply of the necessary article; and if educated and patriotic men were only properly appreciated in that colony, and proper inducements held out to insure their efforts to advance the colony being duly estimated, they would not be wanting in the time of need; but as things are conducted at present, they do not get even thanks for their work on behalf of the colony; the worst construction is put upon their actions, and their motives are described by their opponents as altogether mercenary. This, of course, is the worst possible means of increasing the number of energetic and well-educated patriots. Those who think differently from me are no doubt honest and sincere in their opinion, and they ought always to have the credit of doing their best according to their light, but their ungenerous attacks on those who differ from them are surely indicative of a want of education and refinement which could not possibly exist under a more enlightened form of government. You will perceive that I have shaped my thoughts in a style which you will more easily comprehend, and which would often lead you to suppose that I was speaking of your fellow-men, but I have merely done this for your convenience, as you might not otherwise have divined my full meaning.”

"Well," I said, "and what has become of your colony of owls?"

"They have got gradually worse and worse," said the owl; "their want of self-reliance has brought want of self-respect, and they are fast becoming one of the most degenerate races of owls to be met with anywhere; in fact, they have quite lost that pre-eminence in wisdom which, since the days of Pallas Athenè, has been so universally allowed us, and are likely soon to become no better than mere crows or effeminate sugar-birds. You see what a dangerous thing it is, even for owls, not to put to a right use those faculties which were given them on purpose that they might make a right use of them; and you see what comes of being so extremely diffident as even to mistrust your own capacity for doing good and to becoming perfectly useless, which is a thing which neither God nor man nor owls will endure. As if, forsooth, it were at all tolerable that there should be useless beings in a universe wherein everything was made to be of use, and its sole title to existence in which arises from the fact that it is of some use. It is eternally and immutably right to be of use and eternally wrong to be useless, and the sooner this is understood, by all the better. Alas! if you men could only thoroughly learn this lesson, how much more rapid would be your onward progress, and how much more happiness and peace there would be among you! There was a time, in days of old, when your ancestors used to worship all forms of animate and inanimate nature,—when you used to entertain a kind of reverence even for us poor owls. All that is gone now, but there are some lessons which you might have gathered from observation, and which it would have been well if you had treasured up in your minds and never forgotten. You see sun and moon and stars in all their varied brilliancy sweep through the vast heavens in an endless round of duty, and you see tree and bush and plant assume in one season the highest forms of beauty of which they are capable; all these are perfectly beautiful and lovely because of their entire usefulness and their energetic efforts to exist only in the noblest types possible for them. How much happier and nobler would you be if your efforts, instead of being directed towards self-annihilation, were towards the perfecting of yourselves in the highest form of your life, ascending upwards by means of a reasonable self-reliance towards the glorious heights of a splendid civilization."

At this stage I felt something strike against my cheek, and with a start I woke up; there was the owl still looking at me with its great earnest eyes; I had evidently been asleep. In the meantime, however, dark masses of thunder-cloud had gathered in the sky and heavy drops of rain were falling; there was ominous stillness everywhere, which seemed to me the precursor of a storm, and startled by fitful spasms of lightning, I made the best of my way home, meditating all the while, and for many days after, on what I fancied the owl had told me. Was it all a dream?

The Curse.

FROM THE DUTCH OF "BILDERDYK."

[WILLEM BILDERDYK was welcomed on his first appearance in the world in a manner more novel than polite—on the night between the 7th and 8th September, 1756. The house where he had just been born, near the Westerkerk, in Amsterdam, was attacked by a disorderly mob, who amused themselves by smashing all the windows—with what object or for what reason remains unexplained, though it was probably intended as a political demonstration against Dr. Izaak Bilderdijk, the father of the poet, who as a staunch Orangist had made himself obnoxious to the opposite faction. The Doctor, though a physician, also wrote tragedies, amongst which *Arria Poetus* and *Tomyris* were considered the best. He was, however, more of a classic than a poet, in which respect he resembled the father of Goethe. Bilderdijk's mother was Sibella Duizendaalders, a lady, as her name seems to denote, connected with the best nobility of Amsterdam. Though in other respects an admirable wife and mother, her temper was none of the sweetest, and the sombre shade which as a rule pervades the writings of her son has perhaps justly been ascribed to his descent from her. In 1774 a learned Society at Leyden having offered a prize for the best poem on the "Influence of poetry on politics," Bilderdijk at once established his claim to poetical capacity of no mean order, a claim which he subsequently established by many able original works, as well as translations from the ancient and modern poets. He chose the law as a profession, and was made Doctor *Utriusque* on the 19th October, 1782. His first marriage in 1784 with Rebecca Catharina Woesthoven, was an unhappy one. The poet who, like his father before him, was a firm adherent of the house of Orange, had been obliged during the ascendancy of Napoleon to retire to England, whither his wife refused to follow him; and on the 18th May, 1797, Willem Bilderdijk deemed himself justified, though his first wife was still living, in marrying Wilhelmina Schweickhardt, the daughter of a German artist then resident in London. This Wilhelmina had been born and educated in Holland, and has herself written three or four volumes of verse, which, though of inferior quality, has induced the Dutch to style Bilderdijk and his wife the Brownings of Holland. On the restoration of the House of Orange, Bilderdijk returned to his native land, and received a professorship at Amsterdam as a reward for his fidelity. He died on the 18th December,

1831, his countrymen assigning him a place with Da Costa and Beets amongst their poets of the 19th century. His usual vein was, as has been said, a sober one ; but he was not incapable of fun, as the subjoined translation will show.]

F.

Now to my tale a list'ning ear
 Attentive deign to turn ;
 How thoughtless rage may cost us dear
 You then will quickly learn.
 In our own days, not far from here,
 The tragedy befell ;
 And folks in Brabant still, in fear,
 The woeful story tell.

Ah, mothers ! ne'er from love restrain
 Your tender, youthful brood ;
 Ye cause yourselves but useless pain,
 And do but little good.
 Against the men say what you will,
 Your words are thrown away ;
 The girls will listen to them still,
 Whate'er you choose to say.

Marg'ret had reached her sixteenth year,
 With Beauty's ruddy glow ;
 Her nut-brown eye and raven hair
 Adorned a brow of snow.
 Her blushing cheeks, and glances warm,
 Without such lovely aid,
 Had made the lads around her swarm
 Where'er the lassie stray'd.

Yet, though her heart was full of fun,
 'Twas free from wanton guile ;
 On Hildebrand, her neighbour's son,
 Alone she cared to smile ;
 Whilst he, though new to love affairs,
 Soon learned to grow quite bold,
 And many a gift his flame he bears,
 Bought with his father's gold.

Maud's aunt, who pious was, and good,
 Soon prick'd her matron ears ;
 And, when she saw how matters stood,
 Scolds, stamps, and raves, and swears ;
 Whilst the poor girl does naught aright,
 But only grows confused,
 Her senses,—they forsook her quite,—
 She wept, and pined, and mused.

"Child!" cried the Dame, now growing cool,
"This sort of thing won't do;
You know my heart with love is full;
What's ailing, dear, with you?
Are you in love? Don't gloss it over;
Who seeks your little hand?"
"Dear Aunt, if I must name my lover,
Why, then—'tis Hildebrand!"

"Fie, wench! thus vilely to disgrace
My honest house!" she said;
"Upon my life, I'll mend your ways,
You saucy, forward jade!
And if such pranks again you play,
You wicked, worthless brat,
Old Nick with you will run away,—
Make very sure of that!"

The frighten'd lass, with trembling hand,
Her little forehead cross'd;
To tell it all to Hildebrand
No time poor Maggie lost.
Not that she wanted to rebel,—
It wasn't that at all!—
But just to take a last farewell,
She made the parting call.

To bed at usual hour to steal,
The little maid takes care,
And said, with a redoubled zeal,
Her little evening prayer.
But scarce the midnight hour had toll'd,
And everything was still,
When house, and bed, and chamber roll'd,
With horrid, hollow thrill.

With eyes that glow'd, jaws gaping wide,
Teeth large, and sharp, and strong,
A Friend seems round the room to glide,
The dark'ned walls along.
The Aunt, dismay'd, cries "Further in!
My niece is sleeping there."
The Devil raised a fearful din,
And seized the shrinking fair.

Maud shook and trembled like a reed,—
Strove very hard to hide:
No covering helps her in her need,
Vain all the arts she tried;

Round her his arms the Demon threw,
 And bore her through the skies;—
 The streets resound the kitten's mew,
 But not the maiden's cries!

Who can a secret long withhold,
 Though hid with greatest care?
 Next day throughout the town is told
 The whole of this affair.
 Old Nick at Sibil's house, they say,
 Has made a morning call,
 And carried the old dame away,
 Book, specs, and cap, and all.

But when the true account they learn'd,
 That it was Margarét,
 With sorrow then each bosom burn'd,
 And every eye was wet.
 The Aunt, bereaved, too late repined;
 She grew quite grey at last,
 And now no more to Nick consign'd
 Her friends so very fast.

But one fine day she chanced to meet
 A handsome, strange young man,
 Who made a bow down to his feet,
 And coolly thus began:
 "Now, that you may be quite prepared,
 Madam, be calm, I pray;
 I am the Devil that —(don't be scared)—
 Bore Margaret away.

"She gave me first her hand and heart,
 And then a son and heir;
 'Twere cruelty to make us part;
 Forgive us, there's a dear."
 So to all men throughout the land
 It was as clear as day,
 No other Devil but Hildebrand
 Had carried Maud away.

The fair ones who this story heard
 Laughed slyly at the joke;
 But some with secret pain were stirred,
 And ne'er a word they spoke;
 But one there was without disdain,
 Who freely, frankly cried,—
 "If such a devil come again,
 I'll go and be his bride."

Cape Fishing.

II.

THE month now passing away is rapidly bringing us to that golden period of the year when fish become more abundant and are mostly in proper season,—when every variety which frequent the Bay put on their best appearance, and when the redoubtable Snoek attains his prime condition and amplest proportions,—when the Hottentot and Klipfish appear in swarms, and the Harder in richer shoals,—when the warm-coloured Silver Fish is not far off, and the Geelbeck, the Kabeljauw, and the white Stumpnose put in an occasional appearance, just to relieve the otherwisesomewhat comparatively monotonous sport.

The winter months are decidedly the best for all sorts of Table Bay fish, and nothing can be pleasanter than a balmy sunny day in May or June, when the air is just warm enough, the sea breeze peculiarly delicious, the fish ravenous, and the sport excellent. With an agreeable friend or two, smooth water, some necessary creature comforts, unexceptionable tackle, and abundance of bait, who would not deem himself the happiest man in existence, and rejoice in weather the glory of which is unequalled by any climate in the world or any land under the sun? How pleasant is the formation of a truly piscatorial party,—what little stories are told during the intervals of busy preparation,—how veteran anglers recount fabulous tales of marvellous captures in the days gone by, and long to fight their delightful battles over again! With what eagerness and absorbing interest do the novices listen to these weather-worn veterans, and pant to emulate, and if it were possible surpass, the glorious achievements so proudly and so graphically told! Does not the pulse beat quicker, the eye flash brighter, and the flush of intense excitement mantle the cheek of the hearer, as he breathlessly listens to the account of some desperate battle with a tremendous shark,—how ever so many fathoms of line were required to tire out the savage monster,—how the water was lashed into foam and madness, and seemed to participate in the fierce indignation of the struggling giant, as rushing, and leaping, and lashing its huge tail right and left it violently struggled to escape, until fairly worn out with such continued exertion it slowly and most unwillingly succumbed to its triumphant enemy, who, waving his hat high in air, celebrated his victory with three resounding cheers. That was a sublime moment, a moment never to be forgotten; and well do I remember the day and the occasion, and the excessive disgust evidently felt by the dying sea-tiger as he slowly expired beneath the heavy blows of a stout knobkerrie.

Returning to our projected fishing party, from which we have just digressed, we will suppose all the necessary preliminaries arranged, and the starting fairly entered on. Away we sail or pull to some well-known spot, marked by the usual indications, and where fish most do congregate; and there we revel to our very hearts' content in

the delights the sea and our good luck will assuredly bring us,—for is it not the time and the season? But beware, ye amateurs, of seasickness,—be not martyrs to that most unpleasant malady, for it affords few glimpses of comfort, and nobody will sympathize with you. For the afflicted in that way I shall by-and-by suggest some likely places, where smooth water and abundance of the smaller kinds of fish, occasionally relieved by a whopper, may be obtained, and where the genuine landsman may probably manage to escape this special horror of the sea. I have known many a gay and jovial party, flushed with anticipation and alive with merriment, slowly but surely lose all animation, and subside into the deepest gloom and despair long before the fishing-ground had been reached. Gradually the cheery voices and merry laughter have died away, and left an aching void no description can do adequate justice to. It is on such solemn and touching occasions that the line becomes a burden, the bait horribly nauseous, the world a revolving emetic,—when all the wealth fortune can give would fail to rouse you, and the funniest joke ever perpetrated must fall upon your ear as a dull, miserable subterfuge, an insulting cheat, a hollow mockery, a vain—a worthless delusion.

First among fish for exciting and really sometimes almost maddening sport is the snoek. This fiercely active fish is usually caught with a large barbless brass hook, in order to enable it to be quickly detached. This is secured to a length of twisted wire of two or three feet; the sinker, of a conical form, is from two and a half to three inches long, and weighs from five to seven ounces. Through a hole drilled lengthways in this the wire is rove, and the lead falls on the shaft of the hook, between which and the lead is firmly attached a piece of tough sharkskin cut into strips, and a length or two of thin scarlet braid, both sharkskin and braid being some four inches long. This is a most killing and enticing bait, and rarely fails to enrapture the hungry and unsuspecting snoek. The usual mode of fishing with this tackle is from a boat under sail, the most effective rate of speed being about four or five miles an hour, the fishermen constantly working their lines by throwing the hook, &c., from the boat, and hauling them quickly in again, at a rate mostly corresponding with the speed of the boat or the strength of the wind. When on the fishing-ground it is the practice to tack to and fro, in shore and off shore, as the fish run in shoals or schools, and thus the boat moving from one to the other, in passing through each school enables the fishermen to ply their lines with telling effect. Sometimes the distance is great from one school to another, but when the fish are very plentiful and lie very thick, every second or two brings you to a school, and each time you pass over it, every hook is ravenously seized, until the spot is passed. I have often seen seven lines bring up seven snoek at the same time, and this operation continued until the shoal had moved from the place or the ground been run over. On such occasions it does not take long to load a boat, even though it may carry from eight to

twelve hundred fish. Many years ago, I was sailing in Table Bay, abreast of where the Chavonne Battery stood, working my little boat in and out of the shipping, the wind a moderate westerly breeze, when I observed to windward what appeared like a heavy squall coming rapidly down. It came at such a rate that I was about to shorten sail, when on again looking my squall turned out to be a large shoal of snoek, leaping and jumping out of the water and coming along at a tremendous rate. In a very little time I was in the thick of the turmoil, the sea bubbling and boiling like a cauldron, the fish appearing quite mad in their rushing and leaping gambols. Fortunately, I had a line and the correct tackle in the boat, and flinging it out, at every throw I had a fish ; so ravenous were they that on three successive occasions three snoek jumped fairly clear of the water and caught the hook in the air as I was jerking it into the boat previous to re-throwing. I don't remember I ever experienced anything like it before or since, or ever enjoyed such superb excitement. When the shoal passed away, which it did in almost less time than it takes me to write this account, I had secured thirty-two fish. Snoek this year have not been so numerous as usual, owing to the scarcity in the bay of its principal food, the sardine. When sardines are very plentiful, you may discard the conical lead, shark skin, and braid altogether, and bait with these small fish, your boat lying at anchor. Some three or four years ago, for some months immense quantities were caught in this manner, chiefly off the Breakwater, and between it and the Mouille lighthouse ; but then the sardine literally crammed the bay, and, of course, attracted countless hordes of snoek to fatten on this succulent fish. So numerous indeed were the snoek, and so voracious, that on several occasions they absolutely drove the sardines on shore in heaps, darting through and through their dense masses till all order was gone, and the sardines fled in wildest dismay, they knew not whither. Almost every pool of water along the Green Point shore was filled with panting fugitives, besides the vast numbers that had fairly grounded.

Snoek were very abundant in Kalk Bay in December last ; they were selling retail for a farthing and a half-penny each. In fact, so valueless were they that I frequently saw the fishermen refuse money for a single fish. Immense quantities were cured, of course, for the Mauritius market ; and in a spot so free from dust, the dried fish were in capital order. The enterprising brothers McLachlan have recently established a fishery at the west side of Fishhoek Bay. It was there I saw how every particle of a snoek can be utilized and made of value. After the fish is split open for salting, the heads are thrown into a furnace built for the purpose, and the oil they contain extracted, the refuse being preserved with the entrails for manure,—and very excellent manure, I am told, it makes. This is a contrast, indeed, to those palmy days of old, when Kalk Bay as a watering and fishing place was nowhere, and fish were daily buried in tons in the sand behind the shambles in Cape Town !.

The geelbeck and kabeljauw—the former a very handsome fish, and sometimes called the Cape salmon—require a strong hook of a rather smaller size than that used for snoek. Sometimes, but not very often, the latter fish is caught in the same manner as the snoek, with the lead, sharkskin, &c., but the occasions are few and far between. The bait most in favour is the mackerel, the sardine, a piece of fresh snoek, &c., &c. These fish are very strong, but do not give the amount of excitable play one would fancy, judging from size—their average weight is from ten to forty pounds. The black kabeljauw is a monster of a fish,—I have seen an individual six feet long, and weighing upwards of a hundred pounds. This fish has immense strength, but yields very little sport, its movements being ponderous and sluggish. When hooked, the line appears to be encumbered with a dead weight until the fish begins to fancy you want the pleasure of his company up-stairs, when he *does* try to struggle after his fashion. False Bay, in the proper season, swarms with the ordinary geelbeck and kabeljauw; the black species of the latter is rarely caught there. These fish are to be had when plentiful for from two pence to four pence a piece at Kalk Bay; but, except the smaller kabeljauw, they are rather dry and tasteless. Just now a few are caught in set nets in Table Bay, but they are seldom or rarely seen here in anything like numbers,—a few stray individuals usually comprising the whole apparent annual immigration. They make their appearance at Saldanha Bay and as far northward as Walwich Bay, where the very largest of black kabeljauw are very plentiful, but disregarded by the professional fisherman as utterly valueless.

The white steinbrass, in appearance, is a noble fish, esculent, and when fresh beyond our general notions of his properties. He weighs from anything up to twenty-five pounds; he is really good to eat, and can fairly contribute his quota to the promiscuous arrangements of our various breakfast tables. He is a fish more disposed to run and meet in shoals than to be wandering singly in the ocean; and yet sometimes a strong instinct of discontent will dispose him to depart from his usual feeding grounds without much notice, and wander goodness knows where. This fish is captured mostly in seines, and occasionally in set nets, but in the latter case the captures are exceedingly few. He is a handsome, well-proportioned fellow; his appearance, therefore, is much in his favour; and if he doesn't choose to have his beauty too prominently displayed and made more marketable, who can blame him? He sometimes condescends to take the hook, no matter what size, but it is on rare and momentous occasions. He is not a hook-fish, and would rather quietly succumb to the unanswerable logic of a seine or set net than trust himself to the precarious tenure of a hook. I like the white steinbrass,—I like the thorough silver of his coat,—for it certainly is not tinsel; and though he seems indeed to despise us, he is a fish to be admired.

The red steinbrass—the very antipodes of the white in colour and

voracity—is a most remarkable fish, for his head occupies a third of his body, and his body is equally remarkable for its size. This fish has been captured up to 160 lb. weight, to my knowledge, and like the black kabeljauw, does not yield the sport he ought. The hook is the same size as for geelbeck, the bait identical ; but the red steinbrass has a weakness, or a vanity,—and that vanity is, an occasional relish of a small hottentot fish, which is oftentimes acceptable, and when not very hungry he seems to prefer. This fish was formerly caught in Table Bay in small numbers, for it never runs in shoals ; but at False Bay, its head-quarters, at least to us, captures are made almost every day of not more, as a rule, than three or four. Gastronomes do not seem to care much for this fish, though he is thought to be a capital subject for “*ingelegde visch*,” a preparation I am quite prepared to endorse as remarkably good. There are other fish which cut an excellent figure in the same palatable capacity, but I am told the red steinbrass wears the crown.

The stockfish, as good a table fish as perhaps can be found in the Colony, is very scarce in these latter days. In the good old times, this fish was abundant everywhere. They were caught off the *old* South Jetty, and anywhere in the Bay ; but *now*, where are they ? Echo answers, Where ? We *do* see them sometimes, but at extravagant prices as contrasted with the charges of old ; in fact, the reign of stockfish has ended and the dynasty worn out. The bait for this fish, when he is to be had, is precisely the same as for geelbeck,—the hook a similar size ; he is a very greedy fish, and will not be particular in cases of hunger as to the particular quality or freshness of the bait put before him. The king-klip is a German cousin of his, and is generally caught by the fishermen when on stockfish ground. This fish is generally esteemed, why I do not know,—perhaps for its scarcity,—but as a rule I think the stockfish is preferred.

The galjoen !—who does not know the galjoen !—the unapproachable, the very prince of fishes,—what can compare with his royal highness when his blood is up and the season on ! Answer me, ye gourmands, ye men of taste, who go in for apician dinners, and revel in the very marrow and fat of the land. Tell me, you who know so thoroughly the kingdom of the stomach, what you really, what you truly think of galjoen. Your answer is one, your record immutable, your opinion appreciative. You believe in galjoen,—you have eaten him with concomitant and delicious sauces ; and now you would like to know how he is caught. Is it not a noble theme to initiate,—thus to afford information to the people who most enjoy the fish, to the gorgeous gastronomes who live to eat, and who eat to live ! The galjoen, as a rule, is a very timid fish—the slightest thing will scare and frighten him away, and therefore he is very difficult to reach. In Table Bay set nets are used to entrap him, and very successful they are, too, in the proper season ; and provided the seal doesn't trouble overmuch some splendid captures are made. The galjoen will also take the hook ; but one thing must be borne in mind,—the galjoen run in very limited num-

bers, and in fishing for them if one breaks away previously hooked, the others run off directly, and the spot you have been fishing at must be quitted at once, for you will get no fish of the same description there that day. The bait used in Table Bay is crawfish, at Kalk Bay red bait. I mention Kalk Bay in this matter incidentally, as galjoen are very plentiful there, and qualified fishermen few, and it is an awful place for the casting line, for almost by that only can large individuals be caught.

The klipfish is considered more a delicacy for invalids, and people of weak digestion, than as a matter for sport. It is caught in great numbers at certain seasons of the year in small circular nets varying from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter; the bait invariably used in Table Bay is crawfish. The best months are April, May, June, and July, when the quantities caught during a day's fishing sometimes go quite beyond the amateur's power of disposal, especially if his willing friends live far and widely apart. There are two kinds of klipfish, the ordinary and the stein. The stein wears a large bull-dog head, and is lighter and differently coloured to the former, and somewhat scarce. The flesh is much whiter, though not nearly equal in flavour to the klipfish proper. In fishing for klipfish a depth of from three to six feet is about the most telling; the bait should be carefully tied in the middle of the net, and the net, slowly lowered to preserve its exact equilibrium, should be allowed to lie on the bottom for from one or two to five minutes, or according to the avidity the fish display to swarm to the bait,—the fisherman can judge as to the proper intervals required. In lifting the net I have found it to be the better plan to pull it up very gently till within about a foot of the surface, when a brisk haul will secure almost every fish within its treacherous precincts, and leave very few, if any, to tell the melancholy tale. In this way, by careful management, you may occasionally secure large hottentot fish, enormous klipfish, and sometimes a barbel. The larger kinds of these fish are easily scared, and, when nibbling at the bait in the net, the slightest thing will alarm them; and therefore to be thus caught the most delicate manipulation is necessary, as the smallest shaking of the net line is quite enough to send them off. The klipfish also takes the hook, and very greedily too. In this way, the angler will always secure larger fish than are usually caught in the net. The greatest trouble the fisherman has to contend with in this kind of fishing is the so-called sea-snake; it is a kind of eel of a light-blue colour, and far too plentiful to be pleasant. When an individual, by evil misfortune or your own bad luck, manages to get into your net, it not only rapidly consumes the bait, but, on being brought to the surface, emits a quantity of slime, which not only clogs the net, but prevents the klipfish from so rapidly attacking the bait. The time for klipfish may be said to be almost at hand, and numbers may now be secured with proper appurtenances and due perseverance.

In regard of klip-fishing, I may relate an anecdote which came

under my own observation. A gallant son of Mars, now a Major, and a ladye fair, one fine day particularly wished to go in for klipfish, and applied to me for proper tackle. I accordingly furnished them with two rods, &c., together with the necessary bait, and showing them a spot where fish were plentiful, and the amusement in consequence good, I left them seated on a rock quietly pursuing the sport, while I roamed away in search of nobler game than klipfish. The tide was in, and while I remained they got on admirably, but on returning in a couple of hours, I found them in close and earnest conversation, the rods hanging listlessly from their hands, the bait lying on dry land, the tide having receded. Not much fishing had been done that day of a piscatorial character, but a little while after the wedding bells rang merrily out, and a fish was certainly caught, but which of the two was the successful angler I never could discover.

Small crawfish are at all times to be had, but not in any quantity at this season of the year. The best months for this crustacean are June, July, August, and September, when any quantity may be procured. Round nets of any size will do, from a foot to two feet in diameter. The bait used is any description of fish offal, such as the gills and entrails. Like lobsters, they are not nice in their eating. They are caught chiefly among the fields of sea-weed that dot the shores of the bay, and, like the klipfish, seem very partial to these cool and shady groves.

The hottentot fish, to which I referred in the first paper on Cape fishing, is becoming particularly abundant, and may now be caught anywhere. This fish is said to come in with the grape season, and, truly, it would appear so. It is a fish easily accessible, and much sought after by amateur sportsmen. I would recommend the weak in stomach to seek the quiet glades of weed opposite the Military Hospital, the line of shore from the coaling jetty to the Breakwater, especially about the wreck of the *Jason*, and on particularly calm, quiet, and peaceful days, the fields of sea-weed that annually bloom inside and about the cylinders of the ill-fated *Athens*. There hottentot fish are abundant, and run larger than in the other indicated spots. Klipfish are also very plentiful, and of a finer size; and sometimes a few white stumpnose are to be seen, and occasionally reward the persevering angler. The chief reason why this particular spot, more than any other along the shores of Table Bay, produces greater sport, is because it is not always to be got at, and very few therefore attempt to fish in its very limited waters. It is not very often the state of the sea will allow a boat to reach its inner circle of treasures; therefore, no doubt, few leave the wharfs on speculative discovery, trusting rather by previous examination to judge whether the state of the sea will allow of an entry into the charming domains of this populous district.

Should the amateur or the landsman be so very delicate about the region of the stomach as almost to faint at the sight of a boat, or feel

queer when standing on the wharf, there is no help for him I know of, but to enrol himself in the noble army of piscatorials, who every afternoon pursue the sport round the banks of the outer Break-water basin. There his perseverance will be rewarded by small mackerel, smaller silver fish, infinitesimal hottentot fish, and a few perhaps of a more pretentious size. If the sea breeze be not too strong he may escape certain unpleasant qualms, and enjoy sport suited to his invalidated circumstances and susceptible diaphragm.

It is a pity fishing parties are not more plentiful; few, indeed very few, are seen along the Mouille shores. Perhaps once a month or six weeks a party will put in an appearance, rigged out in bell-topper hats, black frock coats, elaborate ties, unexceptional bags and boots, plenty of liquor, and indifferent tackle, and attempt—miserably attempt—to fish, and try to enjoy it,—attempts which recoil on the offending Adonises; for what fin possessed of a well-regulated mind, and with proper respect for itself, can stand such an indecent outrage on true aquatic and sportsmanlike costume! It is a comfort to know that the gentlemen composing such parties are generally harmless, and do not much disturb the tranquillity of the denizens of the waters in which they vainly imagine they are fishing.

Not long ago there was a meeting of another and a somewhat pleasanter kind; it was in the form of a boating, fishing, and musical party,—the hour evening, the night glorious with moonlight, the men pleasant, and the moment propitious. But the fish cared not for music, and so after much harmonious enjoyment the party landed at Three Anchor Bay, and came round the Mouille road home. Sweet were the strains they discoursed by the way, and when strolling on they reached the Convict Station, the overflowing feelings of the entire company were simultaneously poured forth in that exquisitely touching and beautiful melody "*Home, Sweet Home.*" Many were melted almost to tears,—it was too mournful—too suggestive; but the feelings which prompted this patriotic outburst subsided as quickly as they were evolved. It is to be hoped this romantic incident will be brought home to all their hearts, and keep their feet in the paths of honour and rectitude the rest of their lives!

In conclusion, I trust this second paper on Cape fishing may prove acceptable to my readers. If it should please them, I hope at some future time to treat on fishing in False Bay, where there are so many more varieties to charm the fisherman, and where the sport, without any exception, is the finest in the world.

C. W.

Mouille Point, March, 1872.

Water and Trees.

EXPERIENCE in this country has shown precisely that which has been proved in other lands to be the great cause of the persistent diminution of moisture in the surface soils of special localities, and the failure of, at one time, strong springs of water, which originally fully justified the establishment in their vicinity of towns or villages. One element in determining the congregation of a number of families of the human race more essential than any other, irrespective of all other considerations, must have been the occurrence of a supply of water sufficient as an article of food for themselves and their cattle; for without it they could not exist. In many countries we find that the nomads or semi-civilized wanderers of the earth roam from place to place for no other reason than this necessity to find water to slake their thirst, and take advantage of the vegetation that always accompanies the presence of moisture in the soil.

In certain regions where the supply of water is dependent upon special seasons, the people are necessarily unsettled and migratory. They are compelled to move from one locality to another to find sustenance for themselves and their flocks. They cannot settle down as permanent residents. Even in some parts of this Colony, numerous Dutch farmers are obliged to live, as do the Arabs, in tents and wigwams—quite as commodious and rough as those of the ever roaming Indians of North America, at least for a great portion of the year.

In other parts of the country more favourably circumstanced, permanent springs, and so-called river channels, have justified the establishment of towns and villages, because of ample supplies of water running to waste, and such as to support abundant vegetation for cattle and the growth of timber and bush, without which no settlement can thrive.

In such places the original settlers luxuriate in those natural essentials to their wants, and carelessly draw upon the plentiful resources at their hands without stint, and unthinkingly as regards the future. They have abundance of all they need from nature,—grass, wood, and water, and carelessly, and without organization or rule, avail themselves of their opportunity. They have all that is required for their immediate wants, and are satisfied. Gradually the flourishing locality in their immediate neighbourhood becomes divested of bush and trees (the very life-blood of their water supply); large tracts of land are cleared and ploughed, indicating improvement and industry; more and more land, year after year, is cleared and cultivated, most joyously to the admiration of travellers and the happiness of the localized community—until at last it is discovered that whilst the population has been increasing the water supply has been decreasing. It is strange, some will remark, that years ago we used to have more water than now. Some will remember that formerly a certain spring or stream never failed throughout the year—and now at

certain seasons they are almost, if not entirely dry ! How is this ? Have the seasons or climate undergone a change ? It is difficult to determine whether this is so or not ; but I cannot help feeling that much must be ascribed to the alteration of circumstances brought about by man's handiwork. Nature provides, by the growth of bush, weeds, and trees, a covering and shelter to the soil, which shade it from the scorching and evaporating influence of the sun's rays—and consequently retard evaporation from the subsoil. The roots of all vegetable matter so irregularly permeate the soil that they obstruct the natural escape of moisture in it to lower levels, except as springs and rills here and there. When, however, man intervenes to convert these wild, luxuriant lands into gardens and fields for grazing and agriculture, and removes this, so to say, natural protection from desiccation, the ground becomes dry and arid, and the once well-known *fontein*, from which the place has derived its name in olden times, exists no more.

It is not the mere clearing of lands necessary for agricultural purposes that alone conduces to such results. It is the gradual thinning out, from a distance, and more especially from the higher and less valuable lands, of the bush and trees required for fuel. By degrees, as in the case of Graham's Town and other centres of aggregation, what was once a picturesque bushy country has become totally divested of every appearance of vegetation, except grass and rushes, at certain seasons of the year—and as a consequence, equally divested of its normal amount of moisture.

In America, the vast clearance of forest land by emigrants has modified the climate. The once famed luxuriant cleared lands of that country have been worn out, and the original prosperous agriculturists have been driven out further West in search of virgin soils—and again repeat their work of destruction.

But yet no one seems practically to recognize the fact that changes like these are the work of man's hands, and that, in fact, we often kill the goose to get at the golden eggs. All this happens because of our operating individually for our own personal and immediate benefit. There is no organization for the general good—and without organization and rule it is hopeless to expect the adoption of measures calculated to mitigate the evil consequences of unlimited freedom to destroy that provision of nature, which is so essential to the conservation of that natural product on which living beings are dependent for their actual existence.

Constantly do we peruse able and forcible articles that have been published, to explain the cause of the drying up of ancient springs in India and elsewhere ; and special statements, showing that in some cases the supply of water has been restored by encouraging the growth of trees around former springs, that had been thoroughly denuded of splendid clumps of well-grown trees. It should never be forgotten that trees are conducive to the preservation of moisture in several ways. They attract moisture from the air ; they shade

the ground from the action of sun and wind ; and their roots intercept and prevent the running off of water that falls on the ground.

In this country it is idle to ask farmers to plant trees on their upper, and comparatively useless lands—for, as a rule, from the nature of our land tenure, they have no personal interest in improvements of this kind, either for themselves or for their posterity. They hold a property now that at their demise will fall to the lot of others unconnected with them. But still, is it not a question of importance to the whole country, whether or not measures may be inaugurated by the Legislature, which shall compel the planting of trees, at least on sites that cannot restrict grazing and agricultural pursuits, and yet will add greatly to the value of property ? The cost of sowing seeds in such places is very trifling indeed, infinitely less than that of cutting down and removing the trees and bush used simply for firewood. Even the mere scattering of acorns, fir cones, Australian willow, and blue gum seeds amongst scrubby bush, on the slopes near moist ground would ere long add beauty to the landscape—and as certainly retain in the soil, for percolation to lower levels, a vast amount of that moisture that is now evaporated and carried away, as well as that which at once drains off for want of interlacing roots to obstruct its course.

Unless Parliament moves in this matter and insists upon the keeping up of bush and trees, especially on the upper slopes of farms and ridges of hills, we shall have recurring and more constant droughts than we have yet experienced.

H. W. P.

Plato and Platonism.

A FEW words of explanation are needed at the outset. To those who are at all familiar with the philosophy of Plato, it may seem presumptuous to attempt to discuss, within the limits of a few pages, a theme upon which many learned books have been written without exhausting it ; and which is of a nature to require the close reasoning and laborious thought of the student rather than the popular exposition of the reviewer. Let me say at once that it is not with the thought of such that I have put together these remarks. I venture to think that it is possible to present to the general reader an outline of the philosophy of Plato, which shall be neither uninteresting from its minuteness nor worthless from its vagueness and superficiality. Plato and Platonism are words which often meet the eye, and are familiar sounds to the ear. My object will be gained if I can succeed in associating those words, in the mind of the reader, with some definite thought of the great man whom the inspirations of his magnificent genius have exalted to the highest throne in the

empire of literature, and of the sublime philosophy which has exercised the profoundest influence on all subsequent phases of human thought and speculation.

A few words as to the man himself, and the age in which he flourished. It is his own boast that he was an Athenian. He speaks with pride and gratitude of that city which was to the rest of Greece what Greece was to the rest of the world—its teacher and its glory. And he lived in precisely that period when Athens was at her best and greatest as regards intellectual life. The sky was still bright with the evening splendour of the greatest of Athenian statesmen, and the friezes of the Parthenon were still fresh from the hands of Phidias. Never was the city so worthy as it then was of the protection of the bright-eyed goddess of wisdom. Plato might well be proud of his beautiful city; and if he conferred on Athens her highest claim to a splendid immortality, we must not forget that he had received at her hands the most exquisite culture and the richest life of the ancient world.

Like all the Athenian youth, he was carefully trained for the work of life. The grammarians undertook the care of his mind; the musicians developed his taste and sensibilities; and the public trainers in the gymnasium looked after his muscles and sinews. But his real teacher was not among them. It was not till his twentieth year that he first came under the magic spell of the great man whose name is for ever associated with his own. A short, stout, ungainly-looking man, with large thick lips and protruding eyes, was to be seen constantly hanging about the Agora, or the public baths, or the shops where young Athenians had their morning gossip; cutting into any conversation that was going, and gradually rousing the enthusiasm, and waking the better nature, and kindling the higher aspirations of his brilliant and keen-witted listeners. The first meeting with Socrates decided the vocation of the broad-browed, melancholy youth. Henceforth for him the pursuit of truth is the one business of life. His songs and tragedies are thrown aside: that long epic of which he had thought so much is destroyed. A new thought is born within him; a magnificent vision opens before him—to follow knowledge to the utmost bound of human thought; to pass behind the veil, and look, if he may, upon the majestic and glorious form of truth.

The next few years are spent in foreign travel. He visits Italy, where he converses with the disciples of Pythagoras, and learns the mystic doctrines of harmony and number. Then to Egypt, where he gains from the priests some initiation into the mysteries of Isis, and the venerable wisdom of the Nile. And then back to Athens, in the full maturity and vigour of his powers, to spend the remainder of his long life in the work so nobly commenced by his master, and win over all that was best and brightest in the fairest of Greek cities to the serene and ideal attractions of the intellectual life. Beneath the tall plane-trees of the grove of Academus his disciples

gathered around him, and gazed with deep and solemn reverence upon his magnificent unfolding of the glories of a world which eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived.

It is fortunate for the fame of Plato that we are not indebted for our knowledge of his views and theories to the imperfect and often inconsistent reports of his successors on the throne of philosophy. It has been well said that Plato, above all men, must be studied in Plato. You cannot point to any one of his writings and say, *There* you have an epitome of the Platonic philosophy: just as you cannot point to a flowery bush on the mountain side and say, *There* you have the honey of Hymettus. It is only by careful, earnest, and, above all, sympathetic study of the great master that you can gain an insight into his teaching. And we may congratulate ourselves that (to use the words of an acute and discriminating critic) "Plato has the singular fortune of coming down unimpaired to posterity. The collections of his writings err by excess, not defect; several performances are ascribed to him, which custom alone now preserves among his works; but as far as we can discern from the remotest catalogues and allusions, no one vessel has foundered of the large squadron which Plato committed to the stream of ages."

There are few subjects of human interest which do not form the theme of discussion in one or other of the Platonic dialogues. Politics and physics, morals and mechanics, logic and grammar, gymnastics and geometry, music and metaphysics, theories of government and schemes of nursery reform,—all in turn are handled with equal facility, and criticized with masterly power, by the great thinker. At one time he is crushing some popular fallacy beneath the wheels of his remorseless logic. At another, he rises to heights from which the formal laws of discussion fade away and are lost; and yet again, he sinks the philosopher in the poet and artist, and brings, in his magnificent pictures and illustrations from the cycle of the Greek mythology, the powers of the unseen and spiritual world to bear upon the duties and relations of human life.

And yet, among the multitude of the subjects that engaged his thought, we can easily see to which of them he gave precedence over the others; and what it was that in his view conferred value and dignity upon them all. He held nothing to be beneath the attention of the philosopher which was of genuine human interest; and in proportion as the subject had an influence on the life and destiny of man, did it seem to him to have the more urgent claim on the attention of the student of wisdom. This was the very spirit of his great master Socrates, of whom Cicero truly and memorably says, "He first called down philosophy from her lofty home in the heavens, and gave her a place in the homes and hearts of men." The interest of the Platonic philosophy, therefore, centres around its ethical speculations—its views of the constitution, duties, relations, and destinies of man. His physical theories are incomplete and often inconsistent; his political views are impracticable; in logical consistency and

acuteness he was inferior to the great disciple upon whom he cast his mantle. But his views on moral questions and his theory of human relations and destiny demand for him the admiration and gratitude of the world, as the loftiest of uninspired teachers, and (if the expression of a modern scholar be not too bold a one) as a preacher of righteousness in that heathen church of which Socrates was the Messiah.

We may describe the philosophy of Plato as the attempt of a powerful mind and an earnest heart to explain the facts and reconcile the seeming contradictions in the moral and intellectual life of man. In examining the phenomena of his own experience, he finds that there is a two-fold world with which he is in relation—a world of outward, sensible things, and a world of things invisible, inappreciable by sense, apprehended only by the mind or soul. And corresponding to these two classes of objects are, of course, the faculties by which they become known to us—the senses in the one case, the intellect or soul in the other. Now, of these two classes of objects, he says, the former, *i.e.*, sensible objects, are, to the majority of men, the only realities; the latter, *i.e.*, intellectual and spiritual objects, are, to them, unreal and shadowy. But just there is the very heart and centre of the world's error, he says. The truth is exactly the reverse of what the world believes. It is the objects of sense that are unreal. The former are illusory, changeable, subject to decay and death; the information which the senses give us about them is mere opinion, not true knowledge—some vague impression of their externals and accidents, not any true and accurate acquaintance with their essences. But the objects of the soul's contemplation are real, permanent, eternal; and the impressions produced by these things are the only true knowledge or science.

What then, he asks, are these objects of the soul's contemplation? upon which it gazes as the eye gazes upon outward things, and derives from their contemplation true knowledge of their realities or essences? It is in the answer to this question that the distinctive and characteristic portion of the Platonic philosophy appears. These objects of intellectual contemplation, he says, are *ideas*: and the world in which they exist is Plato's ideal world. Almost everything depends on our understanding the meaning of this word. We often use the word to represent what is unreal, shadowy, visionary: a mere idea, we say, as opposed to fact or reality. Plato's meaning in the word was simply the reverse of this. With him the idea is the original and only reality, of which the visible object is merely a suggestion and a faint copy. The objects of sense are distorted, defective, illusory; they only give faint images to the mind of a possible perfection which they do not themselves reach.

That type of perfect in his mind
In nature he can nowhere find.

It is to that perfect type of each individual thing—the archetype, the

original, eternal pattern of it in the heavens, that Plato gives the name of the idea. This, then, is Plato's ideal world ; related to the soul in the same way as the outward world is related to the senses. He believed that for every object in the world around us there is a corresponding pattern or idea in the eternal world, according to which it was made, and by participation in which it has even the semblance of existence. Thus, there is an eternal idea (not a mere thought or abstraction from the objects of experience, but an actual, substantial existence and original pattern) of a flower, of man, of the beautiful, of virtue, &c. We gain merely shadowy and imperfect notions of these things when we see their outward, earthly representatives. The flower is broken or faded, the man is degraded, the beautiful is not free from baseness, the virtue is in conflict with and often overcome by vice. But when the soul rises to the contemplation of things as they are, the eternal types and patterns of the ideal world, then all accidents and defects pass away ; and we know each thing in its very essence, the fulness and perfection of its beauty. And in this higher realm of ideal forms God dwells. That is the destined home of the true and virtuous of earth. The eternal joy of that world of realities is the portion of all who have not been misled by the shadows and illusions of this transitory life.

In close connection with the Theory of Ideas, and indeed in further development of it, is Plato's doctrine of Human Knowledge. "How is it," says an objector in one of the dialogues, "How is it that you bid men search for the truth, and the knowledge of that which really is ? If we know it, why should we yet search for it ? And if we do not know it, of what avail is it to search for that which we do not even know ? How shall we know the True and Real if we meet with it, and recognize it as indeed the True and Real ?" In the answer to this question is involved the famous Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence. You know the truth, he answers, and recognize the eternal forms of things, by an act of memory. The soul is now in a state of bondage, chained to a mortal body, dragged down by that body from its true home among the eternal realities, and imprisoned in this world of shadow and darkness. But it was not always thus. There was a former life of the soul, free and joyous, when it dwelt in the world of eternal truth, and gazed on the ideal forms that crowd that higher world. There it received its impressions, and gained a knowledge which here is dormant, but not destroyed. And every true impression that the soul receives in this life is caused not by the reception of fresh knowledge, but by the awakening of an old knowledge. The movements of life and the activities of the reason stir the dust and dissipate the mists which have gathered around the portals of the soul ; so that once more we can behold the bright forms and catch the glorious harmonies of the eternal spheres. That is the joy of finding truth—the joy of recovering what we "have loved long since, but lost awhile." All knowledge is but reminiscence—it must be drawn up from the depths of

memory. The soul is a lyre of marvellous power, compass, and sweetness. It needs but the air of heaven to move across its chords, and charm into life the slumbering melodies.

Surely this is among the grandest of all the thoughts that antiquity has bequeathed to us ! What marvel that one who could thus dis-couse of the soul's home in God, of the destined recovery of our higher nature from the chains and limitations of sense, who could write those noble passages on the immortality of the soul, which shine as brilliant stars in his intellectual heavens, and who could insist upon the absolute necessity of a moral purification in order to the right apprehension of truth,—what marvel that he should be claimed by one and another of the Christian Fathers as an unconscious disciple of the one Great Master of us all, and a voice in the wilderness of that intellectually brilliant but spiritually benighted heathenism, preparing the way of Him who said "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The doctrine of Reminiscence, to which I have just adverted, will doubtless suggest to some of my readers those stanzas in Wordsworth's great Ode on Immortality, in which he takes up exactly Plato's thought, and clothes it in words which for beauty and sublimity have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar ;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

And again, when he speaks of

— Those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which be they what they may
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence.—

Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

But my limit is reached, and I must close this brief sketch. I have said little of that divine wisdom of which Plato was enamoured, and which he describes in magnificent language as "the fairest and mightiest of the harmonies;" and nothing of those splendid myths which are scattered through his writings, bringing the sanction of immemorial tradition and the solemnities of the other world to illustrate and enforce his expositions. The omission will not be regretted, if what I have written may lead any of my readers to turn to the pages of the great thinker himself, and bring him any nearer to the fountain-head of his teaching. He will find there how deep and absorbing was Plato's passion for truth and his delight in gazing upon its eternal beauty. He will find the faults, the defects, the weaknesses of his system—how it had no message for the poor, the ignorant, the outcast—how it would make men sons of God, and unite them in a divine fellowship, but wanted the *power* by which this divine sonship and fellowship could be realized. He will turn from the contemplation of that great Republic of which its illustrious architect could only say, despairing of seeing its grand and beautiful ideal realized on earth, "But perhaps it remaineth for us in the heavens!"—he will turn from it to the visions of a yet fairer city and a more perfect fellowship of earth and heaven in the pages of our own Scriptures, and thank God that while Plato could only dream, and trust, and pray, and reach out lame hands of faith to the eternal, *we* know that amidst all the changes, and sorrows, and vanities of earth, we have "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in heavens."

In the Bush.

"WILL there never be an end to this?" said Baxter.

Since sunset we had been traversing one of those interminable routes known to the sojourner in South Africa as a "Kafir path." Like General Sherman in his famous march, we had "gone in" at one place, but the precise locality at which we should come out remained a mystery. Daylight had long disappeared, but the moon, now almost full, had risen, and we were enabled to follow the uncertain and devious windings of our path, occasionally at a trot, though more frequently at a foot-pace only. Our immediate object had been to reach a certain mission station at the Umtata, where we were certain of comfortable lodging for the night. Some hours before I had yielded to the weakness of supposing that a slight divergence from the right

would considerably shorten our journey. Baxter, from the first, had objected to the questionable "short cut," the apparent advantages of which I urged. Nevertheless, he assented; and now for several hours we had been following a *trek* which made "confusion worse confounded" the longer we continued to pursue it. There was satisfaction, at any rate, in the fact that the Umtata station stood on the river of that name, and if we could only make the banks of the stream we had but to follow its course until we reached our destination. At the same time, it was reasonable to suppose the path we were following led somewhere, to a kraal possibly, where we might either get the information we desired or, at the worst, find an indifferent shelter for the night. There was not a better fellow in Her Majesty's —th than Charley Baxter; but circumstances alter the best of us, and if he lacked the *fortiter in re* when yielding to my unhappy suggestion, he certainly evinced little of the *suaviter in modo* when the evidence of that mischance became apparent. And so we rode slowly on, he slightly in advance, growling audibly to himself or now and then uttering a malediction as some overhanging branch rendered a swift "duck" or inclination of the head necessary to avoid collision. I was following behind, when a shout from my companion made me hasten to the spot when he had drawn rein.

"Isn't there a fire or light in that direction. See!"

As I looked towards the spot indicated, a dull glow or luminosity grew faintly perceptible. There was no flicker or uncertainty about the light, such as the fire of an encampment would occasion, but it seemed stationary in the distant bush. Whilst we were still gazing I fancied I could hear the rush of water from the same direction. We both listened, and to our satisfaction the murmur of a stream became distinctly audible between each gust of the stiff night breeze that was blowing. It only remained for us then to strike for the river and follow it until we reached the station. Dismounting from our horses we began to penetrate the thicket, but had scarcely proceeded a dozen yards before our little Griqua steeds began to evince a decided repugnance to any further progress. As we endeavoured to urge them in the required direction, the more unmanageable they became, until at last, between the plunging of the horses and the natural obstacles presented by the bush, we were obliged to relinquish the attempt.

"Do you remain with those obstinate brutes," said Baxter, "and I'll push on and see if there are any natives by the fire yonder."

As this seemed the only plan under the circumstances, I acquiesced, and Baxter having lighted his pipe and provided himself with a stout stick, strode off to explore the bush. The horses were now unbridled and tethered to a tree, yet they still seemed restless and uneasy. The cause of this alarm, whatever it might be, evidently proceeded from the direction in which my companion had gone, and I now almost regretted we had not remained together. There were no lions in this part of the country, but wolves and panthers were tolerably

numerous, and the solitary stick he had taken with him would, to say the least, be a very insufficient weapon in the event of an attack from a wild animal. Half an hour passed and he had not returned, nor could I hear the faintest shout or any indication of his neighbourhood. The hum of countless insects filled the air, and now and then the shriek of some night-bird as it wheeled overhead broke the monotony of my vigil, which was becoming an extremely anxious one. It was possible he might have missed his way, and as this idea presented itself, I determined to fire the revolver I carried with me. The report rang sharply through the bush, startling its winged occupants, who rose, flapped their wings, and darted off in dismay at the unusual sound. Scarcely, however, had the echo subsided before a distant "hallo" fell upon my ear, and in a few minutes more the snapping of branches, each moment drawing nearer, placed all uncertainty at an end; and shortly after Baxter himself, almost breathless with exertion, reached the spot where I was standing. My first impression was that he had been attacked by some animal, or perhaps bitten by one of the deadly reptiles of the bush.

"Saddle the horses, and for Heaven's sake, ride on!" he said at last.

"But did you find the river, and whereabouts does that light come from?"

As I said this an expression of utter horror overspread his face, and jumping up from the ground on which he had just been seated, he commenced saddling his own horse with such alacrity that in a few seconds we were both ready for departure.

"Which way are we to take?" I inquired.

"Any way but *that*," was the curt rejoinder; and as "that" evidently referred to the direction of his late adventure, I struck into our former path, knowing that my comrade would in all probability gratify my curiosity when he had recovered his own composure. On we therefore rode, with as much speed as the circumstances permitted, without any idea of our neighbourhood or whether the path we were pursuing would bring us ultimately to our journey's end. Suddenly our horses started, and my own plunged so violently that I was nearly unseated by the movement. Baxter had reined up, and as I turned round I saw him with the same troubled and horrified look, gazing through an opening in the bush.

"See!" he muttered. I glanced towards the spot indicated, and this was the strange phenomenon that met my eyes. Beyond the bush lay the open veldt, with patches of thicket scattered over it, which the bright light of the moon rendered peculiarly distinct. Crossing the plain at no great distance from us, I could see a troop or dark figures gliding swiftly and noiselessly in a parallel line with the direction we had come. Each figure seemed armed with the assegai, knobkerrie, and shield which the Zulu warriors carry when on a hostile foray, and yet as they passed palpably and clearly before us, no shadows were thrown upon the earth, although, as I have said, the moonlight was unusually clear and brilliant. Two by two they

silently flitted by, and as the last one disappeared an indefinable sensation of relief came over me. Could the whole affair have been some illusion of the senses, or had we witnessed an appearance analogous to the mirage, which in these latitudes is not uncommon? As I glanced at Baxter's face it needed no further assurance on his part to tell me that whatever the strange spectacle might have been, he was equally a sharer in it. The end, however, had not come, for scarcely had we resumed our journey before a series of shrieks came from the distant bush. Far away the cries sounded, and yet their prolonged intensity lost little of its appalling character, associating them, as we undoubtedly did, with the sight we had just witnessed. This last incident proved too much for the already overstrained nerves of our horses. With a simultaneous bound they dashed forward, and heedless alike of bit and curb galloped towards an opening in the bush. As it was, neither of us attempted to control them, and ere long the character of the country began to change, and we reached a broad table land which offered few obstacles to horse or rider. Mile after mile was quickly traversed; and when the terrible bush had been left far behind, our gallant little steeds fairly gave in, and the unpleasant necessity of a night in the veldt seemed the next contingency. Then Baxter broke the silence.

"You saw those appearances, I suppose?"

"You mean the very remarkable phenomena?"

"Call it whatever you like; but as I'm not addicted to 'temporary insanity,' you'll allow me to believe the evidence of my own eyes. You remember when I left you?"

"With the horses? Yes."

"Well, I pushed on, guided by the light, which seemed steadily to increase as I drew nearer. I could see the river also; and it was evident that the fire, as I supposed it, arose from the banks or some rock in the neighbourhood of the stream. It was hard work struggling through that bush, but at last I reached the water, and what I then beheld I trust I shall never see again. Immediately over the river projected a mass of rock, forming a natural hollow or cavern, and from this place, whence issued a horrible effluvium, like that of a charnel-house, the bright pale light which had attracted us proceeded. There were some twenty figures grouped together in the cave,—the figures of old men and women; but their faces! You remember those dead sepoys we found sitting in the room under Maun Singh's house, at Delhi? Picture to yourself, then, the same shrivelled, ghastly features, the fixed staring eyes and sunken cheeks, the completeness of death in all you see, and you may form some conception of that horrible hole, as I saw it. At first I failed to realize its true nature, and it was not until I noticed, to my amazement, that the river reflected no light except that of the moon upon its surface, that I grasped the weird details of the picture. Just then one of the figures slowly rose, and the unutterable despair of the look that met my eyes I shall never forget. At the same moment, the report of your revolver

broke the fascination which seemed stealing over me, and I fled as fast as my feet could carry me to the place where I had left you with the horses."

From the grave manner in which Baxter had narrated this, and his evident belief in the reality of his own impressions, I felt it would be useless for the present to hazard any conjectures opposite to his own conclusions on the subject. At last, the welcome sound of a dog baying in the distance fell upon our ears, and in a few minutes more the dark outline of a house appeared clearly defined on the horizon. Once more we urged on our horses, and a sharp trot soon brought us to the well-fenced enclosure and outbuildings of a settler. The barking of the dogs and crowing of the disturbed inmates of the hen-roosts had announced our approach, and as we drew rein the farmer himself stood at the door-way to inquire our errand. Our story was soon told, and we were at once made welcome to such impromptu accommodation as the house afforded. Mind and body were alike fatigued, and although my couch proved none of the softest, I slept long and soundly. In the morning, when the sun streamed brightly through the windows and I awoke refreshed by the few hours' sleep, the events of the past night, as I reviewed them in my mind, seemed more intelligible and less mysterious. It was quite probable, after all, that the figures we had seen were those of natives, and in the subsequent screams there was nothing which might not admit of a rational explanation. As I stepped out to the verandah and looked at the distant landscape our host joined me.

"Ah! it's a fine piece of country," he said, "but you'll not get any natives to clear that bush."

"And how's that?" I inquired.

"Why, they do say it's *umtagati*, though I've lived here these seven years and ain't seen anything myself."

Although my knowledge of Zulu was not very extensive, I knew that *umtagati* corresponded in a great measure to our English word "haunted." It was with some little interest therefore, that I listened to the recital of our host.

"In 1831 there were only a few English and Dutch settlers in this part of the country, but a good many Zulu refugees, who had fled from their own King Dingaan and settled here with their herds of cattle. Among them was an old Chief named Queecha, who built several kraals at the Umtata. Dingaan every now and then brought down the *impee* (army) upon them, when he generally managed to cut off all the men he could find and carry back with him the women and cattle. During one of these raids the old Chief Queecha went to Dingaan and told him where all his neighbours had hidden their cattle. Then he sold him all his own wives and children, so that he, Queecha, might have protection from the Great King. After that he retired with some other old men and women to the big cave on the Umtata, where they stored mealies enough to live upon, until Dingaan left the country. But there was no trusting

the Zulus, and one night before they left, Dingaan sent a body of his *impee* to the Umtata, where they murdered Queecha and his whole party; and so treachery was punished by treachery, and the old coward fared no better than the rest. I went to the place some years ago myself, and there were still old assegais and a number of skulls and other bones lying scattered in the cave."

"And so the natives think the place is *umtagati*?"

"You will get none of them to pass there after night-fall. They do say the cave is sometimes lighted up again, as if there were people in it, and that Dingaan's *impee* march through the bush; and the whole thing is gone over again just as it occurred nearly forty years ago."

"In fact, every detail of the massacre is re-enacted?"

"Just so; but I've lived here these seven years, and except its wild pigs or ant-eaters, nothing, I can tell you, disturbs me at night."

After a hearty breakfast, and cordial leave-taking with our host, we rode away, and it may be needless to add, took every precaution we could against a recurrence of the previous night's adventure or the possibility of again taking our way after night-fall IN THE BUSH.

The Graham Manuscripts.

I.—THE GRAHAM MS. CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND.

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH. D.

THROUGH the kindness of the Hon. Robert Graham, Esq., I have been permitted to inspect several precious old manuscripts in his possession.

Among these is a volume which was mainly written in the fourteenth century, in the reign of King Edward III. I say mainly, because the volume consists of a number of different pieces, which have not all been written by the same hand, but by different hands, and at different times. The greater portion of the contents are Chronicles of England, written in Latin, copied in the handwriting of the fourteenth century. It does not seem that the Chronicles are all by the same author, nor are they composed upon the same plan. They appear to be a collection of different historical writings, united in one volume. Whether any, and which, of these writings has already been published, or which of them may be worth editing for the use of historians, it is impossible for us here to say. But in order to enable the authorities upon such matters to form a judgment regarding the value of these documents, we have here given an analysis of them, stating, as far as possible (from a survey that was necessarily cursory), their general contents, and giving a few lines from the beginning and ending of each piece.

Independently of the value of the written documents (most of which are in Latin, but a few also in English and French, and one in Provençal), this manuscript possesses a high interest for us in the miniature portraits which it contains of the first twelve Kings of England after the Norman Conquest. The first eleven of these pictures were undoubtedly painted during the reign of King Edward III. They are very characteristic, and are probably in most instances faithful likenesses, particularly that of Edward III. and those of his immediate predecessors, as well as of the Black Prince and King Richard II. Both of the latter are evidently not of the same date as those of the first eleven Kings, but were added later, probably, even at different periods, but both still within the fourteenth century, during the reign of Richard II. We may probably place less reliance upon the faithfulness of a miniature, in which, among other figures, that of *Beda venerabilis* occurs at the beginning of one of his writings (*De imagine mundi*), which forms a part of this volume.

That the volume is the handiwork of ecclesiastics (probably monks) is evident from its ecclesiastical tendencies; for example, in placing Thomas à-Becket in the same picture with Henry II., as well as in many remarks in the text. There are also some documents contained in this volume which vindicate the claim of Edward III. to the throne of France, and others, again, in later handwriting, which state the claims of Edward IV. to the crown of England.

The manuscript is written on vellum, each leaf being 8 inches high, and $5\frac{3}{4}$ wide, with margins—outer, 1; inner, $\frac{4}{5}$; lower, about 1; and upper, about half an inch. The leaves have been numbered—probably in the seventeenth century—to which period we may also refer the binding of the book. There were then 185 leaves, including a few blank leaves in the middle, but exclusive of two vellum fly-leaves in front, and, at least, one at the end, which is, however, now torn out. Of the 185 numbered leaves, three are now missing—viz. fo. 1, 36, and 41. Most of the pages have double columns, which, generally speaking, contain forty-one lines to the full column. In some portions of the volume—probably not written by the same hand—there are fewer lines, and sometimes only thirty-five to the full column.

The following are the contents of this manuscript volume :—

1. A vellum fly-leaf in front, on the recto of which there is written, in English, in a current hand of the fifteenth century, a short account of England and its conquerors, as far as William I. We subjoin it in full :—

Engelond contayneth in lengthe DCCC myle fro scotland ond to Tottenesse
 And in brede CCC myle from munmowth to dou(er)
 And in Circute & bowte iij M ix C and iiijxx myle
 Engelond was Enabited aft Noeys flode of Gyantes that com of
 Jafeth the sone of Noys ij M ix C L vij yere
 Brute was the fyrst kyng of thys lond & conquerd thys lond be fore the
 Incarnacon of Cryst a M & CC yere And he Rode aboute hys lond & he fondde
 ther yn xiiij Gyantes the weche w(ith) his britonys he sclowe & whan he
 had conquerd thys he cal yd Britayne

And brute made here a Cete & Callyd hyt new Troye & brute hadde iij
sones to yam he toke all hys lond

The Eldest sone

The secund sone

The iij sone

And he had an vnkle that was callyd Corneus or Cornubity to hym

He b(rute) gaf cornubiam that after hym ys callyd cornowale

Britones wher furst conqueroures of thys lond & slowen the Gyantys

that were yn thys lond And yay helden yis lond I M viij yer and

xl wynter be fore the Incarnacon of Crist that svfyd

The secunde conqueroures of thys lond were Romans And yay . . y . . e . .

xl wynter by fore (the Incar)nacon & held hyt DC lvij yere

The iij coqueroures of thys lond were Saxsones & thay held hyd ixcxv yere

The iijj conqueroures of thys lond were Normans that wylliam conquerowr of Normady & conquerede thys lond in the yere of our lord M (lxxv)ij

2. *Annals of England to the Conquest*, in Latin, written in the fourteenth century, fol. 65 (of which, however, fol. 1, 36, & 41 are missing). Double columns, forty-one lines to the column. Illuminated initials. At the end, on folio 63—65, is an enumeration of contemporaneous events, and on fol. 47 recto, a document in Anglo-Saxon.

Fol. 2 (the first preserved leaf) begins with these 18 lines:—

leyr ear(um) p(at)rem a suis palaciis
eiecerunt. Leyr quoq(ue) p(ro)prie re-
cordatus stulticie palam transfretauit
Cordeillam requisivit que paterni mi-
seria doloris leyr quondam regem gal-
lor(um) auxilio reduxit in britanniam &
ablatu(m) sibi regnum restituit cum
corona. annis lx. regnavit leyr corpus eius

in leycest(r)a tumulat(um). Post mor-
tem leyr regis britannie & Aganippi
Regis Gallie Cordeilla regnavit in bri-
tannia .v. annis. q(ua)m ex tu(n)c Mar-
gau filius Mauglar & Goronille ac
Condagius filius hewim & Ragau
debellarunt. Cordeillam ceperunt &
incarc(er)aueru(n)t donec dolore

Fol. 35, the last 13 lines, are:—

Inter cet(er)as erat in ciuitate Bangor
quedam nobilissi(m)a in qua tantus
fertur fuisse num(er)us monachor(um)
ut cum in vij. porc(i)ones e(ss)ent
cum p(re)positis s(ub)prioribus monas-
te(er)ium diuisum nulla har(um) porc(i)o
minus, q(ua)m CCC monachos

h(aber)et qui om(n)es labore manuu(m)
suar(um) uiuebant. Abbas a(utem)
eorum Dinocet uocabatur miro in lib(er)-
alib(us) artibus eruditus, qui Augustino
petenti ab ep(iscop)is britonu(m) subiec-
(i)o(n)em

And Fol. 37 begins with these six lines:—

primo Rex Vortegirnus retinuit sub
umbra pacis remanserunt quasi pro-
patria pugnaturi, sed cum nequiciam

suam manifestare quieueru(n)t malum
p(ro) bono reddentes, p(er)dideru(n)t
eum, regniq(ue).

Fol. 40, the last 16 lines, are:—

Tunc Alanus sumptis diuersis libris
& de p(ro)ph(e)tiis aquile que sesconie
p(ro)phetauit, & de carminib(us) Si-
bille, ac M(er)lini cepit scrutari
om(n)ia ut uideret an reuelac(i)o Cad-
ualdri in scriptis oraculis concordaret.
Et cum nullam descript(i)onem rep(er)-
isset successit Cadualdro ut diuine dis-

pensationi pareret, & britannia post
posita: q(uo)d angelus ei p(re)cep(er)at
monit(us) p(er)ficeret. Filium a(utem)
su(um) Juor ac Iny nepotem
su(um) ad reliquias britanorum regendas
in insulam dirigeret. Ne gens antiquo
gen(er)e illor(um) edita, libertate(m)
barbarica irrup-

Fol. 42 recto begins:—

tum paganor(um). Facto quoq(ue) congressu ex(er)cituum pugna creuit fortissima, qua ducenti Ciues Ebor(acorum) fuerant interfecti. Rex g' Edwardus

furore mortis clamauit militib(us). Nonne deus nobiscum est : & sathane p(ro)geniti exadu(er)so cogitate regem Arthurum qui m(at)rem (christi) . . .

Fol. 65 reuerso has, in twelve lines, the following :—

gigantis inuenitur Rome mire magnitudinis penitus incorruptum, ad cuius capud lucerna fuit ardens que nec flatu extingui potuit nec liquore. Pontifices & imperatores p(re)litati papatus &

imp(er)ia tenuerunt a tempore coronac(i)onis regis Edwardi filii regis Alfredi usque ad tempus quo Will(iamu)s dux Norma(n)nie sup(er) Haraldum Regem regnum anglie conquisiuit.

3. Annual Register from the year 1066 (the Conquest) to the year 1124, in the same handwriting as No. 2, on nine leaves (numbered 66—74).

Its first seven lines are :—

ANno g(eren)te M.lxvj. Will(iamu)s dux Normannie filius Roberti filij Ricardi fratris Emme Regine matris regis

Edwardi terciij .xi. kl. Nouembris ut p(re)fertur in sabluto* Angliam conquisiuit. Dieque.

And its last nine lines on fol. 74 rev. (two in the first, and seven in the second column), are :—

ANno M.C.XX. q(ui)nto Rex Henricus anno tota(m) mora(m) t(ra)xit in Nomannia vbi Simoni cl(er)ico Regine dedit ep(iscop)atum Wygornie & Sigfrido Abbati de Glastenbyr ep(iscop)atum Ci-

cestrie. Rob(er)tus quoq(ue) de Turkeuill Cantuar(ensis) Archiep(iscopus) dedit ep(iscop)atum Roucestrie Joh(ann)i Areludi.

4. Then follow, in a different handwriting (a current hand, probably somewhat later, but with the same style of initial letters), notes on some of the following years, until 1135, beginning in the same line, filling up the remainder of the second column of fol. 74 rev., and also occupying the three following leaves (fols. 75—77). They begin thus :—

Dux aute(m) Rob(er)tus & comes mortayne ducti in Angl(i)a vt s(upra)

dicit(ur) i(n) capitulo Anni g(ra)tie M C vij.

And end in eight lines thus :—

Comitissa britan(n)ie post morte(m) Galfridi comit(is) pep(er)it arthuru(m) henric(us) rex cu(m) regnasset annis

xxxv. me(n)sib(us) sex dieb(us) trib(us) obiit ap(u)d Thimum & sepult(us) e(st) ap(u)d fonte(m) euerardi.

5. Two blank leaves (fols. 78 and 79). On the reverse of the last (fol. 79) are a few words in a handwriting of the seventeenth century.

Joannes Neper de menhistoun.

Deinde venit David cometz huntingdone.

6. In the same handwriting as No. 2 and No. 3 is an account of King Richard I. Cœur de Lion, on eight leaves (lettered fol. 80—87). The first page is headed—

Coronat(i)o Regis Ric(ard)i,

* Probably misspelt for sublato.

And begins with the following six lines :

ANno g(e)r(ent)e M. C. LXXXIX.	Ricardu(m) London(iis) coronavit in quo
tertio Non(is) Septembris Haldewynus	Reges Anglie debent coronari. Gal-
archiep (iscopu)s Cantuar(ensis) Regem	frido Electo Ebor(aceorvm) man-

It ends in seven lines thus—

suam cu(m) victoria rediit t(ri)um-	Jer(usa)l(e)m & Gaufridus frater eius
phator. (Tertia die seq(ue)nte venerunt	Amfredus del Turun. Reymundus
ad Regem Ric(ardu)m: Gwydo Rex	p(ri)nceps Antiochie Domundus.

7. Then follows, in a more modern handwriting—a current hand like No. 4—(with, however, a different style of illuminated initials), a further short account of Richard Cœur de Lion, John Lackland, and Henry III. on the remainder of fol. 87, on the three following leaves (fols. 88—90), and on the first column of fol. 91 recto. It begins thus :—

& alij Ricardus aute(m) an(te) corona- c(i)o(ne)m sua(m)

And ends with the following six lines—

Anno seque(n)ti p(ro)xi(m)o ven(i)t pandulfus legat(us) Nor-
Gaulo acceptis a p(a)p(a) l(ite)ris wyce(u)sis electus.
reuocatoriis p(ro)fect(us) est romam

8. On fol. 91 recto 2nd col., and rev., as well as on fol. 92 recto and rev. (these three latter pages with single columns)—there is an account of the coronations, &c, of English Kings, from Alfred to Richard II. in a different handwriting from that of No. 7 and No. 4, and with no illuminated initials, probably belonging to the end of the fourteenth century. It begins with these four lines:—

Anno gr(ati)e octingentesimo quin-	Regis a p(a)p(a) leone hic p(ri)mus
quagesimo qnarto coronacio aluredi	monarcha Anglie corona-

And end in three lines thus—

Anno s(a)l(uti)s Mill(esi)mo CCC septuagisimo septimo Coronatio Regis Ric(ard)i apud Westmonast(er)ium.

To which a later hand (more like No. 1, No. 4, and No. 7) has added :—

& regnauit xxii annis & apud Westm(onasterium) sepelit(us). Temp(or)e tamen Henric(i) quinti R(icardus) p(ri)mo sepeliebut(ur) apud Langley & ibi iacebat corpus ei(us) p(er) xiiij. Annos. It(e)m Henric(us) quart(us) obiit a(n)n(o) regni sui xiiij & cantuar(ii) sepelit(us). It(e)m Henric(us) q(ui)nt(us) obiit a(n)n(o) regni sui x(o), & ap(u)d Westm(onasterium) sepelit(us).

9. Leaves 14 (lettered fol. 93—106), in the same handwriting as No. 2, No. 3, and No. 6, contain first (on fol. 93 to 94 recto, 2nd col., 33rd line), a list of the Popes and Emperors contemporaneous with British history, from the time after Arthur to that of Ina, King of Wessex. It begins with the following seven lines :—

A fine regni regis Arthuri sederunt	tempore theophilus Archidiaconus in
rome virgilius natus Romanus annis	scicilia homagium fecit diabolo p(er)
xvij. mensibus sex & diebus v. Eius	cartam p(ro)prio cruore

And ends thus in ten lines (on fol. 94, 2nd col.) :—

Constantinopolim adduxit & fecit in	sexie.	Que p' disp(er)sionem
fontis lauacro baptizari. Pontifices &	Britonu(m)	Anglor(um) Reguli in
imperatores p(er)lilati sedes & imp(er)ia	bellor(um)	suor(um) Ducem & do-
gub(er)narunt a fine regni Regis Arthuri	minu(m)	elegerunt.
usq(ue) ad tempus Jne Regis West-		

Then follows to the end of the same column of fol. 94 recto in six lines:—

INcipit liber s(e)c(un)d(us) de Regnis	ficibus & imperatorib(us) usque ad
& regibus Anglorum post disp(er)sio-	tempus Edwardi senioris filii alueredi
ne(m) Britonu(m) ac de romanis ponti-	Regis olim cont(ra) p(er)fidis

This second book seems complete, and ends on fol. 106 recto, 1st column, 19th line, with the following fourteen lines :—

Post lodowycum s(e)c(un)d(u)m.	Pontifices & Imp(er)atores memorati
Karolus s(e)c(un)d(us) qui dicitur	papatus & imp(er)ia tenuerunt a te(m)
caluus imp(er)au(it) anno uno &	pore quo Ine Rex Westsexie electus
mensibus .IX. qui m(u)ltas & diu(er)-	fuerat in capud Regulor(um) usq(ue)
sas religiones in ytalia construxit &	ad tempus quo rex Edwardus Alfredi
destructas rep(ar)avit. Eius tempore	regis filius erat londoniis coronatus.
sciciliam sarasceni p(er)diderunt.	

10. Full length miniature portraits of William the Conqueror and the ten following Kings of England, painted in the middle of the fourteenth century. The miniatures are $1\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches high, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide, and are placed near the top of each column, with two lines of superscription above each portrait. There are the names of descendants in red circles given after seven of these Kings, viz. to all excepting William Rufus, Stephen, and Richard Cœur de Lion. Underneath each of these three latter portraits there are twenty-four lines in verse, and beneath that of Edward II. twenty lines; and in the second column of fol. 109 rev. forty-four lines, the first column of the last page containing the portrait of Edward III. At the bottom of the column in which is the picture of Henry I., there is also a representation of the drowning of his children; and in the same miniature with Henry II. is given the figure of Thomas à-Becket. The lines written above the portraits are as follows :—

1. Dux Norma(n)nor(um) Will(iamu)s in ualid(or)um
Rex est Anglor(um) bello conquestor eor(um).
2. Curthose ducatu(m) tenuit ruffus d(omi)natu(m)
Regni possedit. morti p(er)cussus obedit.
3. He(n)rici nati pelago p(er)eunt adaquati
Filia que remanet imp(er)iale tenet.
4. Steph(anu)s in Regem magnatu(m) laude leuat(ur)
Proles p(er) legem Matildes post d(omi)natur.
5. Henricus nat(us) Matildis regna tenebat
Sub quo sacratus thomas muc(ro)ne cadebat.
6. Miles formosus Rex Ricardus gen(er)osus
Non ho(m)i(n)em metuit cautus ad arma fuit.
7. Neust'a Johannis fuit i(n)defenssa s(u)b annis
Qui quia deliiq(ui)t gallis possessa reliquit.
8. Rex du(m) uixisti fundans he(n)rice fuisti
Ecc(lesi)as (Christi) quibus orname(n)ta dedisti.

9. Vallensem Scotum Rex Edward(us) spoliavit
Ense pete(n)s totum s' qd' brutus populavit.
10. P(ri)nceps Edwarde no(n) sic tua lancea tarde
In scotos mota p(er) te fit Cambria nota.
11. Anglia iure p(at)ris m(ihi)dedit. francia matris
Essem regnor(um) sic rex de iurê duorum.

That these portraits were painted and the texts accompanying them written in the lifetime of Edward III. is clear from the fact that in the line underneath this monarch's portrait,—“Edwardus tertius genuit hos u(n)deci(m) filios & filias,”—the number “undecim” is put in by a later hand. Nor does it appear that the length of his reign is stated here, as at the end of all the other kings, although we are not quite sure of this fact, because the three last lines beneath the verses in the second column of this page (fol. 109 rev.) are effaced. As far, however, as they can be read, it is improbable that this is their content; but underneath the names of the children of Edward III. in the first note of the page, we find, in a little later hand the following lines:—

Edwardus t(er)tius post conquestu(m) coronat(us) apud Westmon(asterium)
Anno etatis sue xiiijto & anno d(o)m(ini) MCCC xxvjto die
regn(aui)t an(nis) lii & . . . mensibus abiit an(n)o etatis sue lxxvto
vj kl. Junij: & apud Westmon(asterium) sepelit(us).

11. Table of Descent, proving the right of Edward III. to the Crown of France, on fol. 110 recto, with an explanation on fol. 110 rev., and fol. 111 recto, to line 20, in the same handwriting as No. 10 (middle of the fourteenth century), with three coats of arms on fol. 110 recto. It begins thus:—

Ceste table de soutz escript monstre coment edward roy dengleterre le tiertz ap(re)s
le (con)quest devoit de droit estre roy de franc(e) p(ar) descent deritage

And ends thus:—

le bruyt Roy d(e) france Apres le q(ue)l mort le dit Edward fu le plus prochein
here du Royaume de france. que le dit phelippe de ualoyse qui estoit fils a charles
count de ualoys qui fu frere a phelippe le beau Roy & uncle a charles le bruyt si
co(me) il apert en la table desutz escript.

12. The end of the recto of folio 111 is occupied by eighteen lines on the “Black Prince,” accompanying his portrait (about three inches high and two and a quarter wide), painted (as the handwriting and style of painting show) probably shortly after his death, at the end of the fourteenth century, or about a generation later than the previous portraits. It has as superscription the two Latin lines:—

O deliquisti mors: Edwardum rapuisti
Antea q(ua)m pronas caperet comendo coronas.

The lines written at the side of his portrait are:—

Edwardus princeps acq(ui)tanie & Wallie post victoriam suam belli de poyters
in quo cepit Joh(ann)em se dicentem regem ffrancie ut sup(ra) dicit(ur) in
uersibus folio tercio p(ræ)cedenti. duxit in uxorem . . . Countissam Cantie de
qua genuit Edwardu(m) qui iñfantulus sepelit(us) burdegal(ie) & Ricardu(m)
Regem Anglie no(m)inatum Ricardu(m) s(ecundu)m post conquestum. & obiit
dictus p(ri)nceps an(n)o etat(is) sue* ante p(at)rem suu(m) in f(est)o trinitatis
q(uam) maxi(m)e p(er)colebat.

*A blank has been left here in the manuscript for the number of the years.

13. Folio 111 rev. and folio 112 recto, to the eighth line, contain an Edict of King John, without date, in a current handwriting of the fourteenth century. It begins thus:—

Aurea bulla qualit(er) Rex. Joh(a)n- cop)is abb(oti)b(us) priorib(us) Comiti-
(ne)s dei gra(ti)a Rex Angliæ D(omi)- b(us) Baronib(us) & om(ni)b(us) fideli-
n(us) Hib(er)n(i)e comes andegaue & b(us) p(re)se(n)tem paginam inspec-
dux aquit(anie) Archiepiscop(is) Ep(is- turis Sal(ut)em.

And ends thus:—

* Defendendu(m) & tenendu(m) (habet) Evang(e)lia. Teste me (ipso) ap(u)d
om(n)es ho(m)i(n)es . . . posse louum milit(u)m templi iuxta Domo. . .
meo sic me adiuuet d(eu)s et s(anct)a

N.B. Although Nos. 13 and 14 are here given in double columns, they are in the original MSS in single columns.

14. Form of fealty rendered by the King of England to the King of France, on folio 112 recto, lines 10—16, written in the beginning of the fifteenth century:—

Jeo deuenk vr(ai)e hom(ag)e de la meus Rex Angl(i)e homag(iu)m Regi
Duche de Guyenne d lesapp(ar)tenances ffrancie karolo ultimo postq(ua)m
come Duk de Guyenne & prer de d(ominu)s Rex Angl(ia)e transtulit in
ffranccie selom les formes faitz entre voz fil(iu)m suu(m) d(omi)n(um) meu(m)
ancestres & les noz & sicome noz . . dom' ducatu(m) & alias t(er)ras quas
ancestres lonnt fait a les voz. h(ab)uit in regno ffrancie. homag(iu)m
Per ista v(er)ba fecit d(omi)n(u)s Reg(i)s p(ro) ducatu Aquit(anie).

15. The claim of Edward IV. to the Throne of England on folio 112 recto; lower half of the page. (The end line is cut off.) Written in the fifteenth century, in a current hand:—

This bille is a party of y(e) copy y(at) y(e) duke of York put ynto y(e)
p(ar)liam(ent) , . . . yt kyng Edward ye iij.de lofully gate, Edward
h(is) furst sone p(ri)nce of walys, William Hatfield ye ij(de) sone, Lionell
ye iijde sone duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt y(e) iijthe sone duke of
Lancast(er), Edmu(n)d Langley y(e) v(the) sone duke of Yorke, Thom(as) of
Wodestok (ye) vi. sone duke of Glouce(s)tre, William Wyndesore ye .vij.
sone. The seid Edward (prince) of Walys hadde issu kyng Richard
y(e) ijde y(at) dyed w(i)t(h)owte issu. William Hatfield . . . sone
dyed w(i)t(h)out issu. Leonell y(e) iij(de) sone hadde issu philipp(a) his
oonely dowht(er) & weddyd vnto Edmu(n)d Mort(i)mer erl of Marche, & yei
hadde issu. Rogg(er) Mortime(r) aft(er)ward erl of Marche. The which Rogger
hadde issu Edmu(n)d erl of Marche, Rogger, Mortimer, Anne & Alianore,
which Edmu(n)d, Rogger, & Alianor died w(i)t(h)out issu. And ye seid Anne
y weddid vn to Rich(ard) erl of Cambrigge ye sone of ye seid Edmu(n)d Lange-
ley ye vthe sone of ye seid kyng Edward hadde issu Ric(ard) Plantagines comynly
called duke of yorke. The seid John of Gaunt ye iijthe sone of kyng Edward
& ye yonge brothir of ye seid leonell hadde issu, Henry erl of derby which incontinent
afore ye tyme yt ye seide . . Ric(ard) resygned ye corones of ye seid
Realmes & ye seid lordship of . . . vnrygtfully entr.d vpon ye same yan beyne
alyve Edmu(n)d mort(mer) erl of Marche sone to Rogger Mortmer erl of
Marche sone & heir (of) ye seid Philipp(a) doughter & heire of seid . . leonell ye
ijde sone of ye . . . kyng Edward ye iijde to ye which Edmu(n)d ye
.

16. Portrait of Richard I. in a golden frame, three inches high and two wide, with a few border illuminations, done evidently during his reign, in the right-hand top corner of the verso of folio 112; the remainder of the page being blank.

17. A Legend of Bourdeaux (Burdegala), copied in a hand of the end of the fourteenth (or beginning of the fifteenth century) in London, on four leaves (lettered folio 113—116), with double columns; thirty-eight lines to the full column. The first initial capitals is in gold on a variegated ground.

The first thirteen lines run thus :—

Antiquis temporibus cum vniv(er)sus
orb(is) e(ss)et subdit(us) ro(ma)no
imperio & submissus & quilibet
homo utriusq(ue) sexus ta(m) magn(us)
q(ua)m p(ar)uus toci(us) mu(n)di
quol(ibe)t anno redde(re)t imp(er)atori

vnu(m) denariu(m) p(ro) t(ri)buto qui
ualebat quinq(ue) denarios usuales Im-
p(er)antibus tito & uespasiano burde-
g(alæ) ciuitas nobilis est fundata. Et
cu(m) uespasian(us) esset stature max-

The legend ends thus :—

sepulta cum honore maximo cleri et
p(o)puli in ecc(les)ia sua de solato
qua(m) ip(s)a dota(u)er)at nobilit(er)
in gradu altaris b(eat)e u(ir)ginis
m(at)ris (christi) cuius corp(us) sere-
nissimu(m) tradidit sepulture girfandus
archiep(is)c(opus) burd(egalensis) eius
fili(us) terti(us). Hanc ystoriā inuenit
magist(er) uitalis de s(anc)toseuero cano-
nicus s(anc)ti seuerini burd(egalensis)
gallice sc(ri)ptam in cronicis ecc(les)ie
uiennens(is) quam t(ra)ns(ri)psit
& per ip(su)m transcriptam postmodu(m)
inueni(ui)t eam magist(er) arualdus de
listrat in abbacia s(anc)ti d(o)m(ini)ci
exilien(sis) bur(de)g(al)ens(is) dioc(esis)

in p(ri)ncipio cuiusdam libri phisice
q(ue)m similit(er) t(ra)ns(ri)psit qua
transcripta fuit postmodu(m) p(er) m a-
g(ist)r(u)m Raymundu(m) Guilli' re-
p(er)ta in eccl(es)ia p(ro)p(e) capellam
que adiacet d(omo)m Reg(u)m anglie
in fine cuiusda(m) libri cronicor(um).
Quam post i(n) me(m)oriam futuro(rum).
Idem mag(iste)r R. G. guilli' postmo-
du(m) ne ignoret(ur) t(er)m(in)o potius
sciatur rei u(er)itas p(re)missor(um)
in fine istius libri cronicar(um). Infra
ciuitate(m) London iensem fecit an-
nexari p(er) Bernardum de grauā cl(er)i-
cum vasconie provincie cuius uite rector
sit deus & animo p(ro)piti(u)s. Amen.

18. Four blank leaves. On the recto of the first (folio 117), are the words *Rex iacobus sextus*, in a handwriting of the seventeenth century. As also on fol. 109 rev. at the top of the page, the inscription *iacobus sextus scotorum Rex*, is found in a handwriting of the same (seventeenth) century, although in a more current hand, it is not improbable that this volume once belonged to this King—James I. of England.

19. Bede Venerabilis, de Imagine Mundi (on the picture of the universe) begins on fol. 120 rev. (the recto being blank) in a handwriting of the middle of the fourteenth century, with double columns which as far as fol. 145 incl. have 41 lines to the column, excepting the last column of fol. 120 rev., which has only 40 lines. On the following pages, as far as fol. 161 reverso, there are from 35 to 39 lines to the column, and the handwriting is not quite equal to the beginning. As we have no other copy of this work to compare with it, we are not quite sure where it ends.

Folio 120 recto begins with a miniature picture, painted on ground of gold leaf, representing a study containing five persons, of whom the largest (a beardless man, seated in a chair) is evidently intended for Bede. From him proceed the following words,—*Quod didici refferam mercedem non michi queram*; whilst from a bearded man standing opposite to him (the three others are sitting between the

two) proceed the words,—*Beda michi vaga mundi monstretur ymago.*
The first rubric is as follows :—

Incipit p(re)ambulū i(n) libru(m) ymago mundi prohemium. C L(iber)
uen(er)abilis bede q(ui) in titulat(ur) primus.

The text then begins thus :—

Septiformi sp(irit)u i(n)t(er)na fide octaua trinitate(m) in unitate co(n)-
illustrato ac septenis riuis t(ri)u(m)phari te(m)plari. Quia ignora(n)s cum igno-
e phi(losophi)e mundato p(rop't(er) rantib(us) ignorancie tenebris i(n)
septimana(m) hui(us) uite. septe(m) uoluo(r).
b(eat)itudinib(us) laureati et i(n)

The text is interspersed by numerous headings in red letters, many of them rather lengthy. The first book—Incipit lib(er) de ymagine mundi—begins at the top of fol. 121 recto; the second book—Incipit sec(un)d(u)s liber de temp(or)is uolubitate—on fol. 131 rev., 1st col., 25th line; the third book—iiij' liber. de serie tempor(um)—on fol. 139 recto, 2nd col., 20th line. On fol. 146 rev., 1st col., 23rd line, on the margin, is an *Explic(it)*, preceded by the following lines :—

Henricus filius eius annis .xL. Rodul- oris post .xliij annis regnauit. Quis
fus. herimann(us). Co(n)radus ty- post hunc regnu(m) adepturus sit p(re)-
ranni, occ'. Hemricus fili(us) superi- teritas uidebit.

Then follows on fol. 146 rev., 1st col., 24th line :—

Perscriptum volubile: tempus sic lector si tamen p(re) d(omi)na inuidia
uoluitur volubilis mundus. Set nos audeas ne huius opusculi laborem uilipen-
te(mp)oris volubilitatem postponamus et das. Ego quippe uigilaui ut tu dormias,
ad stabilitatem eminente tendamus. ego laboraui ut tu quiescas. Tuus
Exhortac(i)o lectoris Rogo autem te

Fol. 161 rev., 2nd col., ends thus :—

et tributaria facta e(st) syria. et e(tera). saule(m) samuele(m) vidisse. s(ed)
amen. Persc(ri)ptu(m) volubile. & demone(m) q(ui) se t(ra)nsfigurauit
c(etera). ut s(upra). AG'. Insuscitacione in angelu(m) lucis.
phitonisse no(n) est c(re)d(en)d(um)

20. The *Ars Kalendarii*, in a handwriting of the middle of the fourteenth century. On fol. 162—165 rev., 3rd line, the pages, with single columns, 36 to 39 lines to the full page, with illuminated initials. It begins thus :—

Perue(r)tunt sagacitatem qai mira subtilitate cursus planetar(um) et tem-
por(um) distinge(i)o(n)es considerabant. Te(m)p(us) enim in p(re)geneses. et in
partes minores diuidebant. vt

And ends on fol. 165 rev. :—

dicitur piscis in quo est sol in februario. et dicitur tunc e(ss)e i(n) pisce quia
sicut piscis maximam habet multitudinem(m) sui coetus ita februari(us) maximam
habet multitudinem fluuior(um).

Then fol. 165 rev., 5th line, has :—

Explicit ars kalendarii. Ad mod(um) Exon(iensem).

Then follow seven lines, of which the first is :—

Sep. mesis. annus. lustrum. ducto'. secul & euu(m).

And the last :—

Ver fugit urbanus e statem symphonian(us).

21. An Arithmetic in verse, from fol. 165 rev. 14th line, to fol. 169 rev. 3rd line (single columns), written in the middle of the fourteenth century, rubricated; 36 to 39 lines to the full page. It begins thus:—

Hec algorism(us) ars p(er)seus d(icitu)r in qua
Talibus indor(um) fruimu(r). bis quinq(ue) fig(ur)is
o.9.8.7.6.5.4.3.2.1.
Prima signat vnum duo uero s(e)c(un)da.

The last lines on fol. 169 rev. are:—

Set si continua non sit p(ro)gressio finis
Imp(ar) tunc mai(us) mediu(m) se multiplicabit
Si par p(er) mediu(m) sibi multiplicato p(ro)pinqu(um).

22. A treatise on the Sphere, in a handwriting of the middle of the fourteenth century, from fol. 169 rev. 4th line, to fol. 179 recto 1st col. 8th line; the pages with double columns, with illuminated initial capitals. It begins thus:—

Incipit tractatus de spera. Tracta- quid l' quis polus et quot sunt spere et
tum de spera in 4 capitula distingui- qualis s(i)t forma mundi. In secundo
mus ontes(?) in primo quid sit spera et de x. circulis ex quibus h(ec) spera
quid axis spere q(uod) est centru(m) mat(er)ialis (com)ponitur.

It ends thus:—

contraria nature: qui eclyp(s)is solis pata in ead(em) hora dixisse aut deu(s)
in nouilunio u(e)l circa nouilunio(m) nature patitur. aut mu(n)di machina
natural(ite)r d(ebet) continger(e) et dissoluatur. Explicit tractatus de
p(ro)p(ter) h(ec) dyonisius legitur ario- spera. De spera.

23. An abridgment of ancient British History, from Julius Cæsar to Waldes the Great, and his son, on the remainder of the recto of fol. 179, occupying the last six lines of the 1st column and the greater portion of the 2nd column, in a handwriting of the middle of the fourteenth century, with illuminated capitals. We give it here in full:—

Jvlius Cesar romanus i(m)p(er)ator Atthelburg(um) postqua(m) uero ro-
misit quemdam militem i(n)signe(m) (man)is deficientibus fere in quolibet
no(m)i(n)e castor q(ui) p(o)p(u)l(u)m comitatu singillatim regnabat rex vnus in
i(n)domitabilem prouinciar(um) Northfolchie et Suthfolchie domitar(et) et
gub(er)nar(et) armis & i(n)dustria. Hic primus cui successit bedmu(n)d cui
edificauit villa(m) q(ue) vocatur castre a Emac fili(us) ei(us) et post eu(m) bear
nomine suo vocatu(m) et fecit ea(m) strenus qui uocauit ad co(n)ui(uiu)m
capud p(ro)uincie Northfolchie Mortuo ut uenirent ad curiam
isto castor(e) duo reges reg(na)r(e) cum maiori mimico amico suo. et cu(m)
ceperunt q(uo)r(um) vn(us) arle nomine suo histrione & c(um) Waldes magn(us)
regnauit solus in suthfolchia. ali(us) suc(cedi)t illi filius eius de quo celebris
no(m)i(n)e catheling(us) pugnavit cu(m) scribitur historia, et genuit filios duos
quodam fortissimo no(m)i(n)e unwin nobilissi(m)os Emac et Guthlac strenuis-
(con)tinue duabus dieb(us) et di(midio) simos in armis ut testatur eor(um) vita
& pacificati sunt. Iste & edificauit et c(etera).

24. A few chapters of British geography, history, and prophecy, from folio 179 rev. to folio 184 recto; the pages with double columns, about 35 lines to the column; written before the middle of the fourteenth century, with illuminated initials (folio 184 recto excepted, where the scribe has omitted to paint in the capital at the

beginning of the last chapter). The rubrics to these chapters, and the first line of the text, are as follows :—

Beda de situ britannie ; fol. 179 rev., 1st col.—*INSula britannie cui qu(i)-*

Comendacio britannie ; fol. 179 rev., 2nd col.—*Britannia sicut legit(ur)*

De mirabilib(us) b(ri)tan(n)ie ; fol. 180 recto, 2nd col.—*Ventus egreditur de cas-*

P(ro)phelia Merlini, fol. 182 recto, 2nd col.—ARbor fertilis

Prophelia M(er)lini siluestres au glor' edward regi sco' no(min)is h(uius) tercio reuelata fuit per spiritu(m) sub testimonio duorum sanctorum ; fol. 182 recto, 2nd col.—Exui' p(rimum) i(n)q(ua)rto(m) de q(ua)rto i(n) t(er)ciu(m).

De aduentu anglor(um) i(n) britan(n)ia(m) ; fol. 182 rev., 1st col.—Quinq(ue) aut(em) plagas ab ex-

De aduentu britonu(m) i(n) istam insulam ; fol. 184 recto, 1st vol.—(B)Ritones istam insula(m)

And ends on fol. 184 recto, 2nd col., as follows :—

CCC. septuaginta t(ri)b(u)s annis	. . . q(ua)d a tempore quo fueru(n)t
quia conquestor int(ra)vit. Anno	brittones expulsi usq(ue) hodie et sunt
d(omi)ni Mmo lxxj. et a tempore quo	sexdecim quinq(ua)ginta nouem anni.
Willi(am)us conquestor qui dicitur	Sc(ri)pt(a) sunt h(ec). Annod(o)m(ini)
bastard intrauit usq(ue) hodie sunt	Mill(es)i(m)o CCC. quadragesimo
.CC. octoginta sex anni. r(e)colligendo	IXo.

25. A document (in Langue d'Oc) of the time of Henry III. in a handwriting of the fifteenth century, on fol. 184 rev., the page with double columns ; 40 lines to the full column. The first initial capital has not been put in. The document begins thus :—

(L)E rey Ricard & rey Henrie & le rey	lat caours agen. Vna patz fo fache
Johan dangleterra tenien del comencen	entre los dos reys dangleterra & da
de lire entro avantes en bretaine & entro	franssa & fo quitat per lo rey dangleterra
a garone & entro a la grant mar doccident.	le comtat dango & tourena & le mayne
Elo du gat comprer aquestas diocesas.	& lo comtat de peito & asso fo fait lan
Augios peitios tours. santas. peregrurs.	M. CC. LXX. Et asso fetz le rey
engolesme lemoges tuele lussou sar-	Edward dangleterra.

And ends thus :—

Eson .iiij comtatz le comtat darmen-	corrensaguet monlasun tarcas marempue.
hac le comtat de fesenssac & le comtat	de horta labore. E totz aqetz son
de bigorra. E uescomtatz lomanha autuil-	del rey dangleterra & de son resort. E
lar bearn fesenssaguet brulhes ribera.	fo reconogut en lan MCCLIX.
Julhac casaubon gauardan marssan	

26. Copy of a letter or part of a letter from the King to the Pope, not dated, in a handwriting of the fifteenth century, on fol. 185 recto and rev., 34 lines on the recto and 24 on the verso. The writing on the verso is very illegible on account of some stains. It begins thus :—

Pape Rex & c(etera) deuota pedu(m) oscula beatoru(m) pensata sedis ap(osto)lice clemencia que de fomento deuocionis (Christianorum) fidelium & a(n)i(m)e salute solet esse sollicita no(n) quere(n)s que sua sunt set que sunt pocius (Jesu Christi) tenet p(ro)babilit(er) n(ost)ra fiducia quod v(ost)ra maturitas in speculo celsitudinis apostolice

The four last lines, as far as they can be read, are :—

vt nos et n(ost)ri qui p(er)sona(m) v(ost)ram sa(ncti)ssima(m) et s(an)c(ta)m Romana(m) ecc(les)iam redderi cupim(us) et debem(us) cessantib(us) duo(bus) malis intollerabilib(us) in pat(er)ne v(ost)re dilect(i)o(n)is augme(n)to quiescam(us) requiescat q . . . n(ost)ra deuocio p(er) . . . pie moderac(i)o(n)is v(ost)re . . . rebreata (?) consuetudo (?) & c(etera).

27. Three lines in pencil, written in a hand of the seventeenth century, on fol. 185 rev., probably by the same person who originally counted the leaves, as the last folio is also numbered in pencil, They are as follows :—

This Manuscript consisse of one hundred eighty and five leaves.

With regard to the conjecture that one of the former owners of this volume may have been James VI. of Scotland (afterwards James I. of England) *vide* § 18.

Under the Trees.

When I am tired of common-place,
 And long for somebody to say,
 "You reason wrong in such a case,
 I do not think with you to-day ;"
 Then I go out beneath the trees
 Which crowd my garden's narrow bounds,
 And find companionship with these,
 And all their pleasant sights and sounds.

But chiefly do I love to sit
 In the seringa's fragrant shade,
 And watch the shadows dance and flit,
 And varying lights that gleam and fade ;
 The fan-like branches round me spread
 In graceful masses, bright and green ;
 The slender leaves above my head
 Show the blue sky in specks between.

I can remember well the time,
 Ardent and young, I used to try
 To pierce the mystery sublime
 Which linked me with infinity.
 All things were symbols, and I sought
 To learn the meaning which they wore,
 And reach unto the hidden thought,
 And make me wise in Nature's lore.

All beauty made my heart rejoice,
 And gazing on the stars at night,
 I almost thought to hear a voice
 Speak to me from the infinite,
 Mute were the oracles, and so
 Unsatisfied my restless mind—
 For every truth I learned to know
 A greater still remained behind.

But now I am content to feel
 The hush and quiet of the place
 Gently into my spirit steal,
 And all my weariness efface.
 The rustling leaves, the wind's caress,
 Slight glimpses of an azure sky ;
 Not much, but yet enough to bless,
 I know not how, I ask not why.

W. G.

Graham's Town.

Odes to High Folks.

No. I.

"TO THE MAN AT THE FLAGSTAFF ON THE LION MOUNTAIN"

Hail ! Prince of peepers, whilst my mind is soaring,
 I herewith elevate my thoughts to thee ;
 Say—thou who art so quizzical and poring—
 What dost thou spy upon the sea
 For me ?

What news ? what ship ? "Come, brother, quickly tell,"
 I have a notion
 That soon the ocean
 Will find commotion
 —No pleasant potion
 For those who sail—Say, is it well ?
 Or canst thou trace
 Upon its face,

"A Swell ?"

Thou little thinkest
 As now thou blinkest
 Through the long tube, what joy and sadness,
 What hope and madness,
 What grief and gladness,
 May be imparted when the flag's unfurl'd :
 Thou art the centre of a little world,—
 To thee all eyes are turn'd, as to an oracle ;
 Thou art the Cape Gazette—the book historical
 In which we trace who comes—who goes—
 How the wind blows,
 And wonders that are purely *semaphorical*.
 How dost thou fare,
 In thy cold air ?
 Art not afraid when wintery winds assail,
 And the rude gale
 Strikes the frail bark, that it may carry thee
 And all thy *signs* and *signals* to the sea ?
 Perchance thou musest—when the curtain's drawn,
 Whilst darkness reigns, ere breaks the morning dawn—

Before thy spark, with elbows on thy knees
 And thank'st thy stars thou art not on the seas ?
 Hast time to read,
 Doth the sea weed
 Engross thy thoughts, sea gulls, or "Carey's chickens ?"
 Hast heard of *Dickens*,
Pickwick and *Smike*, and that sweet creature "Nelly ?"
 Or doth thy —— (stomach)
 Monopolize thy time, when naught appears
 And barks are scarce, or sails are in arrears ?
 Dost hear the news,
 How the world wags ;
 Who weeps in shoes
 Or smiles in rags ?
 Where is thy market ? Think me not too bold
 If I should fancy thy "*collations cold* ;"
 Thou canst not well depend, it's very certain,
 Upon hot rolls, from either Dix or Martin.
 And ere it reaches thee, a glass of ale
 Or a "whipp'd syllabub" would seem but stale.
 Dost think of Churches, either *high* or *broad*,
 Or do thy present notions best accord
 With "a Plain Song"—or Ritual subdued—
 Sternhold and Hopkins—Tate and Brady crude ?
 Or do "The Forty Thieves" their thoughts intrude
 "*Ancient and Modern*" as an interlude ?
 Thou art acquainted with Æolian airs,
 The zephyr's whisper and the tempest's howl,
 With all sweet sounds and music of the spheres,
 Besides those elements the thunder clears.
 It seems thou hast been taken down a notch
 From some caprice, or else some private crotch-
 Et of modern "*Customs*," ever on the wing
 To raise the wind, and make their actions ring :—
 Thy poles and tackle, bunting, balls and string
 Have all moved off some paces to the right,
 So that below men take a "second sight,"
 Or get bewilder'd, and in doubtful plight.
 Canst see the field
 Where *diamonds* yield
 Their sparkling treasures to the motley group ?
 Or doth thy glass
 That one surpass
 That brought the church and steeple too so near
 That distant chimes fell plainly on the ear ?
 Is there a chance near thy domain
 For a poor soul in thirst of gain
 To turn up trumps ? no matter what,
 So that the prize be rich and hot—
 Spades, hearts, or *diamonds*, lead or gold,
 That may increase a thousand-fold ?
Books, I presume, are at a discount there,
 And "*Railway Libraries*" would badly fare ?

Stroke the old Lion on the back
 And put us on another tack ;
 Or make him shake his head and tail
 That some new era may prevail.
 He's slept too long, and all below
 Begin to think it's time to go.
 I say no more till days are bright,
 But sing "*lull-li-e-te*"—Good night !

W. L. SAMMONS.

Cape Town.

Notes on Rural Matters.

THE prices for Cape produce which ruled in the home markets were, according to late advices, of a highly favourable character. Wool was, at the opening of the February sales, advanced one penny for Cape fleece-washed, and for scourd sorts, two pence per pound. Aloes were in fair demand, at good prices for fair and fine qualities. There is room for immense improvement in the "getting up" of this article for export. Buchu leaves have been firm, with an upward tendency for fine narrow-leaved qualities. Berry wax, bees' wax, argol, and all other Cape produce offering were firm, except quince seeds, which, luckily, are an almost infinitesimal item in our exports. This curious article of export is used in making "bandolines for fixing the hair." Fresh seeds of a light colour are preferred, and realize about 1s. 1d. at sales in England. Large quantities from Australia arrive at London.

THE season, so far, has been favourable to the wine and fruit farmer. Pressing, generally, will be over by the middle of April, as also the preparation of dried fruits. Apples, pears, and quinces, the last sorts of the season, have been a plentiful crop everywhere. A continuance of dry weather during the month of April will enable the fruit farmer to store his dried fruits in good condition.

THE energetic and enterprising corn farmer will now be busy looking after, and putting in order, harness, ploughs, and other tackle against the ploughing season, so that with the first fall of rain he may be able to commence with vigour to prepare the land for the reception of the seed.

With the rains which may be expected towards the latter end of April commences the busiest season of the year for the gardener and planter. At the Cape the cultivator—unlike his confrère in Europe, who is blessed with showers more or less frequent all the year round—has to act with the greatest vigour, and almost railway speed, during the continuance of an uncertain and short rainy season, and accomplish the necessary sowing and planting. To the Cape farmer late sowing means light, late, and rusty crops. It is therefore of the utmost importance that every implement and tool necessary, as well as the working stock, should be in excellent working order, and ready to the hand on the opening

of the season. The fine soaking rain of the last week in March, which got well into the soil through the low temperature, and consequent *moderate* evaporation, will enable the farmer to complete the sowing of early barley and other necessary operations of this season.

WHILE visiting a celebrated garden in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, the other day, a little rather weakly-looking seedling plant was pointed out to us as one of the greatest botanical rarities at the Cape,—indeed, it was represented as the only member of its kind existing on the African continent; and its name was the “Bunya-bunya.” It appears that a seed cone of this supposed *rara avis* was saved from the wreck of the Australian steamer *Queen of the Thames* a year ago, and from this wrecked seed the little weakly plant was raised, which, we soon found, is no stranger in some collections at the Cape. This is an Australian tree, the cones of which are as large as an adult’s head, and contain many large edible seeds. These seeds form a principal part of the food of certain native tribes in Australia, who call the tree “Bunya-bunya.” It is the *Araucaria Bidwilli* of Hooker. A fine specimen of this noble tree, seven years old and twenty-five feet high, is growing vigorously in the Botanical Garden near the large greenhouse. Specimens are also in the extensive collections of R. H. Arderne, Esq., Claremont, and in one or two other places, all supplied from the Botanical Garden. The Bunya-bunya is a grand tree, very handsome in appearance, rapid in growth, and produces a fine, close-grained, durable timber. The tree is altogether well worthy of the attention of planters at the Cape.

AMONGST the other works of art in France which suffered during the invasion of the country, which culminated in the siege of Paris and the mad acts of the Commune, none suffered more severely than the Bois de Boulogne, one of the most beautiful parks in France, or, it may be said, in the world. Till the assumption of the Imperial diadem by Napoleon III in 1852, the Bois de Boulogne was simply a forest. But during the last twenty years, and up to the time of the siege of Paris in 1871, immense sums have been annually expended in making the forest one of the most magnificent and successful efforts of landscape gardening in the world. The extent is more than 2,000 acres, of which nearly half is, or rather, we should now say, *was*, wood, a quarter grass, one-eighth roads and walks, and more than seventy acres water. Waterfalls, cascades, streamlets, and lakes, with islands, temples, grottoes, groups of statuary, alcoves, seats, rockworks, &c., were appropriately disposed throughout this immense area. The siege and the disastrous action of the Commune have left this once beautiful place desolate. A munificent Englishman, one at least bearing an English name and title, has, it is stated, offered the French Government to reconstruct the whole entirely at his own expense. The cost, it is calculated, will exceed £100,000 sterling!

WE read somewhere lately that in Australia the imported rabbit is now found useful in destroying the Scotch Thistle. This plant having invaded large tracts of land in Victoria, to the great loss of the farmer, its destruction is a subject of serious import. The rabbit, as is its wont, burrows in the soil and eats

off the roots of the thistle, to the consequent death of the plant. Both roots and leaves of many of the thistle family, Compositæ, are excellent and nutritious food when cooked. Some have been long known and used in culinary preparations. The blanched leaves of the common "sow thistle" make a delicious salad. Is it instinct or necessity which leads the cony in its new home at the antipodes to attack a plant, which, like itself, is only a naturalized dweller on Australian soil? We are aware that the rabbit in Europe chews the bark and roots of most trees and plants, except those of a resinous nature; but we are not aware that any decided preference for the thistle is shown.

The question remains whether the animal or the plant—the rabbit or the thistle—is the greater pest to the Australian farmer and wool-grower. At the Cape we are troubled with neither to any very appreciable extent. The *Xanthium spinosum*, of which a good deal was heard two or three years ago, and which we have got an Act of Parliament to suppress, is allied to the thistle, and is very injurious to the sheep-farmer, but happily its area is limited and not increasing. A correspondent in Kafirland complains that the Scotch thistle is invading large tracts of fine land. As this plant is only annual, or at most triennial, it can easily be kept under by annually destroying the young plants before flowering, till they cease to appear. We have not examined specimens of either the Australian or Kaffrarian so-called Scotch thistle, but we have grave doubts of either plant being the species most generally recognized as the Scottish emblem. From descriptions we have received, the plant of both countries is, we think, identical with a species common in some places in the Western division of the Cape Colony. This is the *Carduus Marianus*, "Milk Thistle," or "Holy Thistle," a noble plant with fine purple flowers, and large shiny leaves wavy in outline, and marked with beautiful milky white veins. The fable runs that the remarkable milky venation of the leaves was produced by a portion of the milk of the Virgin Mary having fallen on them. Hence the popular names, Holy and Milk Thistle. The species is biennial, and grows four to six feet high. The Legislatures of both Victoria (Australia), and the Cape have passed enactments making it compulsory on occupiers and landlords to clear their lands of the thistle. The destruction by Act of Parliament of the Scottish emblem did not meet the approval of all Scotchmen in the former country. One enthusiastic individual on reading the Australian Act against the growth of thistles, relieved his feelings and asserted his nationality in the following lines:—

"What's this? Forbid the growth o' thristles,
 Auld Scotia's cherished symbol-flower!
 The hair upon my head it bristles
 At sic an awfu' waste o' power!
 'Tis idle wark, as time will show,
 To root the bonny plant frae ground;
 For nature still gars thristles grow
 Where canny Scots are to be found.

"What soil so puir but it can keep
 Its thistles green among its stanes?
 What land sae bare a Scotchman deep
 Canna pick something aff its banes.
 As weel keep bees frae honey pots,
 Keep cats frae cream, or bairns frae tarts,
 As thistles and their brither Scots
 Frae land whaur gowd is found i' quartz."

Which species of thistle is the true and original Scotch emblem it is now impossible to tell. If it was ever any one particular species, its identity is lost in the mists of bygone ages. The species now generally recognized is the *Carduus lanceolatus* or "Spear Thistle." This is also the Clan badge of the Stewarts. But we are inclined to think, a plant of perennial habit, and of more lowly growth, *Cnicus acaulis*, looking at the popular tradition, has more claim to the title than a species of more gigantic habit, and of only annual duration. The tradition is that "the Danes, or other savage hordes, in one of their many raids into Scotland, came upon the Scots unperceived in the dead of night; and halting while their spies were trying to discover the undefended points of their opponents' camp, one of the spies chanced to tread upon a thistle, and the loud cry of pain evoked aroused the unsuspecting Scots, who at once attacked the invaders, gained a complete victory (as is their use and wont!) and dubbed the plant which had been the means of their success, the Scotch Thistle."

THE apple blight or mealy bug, *Aphis lanigera*, Linn., is more than usually prevalent this year. Correspondents in various parts of the country—Graaff-Reinet, Hanover, Lower Albany, and elsewhere—inform us that apple trees are almost white with the snowy-white, flocculent-looking insect. In some places it has appeared for the first time. One correspondent asks how he is to destroy "the *new* disease which has attacked the apple trees." It is by no means a *new* disease: it is found to attack the apple in particular in all countries, and apparently under all circumstances. We are informed that at Sea Point these parasites are exceedingly numerous, attacking pomegranate hedge-rows, and vegetation in all forms. Now is the time for the destruction of this pest, for on the approach of wet, cold weather and the fall of the leaf, it descends to bury itself underground to feed upon the roots, reappearing again with the advent of fine weather and the ascent of the sap. Its attacks, whether on roots or stems, is unceasing, perforating stem, roots, and branches till decay ensues. The wart-like excrescences which are met with on roots and branches are results of the attacks of this insect. Brushing the affected parts with a solution of 1 oz. sulphuric acid to 8 oz., by measure, of water destroys them. Use a half-worn painter's brush, rubbing the solution well into every crevice and crack in the bark where a trace of the insect appears, which is easily detected by its whiteness. Paraffine oil may be used also, but alone it is too powerful, burning into the oldest bark. It should be mixed with an equal quantity of water; the paraffine does not,

of course, amalgamate, but if the operator, each time the brush is dipped, stirs at the same time the contents of the vessel, the particles are much divided thereby, and the paraffine is spread in a quantity innoxious to the plant but fatal to the insect. Care must be taken not to wash the buds.

Cultivators in Europe and America represent that the apple is less liable to the attacks of blight if grafted on certain stock. American authors assert that perfect immunity from the attacks of all insects is secured by grafting upon the Majeting Stock. Of this we have no experience, and give the assertion for what it is worth.

In its habits generally—mode of attack, descent to the roots, &c., the apple blight insect, *Aphis lanigera*, is not unlike that of the insect, *Phylloxera Vastatrix*, which causes the new vine disease of which we see occasional accounts in French papers.

In the January number of the *Cape Magazine* we read with much interest the observations of "X.X." on the new vine disease as it then seemed to the writer; but since that time nothing further has appeared on the subject. It is important to know if "X.X." has since confirmed previous observations. Have any vigneron in the districts of Paarl, Robertson, Montagu, Worcester, or other large wine-growing districts, detected the disease in any of its stages? Wine-growing in the West is one of the most important industries, and anything affecting it is a matter of interest to a large section of the community. We hope to see something on this subject from those who have opportunities for observation.

DR. MULLER, Director of the Melbourne Botanical Garden, in his admirable lecture lately delivered on forest culture in Australia, said:—"The exportation of Eucalyptus seeds, principally *E. globulus* (the species known at the Cape as Blue Gum) has already assumed some magnitude. Our monthly mails convey occasionally quantities to the value of £100; the total export during the last 12 years reached several, or perhaps many thousand pounds sterling." The lecturer further said "he believed that almost any quantity of Eucalyptus (Gum) seed could be sold in the markets of London, Paris, Calcutta, San Francisco, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, and elsewhere." In the south of Europe, and in all those eastern States named, the blue gum is found to thrive as well as at the Cape. Here indeed the whole of the Eucalypti are quite at home, enduring the greatest droughts, the most violent winds (if not loaded with saline matter), and the driest Karoo soil. We should like to be the inventor of an incentive, which we could fling abroad broadcast among Cape farmers and proprietors, to PLANT. With increasing national, or, as some will say, colonial prosperity, it is reasonable to hope a "well considered" scheme of planting the public lands will be inaugurated by Government, which scheme in all its practical workings and results would be a model and an incentive to farmers and others to PLANT. Unlike "a well considered scheme of Irrigation" which requires, to some considerable extent, the existence of springs, lakes, or rivers that can be tapped for *irrigation*, but none of which exist in an available form, or extent, at the Cape, the conditions necessary to success in planting are present in every shape. And we say—Clothe your hills and valleys with timber, and the necessity for "a well-considered scheme of irrigation" ceases; and both the wearied and the hopeful will be no longer depressed or weariedly excited by the controversy of the old-fledged and newly-fledged candidates for public confidence, who determine to give their "entire support" to "a well-considered scheme of irrigation." We have always thought, *when we get the water*, should be added to this watery sentence. What we have to concern ourselves with, in the first place, is the STORAGE of our periodical rain-falls.

THE *London Journal of Botany* intimates that Dr. Parry, who for many years held the post of Botanist to the Department of Agriculture of the United States Government, has been dismissed from his post. Several eminent American professors and botanists have joined in a protest against the action of the Chief Commissioner in the dismissal of Dr. Parry. It is held good, however, and the Chief Commissioner justifies himself by maintaining that Dr. Parry has not gone beyond the scope of the "routine operations of a mere herbarium botanist," and

that these are "practically unimportant" to farmers and gardeners. The eminent Dr. Asa Gray, of Harvard University, is of opinion that the course followed by the Chief Commissioner "does not seem calculated to win the confidence of scientific men." The Chief of the Department of Agriculture must be of an exceedingly practical turn of mind to prefer the assurance of the confidence of gardeners and farmers—mere producers, who believe that "the world's bread depends on the shooting of a seed"—to that of "mere herbarium botanists" and other men of science.

J. M. G.

Cheating the Muse.

Uncourteous muse !

Have I not wooed thee lovingly for three long hours,
Reclining here beneath this shady tree,
Thinking (vain thought !) that solitude
Would lure thee from those princely halls
Where the great poets boast to make
Of thee the menial to their higher thought ?

False, wayward muse ;

Like to a gaudy butterfly art thou,
E'en as I cry, "I've caught thee," thou hast flown
And left behind, instead of beauties rare,
An ugly blot upon my grasping hand.
Or like a babbling brook, which the pleased child
When he has stopped its course with pebbles, looks upon,
And claps his tiny hands and laughs, to think
How he has gulled his playmates down below,
Where they on a like fruitless labour spend
The shortliv'd hour allotted them for play.
Alas ! e'en while he fondly gazes on his work
The cruel flood has found some other course,
And laughs back mocking at poor dandiprat.

Or yet again, like to the dainty flower
Which the fond swain grasps eagerly,
Thinking how pleased will be his lady fair,
That he should bring her such a tender gift.
Poor lovesick lout, thy unused hand
Has scarcely touched the quiv'ring stem,
And all the dainty petals strew the ground !

What now, my pretty mistress, do you frown,
That I should make so bold to call you names ?
Oh, my sweet beauty ! you are nicely done :
The while you list'ned to my scolding tongue
My finger on your garment's hem was laid.
So frown you now, and stamp too if you please,
For one short hour, dear mistress, you have been my slave.

F. C. R.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A Fair Stranger.

"IF you've no objection, sir, may I ride with you? The strangeness of everything to me as a newcomer must be my apology for the intrusion." The speaker was a lady mounted on a serviceable-looking bay mare, an animal evidently adapted to do its work well, and one that seemed scarcely, as the phrase goes, "broken in for the side-saddle." The fair one herself wore a dark riding habit, a prettily-shaped Spanish-looking hat, surmounted by a feather, and a veil. She sat a little awkwardly, perhaps, or with less grace than our colonial *equestriennes*, thoroughly inured to the exercise, were accustomed to exhibit. This, however, was natural enough under the circumstances, and I at once expressed the gratification I should feel in the companionship, and being of any service I possibly could upon the road. Our route lay through one of those sandy cuttings which make travelling in South Africa both tedious and disagreeable, when the wind hurls clouds of the light soil perpetually in your face, or deposits it in deep layers by the road side. Now and then, a heavy tent wagon, with its team of oxen, toiled leisurely past us, giving the *coup de grace* to whatever portion of our garments was not already enveloped by the dust, and scattering fresh particles in the eyes and ears, filling the beard, and harassing the throat.

"I'm afraid there are disagreeable features in this, as well as every other country," said the lady after a miniature sirocco of the plague in question.

"Yes," I answered, glad to relieve my feelings with a growl, "a newcomer, especially a lady, soon finds a vast contrast to the comforts to England. The heat, with its accompanying pests—its swarms of snakes, mosquitoes, and every annoyance of insect life, is only one inconvenience. Your house is not your castle here, or a very poor one, where, in a short time, unless you are immensely favoured, the white ant tumbles it about your head; and then as to servants, the Kafirs are worthless, lazy fellows, and the lady has to tax her energies to the utmost if anything approaching to civilization is obtained in what people romantically term their 'home.'"

"Not a very cheerful picture; but I suppose gentlemen manage better?"

"We manage, oh, yes! we may be said to exist, so does the savage, and so also do our horses and our oxen."

"But you said ladies underwent so much exertion in making a 'home.' That must create a difference."

"Ah!" replied I, slightly embarrassed; "I was alluding to the unmarried of us, bachelors like myself," adding sarcastically, as the recollection of a certain faithless young person at Camden Town presented itself, "and our own masters."

"Then you have none to blame but yourselves."

"Yes, there are circumstances; for instance, we have very few unmarried ladies here, so that one is obliged to remain Cœlebs, more from necessity than taste, perhaps."

"If that's the case, sir, you should never neglect an opportunity!"

Those were the words—"never neglect an opportunity!"—uttered with perfect nonchalance and ease. To affirm that I was surprised, I may say confounded, by the observation, would but slightly express the feeling I experienced. What could she mean? "Never neglect an opportunity!" Was it a hint that this was one? A remarkable glow, such as I had not felt for years, suffused my cheek; the tips of my ears became hot, a dry tickling sensation centered in the throat, and need it be said, I waited the sequence with no small anxiety. The conversation flagged, however, for the time, but from that moment I began to note with surprising interest everything associated with my fellow-traveller. Was she a spinster or a widow? I was inclined to adopt the latter supposition, and the advice of the elder Mr. Weller to his son recurred unpleasantly to my mind.

There was balm in Gilead from the fact, at any rate, that upon the one ungloved hand displayed, no symbol of the state, such as is usually worn, was to be seen. But a large signet ring did attract my attention. It was some memento of a brother possibly, or, perhaps, that had belonged to the deceased. Then, it was really pardonable—for we should all wish our fellow-colonists to be well with the world—I wondered if the same deceased, presuming it was so, had left his widow liberally provided for. There were splendid opportunities for investing capital just then, and with my customary tact I might delicately investigate the matter. With this view I remarked, cheerfully—

"Ladies usually have a shocking inaptitude for business; but you, perhaps, have friends here upon whose advice you would rely when necessary?"

"Very few; my condition, sir, is an unhappy one. England bears only painful recollections, and for that reason I've quitted scenes which could only prove distressing."

"Still, you have an object, of course: judicious outlays in this Colony realize handsomely in a few years."

"But how can I avail myself? It would be so different with a——." She hesitated, and a convulsive movement of the shoulders, as she rode slightly in advance, made it evident I had touched some

tender chord and awakened the sensibilities of her woman's heart. She was almost hysterical, I fancied, the sobs approximated to laughter in their violence,—a sign that the paroxysm was severe indeed. It was plain, now, she was a widow, and still quite young,—that “unhappy condition” had confirmed my surmises. Well, strange things did happen occasionally. What if my hair was slightly thin upon the scalp, and a few silver stragglers were appearing in my whiskers, I only confessed to thirty-four; and so, after all, it might have been for the best that *she* (I allude to the young person at Camden Town) had behaved in such a shameful manner when the understanding between us was——. But here my reflections were interrupted by our arrival at the river. It was almost shallow in some places, but the bed near the opposite side being composed of a soft yielding sand, rendered it as a footing hazardous and insecure. As we drew near the spot, the animal upon which my companion rode sank suddenly to its haunches, plunged violently, and then nearly unseated her in an endeavour to climb the bank. In a moment I was at hand, and succeeding in catching the mare's bridle, brought them safely to *terra firma*. There was a novelty in the sensation as I sustained the fair unknown altogether fresh and pleasing. How much existence would be enhanced if it was always my privilege to protect her thus from the buffets of the world, to be metaphorically the guardian oak round which that swept sapling of womanhood should cling, whilst my business habits would enable me to invest in the best markets, and realize with her capital at least forty per cent. Yes, it was an opportunity, a rare one; but I was puzzled as to the proper mode of procedure.

“Is there not an hotel or ‘accommodation-house,’ as it is called here, a short distance further?” There was one, which I was obliged to admit, although it might terminate the *tête a tête*, now assuming so interesting a character. I resolved, however, to express my regret at the loss of her society, and, in fact, hint at the subjects which were uppermost in my thoughts. But it was an awkward experiment: waltzing in riding boots would be about as light a performance as the manner in which I expected to acquit myself.

“I'm sorry,” I commenced, “that we are about to part, and my circumstances (this seemed mercenary, and I amended it),—that is, my present state (more ambiguous still),—I mean my bachelor's hall, doesn't enable me to propose—propose to you, I ought to have said suggest, that you should do me the honour of taking ‘potluck.’ I beg your pardon, ma'am—confound the word! it's colonial, you see—I was going to observe that, being without encumbrances, I couldn't well make you an offer—which, it's not for me to say, would be agreeable—offer of hospitality, I mean, though for that matter my feelings——.” Here another of those singular sobs, painfully mirth-like, burst from the lady, and completed my confusion. Muttering, therefore, sundry expressions, more remarkable for incoherency than pathos, I broke feebly down. It was a relief that just then the road

branched in different directions, and as the place she had inquired for was situated in one, and my route lay through another, the time had arrived for us to separate. She thanked me for my "great kindness," and as I held her hand longer certainly than necessary, emboldened by the encouragement, I recklessly ventured on a final statement.

"We shall meet again, I trust, ma'am! You understand, now, don't you? It isn't well for us to live alone. There's authority for it, as you may have read; not that I am by any means dull. I am naturally cheerful, and you see the Kafirs require a great deal of looking after. If you don't watch the time those fellows will waste in taking snuff——."

"You will excuse me, but I must be going; besides, its dangerous to listen to such interesting conversation. Good-bye." And as the horse moved away, she added, "You will not forget me, I'm sure." I was not likely to do so; I feared I had scarcely been so happy as I desired in conveying the impressions of my mind. Was she in earnest about "interesting conversation," or had this strange lady been laughing at me? Then came the extremely unpleasant query, whether I might not have made myself ridiculous?

I rode home at rather an unusual pace that day, knowing by experience that fairly exhausting myself was the best method to relieve my feelings, exertion acting as a safety-valve, and working off the surplus acid of the system. Upon arrival I discovered another incident calculated to strengthen, if necessary, my recollection of the occasion. I had lost my pocket-book. There was not much money in it,—still the occurrence was annoying; but as I continued searching in the pocket where it had been deposited, a more extraordinary circumstance came to light. In the pocket I felt a ring, and as I drew it forth, there, without a doubt, there was the identical signet I had seen upon my companion's hand. How could it have got there? This was the first and most puzzling question that suggested itself. It was preposterous to imagine that the lady's hand had been in my pocket. I was just as likely to have committed felony myself without knowing it. I examined the ring, and found engraved upon its stone a hand, and beneath it a motto "*tojours pret.*" Suspicious people under the circumstances might have seen a caustic sarcasm in this. I didn't. It was to me a symbol of hope, the means by which I should trace her, and through this accident we should meet again or correspond; and so,—well, really, it might prove a lucky affair for me, after all.

Several days passed, during which no inquiries were made for the missing ornament. I accordingly inserted in one of our local journals the following advertisement:—"If the lady who on the 26th instant honoured the advertiser by her society, and rode some distance with him on the B—— road, will forward her address, the signet ring it is believed she lost upon that occasion will be returned by the present owner. Address," &c. That, I thought, would answer my purpose completely. It was necessary to learn

her address; and then, of course, she would be grateful. These old family relics, endeared perhaps by a thousand associations, were far more valued, especially by women of mind, than the show jewellery chiefly affected by the flirting misses of one's ordinary acquaintance. No secrecy was needed in the matter, and I appended my full name and residence. I was far too shrewd to part with the *souvenir* to anybody else, and wished the lady to learn, if it pleased her, any particulars in reference to myself, which, I was proud to say, could, as the lawyers would phrase it, challenge the utmost investigation. For several days I received no application on the subject, and began to fear the announcement had been unnoticed. At last, one morning, two gentlemen presented themselves and requested the favour of a private interview. These visitors were Mr. Brown, our police superintendent, and with him a stranger whom I had not previously seen.

"It's rather a delicate piece of business, this," commenced the superintendent, "and mayn't be pleasant to your feelings, sir, but duty's duty. I'm led to believe you've got about you a signet ring with a motto on it, and," turning to his companion, "what's them words again, Mr. Smithers?"

"If you think," I answered, bristling with indignation, "I should attempt to purloin from the person of a lady a——."

"Not by no means," interrupted Mr. Brown, pawing the atmosphere with an unclean hand; "'taint in that quarter by a long mark; but we want, we do, Mr. Smithers and I, to look at that ring, and sorry to give you the trouble, sir."

Somewhat mollified by this explanation, I produced the object of their interest.

"That's it!" ejaculated the man addressed as Smithers; "he wore it all the voyage out, and several of the passengers could swear to it."

"Allow me to explain," I said haughtily; "this ring, without doubt, is the property of a lady."

"I say, Smithers, it's the property of a lady!" Saying this Mr. Brown grimaced at his friend, as if there was something infinitely diverting in the assertion.

"Now, sir," he continued, "if you'll give us the particulars by which you found it, this gentleman, Mr. Smithers—London detective, sir—and myself will feel much obliged."

Rather surprised at the course events were taking, I briefly narrated my chance meeting with the lady, her evident *étrangeté*, together with the loss of my pocket-book and the discovery of the ring.

"Now, I shouldn't wonder if that pocket-book contained money," said the superintendent, folding his arms and again grimacing.

"Not much," I observed. "It must probably have fallen in the river."

"You think so, sir. Well, you wouldn't do for one of the force; you aint cute, you aint. Why, that accounts for the ring; doesn't it, Smithers?"

"Yes, I fancy so," said the man appealed to. "Joe was a little out of practice, his touch wasn't delicate as usual, and the ring came off in the pocket."

"Well, sir," resumed Brown, "if you should get an answer to the advertisement, as I expect, you must let us know directly. It's Queen's service, this is, and there's black suspicions connected with that ring."

Without enlightening me any further, Mr. Brown and his friend took their departure, leaving me in a state of bewilderment, nearly approaching to collapse, whenever I attempted to penetrate the labyrinth of mysteries that had suddenly sprung up. Three hours had scarcely elapsed before a Kafir presented himself with a letter. It was from the lady herself, or at least purported to be, though the handwriting in all respects seemed that of a man. She would thank me very much if I would return by bearer the ring so carelessly lost on the occasion referred to in the advertisement. Such briefly was the substance of the epistle, and for the moment I hesitated what to do. Knowing from experience, however, the native weakness, I addressed myself to the Kafir.

"Would you like something to eat?"

"*E-ka ! umgan, mushli, mushli !*" Then as her dusky emissary adjourned to regale himself in my kitchen, I dispatched a note to the superintendent, reporting the arrival of the letter. Mr. Brown, accompanied by his coadjutor, promptly re-appeared, and each carefully scrutinized the missive. The Kafir was then called and questioned at some length, and lastly, as the ring was required, I delivered it over to the officers. As they then left, taking the Kafir with them, I sincerely trusted that my share in the proceedings, whatever they really were, was at length concluded. Business shortly afterwards called me to the country, and the entire matter would have passed from my mind, when my eye fell upon a paragraph in the journal, which, of all the unprecedented pieces of imp—; but let the outrage speak for itself.

"Clever capture.—Our colony has recently been visited by no less a personage than one of the most distinguished swindlers London has produced. Joe Rugby, *alias* 'Fanny,' from his success in assuming female attire, having, it appears made an unusually large 'haul,' determined voluntarily to 'leave his country for his country's good,' and take up his residence among us. His movements, however, became known to the London police, and Detective Smithers was at once dispatched in pursuit. This officer arrived by the last mail, and, in conjunction with our active superintendent, measures were successfully taken to effect a capture. It appears that Joe, as a precautionary measure, had become 'Fanny,' and dressed a *l'équestrienne* as a fair stranger, he actually picked the pocket of a confiding fellow-traveller in the country, leaving behind him accidentally at the time, a ring, which, eventually in the hands of the constable, led to his apprehension. We have also heard

some ludicrous reports to the effect that 'Fanny,' not satisfied with stealing her victim's pocket-book, endeavoured mischievously to abstract his heart, and really made an impression upon the, alas ! too susceptible nature of a fellow-colonist." From that moment I discontinued my subscription to the journal in question, and when the time comes, if its editor is vulnerable to the stinging lash of satire, I'll——. But no matter ; such revelations would be premature.

I may add, in conclusion, that shortly afterwards, meeting the constable, he unceremoniously accosted me.

"It's in reference to Joe Rugby, sir, him as was 'Fanny,'" he added, with a grin. "Before leaving he begged to send his love to you, and state that, if you was still anxious about it, he'd a large female acquaintance in London, mostly agreeable to bachelors, and he'd send you a wife out. You wasn't to despond or be cut up ; he said he was very sorry he didn't happen to be at liberty himself to accept your proposals, which he had considered most handsome all along."

I treated Mr. Brown and his communication with the contempt of silence ; and since that period if, at certain times, I appear brusque or ungallant, my friends (save me from them !) have always a derisive apology and excuse for gossip. "Poor fellow !" they say ; "he'd a disappointment once." And then, with officious sympathy, should strangers be present, the narrative follows, usually ending with a question I consider irrelevant and foolish. What can my age and place of residence signify to them, that they should persistently inquire whether I am a "young man," and "from the country?"

J. E. S.

Polity, not Party.

II.

THAT there will ever be many dissatisfied with the existing form of Government, whatever and wherever it may be, is but an ordinary lesson of history. "He that goeth about to persuade the multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be shall never want attentive and favourable hearers" was said three hundred years ago by Hooker, and is to-day true. This fretfulness and expectation of local and personal advantages from change arise from want of judgment ; and weak-minded statesmen have vainly hoped by a system of so-called conciliation to secure a polity which shall be all things to all men, whereas experience teaches that the symptoms of political fretfulness are fickle and delusive. Compromise and submission may assuage, but never cure. Misguided men expect results from the Executive Government, which the machinery of Government is not fitted or intended to yield. Security of life and property

and the general welfare of the community are the legitimate and constant ends of good government ; but the ferret eyes of discontent will always find individual and petty disorders, which, dressed up with plausible exaggeration, attract the mob, and serve as a peg for hanging up the grievances of self-seekers.

There is no doubt that popular agitation can become so powerful as to necessitate an organic change in the Constitutional Government of a country ; but there is imminent danger in mistaking the agitation of party for the *vox populi*, and permitting the leverage exerted by party to work out the corner-stone of the political building.

The *vox populi*, constitutionally and calmly ascertained, is one thing ; the fretful grumbling of spoiled children who are not allowed to eat what will derange their digestive economy is quite another.

Those who affect to lay down the principles on which the future Government of the Colony is to be based ought to take higher ground than mere conciliation of party. The true and honest statesman ought to know neither East nor West, neither Northern nor Midland ; and to be guided not by the discontent of sections, but by the temperate and deliberate expression of popular opinion.

The heat of party strife, the give-and-take compromise by which members hope to secure the passing of their own measures, and the proverbial shifting of individual responsibility which marks large assemblies or committees, render the parliamentary arena an unsuitable place for arguing out and defining principles of action. The philosopher and the professor, whether as logical as Mill or as didactic as Fawcett, are equally distasteful to the restless mind of a House of Assembly ; and, if principles are to be examined, the exposition must be given in the calm of the outer world. Besides, politicians are too much committed either by pledges to their supporters or by adherence to party, or, which is equally bad, too much guided by a diplomacy which follows a zigzag track between the paths of expediency and right. Whatever be the cause, they are intolerant of lessons.

It is, therefore, of great importance that the measures by which a fundamental change of polity is contemplated should be long and freely handled in a wide and temperate atmosphere, so that the genuine expression of public opinion may steadily gravitate towards definite views, before the representatives of the *people*, and, we may hope, of the *popular opinion* too, are called upon to legislate.

If the present session is to inaugurate the reform, whatever it may be, it cannot be premature to open the details of a reformed polity. With pardonable curiosity we await the verdict of the people on the new exposition of the Constitution and operations of the three Liliputian autonomies.

A very large share of local government is already enjoyed by the inhabitants of this Colony through municipal bodies in the cities of Cape Town and Graham's Town, and in most other towns of any importance, and through the councils of each division. That such privileges are fully appreciated by the colonists generally, or that

these local authorities exercise their functions to the greatest benefit of their constituents, we are not called upon to show ; but the defects are not inherent to the system. Want of experience, want of education, listless indifference, private ends, seem to clog municipal machinery all the world over. Besides, our machinery is new, and friction is to be expected.

Whilst these two executive elements are essentially democratic and under the direct control of the people, the local administration of justice is prudently guarded by the magistrates' appointment and salary emanating from the Crown. These three *local* agencies appear to be all that is needed for the regulation of the affairs of the various towns and divisions. No doubt, as intelligence and wealth increase, the people will look more narrowly into the efficiency of their local Executive, and men of leisure and experience will be more frequently available for the duties.

If, then, any further agency is desirable for the home government and development of a division it must be of a legislative character. The first point of detail is to try and group the divisions of the Colony conveniently for the purposes of local legislation.

The great industrial interests of the Colony are connected with wool, wine, corn, stock-breeding, and merchandise. Any group of the districts of the Colony which might be made for the purposes of local government, must comprise all, or nearly all, of these principal industries. A Western group must include Fraserburg, Beaufort, and Oudtshoorn, along with the corn and wine districts of the extreme West ; in a Midland group the interests of the wool-grower would certainly be paramount, but not to the exclusion of those of corn-growing and stock-breeding. The Eastern group would include all the foregoing industries, except that of the wine-farmer ; and, in addition, its own new but special product of cotton.

As regards products, each local Legislature would be busied about pretty much the same questions ; and it seems reasonable to expect that the legislation of a large representative assembly of the whole Colony must be based on sounder principles than that of petty vestries harried by the pertinacity of local grievance-mongers.

As regards races, and the relations of master and servant, it is readily granted that the circumstances of the Border districts are peculiar ; that the law which regulates the mutual relations between an employer and well-trained and educated domestic servants or apprentices is inoperative for the protection of the sheep-farmer who employs raw native herds. This, however, is not exclusively a Border question ; it affects the Midland farmer, and even, to some extent, the Western ; and any repressive class-legislation, if necessary and feasible, for the better protection of stock on the Border against the carelessness and theft of herds or the general marauding propensities of the Kafir, would certainly be more impartially handled in our general Colonial Assembly, where the representatives of the grievances of the East are not remarkable for modest reticence on the

subject of their wrongs. An impartial auditor of their impassioned recitals of their difficulties and losses might be led to believe that the Western inhabitants of the Colony had maliciously introduced and located the Kafir races in the lovely plains and valleys of the Eastern districts. A calm and judicious statement of the measures proposed for the protection of stock would command sympathy and attention.

But it is argued that the country will be opened up by local Governments. Those who are acquainted with the gigantic works inspired by the great, disinterested Colonial Secretary, John Montagu, and carried out by the energetic Government of that day, will not expect much progress in public works, roads, bridges, railways, and harbours from the home-rule system now advocated by some. Mutual jealousies and family cliques are already seen in Divisional Councils. Would Cradock ever consent to pay for a public work which would divert all the Northern traffic into the Graaff-Reinet route? Would Graham's Town neglect her beautiful port and go hand-in-hand with Port Elizabeth to complete the Algoa Bay harbour works and construct a direct line of rail from the Bay towards the North? Would King William's Town sit tamely by to see the realization of all the fond hopes and pet schemes of a local Government resident at Uitenhage or Graham's Town, whilst her harbour and her means of communication with the North and Natal are utterly ignored?

The fitful agitation for splitting up the Colony begins and ends with the mercantile interests. It is simply to keep the shop over the way from becoming more attractive to customers than our own. The truth of this is made more apparent now that the classification of the divisions of the respective Provinces by the Federation Commissioners is publicly announced; a further illustration is thus given of the proverb, "Two of a trade can never agree."

The vane of public opinion in the few spots where it is reached by any current of political agitation veers about between one strong Government and the separation of East from West. The real questions at issue are narrow in their range. The Easterns offer an alternative solution of the political problem—one Government, with *removal* of its seat, or *Separation* into two Provinces; and it would be well for the leaders of party to descend from the region of transcendentalism, in which Federation theories are nourished in haze and talk, to face this Eastern dilemma.

The Westerns favour an undivided Government. If so, can the present Executive Council be so remodelled as to be strong and popular enough to carry its measures? If not, what is the change which must be made in the relations of the Executive to the Legislature?

The Easterns do not object to the responsible element in the Executive, nor to the one Government, provided that the Seat of Government be removed to some Eastern town.

Of course, each party is averse to a surrender, or exchange, or even to a compromise :—

When yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another ?

It would be suicide for the West to promote the removal of the Government from its time-honoured abode in the metropolis; but the East is implacable: *this* or Separation is the menacing demand. And down the vista of the troublous scenes of coming Parliamentary strife, some seers, of clear, impartial vision, contemplate a calm on the horizon's verge, where the lion of the East and the lamb of the West live in friendship, peace, and mutual esteem; so long as the wall of partition is maintained.

The curtain must soon fall on the *dénouement* of the Cape political tragedy; but it is not our province to advocate any party views nor to forecast their success or failure. The trail of selfishness is traceable in them all.

Δ

Life at Natal.

No. III.

(IN CONTINUATION OF "LIFE AT THE CAPE.")

[BY A LADY.]

Maritzburg, August 2, 1864.

If first impressions were to be trusted, then our opinion of this place would be low indeed. I sit by an open window looking into a small shrubby garden plot, and the tinkling of a running stream is heard. Cool and pleasant surroundings, you say? True; but shady leaf and rippling brook fail to compensate one for the parching, scorching, irritating, and prostrating influences of this terrible "hot wind." I had read of siroccos in the Mediterranean, and had a taste of them in the old colony; but here you have the genuine article, unadulterated by ocean mists, and unmellowed by mountain snows. Down on the coast they seldom, if ever, have these visitations; the intervening hills seem to shut them out, or it may be the moist air from the sea meets and mitigates them. These hills, on the other hand, seem to concentrate and intensify them. You can tell by your sensations in waking what is in store. The hot air penetrates everywhere. By trying to shut it out you do a little good, but the relief enjoyed is only a matter of degree—it is only a little less miserable indoors than you

find it outside. The misery is there all the same. You draw your breath wearily, your skin crackles, and your hair frizzes of itself. Book covers yawn and the leaves within curl up. Ink dries in the pen, and whatever you drink tastes warm. In the street your eyes are dazzled by the heat in the air, and stung by the sharp red dust that is whirled along in sudden clouds along the unpaved roadways.

Dust ! That is another of the plagues of Maritzburg. At this time of the year, after three months of dry weather, dust lies inches deep in the streets, and it is so fine that the wind drives it in everywhere—through keyholes, cracks, and open doorways—down chimneys, and across door-sills. Clean garments become an impossibility. If you walk across the street, a broad circle of brick-red gets painted round your skirts, while in every part and at all hours of the day you feel dirty. May pity wait on the waif who has to pass a troop of horsemen or a herd of cattle in such a day as this. J—— has just done both, and came in, I regret to say, cursing and swearing.

Perhaps I exaggerate matters—perhaps I ought to wait. I know not. The above are my sentiments, and they express my feelings. We have been here two days, and this wind has lasted nearly all the time. They tell me it comes down from the far deserts of the interior, and brings with it the torrid heats of the Equator. At least, so Dr. —— has just told me by way of consolation. Some people think that to explain the cause of a disagreeable sensation is to lessen its unpleasantness. Had he told me the wind came from the South Pole I might have striven to believe and to be comforted. As it is, I listen and suffer.

We came up suddenly. Some one heard at last of a house likely to suit, and wrote to J—— about it, so we left the next morning. Hotel life in Durban proved undeniably dear, and began to be rather flat. The good folks there seemed to have exhausted themselves over their Volunteer festivities, and a great stillness fell upon the town. So we were rather glad to leave. The journey up was made in what they call a “bus,” but which is nothing more than a covered van, with seats on either side furnished with loose, slippery cushions. These last keep sliding from under you every mile or so, and a general re-arranging becomes necessary. Under the seats and below them are stowed away all manner of packages, which soon become unstowed, and one’s legs are lost in a charming confusion of portmanteaus, bonnet-boxes, and parcels. The roads are in such admirable condition that each side of passengers appears constantly striving to embrace the other side by falling head foremost into its arms. The driver, a sententious old fellow, appeared to take a wicked delight in leading us over the biggest stones and into the deepest ruts. At every particularly successful jolt he would say “There’s one for Mr. Paterson ;” or “Would Mr. Paterson like that ?” or “Mr. Paterson’s compliments to you, ladies.” For some time I could not make out whose name he was thus taking in vain

—whose identity he was thus invoking, but I mentally determined that Mr. Paterson must represent the genius of discomfort and ill-nature. I have seen Mr. P—— since and find him an exceedingly pleasant-mannered person—the Engineer of the colony. As head of the department he is, of course, the recipient of all the abuse directed at it, and the particular object of Mr. W——’s spleen. I do wish, however, in view of my next visit to Durban, that he would cause a few of these merciless stones to be picked out, and of these bone-breaking holes to be filled up.

We started soon after daybreak, and I was astonished to find it so cold. All the wraps I had with me were very acceptable. After winding through a lovely country, and getting numberless views of land and sea, we rounded a hill and pulled up at Pinetown, so called after a former Governor, of whom I hear conflicting accounts. Some make him out to have been a man of brilliant genius and original powers, while others represent him as a man of infirm purpose and “gay” habits. I can’t say much for the town called after him. It is by no means a “Sweet Auburn,” though it may become so. Its inhabitants, however, aspire to no such humble distinction. They already call this the “Modern Cheltenham !” The points of similarity between the Gloucestershire Spa and the South African Sanatorium are not clearly manifest. I see no crescents, terraces, esplanades, or assembly-rooms. What I do see are a few little cottages struggling over a plain closed in by breezy hills, a little church, and a blacksmith’s forge. We had breakfast here in a thatched hostelry, where all our ’bus companions sat down in charming equality at the same table. Some of them seemed suspiciously awkward. One big rough fellow in particular would have starved, I think, if I had not volunteered to pass his plate. My feeble form interposed between him and the heavy viands he looked so capable of consuming. Such rustic shyness is better, however, than the vulgar self-assurance of a younger fellow—loudly dressed and bechained—who took the top of the table—and was so insufferably attentive that I slipped from the room as soon as hunger allowed me. Need I say that his aspirates were not in keeping with his aspirations.

On quitting Pinetown we began to wind round a hill of which J—— and the other men took a short cut—all, that is, except our “mould of fashion,” who, in response to the driver’s appeal, said that for his part he preferred taking care of the ladies. This so disgusted me that I decided to join the men, and did not regret doing so, in spite of the steep pull, as we had the most glorious view from the top—one of the finest panoramas I have seen in Africa. There were no very salient points to particularize—no Jungfrau or Table Mountain centres,—but it was a long breadth of dappled landscape, hill and dale—dusky wood and shining river—with the glory of the sea beyond it all. Claude would have feasted in such a prospect, and by idealizing the rustic buildings of Pinetown just below us, might have got an architectural foreground such as he loved.

We speed next along grassy downs, getting now and then bewitching glimpses into the deep gorges of Krantz Kloof—a perfect Paradise, I should say, to the artist and fern collector. After pulling up for a few minutes at Padley's, where the men refreshed themselves, as usual, we wound up another hill, catching more pleasant views, and soon reached the Half-way, where a very good lunch was waiting us. This place is right among the hills, away from farms or other settlements. We were astonished at the few homesteads seen after leaving Pinetown, all the way, nearly, to Maritzburg. Natal may well cry out for more people. It is most depressing to look over these interminable miles of bare, grass-covered hills, with never a sign of civilized life about them. Beyond the Half-way the road winds along "cuttings" in the sides of hills for some miles, and on the right some very wild scenery spreads. At one point a group of gigantic boulders, seventy and eighty feet high, are perched up on the top of a hill. How they got there it is hard to say. Now and then we looked down into the broken depths of a Kafir location, and over to where a line of very rugged and craggy mountains closed the view.

There is nothing more to be said of the rest of the journey, which passed mostly through bare hilly country. We met this delightful hot blast on the top of the hills, and I became so warm and bad-tempered that my impressions were decidedly unfavourable. I have forgotten to tell you, too, that the grass has all been burnt off, and as far as the eye can see, the face of the land is scorched and blackened. It looks a perfect scene of desolation. The only relieving points are found in a lovely crimson *amaryllis*, which springs up after the grass is burnt, and looks a touching emblem of life reappearing out of decay and death.

Down on the coast they burn the grass later, and not so generally as up here; so the eye is less offended by the funereal effect produced. After the first rain falls there will be a resurrection of the brightest green, so I am told, and the eye will find ample compensation in the freshness of the herbage and the beauty of the innumerable flowers. This artificial creation of winter—more deathlike in its aspect than the snowy pall of the north—forms a very marked experience of a new kind. Added ghastliness is imparted to the scene by the constant presence of huge vultures and carrion birds stalking about among the ashes in search of bones, and other prey.

Last night I saw a grass fire in all its glory. Ever since our arrival we have noticed the western sky lighted up by the glow of some distant fire, but as the hills near Durban are bush-clad, the conflagration itself is invisible. Not so here. Maritzburg is embedded in hills, and down their sides the flames stretch, circle, and intertwine in magnificent confusion. This hot wind caused the fire last night to spread with such dangerous rapidity that the hills that were thus being swept by flame seemed in truth a blaze. Large

masses of flame were blown bodily into the air for considerable distances, and the fury with which clumps of stubble or brushwood were licked up and consumed savoured of the infernal. Although miles distant, the town was quite lit up by the glare, and I longed that Turner could have witnessed a spectacle so suited to his genius.

Serious accidents arise from these fires, and a law is to be passed regulating them. Farm-houses are sometimes surrounded and destroyed, and life is occasionally lost. A man may be so beset by the flames that escape is well-nigh impossible, or he may be suffocated by the smoke that rolls heavenward in volumes, and made insensible. Four years ago a fearful fire swept the county of Victoria from end to end, and destroyed the cane plantations. People usually protect their houses by burning the grass in anticipation, at times when the wind blows in a favourable direction; but towards the end of winter the grass gets so long and dry that any chance spark may devastate miles of country.

3rd August.—I must retract somewhat of the above; though what is written is written. Since yesterday the weather has wholly changed. Even while I was writing, a tremendous thunderstorm rolled up from behind Zwaartkop—a blunt-topped mountain behind the town—and burst during the afternoon. For two hours it blew, lightning'd, thundered, and rained with awful fury. I know now what a tropical storm is like. There was hail too—lumps of ice, rather—irregular and jagged—large enough to break windows and give any one out of doors an unpleasant hammering. The streets were turned into raging torrents, and the air was cooled instantly. One began to feel that breath was within reach again, and that life was still worth having.

This morning Maritzburg seemed a different place. All the dust laid, the trees and houses washed, the air sparkling as champagne—a stupid and trite simile, but expressive—the sky “deeply and darkly” blue, with a few golden patches floating through it—and the little city beaming bright and cheerful—I agreed to suspend judgment before pronouncing against the place. Rising early, I walked up to the Camp Hill at the top of the street, and looked down on the tiny capital. A very pretty sight it presented, with its long straight streets, red-tiled roofs, and tall gum trees. One or two attempts at church spires pierce the air, and the buildings being of different materials—shale, hewn stone, and brick—there is more architectural variety than in Durban. Government-house stands in the foreground—a wretched old barn in rather a nice garden. The hills around are dotted over with “suburban residences,” and plantations begin to darken their slopes. None of them are Alpine, the two most prominent being Zwaartkop as aforesaid, and on the other side, about fifteen miles off, “Table Mountain,” a flat-topped mass of rock, inaccessible save at one point, although its summit forms a farm, so they say, of 6,000 acres. I am told that Maritzburg itself is 2,000 feet above the sea, and perhaps the tallest of these hills may

be twice that height—so, though much more pronounced than Durban, the country can scarcely be called mountainous.

Fort Napier may be one hundred feet higher than the town which it commands. There is a fortified enclosure, with the usual barrack-buildings and accompaniments. None of the married officers live there, except Captain G——, of the Engineers, who has a pretty cottage in the slope. Walking round to Church-street, the chief thoroughfare of the place, we came across a fast flowing stream, “the town sluit,” by which all the little “sluits” running down either side of the roadways are supplied with water. These brooks are often covered in, but to my mind they offer such delightful suggestions of cool things, as they babble along amidst their ferns and over their pebbles, that they deserve to be left free to the sunlight. Last night they all overflowed their banks, and were the colour of the streets, but the site of the town is so well-chosen that they soon sweep to the river. I am told that a genial old gentleman who had been dining at the Fort found his way homeward by following the bed of the sluit, being surer thus of his course than of his gait.

The perspective formed by one of these immensely long and faultlessly straight streets is very pleasing. It slopes gently from you, and if it be Church-street, is generally dotted with ox-wagons, horse-carts, horses, and Kafirs. When the seringas are in leaf, the effect must be still prettier. No building boasts more than two stories, and most have only one. Land is of no account in these colonial towns, and builders have no need to go skyward. Maritzburg covers ground enough for a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and if we are to judge by the present and the past, the time when it will be well built up is far distant indeed.

27th August.—Having been here now for three weeks, I can tell you something about the people of the place. My last letter, being silent on that subject, I fear you found uninteresting. Our surroundings are all very well, but it is the life which animates and gives colour to them that constitutes their chief charm.

Maritzburg is the most clique-ridden town it has been my lot to dwell in. Cape Town and Graham’s Town are nothing to it. There each set is large enough to form a social circle in itself. Here a well-disposed stranger, not over nice about social lines and grades, runs a risk of being left out in the cold altogether if she tries to make herself agreeable to all. You begin with one or two grand divisions, and these are again cut up into minor cliques. Thus, there are the officials and the non-officials—these latter being esteemed quite below caste. They, too, are parcelled out into the Executives, who are the lords of all—the heads of departments, who hold their noses high above the local trade-ocracy—and the smaller fry of clerks, &c., of whom, of course, I see little and know less. Need I say that there are the military and the civilians—although, to be just, the two commingle, so far as I can see, with less clashing than you witness in other directions. In the religious world there are the

"Church people," as opposed to the "Wesleyans"—with whom seem to be classed all dissenting bodies. Church of England folks are also fast ranging themselves into two parties—Colensoites and Deanites ; and sagacious prophets foretell terrible strife and discord as certain to follow the heterodox Bishop's return. Bishop Gray's late visit has done much to strengthen the feeling here against Dr. Colenso, as well as to arouse the active partisanship of his followers. Then there is the legislative clique—a very important section, and a very noisy one withal. It seems that the Council—which is now sitting—has been for years fighting with the present Governor, who is extremely unpopular, and who hates "the House" and all its members with a very proper detestation.

To begin with the top of the tree, I must inform you that Mr. Scott, the Governor, is a very pleasant, domestic kind of man, stout, and rather below middle height, with a broad, kindly countenance ; but without any "kingly presence" about him. His face at times wears a fagged, irritated expression, suggestive enough of the thorns in his seat of power. He looks—what all accounts represent him as being in a peculiar degree—obstinate. A great friend of mine, Mrs. —, wife of one of the members, tells me that obstinacy and want of tact are the chief causes of Mr. Scott's unpopularity. He wants to have all his own way, and the Council want to have all theirs, so that jarring is incessant. You must excuse my talking politics, but there is little else in the mouth of society just now. Mrs. Scott is a dear, motherly woman, without a particle of affectation, and an unassuming manner which attracts your confidence at once. Though neither she nor her husband takes any active part in society—you meet them nowhere, in fact, except at the S——'s or the M——'s—she is extremely good to the poor, and her name is mentioned with something more than respect in many a humble home. Beyond a dinner party now and then, the hospitalities of Government-house are limited to the "Birthday Ball." They do not even keep a trap, and when you meet either the Governor or his wife abroad, it is usually on foot. With the colonists they seem to have no personal intercourse, and it is hard to conceive how a Governor, so shut up within a narrow official circle, could be otherwise than unpopular.

The S——'s are a notable family here. He is the Native Administrator, of whom we heard so much in the other colony. His policy is bitterly denounced in the papers and in the House, and even my lady legislative friend waxes quite eloquent on the subject. It seems to be that very convenient policy of "doing nothing," which some one has described as a "masterly inactivity." As Mr. S—— has managed to keep the peace amongst his 250,000 natives ever since Natal became a British colony, I don't think that people have much right to complain. He is a delightful man in private life, amiable and unpretentious. His sons are famous sportsmen, and one appears to be the colonial champion in general, as he bears off all the

prizes both as a jockey, a runner, and a cricketer. In former days this family shared social pre-eminence with another, whose father was at that time Colonial Secretary, and afterwards Speaker of the Legislative Council. It used to be said that the two carried off all the loaves and fishes of the public service, but latterly this distinction has been chiefly confined to the S——s.

Dr. M——, who looks after the schools of the colony, is a very talkative gentleman, with a slight lisp, a soft manner, and an enormous range of knowledge. I spent an entertaining morning at his house the other day, and am happy to have made acquaintance with the owner of so excellent a library and the husband of so charming a wife. He is the Sir Thomas Maclear of Natal, being the recognized authority upon all scientific matters.

Several Dutch families live here still, and when I saw a white household sitting outside one evening on a stoep, I felt carried back to Cape Town. The young ladies of this same family have honoured me with two calls already. They are blooming girls, likely, I imagine, to get plenty of partners at balls. Other efflorescent beauties of the same type and nationality are common. Maritzburg is as rich in the matter of maidens as Durban. One family have more daughters than I have yet ventured to estimate. Their father is “a remarkable man” in his way, being, as J—— says, lawyer, editor, and preacher, all rolled into one—a small blonde man with delicate features, but with the energy and ardour of his character distinctly visible in his physique. Another interesting character is one Dr. G——. He has the silveriest hair and mildest manner, but is withal a poet. His rhymes are strung gracefully together, and a befitting abstraction of spirit marks his aspect. Mr. B—— is a younger and taller man of the same stamp—courtly and deferential to a degree—a polished gallant of the old school. His memory is marvellous, as you will admit when I tell you that he can repeat any of Byron’s poems without the aid of a book. He and J—— get warm over classical discussions, while on my part we have a joint interest in various Cape persons and things. Mr. B—— is so accomplished a man, and so mindful of the *petits soins* of society, that I can scarcely believe he has never seen Europe.

The chief amusement here is “going to the House.” Next to the Camp Theatre—a most creditable attempt, by the way—the Legislative Council is the centre of attraction. It meets every evening, and its sittings are open to the public. The Parliament-house of Natal consists of a big thatched barn, with huge staring windows all round and whitewashed walls. We—the people—are admitted at a little back door into a large bare room, open to the raftered roof, and divided across the middle by a barrier, the space beyond which is sacred to the use of members. There are seats, however, for more than a hundred people, and room for three hundred, if they like to go there. The ladies have the preference in certain front benches, called the Speaker’s and Members’ Galleries,

respectively. How amusing this imitation of home forms is, when divested of all the trappings which make such forms enduring and respectable! "The Speaker," for instance, sits in a large arm-chair, on a dais at the far end, but a wretched burlesque of the royal arms hangs above him; and so far from being vested in robes, his dress appears to be that of some upland farmer who is visiting town after twenty years' absence. This neglect of the outer man is the more pitiable, as Mr. M—— has much natural dignity of presence, and most befitting deliberation in and propriety of speech. His way of "putting the question" is quite impressive, and were he bewigged and berobed, nothing more could be wished for. The members are only fifteen in number! and sit round a large horse-shoe table, each in an arm-chair of his own. Altogether, they look very comfortable. One of the leading features in the House is the clerk, Mr. F——, who looks, what he really is, an ex-militaire. His sharp, incisive way of reading a document is quite in accord with his erect, soldierly bearing. At the same time, I should not care to hear him read a sentimental poem of mine, were I ever guilty of such follies.

Of the members themselves I must write discreetly, lest this letter should miscarry, and I should be pursued for "contempt." For you must know that few though they are, these senatorial gentlemen are very tenacious of their dignity, and suffer no abasement of their institution. I have been told of a terrible row there was some weeks ago over a certain petition which one member (and the youngest, be it remarked) threw upon the floor in a perfect fever of indignation at the reflections it cast upon himself and his colleagues. I need not add that the unhappy document was cast forth with ignominy. So you see I must be careful.

Major E——, the Colonial Secretary, is perhaps the most characteristic, as he is the foremost man officially, in the House. His fervid countenance is a study in itself. I have seen rage, scorn, laughter, moodiness, and calm indifference have each its place there in the course of two hours. He has a hard battle to fight as the chief spokesman of an unpopular Governor, and considering the amount of baiting he gets sometimes on that account, it needs a man of resources to hold his own. This the Major does more by readiness of retort and defiance of manner, rather than by any oratorical power. His father's mantle has certainly not fallen on him; but upon the whole, in spite of his *insouciance*, his contemptuous faces, and his scraps of bad Latin—which J—— thinks the least bearable of all—"honourable members opposite"—as the elect of the people are called—seem to like the Major, who, though irascible, is really good-natured, and soon calms down. *Vis-a-vis* to him sits rather a similar character—the Ajax of the House I should call him—a tall, portly man, loosely dressed, but with a striking face and head. Mr. S—— looks quite fitted by nature to be a leader among men, but he, like the Major, is too hasty to be a good general. When aroused, as he often is, his words pour forth like a torrent, his eyes flash, his

arm works, and his whole body seems instinct with passion. When in repose, you are at once attracted by the brightness of his glance and the pleasantness of his features. Another prominent member is Mr. B——. His face proclaims his ancient ancestry at once, but you soon get accustomed to his strongly marked Hebraism. He, too, is a constant speaker, and he rattles away in very good English at a confusing rate, considering that by birth he is a German. Not far from him sits the pet of the galleries—illustrious “Stoffel,” as he is affectionately called—a stout old Dutchman of the orthodox type, who frequently comes out with the cutest bits of common sense couched in the quaintest language—more forcible than grammatical, but quite to the point. There is no affectation about him. He admits his rusticity and ignorance with suspicious candour, and draws largely on the Bible in the construction of his sentences. There are only two other members I need say anything about. One is chiefly conspicuous for his youth. He is nick-named “the Infant Member,” and looks boyish enough to be in his teens, though I suppose he isn’t. Mild as he appears, he is a furious Radical—but I believe all young politicians are that. It is a fault he will outgrow—although J—— says that this is the worst-governed country he has known. The last member I shall mention is a clergyman—of the highest Ritualistic order; I am told he is the most attentive legislator of the lot, and during the debates his eyes are fixed on every speaker as though each word as uttered were precious as fine gold.

Speaking of the debates reminds me that they are dull as a rule. With so few members, time “is no object,” and there is no eagerness to catch the Speaker’s eye. The “rows” which we ladies so often flock to witness, but which so seldom take place, are treats of rare occurrence. I suppose it is very improper in us to take such pleasure in seeing a number of respectable middle-aged gentlemen bandying words together in an intemperate fashion, and in being better pleased the louder and more abusive they become; but it is our way of exhibiting the same passion which led Roman matrons to the bloody spectacles of the Coliseum, or which leads Spanish ladies to look on at bull-fights. The only difference is—and it is rather an important one—that our gladiators wear tweed coats, take snuff, and do nothing more ardent than shake their fists occasionally in a defiant attitude, though really, I feel sure, with no pugilistic intent.

The Railway Question is, of course, still all paramount here. It centres round a very notable personage, Mr. E——, agent for the company whose schemes are now under discussion. I met him the other evening in the company of most of the legislators, and was amused with the attention he paid them. J—— says he is a man of marvellous anecdote, and keeps them at the Club in roars of laughter. Many of the members make their abode at that institution, and very good fellows J—— describes them as being. Major E——, I am told, may be seen there hob-nobbing in the friendliest manner with the vehement assailant of an hour before.

I suddenly remember that neither this letter nor its predecessor contains any reference to Annie—whose love affair I told you about in one of my earlier epistles. I had nothing more to tell, however, as the course of true love ran smoothly enough after the missing man's appearance. They were married a few days afterwards, and J—— gave her away. By this time they will be among the elands and springbucks of the Free State. She is too sweet a flower to be wasted in that wilderness.

Nor have I said anything about our domestic surroundings. We are snugly housed in a pleasant little cottage, standing by itself in a spacious garden, surrounded by a rose fence. Two large willow trees overhang the sluic which sings away just beyond the gate. Our *ménage* is simple and humble, but it is comfortable and inexpensive, and I intend to have next summer a brilliant array of flowers. J—— has taken to kitchen-gardening.

The Education of Girls.

THIS word "Education," in a restricted sense, so far as relates to artificial training, is of all others the most familiar to us in ordinary society, as a *sine quâ non*. It is the bone of contention to politicians and clericals of all denominations, and by general consent is accepted as the most important matter of consideration to nationalities, because of its influence in raising communities of human beings from a state of nature, governed solely by animal instincts, to that artificial position which can appreciate a moral and mental superiority and excellence.

In the civilized world, education, in all its gradations, from the mere power of writing and reading to the grandeur of the highest attainments in scholastic and scientific knowledge, demands, and is accredited with, relative degrees of praise and admiration, except as regards one class, to whom we systematically deny the opportunity (beyond a certain limit) of acquiring that knowledge we so justly deem of the greatest importance. We make the most strenuous efforts to cultivate the minds of our male population. On our sons we expend any amount of money to make them men of learning and men of science. But how is it with our daughters? Is it a matter of necessity that they should be treated as beings of inferior capacity? If it is so, that they cannot compass the subjects so relied upon for the perfection of males, should we not do everything in our power to bring them as near as possible to the standard of those with whom, in the ordinary course of nature, they must be associated, as wives with husbands,—or in other words, one and indivisible? Can anything but the consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence justify such partiality in the education of our children? Are they of necessity

different in intellectual capacity—the males of a higher and the females of a lower order?

I, for one, do not think so. As often as not, the girls of a family evince greater quickness and intelligence than the boys; and if the mental culture of both were equally provided for, I have little doubt that girls, from their more regular habits of restraint and subordination, would in the competition for mental ascendancy prove more than a match for their brothers. But such is not our desire; for we are, after all, only half civilized in this respect. The savage or barbarous peoples of the earth hold physical power in the highest esteem. The stronger sex keep the weaker in subjection, and make them the hewers of wood and drawers of water. The more enlightened of our race are much the same in regard to the softer sex, and in the strength of our physical superiority delegate to them a position of inferiority—notwithstanding our full appreciation of the superiority of mind over matter.

No one can question the capacity of women to acquire such knowledge as we deem essential to men; but from habit, and as a relic of original barbarism, we invariably distinguish between them, as beings of very different mental powers. From the one we demand the acquirement of a knowledge of the most abstruse problems of science, involving everything that can be made useful to man, and are content to see our daughters accomplished in music, dancing, and embroidery—that is, the acquirement of mere arts to captivate the senses rather than the minds of men. In doing this, do we not perpetuate the original barbaric idea, that women, after all, are but social adjuncts, incapable of doing more than fulfilling the menial offices of mending our clothes and cooking our dinners?—or, it may be, of amusing our leisure with a song or a flourish on a musical instrument?

It is often said that women are weak-minded. But I would ask, what has made them so? And my answer is, our one-sided system of education. We deny them access to all that has given to men the means of superiority. They are proscribed from the studies enforced on men from their very childhood, and are taught to rely upon ephemeral accomplishments for their success in life,—things that are utterly useless to them, and impossible as married women.

A girl thus educated may be attractive, and gain for herself a livelihood as a wife—and thenceforth be made to feel that all her time has been spent in the acquisition of that which is of no value to her in after-life. Between herself and her husband there is a gulph—mentally. He has acquired much substantial knowledge—she none; so that there can be no exchange of reciprocal thought or equality. The one may be learned and the other a little fool, however loving and charming for the time.

No woman has ever yet unsexed herself, or ever will, by the acquisition of scholastic knowledge; and every one who has acquired such knowledge, I feel sure, has proved to be a more congenial associate

to her husband than the mere attractive beauty that could excell in music, singing, and dancing, or lively prattle and repartee.

To be really civilized, we must get rid of our prevailing notion that women are inherently mentally inferior to men, and accord to them, equally with our sons, the means of acquiring substantial and valuable knowledge. They will still be women; and, what is more, they will become better companions, and more capable of bringing up their children.

A woman's sphere of action is, undoubtedly, special and distinct from that of man. She cannot be occupied as he is in professional pursuits, such as law, engineering, and medicine, &c.,—professions demanding continuous practical labour, under conditions that must exclude co-operation with right-minded and modest women. The two sexes cannot work together on terms of equality, because the very nature of such professional pursuits necessarily imposes upon the professors the positive need of association and intercourse amongst their members which cannot with propriety exist as common to the sexes.

Setting aside, therefore, the extreme demand of enthusiasts for women's rights and equal participation in the money-making labour market, and fully conscious of the futility of such theories and schemes,—is there, can there be any valid reason why females should be debarred from that kind of scholastic education without which a man, professional or not, is looked upon as a dunce?

The study of mathematics strengthens and invigorates the reasoning faculties. Languages increase our powers of expression and extend our historical knowledge. Physical science inductively prepares the mind for the comprehension of nature in all its aspects and the modes of action under a great variety of circumstances, which, to the unlearned, are matters of perplexity—blundering and unreasoning childish fears—or of miserable thoughtlessness, superstition, and ignorance of the common facts of every-day life.

No amount of mental culture can injure a woman, and I am persuaded that the greater the amount of her mental acquirements, as the result of hard study, the more valuable she will become to the man who has sought her (at first it may be) for her personal attractions alone, for he would be assured not only of a wife to love, but a friend and companion with whom to associate and consult upon all matters, instead of, as now frequently happens, believing that a woman is incapable of understanding the subjects of most interest to himself, and perhaps of the greatest importance to both.

How often do we hear women exclaim, "Oh those horrid politics!" or "those men can think of nothing but business or musty books and science;" "they are altogether unsociable and wrapped up in themselves, and never converse with us, except to talk nonsense and pay absurd compliments." And so it generally is. The one sex has been trained to excel in refinements of manner and all that is pleasing to the senses, whilst the other has been compelled to glean from the

accumulated labour of ages a knowledge of all that is substantially useful to man, which yet, by common consent, is deemed of no account in the education of women.

Men may complain that women are weak and frivolous, and women may likewise complain that they are treated as inferiors,—but the cause is not that of mental difference ; it is education. The one is trained on utilitarian principles, the other to follow the vagaries of fashion.

The introduction of late years of a higher standard of education in girls' schools bids fair to equalize the mental conditions of the sexes, by the admission into them of subjects calculated to enlarge their minds, and familiarize them, at all events, with phenomena of nature, and even the results of science, which cannot fail to interest the pupils in the progress of civilization, and certainly more fit them for active and useful participation in all that is essential to our well-being.

Scripture, it is true, points to the inferiority of women, when the Apostle says he will not suffer a woman to speak in the church, and that she must learn from her husband at home. I confess this is a mystery, unless intended to confine her within modest limits, and that she shall not stand forth to teach with unshamed boldness, not only the elders—such as father and mother—but also, it may be, the very man who may become her husband, whom she must obey, and to whom she must look for instruction.

It is not the mission of man or woman to isolate themselves, voluntarily, from their natural association, which was commanded from the first, as male and female ; they must be one, not adverse and distinct individuals ; and as one, the more closely they are allied in mental acquirement, the less will be their discordance of opinion and action.

A man now-a-days naturally seeks companionship with his fellows who, like himself, have acquired a more general knowledge on all subjects than has fallen to the share of his wife, whom he believes to be incapable of more than the discussion of the necessary modes of household management, and sometimes not even that. He consequently leads a separate life from her,—by no means complimentary, so far as it goes,—by showing to his better half that there is a rail upon which he runs, but on which she cannot accompany him, and with which she has no concern. And why ? Merely, I again repeat, because of her education being different from his ; she has been taught to charm, and he to work. Such, and no other, is the difference, mentally.

The charm of youth, beauty, and accomplishments is omnipotent at first ; but the value of sound knowledge in after-life is that which renders the woman who has outlived such charms the greatest solace and stand-by of the man who is so fortunate as to call her Wife.

A Love Story.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I noticed some time since in one of the papers that a critic of your *Magazine* complained that the articles provided for the perusal of your readers were getting somewhat serious. I think there may be a grain of reason in the complaint, and I thought, why not try and write a “Love Story” for the *Magazine*. Thanks to a happy experience, this might have been done with some effort and thought ; but I have, fortunately, while digging in a forgotten claim of literature, extracted a little gem, which, from its exceeding purity and faultless form, I think will gain universal approval. Some months since I picked up a little book with this title—“The Last of the Saxons—Light and Fire—from the Writings of William Cobbett ;” and it is from extracts quoted that I propose to lay before your readers a “TRUE LOVE STORY.”

Cobbett was, as is well known, a native of Farnham, in Surrey. He was born in 1762—the son of a small farmer. To his career from this station to one of eminence and distinction it is unnecessary to allude. “With his purely-Saxon origin, Cobbett possessed a sanguine temperament, immense intellect, and the most robust animal spirits—spirits that nothing could damp for a single hour, much less repress. This happy condition of spirits he attributes to his fortunate domestic circumstances, and to his temperance and activity. In his advice to young men, which may be called his ‘Confessions,’ Cobbett has related his own love story, and a delightful one it is, possessing at once the tenderness and simplicity of nature, and no little of the charm of romance. The scene of it was New Brunswick ; but there is a collateral ‘flirtation,’ also, involving what Cobbett terms the ‘only serious sin’ he ever committed against the female sex, and which he relates in warning to young men. We shall take it first, and that too in the beautiful language of his own narrative” :—

The province of New Brunswick, in North America, in which I passed my years from the age of thirteen to that of twenty-six, consists in general of heaps of rocks, in the interstices of which grow the pine, the spruce, and various sorts of fir trees, or, where the woods have been burnt down, the bushes of the raspberry or those of the knuckleberry. The province is cut asunder lengthwise by a great river called the St. John, about two hundred miles in length, and at half-way from the mouth full a mile wide. Into this main river run innumerable smaller rivers, there called creeks. On the sides of these creeks the land is in places clear of rocks ; it is in these places good and productive. Natural meadows here and there present themselves, and some of these spots far surpass in rural beauty any other that my eyes ever beheld ; the creeks abounding towards their sources in waterfalls of endless variety, as well in form as in magnitude, and always teeming with fish, while water-fowl enliven their surface, and while wild pigeons of the gayest plumage flutter in thousands upon

thousands amongst the branches of the beautiful trees, which sometimes for miles together form an arch over the creeks.

In one of my rambles in the woods, in which I took great delight, I came to a spot at a very short distance from the source of one of these creeks. Here was everything to delight the eye, and especially of one like me, who seem to have been born to love rural life, and trees and plants of all sorts. Here were about two hundred acres of natural meadow, interspersed with patches of maple trees in various forms and of various extent; the creek came down in cascades, for any one of which a nobleman of England would, if he could transfer it, give a good slice of his estate; and in the creeks at the foot of the cascades, there were in the season salmon, the finest in the world, and so abundant, and so easily taken, as to be used for manuring the land.

If Nature, in her very best humour, had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had here made. But I found something here besides those rude works of nature; I found something, in the fashioning of which *man* had had something to do. I found a large and well-built log dwelling-house standing (in the month of September) on the edge of a very good field of Indian corn, by the side of which there was a piece of buck-wheat just then mowed. I found a homestead and some very pretty cows; I found all the things by which an easy and happy farmer is surrounded, and I found still something besides all these,—something that was destined to give me a great deal of pleasure, and also a great deal of pain, both in their extreme degree, and both of which, in spite of the lapse of forty years, now make an attempt to rush back into my heart.

Partly from misinformation and partly from miscalculation, I had lost my way, and, quite alone, but armed with my sword and a brace of pistols to defend myself from the bears, I arrived at the log-house in the middle of a moonlight night, the hoar frost covering the trees and grass. A stout and clamorous dog, kept off by the gleaming of my sword, waked the master of the house, who got up, received me with great hospitality, got me something to eat, and put me into a feather-bed, a thing which I had been a stranger to for some years. I being very tired, had tried to pass the night in the woods between the trunks of two large trees, which had fallen side by side, and within a yard of each other. I had made a nest for myself of dry fern, and had made a covering by laying boughs of spruce across the trunks of the trees; but unable to sleep on account of the cold, becoming sick from the great quantity of water that I had drunk during the day, and being, moreover, alarmed at the noise of the bears, and lest one of them should find me in a defenceless state, I had roused myself up, and had crept along as well as I could, so that no hero of Eastern romance ever experienced a more enchanting change.

I had got into the house of one of those Yankee loyalists, who, at the close of the revolutionary war (which, until it had succeeded, was called a rebellion), had accepted of grants of land in the King's province of New Brunswick, and which, to the great honour of England, had been furnished with all the means of making new and comfortable settlements. I was suffered to sleep till breakfast time, when I found a table, the like of which I have since seen so many in the United States, loaded with good things. The master and the mistress of the house, aged about fifty,

were like what an English farmer and his wife were half a century ago. There were two sons, tall and stout, who appeared to have come in from work, and the youngest of whom was about my age, then twenty-three ; but there was *another member* of the family, aged nineteen, who (dressed according to the neat and simple fashion of New England, whence she had come with her parents five or six years before) had her long light-brown hair twisted up, and fastened on the top of her head, in which head were a pair of lovely blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and that sweetness so characteristic of American girls were the predominant expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion indicative of glowing health, and forming—figure, movements, and all taken together—an assemblage of beauties far surpassing any that I had ever seen but *once* in my life. That *once* was, too, two years ago, and in such a case, and at such an age, two years—two whole years—is a long, long while ! It was a space as long as the eleventh part of my then life ! Here was the *present* against the *absent* ; here was the power of the *eyes* pitted against that of the *memory* ; here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of the thoughts ; here was vanity ; here was passion ; here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here was also the life, and the manners, and the habits, and the pursuits that I delighted in ; here was everything that imagination could conceive united in a conspiracy against the poor little brunette in England ! What, then ? Did I fall in love at once with this bouquet of lilies and roses ? Oh ! by no means. I was, however, so enchanted with *the place* ; I so much enjoyed its tranquillity, the shade of the maple trees, the business of the farm, the sports of the water and of the woods, that I stayed at it to the last possible minute, promising at my departure to come again as often as I possibly could,—a promise which I most punctually fulfilled.

Winter is the great season for jaunting and *dancing* (called *frollicking*) in America. In this province the rivers and the creeks were the only *roads* from settlement to settlement. In summer we travelled in *canoes*, in winter in *sleighs* on the ice or snow. During more than two years I spent all the time I could with my Yankee friends. They were all fond of me. I talked to them about country affairs, my evident delight in which they took as a compliment to themselves. The father and mother treated me as one of their children, the sons as a brother, and the daughter, who was as modest and as full of sensibility as she was beautiful, in a way to which a chap much less sanguine than I was would have given the tenderest interpretation,—which treatment I, especially in the last-mentioned case, most cordially repaid.

Yet I was not a *deceiver* ; for my affection for her was very great. I spent no really pleasant hours but with her. I was uneasy if she showed the slightest regard for any other young man. I was unhappy if the smallest matter affected her health or spirits. I quitted her in dejection, and returned to her with eager delight. Many a time when I could get leave only for a day, I paddled in a canoe two whole succeeding nights in order to pass that day with her. If this was not love, it was first cousin to it ; for as to any *criminal* intention, I no more thought of it, in her case, than if she had been my sister. Many times I put to myself the question, What am I at ? Is not this wrong ? *Why do I go ?* But still I went.

The last parting came, and now came my just punishment ! The time

was known to everybody, and was irrevocably fixed ; for I had to move with a regiment, and the embarkation of a regiment is an epoch in a thinly-settled province. To describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head. The kind and virtuous father came forty miles to see me just as I was going on board in the river. *His* looks I have never forgotten. As the vessel descended she passed the mouth of *that creek*, which I had so often entered with delight ; and though England, and all that England contained, were before me, I lost sight of this creek with an aching heart.

On what trifles turn the great events in the life of man ! If I had received a *cool* letter from my intended wife ; if I had only heard a rumour of anything from which fickleness in her might have been inferred ; if I had found in her any—even the smallest—abatement of affection ; if she had but let go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart ; if any of these, never would the world have heard of me. Young as I was ; able as I was as a soldier ; proud as I was of the admirations and commendations of which I was the object ; fond as I was, too, of the command which at so early an age my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me ; sanguine as was my mind and brilliant as were my prospects, yet I had seen so much of the meannesses, the unjust partialities, the insolent pomposity, the disgusting dissipations of that way of life, that I was weary of it. I longed exchanging my fine laced-coat for the Yankee farmer's home-spun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring voice of authority again ; and, on the lonely banks of this beach-covered creek, which contained (she out of the question) everything congenial to my taste and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfear'd, unenvied, and uncalumniated, should have lived and died.

The fair cause of this "serious sin," the little brunette in England, had first been seen some years before in America, and after this charming manner :—

When I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful, is certain,—for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification ; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on the hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing tub. "That's the girl for me," said I when we had got out of

her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards ; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I was the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised ; but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men whom he saw around me were the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow at New Brunswick at daybreak !

From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers ; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Frederickton, a distance of a *hundred miles* up the river St. John ; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment ! The artillery went, and she along with them ; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons, not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to *work hard*. I had saved a *hundred and fifty guineas*, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. *I sent her all my money* before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people, and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England ; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad *two years longer* than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor brawling Pitt, too, I am afraid ! At the end of *four years*, however, home I came ; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army, by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a *servant of all work* (and hard work it was) at *five pounds a year*, in the house of a Captain Brisac ; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the *whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken* !

Need I tell the reader what my feelings were ? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote *must* have produced on the minds of our children ?

Further on he pictures his domestic character and habits in the most engaging manner. In the November number of your *Magazine*, in a part of "John's Journal," that excellent creature, John's wife, twits her married sisters with the unreasonableness of certain wives who make "John" get out of his warm bed in the middle of the night to walk up and down the room with the fractious baby, and says, "I have no patience with those fine ladies who can't

bear the smell of tobacco, and won't let their husbands smoke a pipe or cigar in their own houses. I know I would gladly put up with a great deal more to make my husband comfortable." What a delightful, kind-hearted creature! She must be very near Wordsworth's ideal,—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Really, Mr. Editor, I think all the married men in the Colony ought to subscribe to present her with the brightest of tea services for her words on behalf of us Benedicts. But to return to Cobbett—and allow me to draw Mrs. John's attention to the following:—

I began my young marriage days in and near Philadelphia. At one of those times to which I have just alluded, in the middle of the burning hot month of July, I was greatly afraid of fatal consequences to my wife for want of sleep, she not having, after the great danger was over, had any sleep for more than forty-eight hours.

All great cities, in hot countries, are, I believe, full of dogs; and they, in the very hot weather, keep during the night a horrible barking, and fighting, and howling. Upon the particular occasion to which I am adverting, they made a noise so terrible and unremitted, that it was next to impossible that even a person in full health, and free from pain, should obtain a minute's sleep. I was, about nine in the evening, sitting by the bed. "I do think," said she, "that I could go to sleep *now*, if it were not *for the dogs*." Down stairs I went, and out I sallied, in my shirt and trowsers, and without shoes and stockings; and, going to a heap of stones lying beside the road, set to work upon the dogs, going backward and forward, and keeping them at two or three hundred yards' distance from the house. I walked thus the whole night, barefooted, lest the noise of my shoes might possibly reach her ears; and I remember that the bricks of the causeway were, even in the night, so hot as to be disagreeable to my feet. My exertions produced the desired effect; a sleep of several hours was the consequence; and at eight o'clock in the morning, off went I to a day's business, which was to end at six in the evening.

Women are all patriots of the soil; and, when her neighbours used to ask my wife whether *all* English husbands were like hers, she boldly answered in the affirmative. I had business to occupy the whole of my time, Sundays and week days, except sleeping hours; but I used to make time to assist her in taking care of her baby, and in all sorts of things: get up, light her fire, boil her tea-kettle, carry her up warm water in cold weather, take the child while she dressed herself and got the breakfast ready, then breakfast, get her in water and wood for the day, then dress myself neatly, and sally forth to my business. The moment that was over I used to hasten back to her again; and I no more thought of spending a moment *away from her*, unless business compelled me, than I thought of quitting the country and going to sea.

The *thunder and lightning* are tremendous in America, compared with what they are in England. My wife was at one time very much afraid of thunder and lightning; and, as is the feeling of all such women, and,

indeed, all men too, she wanted company, and particularly her husband, in those times of danger. I knew well, of course, that my presence would not diminish the danger ; but, be at what I might, if within reach of home, I used to quit my business and hasten to her the moment I perceived a thunderstorm approaching. Scores of miles have I, first and last, *run* on this errand in the streets of Philadelphia ! The Frenchmen who were my scholars used to laugh at me exceedingly on this account, and sometimes, when I was making an appointment with them, they would say, with a smile and a bow, "*Sauve la tonnerre toujours, Monsieur Cobbett.*"

I never *dangle* about the heels of my wife ; seldom, very seldom, even *walked out*, as it is called, with her ; I never "*went a-walking*" in the whole course of my life ; never went to walk without having some *object* in view other than the walk ; and, as I never could walk at a slow pace, it would have been *hard work* for her to keep up with me.

There is so much plain sense and manly tenderness to be found in the Confessions, that I could with pleasure quote much more, but cannot intrude further on your space but for the following :—

Show your affection for your wife and your admiration of her not in nonsensical compliment ; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her glove, or carrying her fan ; not, though you *have* the means, in hanging trinkets and baubles upon her ; not in making yourself a fool by winking at, and seeming pleased with, her foibles, or follies, or faults ; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her ; prove by unequivocal deeds the high value you set on her health, and life, and peace of mind ; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, but let it be consistent with truth and sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity. He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolical stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her christian name affords is the best you can use, especially before faces. An everlasting "*my dear*" is but a sorry compensation for a want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardships, if the life or health of his wife demand it. Let your deeds, not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact that you value her health, and life, and happiness beyond all other things in the world ; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is always more or less in danger.

And, now, Mr. Editor, I must conclude, trusting that all your young lady readers will be pleased with the gem I have found for them ; and should any of them during the present year assert their recognized privilege, may they enter on as happy an experience as is pictured in the Love Story of the Last of the Saxons.

F. E.

Thoughts on Good Friday.

“AND I, IF I BE LIFTED UP, WILL DRAW ALL MEN TO ME.”

Thou knew'st the heart of man, Prophet Divine!
 We love all martyrs, whosoe'er they be,
 But when the martyrdom, oh Christ! was Thine,
 Suffered for us, then do we think of Thee
 With grateful hearts and blessings on our tongue.
 No magic touch transforms us, but we long
 To know Thy words, as we should seek to know
 The words of a dear friend who loved us well;
 And as we read and ponder, there doth grow
 A love which is all worship. As there fell
 Before Thee all the ancient deities,
 So knowledge grows with love, and we arise
 To the height of the great truth which is in Thee.
 Fall off the mists of unbelief and doubt,
 Pagan or Jewish-born, and creeds that be
 A mighty maze of words, the form without
 The soul that lives, conflicting, false, obscure;
 These change as do the times; Thou shalt endure
 While men have hearts to love, for Thou dost meet
 The wants of human life. The suffering find
 Rest in thy love, and consolation sweet,
 The unlettered learn true wisdom, and the mind
 Which seeks profoundest knowledge cannot rise
 Above the truth which in Thy teaching lies.
 Even he who baffled and heart sore, yet strong
 In pity, seeks to find a cure for ill,
 Finds it in Thee, for men could do no wrong
 If they but loved Thee, and that love would still
 Be their salvation, keeping the soul pure,
 And giving strength to struggle and endure.

W. G.

Graham's Town.

The History of a Liquidation Account.

I AM the very quintessence of insolvency. 'Tis true, some very moral folk may think that's rather a horrid thing to be. And, truth to tell, I often shudder at it myself in my solitude of impecuniosity and moments of agonizing reflection,—for even a liquidation account reflects sometimes, strange as it may seem. Nevertheless, I try to look as pleasant and comfortable as possible, under circumstances so melancholy, that Mark Tapley himself, in his own Eden, and his dismal pursuit of ideal misery (*vide* Martin Chuzzlewit *ad lib.*) might well have envied them. Inwardly, I am often enough, let it candidly be admitted, a whitened sepulchre full of rottenness, a charnel-house of dishonest bones. But outwardly (such is the deceit of appearances) I flatter myself I am not at all bad-looking. Nay, I may be even considered quite handsome, in fair octavo, got up in boards of rainbow-hue, and edgings to accord. Sometimes I am a delicately-mottled gray and blue, or pink and green, my external adornings thus matching as excellently as the choicest colours of *Le Follet* ought to do. Would you behold me, though, in the pomp and pride of my particular vanity? Then forego not the sweet temptation of dropping into the Supreme Court itself, occasionally, during sombre term-tide. There and then you cannot fail to notice—nay, your attention will, despite your sense of the proprieties, be convulsively arrested by—certain most smart, active, intelligent-looking “ushers,” hurrying to and fro amidst the long-robed gentlemen of the bar, intent on “piling up the agony,” perspiring the while as if themselves “in liquidation,” depositing a bevy of accounts right under the eyes of their venerable guardian, the Master, like unto another Ossa on Pelion, or Pelion on Ossa, it being immaterial to a liquidation account at all events, which comparison you may choose.

But more of my experiences at Court anon. Let me meanwhile tell how, like the changing chrysalis, I pass through many ugly stages of transition and development into full being and bloom.

The associations of my earliest infancy are vividly—ah! how vividly—connected with the nasty cobwebbed offices of the law; and with alphabetical studies (of which the Superintendent-General of Education himself knows naught) in “Schedules” A, B, C, D, and E, the product of most of which is oftentimes “NIL,” inscribed in brazen characters in answer to impertinent inquiries as to property possessed and outstanding debts. Did I dare reveal some of the secrets of my mournful manufacture, then might I many a curious tale unfold as to the powers of imagination and fancy—to use no stronger terms—exerted in the preparation of sweet insolvent schedules before they are submitted for acceptance. Suffice it to say that when everything is moulded—never mind the interesting process—into fair and proper shape, I am introduced, with many a spasm of fear and foreboding, to a retired nook in those buildings of rare architectural

beauty in which the public business of the Colony is in its metropolis conducted. A nervous knock from my conductor, a loud, perhaps a harsh "Come in," and the process of judicial accouchement commences. Like other interesting events, it varies in intensity. Sometimes my pangs are few, and all is over,—sometimes an eagle eye scans my virtues and my vices, makes minute inquiries into my parient's faults and frailties, with now and then a crisp lecture on strange shortcomings and deficits, and doubts as to my admissibility into the world of insolvency. "Accepted" or "Not accepted," in characters which seem to cut with scathing, searing steel into my very flesh as they are incisively penned, and lo! I am either in being, as promising a young insolvent as you'd like to see,—freed, hey presto! from the fulfilment of all honourable engagements, at which I smile the smile of sarcastic relief; or else am condemned once more to try anew to tread the devious ways of an honesty to which I have so long been an utter stranger. Not, however, that I am always the offspring of ill: sometimes, though not often, I am the child of misery and woe, of poverty and want, too hard to bear,—even of oppression and tyranny, the fruit of that hardheartedness and vindictiveness by which the quality of mercy is strained, and ne'er, alas! allowed to drop as gentlest dew of Heaven upon the care and turmoils of the sad world beneath. And then it is by a merciful act, and with a kindly, friendly, sympathizing smile, and with a free and flowing pen, in whose ink there is no admixture of bitterness, that the bright word "Accepted" is recorded, and the hungry, unrelenting creditor allowed his pound of flesh, but not one drop of blood.

Once fairly born an insolvent, I am doomed to many vicissitudes and trials before I have cut my eye-teeth. Meetings of grim creditors are in store for me. If I have been a rogue and rascal, I sometimes receive my due. Sometimes, again, I chuckle at my wondrous escape. If misfortune has befallen me, I am perchance, by gracious favour as graciously bestowed, allowed my "bedding and furniture:" more often I get them when I do, and have done, nothing in the world to deserve even such necessities. I have next to recount the history of my whole past life, with unpleasant obtrusiveness and particularity. Have I been too "accommodating?" Have I forgotten the sound proverbial philosophy (not by Tupper) that none shall be a surety for his brother? Have I undertaken liabilities which I saw no prospect of meeting? Why did I pay Mr. Gradgrind rather than Messrs. Hardfist, Self, & Co? Why did I go "on togt" (ah! this *is* sometimes a home-thrust) and swindle the man who gave me the means to do it? Why did I do a flourishing business "on paper" and then come down with a crash? And why have I so long kept my carriage and greys or bays at the expense of my many creditors? These and a great many other kindred questions, often very inconvenient to answer, are among the pleasantries of my young life. Occasionally, I am put upon my oath, and occasionally I tell the truth. Very often I—well, never mind, the greatest of all virtues, authority has told us, is

charity, and that, we know, covers a multitude of sins. I am next put to the "proof of debt," either a hideous mortgage bond which I had no earthly business to pass, or a lively promissory note which I had no right to give, and which runs somewhat thus :—

Mountains of the Moon,
1st of April, 1860.

Four months after date I promise to pay to Richard Smith or order, One Thousand Pounds Sterling, payable at the Blank Divisional Bank.
£1,000 os. od.

JOHN JOHNSON.

Endorsed : ARTHUR THOMPSON.

Annexed are sundry very technical and unintelligible protests and certificates (which even with my extensive experience in this particular line I can hardly understand), learnedly reciting and most solemnly setting forth that Mr. Notary Somebody duly repaired somewhere, and then and there most confidentially addressing somebody else, asked him something, and having got something else for answer, forthwith expended any amount of pen, ink, and paper in an instantaneous description of what it was all about,—which, of course, as in duty bound, he did for the love of the thing, and charged nothing. And then, by sundry vigorous and herculean efforts, I had "renewed" and "re-renewed" my young strength for ten and twelve long years, in a variety of shapes and forms, and who the wiser? until the final collapse came. Verily, many a phase of strange self-resuscitation may be read even in the pages of an ordinary "liquidation account," insignificant as we appear to the vulgar crowd. It is a startling phase of a "Struggle for Existence" and an "Origin of *Specie*," which the master mind of Darwin himself has not contemplated.

All my vouchers and credentials in order, I am escorted to the binder's and put once more to the rack, whence I emerge the beauteous being before described, and become a "liquidation account" indeed, proper or improper as the case may be. First of all, within my now elegant and portly frame reposes the *Government Gazette*, that lugubrious periodical, which so many genial spirits abhor, but in which, perhaps from my enforced companionship, I rather delight. It is positively refreshing now and then to enclose, as I often do, a Governor's opening or closing speech, with its stale offancied prosperity, once my own bright day-dream, or of dismal sorrow and un-"rest," in which I now so fully sympathize; or a "warrant of apprehension," or a "desertion" from the roads of honest duty, or a list "of unclaimed letters" (not of credit), or manifold other announcements, appealing to me in their strange idiosyncracies. Funeral notices, too, and amidst them all, within a black pen-margin, as if a death-warrant, comes the record of my own misfortune, and a notice that my own "confirmation" in the Cathedral of Justice is on a given day to be moved. Next to the *Gazette* comes a beautifully artificial document, supposed to be a "balance sheet," but famous chiefly for the extraordinary style in

which it is made to balance. What a mystic tale its pendulous movements sometimes tell is best known to those initiated in the secrets of insolvency. Then come the other records, in due rotation, of the aforesaid meetings of cormorant creditors, at which my past life has been so mercilessly exposed, every transaction ruthlessly peered into, until I learn almost to abhor myself, if that were possible, which in the majority of instances it is not. Then there is that horrid messenger's return, or Sheriff's inventory, which I shall never forget to my dying day, with all my well-worn callousness. Fit reward for having allowed all around me to trust to my champagne-prosperity until the dire demon of debt entered my house, and before the agonized looks of all noted down, through its imp of darkness, all I possessed, down to the very bed on which my wife and children lay! Yes, here is the list. See! If I had any tender feeling left in me I would go mad to read it. But tenderness of feeling has long since vanished, and so with heart-strings all unmoved I run my callous eye over the accumulations of years and note their sacrifice to the stranger's bid. Sometimes, though, my record is very touching and simple:—

One iron bedstead and mattress.

One child's ditto.

Four cups and saucers.

One deal table.

Three cane-bottomed chairs.

One chest of drawers.

One American clock (8-day).

Three pictures.

But here the tears well forth despite the most rugged nature, and I can read no more. That poor, poor bedstead, on which my youngest hope was born, an heir to what save to his father's debt and dishonour? The wretched cups and saucers of homely pattern, with chipped and jagged corners, but all the more lovely look. Those pictures, too, from which it was indeed harder than all to part. Such records tell the poor man's tale of misery: few and far between, albeit, compared with the brazen doings of the unjust, who, under the shelter of three insolvencies, becomes, they say, as rich as Cræsus.

Then follow trustees' reports, which, however important in their way, are rather uninteresting, and can hardly be awarded a high place among the flowers of legal literature. And when all the necessary ingredients are stirred up in the seething cauldron, and the gladsome binder (mindful of *Punch*, the *Illustrated*, the *Graphic*, or the Bab-ballads, into which he *could* give a passing dip to relieve his "stitch stitch" monotony) has given me the last finishing touch with a sigh of quiet exultation, I am advertised for a fortnight's inspection by admiring creditors, who, as a rule, have been so sickened already in anticipation of a two-and-sixpenny dividend that they will waste on me no more glances, however passing. Then I once more pay

a rapid visit to the home of my youth, and am gazed upon in rapture by suckling attorneys, who greet me in epithets more pleasing than polite, and toss me about in a manner ill-befitting my new and seeming dignity. Next I am reverently introduced, pierced by a guinea-brief, to a quarter where I am ever warmly welcome,—the barrister's chambers. How cordially I am greeted there! I have known some, juniors I think they call them, poor fellows! watch anxiously through the long, long hours of the day for my sudden appearance. An affectation of utter indifference concealed a strong desire to possess me notwithstanding. I really do believe this is one of the happiest moments of my life. I am handled with infinite care and scanned and rescanned with unmistakable gusto,—treated, in short, with a fond tenderness before unknown to me. I am the subject of learned conversation and comment, of jest and gibe, which I shall not break secrecy by repeating. Wit and humour and badinage surround me until a forced austerity is reassumed, and I make my stately appearance in the Supreme Court of the land, in the presence, too, of no inconsiderable auditory, who, in their unconscious ignorance of my antecedents, wonder not a little what it all means as I pass through this the most public phase of my existence.

“Call the confirmation of accounts!”

“*Johannes Jacobus Ludovicus de Jager*” is the ready response of an ever-zealous official, who smooths again his fair moustache, put out of circling curl by such lengthened patronymics.

No answer!

The spirit of “J. J. L. de J.” aforesaid, though civilly dead, moves uneasily within the pages of the liquidation account, now its shrine, whose leaves flutter mysteriously.

“Who *moves*? Does *no one* move?” in tones of rise and cadence, are pretty clear indications of what will be, in that case, the consequence. Another pause, when suddenly some grisly bearded veteran practitioner, whose thoughts have been centred perchance in the agonizing dryer throes of that last most intricate provisional sentence, starts uneasily with the dim recollection just then dawning on him that the confirmation of some such sinner has been entrusted to his tender charge. He laconically mentions the interesting fact in as uninteresting a manner as possible, together with the other unique circumstance, most solemnly vouched for, that there are “no objections.” And with a “Take your order” that seems to thrill through my very marrow, which, as it happens, is an “open-account” of long standing, I stand confirmed. From the bench on which I am then carelessly deposited it is quite a laughable study to note how my fellow-unfortunates pass through the fire. What I really cannot understand, though (and it is a subject of wonderment and complaint among confirmed liquidation accounts generally), is the cool *nonchalance* with which we are moved by the gentlemen of the Bar, as if we were hardly worthy of our god-father guinea. The junior men, instead of being thankful for small mercies, poke ceaseless fun at us during the operation, and indulge in

remarks as to our general appearance and the morality of our inner secrets, which I take leave to say are anything but decorous, and unworthy of repetition to posterity, however excessively amusing to themselves. Indeed, it has been unanimously resolved at a specially convened meeting of liquidation accounts in that dark chamber at the Master's Office, of which more hereafter—which said meeting has been numerously attended by all the liquidation accounts from the time of Van Riebeeck downwards, and under the austere presidency of Jacobus von Tonteldoos, the first colonial insolvent, *et*at 200 years, dusty as a dustman—that in the opinion of that meeting our fraternity is not treated by the bar of the Supreme Court with that consideration which is so justly its due, but to the contrary thereof, with a supercilious condescension best evidenced by such ill-devised announcements as “A s'm'lar motion m'luds,” “In this case *likewise*,” “*Also* in this matter,” or an “*I* move,” in which the egotism of the movers, evidenced by the unseemly emphasis laid upon the personal pronoun indicative of self, shows how much the importance of the charge itself has been forgotten. I assure you, Mr. Editor, this is a crying grievance among us, and hard to bear: can you give us no relief? I enclose a few hints.* Say, for instance, that each learned mover should be compelled, on pain of being disbarred, to move us in learned languages, from Hebrew down or up to Hottentot (with the invaluable aid of the worthy Grey Librarian), and to accompany his movement with an *apropos* quotation from some favourite author. Imagination can well fancy the delights of such an exquisite scene. Above all, let that mock heroic gravity of demeanour, more cutting to us than the sheerest indifference, be discountenanced and tabooed; then our spirits will rest in peace. Caricatures and fancy portraits of ourselves will vanish from view, and the country save no end of blotting paper, which seems the favourite medium for young legal artists dying for renown.†

Once formally “moved” into being we are “re-moved” in a mass to a dark and dismal chamber in the Master's Office, not far from the former abode of the public executioner, and there sadly pass the remainder of our days in a public tomb prepared for our reception. The number of my own grave, by which you will recognize me, is only “32,524.” Yes, start not, gentle reader, we form a goodly band. There are old stagers here, born and bred, as I have said, in the days of Van Riebeeck himself: some gruff Company's men, who, by their conversation, know all that is told in Moodie's Records (and

* Conscious of the grave importance of the subject to the Colony generally, and the Bar in particular, we have thought it not beyond our editorial duty to represent the matter to the proper quarter, and we are assured that due provision will be made in the shortly forthcoming “Rules of Court.”—ED.

† Here we cannot agree. We have been favoured with a sight of one year's collection of these sketches intended for exhibition by the Junior Bar at the May Exhibition of the Fine Arts Gallery; and we must honestly say they are ludicrously truthful and worthy of a *Cruikshank* or of poor departed *Leech*.—ED.

moody they yet remain): some again who saw the Capitulation: many—ah, very many—who lived a reckless life of jollity in the “good old days,” and mourn their present lot and the degeneracy of the times, of which we even here learn a few fitful whispers from without, when some of the more fortunate among us are ever and anon summoned from our seclusion to reappear for a few hours in the Hall of Justice to bear silent testimony as to our own misdeeds in the flesh, or to go through the horrid ordeal of painful rehabilitation. You may visit our last resting-place by day, touch us, handle us, examine us, and hear naught, not even the subdued or smothered sigh within. But come about the silent watches of midnight, when our attentive daily guardians are buried in sleep amid the groves of Wynberg or near the placid beaches of Sea Point, and you will be the auditor of such a Babel of tongues, of such a wailing and woeful lamentation, that you will hurry off, blessing your good fortune you are not a lugubrious “LIQUIDATION ACCOUNT.”

β.

Modern Pilgrims.

THERE is a certain charm about the writings of genuine Yankees—a charm derived from their delicious “*naïveté*” and their utter want of reticence about things temporal and spiritual. There is thus a freshness in their views that can only proceed from excessive ignorance of books; and this, combined with great keenness of sight, contempt for the conventional, disregard of antiquity, and unconscious scorn of reverence in the best sense of that term, causes them to be at once so downright and amusing.

In the August number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* we strung together some brief extracts from the “*Innocents Abroad*,” descriptive of a voyage from New York to Naples in the company of Mark Twain. In the present paper we propose to glance at the livelier incidents of his “*Journey Home*,” and chronicle some of the varied experiences of that author in the classic localities of the Grecian and Syrian shores. In doing so, we shall probably be doing violence to the feelings of many biblical students, who have not been accustomed to hear a spade called a spade in such vigorous terms as are therein set forth; for the pen of so bright, keen, eager, and successful a man as Mark Twain does not convey, or try to convey to us, the impression of an uneasy, shrinking, and over-sensitive nature in the presence of holy things. On the contrary, there is an outspokenness about his utterances that is sometimes electrifying, and never, for one moment, does he permit his enjoyment of the humorous to be subordinate and kept in check by his sense of the pathetic or sublime. Nothing can be more natural, fresh, and bright than his fun; nothing more grotesque than his humorous situations. But for feeling and genuine sentiment we must look to other writers—the offspring of older countries and the fruit of more laborious culture.

One of Mark Twain's greatest excellences as a descriptive writer of travels is his firm grasp of his subject. In his first page, with a dash of his pen, he introduces us to a striking scene, and he brings before us in vivid and picturesque language what was beheld from the deck of the steamer *Quaker City*, as they sped away from Naples on 'the return voyage,' and came in sight of Stromboli the Superb about sunset :—

With what majesty the monarch held his lonely state above the level sea ! Distance clothed him in a purple gloom and added a veil of shimmering mist that so softened his rugged features that we seemed to see him through a web of silver gauze. His torch was out ; his fires were smouldering ; a tall column of smoke that rose up and lost itself in the growing moonlight was all the sign he gave that he was a living Autocrat of the Sea and not the spectre of a dead one !

At two in the morning we swept through the Straits of Messina, and so bright was the moonlight that Italy on the one hand and Sicily on the other seemed almost as distinctly visible as though we looked at them from the middle of a street we were traversing. The city of Messina, milk-white, and starred and spangled all over with gaslights, was a fairy spectacle. A great party of us were on deck smoking and making a noise, and waiting to see famous Scylla and Charybdis. And presently the Oracle stepped out with his eternal spy-glass and squared himself on the deck like another Colossus of Rhodes. It was a surprise to see him abroad at such an hour. Nobody supposed he cared anything about an old fable like that of Scylla and Charybdis. One of the boys said :—

"Hello, Doctor, what are you doing up here at this time of night ? What do you want to see this place for ?"

"What do *I* want to see this place for ? Young man, little do you know me, or you wouldn't ask such a question. I wish to see *all* the places that's mentioned in the Bible."

"Stuff—this place isn't mentioned in the Bible."

"It ain't mentioned in the Bible ?—*this* place ain't ?—well now, what place *is* this, since you know so much about it ?"

"Why, it's Scylla and Charybdis."

"Scylla and Cha—confound it ! I thought it was Sodom and Gomorrah !"

This same Doctor serves as the butt for a good many shafts of Yankee wit, and, like Sir John Falstaff, is not only humorous himself, but the source of humour in others. Endless are the scrapes into which he gets involved by his extraordinary spirit of curiosity and irresistible ignorance and absurdities. But we must hurry over them and get on to the Parthenon where Mark Twain and his friends had succeeded in planting themselves, after eluding the vigilance of the quarantine authorities of the Pireus, who had refused pratique for eleven days because they came from Naples. To lie a whole day in sight of the Acropolis and yet be obliged to go away without visiting Athens was too bitter a disappointment to be quietly borne with. Four of our Pilgrims, therefore, stole softly ashore in a small boat, and succeeded in getting safely through their guards.

Mark Twain says that he remembers very few facts about the Parthenon, but as they, in the moonlight, wandered thoughtfully down the marble-paved length of this stately Temple, the scene was strangely impressive:—

What a world of ruined sculpture was about us! Set up in rows—stacked up in piles—scattered broadcast over the wide area of the Acropolis—were hundreds of crippled statues of all sizes and of the most exquisite workmanship; and vast fragments of marble that once belonged to the entablatures, covered with bas-reliefs, representing battles and sieges, ships of war with three and four tiers of oars, pageants and processions—everything one could think of. History says that the temples of the Acropolis were filled with the noblest works of Praxiteles and Phidias, and of many a great master in sculpture besides—and surely these elegant fragments attest it.

We walked out into the grass-grown, fragment-strewn court beyond the Parthenon. It startled us, every now and then, to see a stony white face stare suddenly up at us out of the grass with its dead eyes. The place seemed alive with ghosts. I half expected to see the Athenian heroes of twenty centuries ago glide out of the shadows and steal into the old temple they knew so well and regarded with such boundless pride.

The full moon was riding high in the cloudless heavens now. We sauntered carelessly and unthinkingly to the edge of the lofty battlements of the citadel, and looked down—a vision! And such a vision! Athens by moonlight! The prophet that thought the splendours of the New Jerusalem were revealed to him, surely saw this instead! It lay in the level plain, right under our feet—all spread abroad like a picture—and we looked down upon it as we might have looked from a balloon. We saw no semblance of a street, but every house, every window, every clinging vine, every projection, was as distinct and sharply marked as if the time were noonday; and yet there was no glare, no glitter, nothing harsh or repulsive—the noiseless city was flooded with the mellowest light that ever streamed from the moon, and seemed like some living creature wrapped in peaceful slumber. On its further side was a little temple, whose delicate pillars and ornate front glowed with a rich lustre that chained the eye like a spell; and nearer by, the palace of the king reared its creamy walls out of the midst of a great garden of shrubbery that was flecked all over with a random shower of amber lights—a spray of golden sparks that lost their brightness in the glory of the moon, and glinted softly upon the sea of dark foliage like the pallid stars of the milky way. Overhead the stately columns, majestic still in their ruin—under foot the dreaming city—in the distance the silver sea—not on the broad earth is there another picture half so beautiful!

From Athens, all through the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, they saw little but forbidding sea-walls and barren hills; no ploughed fields; very few villages; no trees, or grass, or vegetation of any kind; scarcely and hardly ever an isolated house. Greece is a bleak, unsmiling desert, without agriculture, manufactures, or commerce apparently. What supports its poverty-stricken people, or its Government, is a mystery. Coasting along the plains of Troy, and past the mouth of the Scamander, they saw where Troy once

stood, and didn't think much of the Hellespont, though they were very much pleased within the Golden Horn, and the distant prospect of Constantinople. This city makes a noble picture. But its attractiveness begins and ends with its picturesqueness. From the time one starts ashore till he gets back again, he execrates it:—

Ashore, it was—well it was an eternal circus. People were thicker than bees in those narrow streets, and the men were dressed in all the outrageous, outlandish, idolatrous, extravagant, thunder-and-lightning costumes that ever a tailor with the *delirium tremens* and seven devils could conceive of. There was no freak in dress too crazy to be indulged in; no absurdity too absurd to be tolerated; no frenzy in ragged diabolism too fantastic to be attempted. No two men were dressed alike. It was a wild masquerade of all imaginable costumes—every struggling throng in every street was a dissolving view of stunning contrasts. Some patriarchs wore awful turbans, but the grand mass of the infidel horde wore the fiery red skull-cap they call a fez. All the remainder of the raiment they indulged in was utterly indescribable.

The shops here are mere coops, mere boxes, bath-rooms, closets—anything you please to call them—on the first floor. The Turks sit cross-legged in them, and work, and trade, and smoke long pipes, and *smell like—like Turks*. That covers the ground. Crowding the narrow streets in front of them are beggars, who beg for ever, yet never collect anything; and wonderful cripples, distorted out of all semblance of humanity almost; vagabonds driving laden asses; porters carrying dry-goods boxes as large as cottages on their backs; pedlars of grapes, hot corn, pumpkin seeds, and a hundred other things, yelling like fiends; and sleeping happily, comfortably, serenely, among the hurrying feet, are the famed dogs of Constantinople; drifting noiselessly about are squads of Turkish women, draped from chin to feet in flowing robes, and with snowy veils bound about their heads, that disclose only the eyes and a vague, shadowy notion of their features.

If you want dwarfs—I mean just a few dwarfs for a curiosity—go to Genoa. If you wish to buy them by the gross, for retail, go to Milan. There are plenty of dwarfs all over Italy, but it did seem to me that in Milan the crop was luxuriant. If you would see a fair average style of assorted cripples, go to Naples, or travel through the Roman States. But if you would see the very heart and home of cripples and human monsters both, go straight to Constantinople. A beggar in Naples who can show a foot which has all run into one horrible toe, with one shapeless nail on it, has a fortune—but such an exhibition as that would not provoke any notice in Constantinople. The man would starve. Who would pay any attention to attractions like his among the rare monsters that throng the bridges of the Golden Horn and display their deformities in the gutters of Stamboul? O, wretched impostor! How could he stand against the three-legged woman, and the man with his eye in his cheek? How would he blush in the presence of the man with fingers on his elbow? Where would he hide himself when the dwarf with seven fingers on each hand, no upper lip and his under jaw gone, came down in his majesty? Bismillah! The cripples of Europe are a delusion and a fraud. The truly gifted flourish only in the byways of Pera and Stamboul.

They visited St. Sophia, they visited the Dancing Dervishes, they visited the Thousand and One Columns, but everywhere they met with nothing but dirt and dust, and dinginess and gloom, and nothing to win one's love or challenge their admiration. In Turkey mosques are plenty, churches are plenty, graveyards are plenty, but morals and whisky are scarce. "The Koran," says Mark Twain, "does not permit Mohammedans to drink. Their natural instincts do not permit them to be moral. They say the Sultan has eight hundred wives. Why, *this almost amounts to bigamy.*"

Circassian and Georgian girls are still sold in Constantinople by their parents, but not publicly. The great slave marts we have all read so much about—where tender young girls were stripped for inspection, and criticized and discussed just as if they were horses at an agricultural fair—no longer exist. The exhibition and the sales are private now. Stocks are up, just at present, partly because of a brisk demand created by the recent return of the Sultan's suite from the courts of Europe; partly on account of an unusual abundance of bread-stuffs, which leaves holders untortured by hunger and enables them to hold back for high prices; and partly because buyers are too weak to bear the market while sellers are amply prepared to bull it. Under these circumstances, if the American metropolitan newspapers were published here in Constantinople, their next commercial report would read about as follows, I suppose:—

"SLAVE GIRL MARKET REPORT.

"Best brands Circassians, crop of 1850, £200; 1852, £250; 1854, £300. Best brands Georgian, none in market; second quality, 1851, £180. Nineteen fair to middling Wallachian girls offered at £130 to £150, but no takers; sixteen prime A 1 sold in small lots to close out—terms private.

"Sales of one lot Circassians, prime to good, 1852 to 1854, at £240 to £242½, buyer 30; one forty-niner—damaged—at £23, seller ten, no deposit. Several Georgians, fancy brands, 1852, changed hands to fill orders. The Georgians now on hand are mostly last year's crop, which was unusually poor. The new crop is a little backward, but will be coming in shortly. As regards its quantity and quality, the accounts are most encouraging. In this connection we can safely say, also, that the new crop of Circassians is looking extremely well. His Majesty the Sultan has already sent in large orders for his new harem, which will be finished within a fortnight, and this has naturally strengthened the market and given Circassian stock a strong upward tendency. Taking advantage of the inflated market, many of our shrewdest operators are selling short. There are hints of a 'corner' on Wallachians.

"There is nothing new in Nubians. Slow sale.

"Eunuchs—None offering; however, large cargoes are expected from Egypt to-day."

I think the above would be about the style of the commercial report. Prices are pretty high now, and holders firm; but, two or three years ago, parents in a starving condition brought their young daughters down here and sold them for even twenty and thirty dollars, when they could do no better, simply to save themselves and the girls from dying of want. It is sad to think of so distressing a thing as this; and I, for one, am sincerely glad the prices are up again.

Writing of laziness, we get a very comical account of the dogs of Constantinople. They are the sorriest beasts that breathe—the

most abject—the most pitiful. In their faces is a settled expression of melancholy, an air of hopeless despondency. The hairless patches on a scalded dog are preferred by the fleas to a wider range on a healthier dog, and the exposed places suit the fleas exactly:—

I saw a dog of this kind start to nibble at a flea; a fly attracted his attention, and he made a snatch at him; the flea called for him once more, and that for ever unsettled him; he looked sadly at his flea pasture, then sadly looked at his bald spot. Then he heaved a sigh and dropped his head resignedly upon his paws. He was not equal to the situation.

In one narrow street (but none of them are wide) I saw three dogs lying coiled up about a foot or two apart. End to end they lay, and so they just bridged the street neatly, from gutter to gutter. A drove of a hundred sheep came along. They stepped right over the dogs, the rear crowding the front, impatient to get on. The dogs looked lazily up, flinched a little when the impatient feet of the sheep touched their raw backs—sighed, and lay peacefully down again. No talk could be plainer than that. So some of the sheep jumped over them and others scrambled between, occasionally chipping a leg with their sharp hoofs, and when the whole flock had made the trip, the dogs sneezed a little, in the cloud of dust, but never bugged their bodies an inch. I thought I was lazy, but I am a steam-engine compared to a Constantinople dog. But was not that a singular scene for a city of a million inhabitants?

These dogs are the scavengers of the city. That is their official position, and a hard one it is. However, it is their protection. But for their usefulness in partially cleansing these terrible streets, they would not be tolerated long. They eat anything and everything that comes in their way, from melon rinds and spoiled grapes up through all the grades and species of dirt and refuse to their own dead friends and relatives—and yet they are always lean, always hungry, always despondent. The people are loth to kill them—do not kill them, in fact. The Turks have an innate antipathy to taking the life of any dumb animal, it is said. But they do worse. They hang and kick and stone and scald these wretched creatures to the very verge of death, and then leave them to live and suffer.

And if the dogs are filthy and lazy, what must we say of the people, if the following be true?—

I never shall want another Turkish lunch. The cooking apparatus was in the little lunch-room near the bazaar, and it was all open to the street. The cook was slovenly, and so was the table, and it had no cloth on it. The fellow took a mass of sausage-meat and coated it round a wire and laid it on a charcoal fire to cook. When it was done, he laid it aside and a dog walked sadly in and nipped it. He smelt it first, and probably recognized the remains of a friend. The cook took it away from him and laid it before us. Jack said, "I pass"—he plays euchre sometimes—and we all passed in turn. Then the cook baked a broad, flat wheaten cake, greased it well with the sausage, and started towards us with it. It dropped in the dirt, and he picked it up and polished it on his breeches, and laid it before us. Jack said, "I pass." We all passed. He put some eggs in a frying-pan, and stood pensively prying slabs of meat from between his teeth with a fork. Then he used the fork to

turn the eggs with—and brought them along, Jack said, “Pass again.” All followed suit. We did not know what to do, and so we ordered a new ration of sausage. The cook got out his wire, apportioned a proper amount of sausage-meat, spat on his hands and fell to work! This time, on one accord, we all passed out. We paid and left. That is all I learned about Turkish lunches. A Turkish lunch is good, no doubt, *but it has its little drawbacks.*

Leaving a dozen of passengers in Constantinople, our Pilgrims sailed through the beautiful Bosphorus, and far up into the Black Sea. Sebastopol is visited and made much of; so is Odessa; and then we get a capital account of a state visit, paid to the Russian Emperor at Yalta, which is well worth reading, and shows the true American fondness for interviewing remarkable men:—

The Emperor wore a cap, frock coat and pantaloons, all of some kind of plain white drilling—cotton or linen—and sported no jewellery or any insignia whatever of rank. No costume could be less ostentatious. He is very tall and spare, and a determined-looking man, though a very pleasant-looking one nevertheless. It is easy to see that he is kind and affectionate. There is something very noble in his expression when his cap is off. There is none of that cunning in his eye that all of us noticed in Louis Napoleon’s.

The Empress and the little Grand Duchess wore simple suits of foulard (or foulard silk, I don’t know which is proper), with a small blue spot in it; the dresses were trimmed with blue; both ladies wore broad blue sashes about their waists; linen collars and clerical ties of muslin; low-crowned straw hats trimmed with blue velvet; parasols and flesh-coloured gloves. The Grand Duchess had no heels on her shoes. I do not know this of my own knowledge, but one of our ladies told me so. I was not looking at her shoes. I was glad to observe that she wore her own hair plaited in thick braids against the back of her head, instead of the uncomely thing they call a water-fall, which is about as much like a water fall as a canvas-covered ham is like a cataract. Taking the kind expression that is in the Emperor’s face and the gentleness that is in his young daughter’s into consideration, I wondered if it would not tax the Czar’s firmness to the utmost to condemn a supplicating wretch to misery in the wastes of Siberia if she pleaded for him. Every time their eyes met, I saw more and more what a tremendous power that weak, diffident school-girl could wield if she chose to do it. Many and many a time she might rule the Autocrat of Russia, whose lightest word is law to seventy millions of human beings! She was only a girl, and she looked like a thousand others I have seen, but never a girl provoked such a novel and peculiar interest in me before. A strange, new sensation is a rare thing in this hum-drum life, and I had it here. There was nothing stale or worn-out about the thoughts and feelings, the situation and the circumstances created. It seemed strange—stranger than I can tell—to think that the central figure in the cluster of men and women, chatting here under the trees like the most ordinary individual in the land, was a man who could open his lips and ships would fly through the waves, locomotives would speed over the plains, couriers would hurry from village to village, a hundred telegraphs would flash the word to the four corners of an empire that stretches its

vast proportions over a seventh part of the habitable globe, and a countless multitude of men would spring to do his bidding. I had a sort of vague desire to examine his hands and see if they were of flesh and blood, like other men's. Here was a man who could do this wonderful thing, and yet if I chose I could knock him down. The case was plain, but it seemed preposterous, nevertheless—as preposterous as trying to knock down a mountain or wipe out a continent. If this man sprained his ankle, a million miles of telegraph would carry the news over mountains—valleys—uninhabited deserts—under the trackless sea—and ten thousand newspapers would prate of it; if he were grievously ill, all the nations would know it before the sun rose again; if he dropped lifeless where he stood, his fall might shake the thrones of half a world! If I could have stolen his coat I would have done it. When I meet a man like that I want something to remember him by.

Fortunately, he is preserved from this danger, only to undergo exquisite torture while journeying on donkeys to visit Ephesus:—

The little donkeys had saddles upon them which were made very high in order that the rider's feet might not drag the ground. The preventive did not work well in the cases of our tallest pilgrims, however. There were no bridles—nothing but a single rope tied to the bit. It was purely ornamental, for the donkey cared nothing for it. If he were drifting to starboard, you might put your helm down hard the other way, if it were any satisfaction to you to do it, but he would continue to drift to starboard all the same. There was only one process which could be depended on, and that was to get down *and lift his rear around until his head pointed in the right direction, or take him under your arm* and carry him to a part of the road which he could not get out of without climbing. The sun flamed down as hot as a furnace, and neckscarfs, veils, and umbrellas seemed hardly any protection; they served only to make the long procession look more than ever fantastic—for be it known the ladies were all riding astride because they could not stay on the shapeless saddles sideways, the men were perspiring and out of temper, their feet were banging against the rocks, the donkeys were capering in every direction but the right one and being belaboured with clubs for it, and every now and then a broad umbrella would suddenly go down out of the calvacade, announcing to all that one more pilgrim had bitten the dust. It was a wilder picture than those solitudes had seen for many a day. No donkeys ever existed that were as hard to navigate as these, I think, or that had so many vile, exasperating instincts. Occasionally we grew so tired and breathless with fighting them that we had to desist,—and immediately the donkey would come down to a deliberate walk. This, with the fatigue, and the sun, would put a man asleep, and as soon as the man was asleep, the donkey would lie down. My donkey shall never see his boyhood's home again. He has lain down once too often. He must die.

This Ephesus must be a wonderful city. It is a world of precious relics, and a wilderness of marred and mutilated gems. At Constantinople, at Pisa, in the cities of Spain, are great mosques and cathedrals whose grandest columns come from the temples and palaces of Ephesus, and yet one has only to scratch the ground here to match them. Just as at Nineveh, so at Ephesus; we shall never know what

ancient magnificence really was until these imperial cities have been laid bare to the sun :—

What builders they were, these men of antiquity ! The massive arches of some of these ruins rest upon piers that are fifteen feet square, and built entirely of solid blocks of marble, some of which are as large as a Saratoga trunk, and some the size of a boarding-house sofa. They are not shells or shafts of stone filled inside with rubbish, but the whole pier is a mass of solid masonry. Vast arches, that may have been the gates of the city, are built in the same way. They have braved the storms and sieges of three thousand years, and have been shaken by many an earthquake, but still they stand. When they dig alongside of them, they find ranges of ponderous masonry that are as perfect in every detail as they were the day those old Cyclopians finished them. An English company is going to excavate Ephesus—and then !

Apropos of these explorations, our travellers after gathering up fragments of sculptured marbles, and breaking ornaments from the interior work of the mosques, and after bringing them, at a cost of infinite trouble and fatigue, five miles on muleback to the railway depôt, a Government officer compelled all who had such things to disgorge. Serve them right !—because the English company who have acquired the right to excavate Ephesus, and have paid a great sum for that right, need to be protected, and deserve to be.

The party then sailed for Smyrna in the wildest spirit of expectancy, for the chief feature, the grand goal of the expedition was near at hand—they were approaching the Holy Land !

Mark Twain makes a good deal of fun out of the servants and horses provided for the trip, and especially of the camels, and after trying for some time to think what a camel looks like, he writes the following :—

When he is down on all his knees flat on his breast to receive his load, he looks something like a goose swimming, and when he is upright he looks like an ostrich with an extra set of legs. Camels are not beautiful, and their long under lip gives them an exceedingly “gallus” expression. They have immense flat, forked cushions of feet, that make a track in the dust like a pie with a slice cut out of it. They are not particular about their diet. They would eat a tombstone if they could bite it. A thistle grows about here which has needles on it that would pierce through leather, I think ; if one touches you, you can find *relief in nothing but profanity*. The camels eat these. They show by their actions that they enjoy them. I suppose it would be a real treat to a camel to have a keg of nails for supper.

While I am speaking of animals, I will mention that I have a horse now by the name of “Jericho.” He is a mare. I have seen remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that could shy, and *this one fills the bill*. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If I was correct, I have got the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes across with the utmost impartiality. He appears to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles especially ; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because as it is now, I

never fall off twice in succession on the same side. If I fell on the same side always it would get to be *monotonous* after a while. This creature has scared at everything he has seen to-day, except a haystack. He walked up to that with an intrepidity and a recklessness that were astonishing. And it would fill anyone with admiration to see how he preserves his self-possession in the presence of a barley sack. This dare-devil bravery will be the death of this horse some day.

He is not particularly fast, but I think he will get me through the Holy Land. He has only one fault. His tail has been chopped off, or else he has sat down on it too hard some time or other, and he has to fight the flies with his heels. This is all very well, but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind foot, it is too much variety. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches around and bites my legs too. I do not care particularly about that, only I do not like to see a horse *too sociable*.

To give some idea of the pleasures of Eastern travel, or the delights of a day in the desert, take the following vivid sketch :—

We left Damascus at noon and rode across the plain a couple of hours, and then the party stopped awhile in the shade of some fig trees to give me a chance to rest. It was the hottest day we had seen yet—the sun-flames shot down like the shafts of fire that stream out before a blow-pipe ; the rays seem to fall in a steady deluge on the head and pass downward like rain from a roof. I imagined I could distinguish between the floods of rays—I thought I could tell when each flood struck my head, when it reached my shoulders, and when the next one came. It was terrible. All the desert glared so fiercely that my eyes were swimming in tears all the time. The boys had white umbrellas heavily lined with dark green. They were a priceless blessing. I thanked fortune that I had one too, notwithstanding it was packed up with the baggage and was ten miles ahead. It is madness to travel in Syria without an umbrella. They told me in Beirout (these people who always gorge you with advice) that it was madness to travel in Syria without an umbrella. It was on this account that I got one.

But, honestly, I think an umbrella is a nuisance anywhere when its business is to keep the sun off. No Arab wears a brim to his fez, or uses an umbrella or anything to shade his eyes or his face, and he always looks comfortable and proper in the sun. But of all the ridiculous sights I ever have seen, our party of eight is the most so—they do cut such an outlandish figure. They travel single file ; they all wear the endless white rag of Constantinople wrapped round and round their hats, and dangling down their backs ; they all wear thick green spectacles, with side-glasses to them ; they all hold white umbrellas, lined with green, over their heads ; without exception their stirrups are too short—they are the very worst gang of horsemen on earth ; their animals to a horse trot fearfully hard—and when they get strung out one after the other, glaring straight ahead and breathless, bouncing high and out of turn, all along the line ; knees well up and stiff, elbows flapping like a rooster's that is going to crow, and the long file of umbrellas popping convulsively up and down—when one sees this outrageous picture exposed to the light of day, he is amazed that the gods don't get out their thunderbolts and destroy them off the face of the earth !

Incidentally we get glimpses of the terrible social misery of the poor native tribes, infested with vermin, and with dirt so caked on them that it almost amounted to *bark*. Every little child in the East seems to be afflicted with sore eyes, and swarming with filthy flies. No sooner did they find out that there was a doctor in the party of Pilgrims, than the sick began to flock in from all quarters. It must have been a sight to see them swarm:—

The lame, the halt, the blind, the leprous—all the distempers that are bred of indolence, dirt, and iniquity—were represented in the congress in ten minutes, and still they came! Every woman that had a sick baby brought it along, and every woman that hadn't borrowed one. What reverent and what worshipping looks they bent upon that dread, mysterious power, the Doctor! They watched him take his phials out; they watched him measure the particles of white powder; they watched him add drops of one precious liquid and drops of another; they lost not the slightest movement; their eyes were riveted upon him with a fascination that nothing could distract. I believe they thought he was gifted like a god. When each individual got his portion of medicine, his eyes were radiant with joy—notwithstanding by nature they are a thankless and impassive race—and upon his face was written the unquestioning faith that nothing on earth could prevent the patient from getting well now.

Christ knew how to preach to these simple, superstitious, disease-tortured creatures: He healed the sick. They flocked to our poor human doctor this morning when the fame of what he had done to the sick child went abroad in the land, and they worshipped him with their eyes while they did not know as yet whether there was a virtue in his simples or not. The ancestors of these—people precisely like them in colour, dress, manners, customs, simplicity—flocked in vast multitudes after Christ, and when they saw Him make the afflicted whole with a word, it is no wonder they worshipped Him. No wonder His deeds were the talk of the nation. No wonder the multitude that followed Him was so great that at one time—thirty miles from here—they had to let a sick man down through the roof because no approach could be made to the door; no wonder His audiences were so great at Galilee that He had to preach from a ship removed a little distance from the shore; no wonder that even in the desert places about Bethsaida, five thousand invaded His solitude, and He had to feed them by a miracle or else see them suffer for their confiding faith and devotion; no wonder when there was a great commotion in a city in those days, one neighbour explained it to another in these words, "They say that Jesus of Nazareth is come!"

Readers of *Eothen* do not require to be told that a very great deal of grand scenery exists about Damascus, or that every writer, including Hepworth Dixon, has done his utmost for the Holy Land, so far as description goes. We will therefore not go over the oft-told tale, but at once proceed to Jerusalem—teeming as it does with thoughts and images and memories full of poetry, sublimity, and dignity. Our Pilgrims here were rapidly dis-illusionized. Rags, wretchedness, poverty, and dirt abound. Lepers, cripples, the blind and idiotic, assail you on every hand, and they know but one word of but one language apparently, the eternal "*backsheesh*." Even the

very tomb of our Saviour is made vulgar by the absurd stories told in connection with it; and Mark Twain seems especially tickled with the tradition that it covers the *exact centre* of the earth, and that from under a particular stone was taken the *dust from which Adam was made*. Upon this he moralizes thus:—

It is a singular circumstance that right under the roof of this same great church, and not far away from that illustrious column, Adam himself, the father of the human race lies buried. There is no question that he is actually buried in the grave which is pointed out as his—there can be none—because it has never yet been proven that that grave is not the grave in which he is buried.

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through the Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, I did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died, before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain.

Readers who care to read this book for themselves will find themselves amply repaid for their investment of a shilling. Any respectable book-seller will be sure to supply them with a copy of this very original and interesting work.

On Public Examinations.

BY A CAMBRIDGE FELLOW.

IN the March number of *Macmillan's Magazine* there is a very interesting article entitled "Artificial Selection," which I would strongly recommend to the attention of every one who takes an interest in the higher Education. The article is written by Professor P. G. Tait, late Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge—at present Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. On the 30th of January last, Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., delivered in Edinburgh an address, since published, on the Comparative Value of Examining Boards and Teaching Universities. I have no doubt that this address is very excellent, and regret that I have hitherto been unable to obtain a copy of it.

Possessing at present neither the inclination nor sufficient leisure to attempt a philosophical discussion of the many and important questions involved, I propose in what follows to confine myself to a few comments on Mr. Tait's paper, and to a few personal reminiscences by way of illustration. It may be premised that he does not discuss Artificial Selection generally, but merely that branch commonly called Selection by Examination.

The paper commences with an apology for its publication, in the face of the statement contained in its first sentence, that it consists for the most part of remarks "almost self-evident," and therefore presumably unworthy of publication; but as I am not prepared to admit that his remarks are generally self-evident, his apology seems to me to be unnecessary. Mr. Tait's facts are all true, but his inferences from these facts appear to me to be in some cases altogether unsound. If of two possible systems, one were the exact contradictory of the other, so that proving the falsity of the one proved also the truth of the other, or if proof of the existence of evils and imperfections in the one established the perfection of the other, I would feel myself debarred from finding fault with Mr. Tait's views, or dissenting from his conclusions; but unfortunately in this,—and, indeed, in most other practical questions (notoriously so in politics),—no possible course is free from its attendant evils; and we are therefore driven to adopt that course which seems, to the best of our judgment, open to the fewest and least grave objections, and then, in working that system, to do our best to remedy as far as possible its attendant evils.

With reference to a proposal which has been made for amalgamating all the Scottish Universities into one great examining body, possessed of the sole power of conferring degrees, &c., of which University of Scotland the existing Universities would be constituent Colleges, he says:—"Another piece of advice which is constantly forced upon us is that the Scottish Universities should merge themselves in one National University, of which each would then be merely a College; an idea worthy of Procrustes, or rather of a drill sergeant. * * * We object to being pruned off here and pulled out there, with the view of preventing the future possibility of our being distinguished from our neighbours. The experiment has already been tried, and what is the result? In Cambridge, a group of seventeen Colleges forms one University. Professorial lectures count as nothing in their teaching. Even the College tutors and lecturers take but small part in the process of education," &c.

Without discussing at this stage all the points here raised, I may say that the greatest obstacle in the way of that, to my mind, most desirable change has been the existence of vested interests, and the unwillingness of the existing Universities to abandon the privilege of conferring degrees, and that Mr. Tait's views are such as might naturally be expected in a Professor of the leading Scottish University. That such amalgamation should take place I have long believed and advocated, even antecedently, so far as I am aware, to

any public discussion of the question ; and, so far is the example of Cambridge from supporting Mr. Tait's view that I regard it as an unanswerable argument on the other side. The absence of direct competition between Scotch Universities, though not the sole, is, I believe, the chief cause of the dull mediocrity (if, indeed, *mediocrity* is not altogether too complimentary a term) which, in my time, characterized to a greater or lesser extent all the Scotch Universities as respects Classics, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy, while the competition of Colleges, combined with the pecuniary rewards of distinction, are, I consider, the chief causes of the brilliant scholarship and high attainments acquired in the English Universities. The best Scotch classical men, even after three years' training at Cambridge, had no chance of high position, and the success of the best Scotch mathematical men has not been due to their attainments when they left the Scotch Universities. I have no hesitation whatever in saying, with reference to all the Glasgow mathematical men of about my time, that, with their attainments as they left Glasgow, they would, one and all, including men who had taken M.A. with highest honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, have been most ignominiously beaten in a general examination of tolerably wide mathematical range by our last South African candidate for the first-class certificate of the Board of Examiners.

Things have, no doubt, greatly improved since I took my degree. At that time, the Professors alone examined the candidates, each Professor examining in his own subject, and the natural consequence was that no approach to a uniform standard existed even in one and the same University. One Professor might be active and strict, another lazy and easy. In Aberdeen all the students tried for their degree, because it happened there to be considered a disgrace to fail ; while in Glasgow the honour was so lightly esteemed, that many of the ablest men would not be at the trouble to compete. A couple of scholarships competed for every three years, for which only Masters of Art were eligible, ensured the graduation of at least two, but sometimes of only two, of the best men. Taking human nature as we find it, both professors and students require the spur of an honourable ambition, but any sufficient stimulus to either was conspicuously absent. Some of our Professors gave us year after year the same lectures. These lectures had their landmarks in the form of jokes, more or less pointed, which were repeated year after year, and were therefore stale, because anticipated by the students. For example, in his lectures on Beauty, Logic Bob, as he was styled, gave a description of a young beau-ideal African mother, which constituted an epoch in his lectures, with reference to which progress was measured.* In some cases, a Professor would lay himself open

* There was no very remarkable wit in the description—the most salient point being, that, after mentioning her sooty complexion, thick lips, and other well-known characteristics, he added, “and with breasts long, lank, and leathery, like the empty drone of a Highland bagpipe thrown over her shoulders to the squalling urchin behind.”

to the ridicule of his students by year after year falling into the same clumsy trap. For example, somewhat before my time the first lecture of the Professor of Chemistry in one of the Aberdeen Universities contained some allusion to zinc. As soon as the word was mentioned there was a stir in the class and a general whispering. One would whisper, "Zinc—zinc—what is that?" Another, "How do you spell it?" The Professor paused, and compassionating the assumed ignorance of his students, began, "Zinc—zad."—This "zad" was what the students wanted to draw out, and the remaining letters were drowned in the laughter of the class. In other cases the Professors were positively unfit for their positions. So recently as 1859, a St. Andrew's Professor was so deaf, that his class-room was daily turned into a perfect bear-garden by the students. On one occasion a student put the class in a roar by substituting "Apollo's the boy for the lasses" for "πολυφλοιςβοιο θαλασσης," and as the culprit assumed a look of injured innocence, the Professor poured the vials of his wrath on some unfortunate fellow who happened to catch his eye! Some time previously there was in Aberdeen a Professor of Greek, who had been, I think, a naval officer, then Professor of Hebrew, and finally Professor of Greek. His knowledge of Greek was so superficial that every night he had to prepare the passage to be translated the next day. Knowing this, the students again and again attempted, by hurrying over the ground, and by the last one attempting to dart past what he had reason to suppose to be the limit, to carry the Professor beyond what he had prepared, but in this they never succeeded, although on one occasion he was so hard pressed that he had to plead an urgent engagement and dismiss the class. It was, I think, this same Professor who at the little breakfast parties which he gave to his students always said for grace, "This and this, God bless; hand round the bapps (Anglice, rolls).—Amen."

Another Professor of my time, nicknamed Iambus, because of his lameness, did not possess the faculty of examining *vivâ voce*. His questions almost always suggested the answer, and the answer was in a very large percentage of cases either yes or no. Another took things very easily, and consequently few of his students learned anything. Another, full of energy and fire, had somehow, and most undeservedly, obtained the reputation of being unintelligible; consequently, out of some hundred students, only about four or five would even try to understand his lectures.

It was a great step in advance of such a state of things to make the degree an object of ambition by attaching to it some valuable privileges. It was a greater step to stimulate both professors and students by having the examination for degrees conducted by competent men not in any way connected with the professorial body; but it would have been a still greater step to have created a rivalry and emulation between the different seats of learning, such as so markedly exists at present between the seventeen Cambridge Colleges, where each College strains every nerve to push forward its best men into the front ranks.

In one sense, by destroying peculiarities, amalgamation would tend to obliterate the "distinction" between one College and another; but by the creation of a uniform test as a common ground of comparison, it would afford the only solid and reliable basis of real distinction. True distinction is founded not on eccentric variations from a common type, but on real superiority.

The bearing of this on "Cram," and the allusions to Cambridge professors and tutors in the extract, will be considered hereafter.

Mr. Tait goes on to say :—"A really good examiner is, perhaps, the rarest product of civilization. * * * It is almost impossible that a young examiner should not be a bad one."

Whether or not the first of these propositions is true, I must demur to the second, if it is intended to be inferred that a young examiner is generally worse than an old one. The enormous advances in the Cambridge standard of mathematical attainments made during the last forty years have been, I believe, chiefly owing to the fact that the examiners are usually young, and are never old men. Instead of having a constant standard as would, to at least a considerable extent, be the case if the examiners were old men, we have a never-ceasing progress. As in a rapidly-advancing tide, each successive wave creeps a little further up the beach, so each successive set of young examiners, abreast of the progress previously made, and quick to seize on any fresh discoveries or recent improvements, pushes the standard a little higher. My private tutor at Cambridge—Mr. Hopkins,—most genial of men, with whom for many preceding years nearly all the best men had read,—was in my time well up in years, and consequently not so familiar as younger men were with the most recent developments of mathematics. In fact, with the conservatism natural to his years, he rather disliked them, and preferred the older and less powerful methods to which he had been accustomed,—just as it is said our Iron Duke preferred Brown Bess to the Minie rifle. It was, of course, necessary for me to know all the new methods, and I confess that I occasionally took a somewhat wicked pleasure in teasing my old friend by applying to some problem intended by him as an illustration of the use of some rather antiquated mathematical engine some one or other of the newest and most advanced methods. It being impossible to pretend ignorance as to his wishes, the expected gentle rebuke could not but be taken most meekly, the culprit, perhaps, slyly submitting the plea—"Is it not so much shorter and neater?" The remembrance of the daily half-hour which I spent with the dear old man while he commented on my paper of the previous day lingers on my mind as a sunny memory; while no flaw escaped his notice, the time was chiefly occupied in reminiscences of men and events of his period, suggested by the subject of the paper. I think I may venture to say that in this way I learned more of the University and of its leading men than from all other sources put together.

To resume my examination of Professor Tait's paper :—"An examiner ought to possess not merely great knowledge, but enor-

mously extensive knowledge of his subject, and of the various modes of teaching it. * * * A man who answers correctly according to modern knowledge questions on heat or electricity is almost sure to be plucked unless his examiner be one of the few men who are aware that on these subjects almost all our text-books have been, till within a very few years, grossly incorrect. Hence it is absolutely necessary that, if there are to be examinations, these should be conducted (at least, mainly) by *bonâ fide* teachers. No one who is not actually engaged in teaching, or at least working at a subject, can have accurate information as to its development, or that practical knowledge of it which is essential to an examiner."

There is a good deal of truth in this. When I was a Glasgow student, candidates for the Church were examined by some one of the Presbyteries, and, as might be expected, the members of Presbytery, more especially in the remote country districts, were often very rusty, and, indeed, altogether unfit to conduct a satisfactory examination; consequently, the ordeal was not generally supposed to be a very severe one. And if the attainments of some very backward candidate happened to be discussed among the students, it would not unfrequently be remarked, "Never mind; he is safe enough; he is to be examined by the Presbytery of ———."

Although it is rather *apropos* of the deficiencies of candidates than of examiners, I may be allowed to introduce an actual specimen of a Presbytery examination:—

The candidate is translating from the Greek, Matthew xxvi. 75, referring to Peter's denial and repentance:—"καὶ ἐξελθὼν ἔζω, ἔκλαυσε πικρῶς."—(And having gone forth, he wept bitterly.)

Candidate.—καὶ ἐξελθὼν ἔζω—and having gone forth—ἔκλαυσε πικρῶς (Pause.)

Examiner.—And what did Peter do when he went out? (Long pause.)

Kind old Examiner.—Well, now, in view of all the circumstances of the case, what do you consider the most likely thing for Peter to have done when he went out?

Candidate (brightening up at the suggestion).—ἔκλαυσε πικρῶς—he shut the door!

Mr. Tait's remark respecting text-books are, alas! only too true, save that it is to be hoped that not a "few" men are aware of the fact, and if he knows of any elementary text-book on electricity moderately complete, and free from the greatest inaccuracies, I am quite sure that the Board of Examiners at the Cape of Good Hope would be much obliged to him for the information.

There are, however, two sides to the case; and, while admitting the force of Mr. Tait's remarks, it must not be forgotten that it is in general still more objectionable that teachers should examine their own pupils. For if a teacher examines his own and other pupils, then, even without conscious unfairness, it is next to impossible for him to be simply just. If he is not very careful, his own pupils,

accustomed to his modes of expression and thought, will have the advantage, and if he strives to guard against this, he may overdo it, and put them at a disadvantage. This rule is acted upon at Cambridge, where as soon as a man is appointed examiner for a year, he immediately dismisses all his private pupils for that year. If, on the other hand, a teacher is the sole examiner of only his own pupils, there is almost a certainty of great laxity and a very low standard. I have said that in my time there was little inducement to a Glasgow student to take a degree in Arts; but some time previously, before the establishment of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, when numbers of Irish students attended Glasgow University, the candidates for degrees were more numerous. An Irish student who went home without his M.A. was considered to have disgraced himself, and his future prospects were ruined. Consequently, Irish students were treated with even unusual mercy, of which a good illustration is afforded by a story told of Professor Meikleham, the predecessor of the present Professor of Natural Philosophy, Sir W. Thomson. He had before him an Irish candidate, whose calibre he knew exactly, and to whom, out of regard to his prospects in life, he was disposed to be merciful:—

Professor.—Enunciate the parallelogram of forces. (Long pause.)

Professor.—Is it a beast?

Candidate (confidently).—No!

Professor.—Thank you, that will do.

And the candidate passed accordingly.

To quote again from the article in *Macmillan*:—"The examiner must possess, simultaneously, infinite tact and thorough common sense. * * * A man who composes examination papers with a view to exhibit his own knowledge should be for ever disqualified from examining." Very true, although the words "infinite" and "for ever," thoroughly characteristic of the writer, are rather too strong. I may add that examination papers are sometimes made, not for the candidates, but for the honour and credit of the College. For example, it so happened that one year our third year men were (mathematically speaking) all very weak; it was well known that while they could not do well in any subject, in some they could do nothing at all. It was therefore arranged that only manuscript copies should be made of those papers in which the candidates could do something, while those in which they could do nothing should be printed for the edification of the University. As I happened to be the youngest graduate, these last, entailing, as they would, more work, were apportioned to me as my share, and, if not openly expressed, it was at least tacitly understood, that as the candidates could do nothing I need only attend to keeping up the credit of the College.

An important qualification of an examiner, which has not, I think, been noticed by Mr. Tait, is, that he should have no hobbies, or at least, should have sense enough not to ride them. Few things are more unpleasant than to be associated in conducting an examination

with a man who tries to ride some hobby or other, especially if he happens, at the same time, to be very thin-skinned. While it is most commonly the case that a man's hobbies are in his strongest subjects, it not unfrequently happens that they are in his weakest. This fact may seem strange, but I presume the explanation to be, that a man does not care to devote himself to subjects where his superiority is acknowledged on all hands, but rather seeks for laurels in those in which he feels himself to be, or to be supposed to be, comparatively weak. Messrs. C—— and S—— are distinguished analysts (mathematical), but have no true notion of a physical problem. They contribute most largely to all mathematical journals, where they often fill a whole page with a single formula, and require so many symbols that the English, Greek, and German alphabets, using capital and small letters, with suffixes and one or more accents to increase the powers of expression, are hardly sufficient for their purpose, but I have never met a man who pretended that he had read even a fraction of their papers. C—— said of S——, "S—— is the first analyst in Europe," while S—— said of C——, "C—— will be read, when Newton is forgotten." On this Mr. F——, a leading "coach," is said to have cruelly remarked, "But not till then."

It was a misfortune to the year when Mr. C—— was examiner. Had the other three been like him, the examination papers would have been unendurable. *Apropos* of C——, though not of my subject, I may be allowed to introduce another current story. It is said that after his degree C—— wished to read with a very distinguished Conveyancer. This gentleman took pupils, but admission into their ranks was extremely difficult,—great personal interest and the highest recommendations were required. Without even an introduction of any kind, C—— boldly knocked at the Conveyancer's chambers, and the gentleman himself came to the door. On being requested to explain his business, the following dialogue is said to have taken place:—

C.—I wish to read with you.

Conv. (grimly).—H'm. Many people do. (Pause.) Where have you studied?

C.—At Cambridge.

Conv.—Took a degree?

C.—Yes!

Conv.—Come in. Poll (ordinary degree), I suppose?

C.—No. Honours.

Conv.—Ah! Take a chair. Junior Optime?

C.—No. Wrangler.

Conv.—It is very cold to-day, draw your chair nearer the fire. High or low?

C.—Senior.

Conv. (completely thawed).—Very good; I shall be most happy to have you read with me.

Mr. Tait next gives the following:—

"Even if he be possessed of all the requisites, the examiner must be allowed sufficient *time* to test a man's knowledge."

This must be admitted as "self-evident," and it may not be out of place to state, as an inference from this, that the mode of conferring fellowships in most of the Cambridge Colleges is better than that adopted in Trinity College. At most of the Colleges fellowships are assigned without special examination, the seniority of the candidates and their positions in the degree examinations being alone looked to, but in Trinity special examinations are held every year. Of the two courses I much prefer the former. Not only are the University papers more carefully prepared, and less likely to be marred by the hobbies of the examiners, but the examination extends over eight days, with two papers per day, while in the fellowship examinations only three or four papers are set. Now, it sometimes happens that in two or three papers a candidate is unlucky, or does not, for some reason or other, do himself justice. If, then, the whole examination consists of such a small number of papers, in which only a small number of subjects can even be touched on, the best man may not rank first; while in sixteen papers, it rarely happens that any injustice is done. I remember that on one occasion a second wrangler had the misfortune of being bracketed equal in a petty examination with a gentleman, who afterwards was only tenth wrangler of the same year,—the explanation being that the former gentleman, unfamiliar with the numbers of Newton's Lemmas, had given a very hard Lemma instead of the adjoining easy one, which was asked for only by its number, and had also by accident brought away among his waste papers the proof of another question. In the degree examination, the former gentleman received more than twice the number of marks of the latter.

The difficulty in all examinations of testing the really useful parts of a candidate's knowledge is admittedly a great one, but it is by no means insuperable.

"The consequence, however," continues the Professor in his strictures, "of these and other inevitable imperfections in any and every system of examination has been the growth of Cram, and the development of a new and strange creature, the 'Coach' (euphemistically the 'Private Tutor,' or the individual who 'reads with gentlemen,') as the natural complement of the defects of the examiner. This mysterious being studies the examiner, feels his pulse, as it were, from time to time, and makes a prognosis (often very correct) of the probable contents of the papers to be set—teaches the student the scraps of knowledge necessary for the answering of these, and of these only. Any more would be waste of time. In the exact ratio in which examiners improve in tact or examinations diminish in importance, the demand for 'Coaches' declines, and *vice versa*."

This extract is partially, but only partially, true. It is nearly true that, as mentioned in a previous extract, professorial lectures count as nothing in their teaching, and that College tutors and lecturers take but small part in the process of education, and the description of the private tutor is excellent; but the suggested reasons are weak,

and the conclusions are unsound. The lectures of Prof. Stokes, for example, were in my time voluntarily attended by all who could derive full benefit from them, and by not a few who could benefit little if at all, while the comparatively small part taken in the process of education by College tutors and lecturers arose from an imperfect subdivision of labour or in the inferior quality of the article furnished. In small Colleges possessing good lecturers, the College lectures (if lectures they should be called) were valuable and highly valued. Thus in my own College, the present leading "coach," Mr. Routh, was College lecturer; there were only two of us, a very manageable number indeed, so that Mr. Routh was able simultaneously to take me in the subjects which suited me, and my comrade in the subjects to which he confined his attention, and neither of us would have missed our lecture on any account. But in Trinity, with a large number of men of exceedingly different attainments and capabilities, all attending the same lecture and with perhaps a lecturer no match for one or more of his pupils, it would be a matter for surprise if the lectures were generally appreciated. If suited to the best men, they were utterly beyond the capacity of the majority; if suited to the majority, the best men felt them to be a waste of time. A Senior Wrangler and Trinity man sometimes spoke to me of the contentions between himself and his College tutor. That official felt it his duty as a matter of College discipline, to demand that my friend should regularly attend the College lectures, but in the face of his objection, "Really I cannot afford to waste so much time," the tutor, feeling the weakness of his position, did not peremptorily insist on regular attendance, as he certainly would have done in the case of a third or fourth-rate man. My friend would have been delighted to have attended Mr. Routh's lectures in a small College, or if the lectures had been suited to him. It is, further, a gross exaggeration to say that the "coach" teaches only what is likely to be set. The best men endeavour to make themselves thoroughly masters of all the subjects, without direct and immediate reference to the probability of certain portions being set in the examinations; and to some extent this course is forced upon them by sound policy. Of the sixteen papers set in the Mathematical Tripos examination, three are problem papers composed of new questions invented for the occasion by the examiners, and (except by accident) not to be found in any book. About one half of each of the remaining thirteen papers consists of questions found in books, and, therefore, called "bookwork," and the other half of new questions, called "riders" for the solution of which the candidate is expected to use the immediately preceding piece of bookwork. Now cram may indeed, not unfrequently does, to some extent enable a man to do the *bookwork*, but as the total number of marks assigned to bookwork probably does not exceed one fourth of the total number of marks, it is obvious that a man must do much more than mere bookwork if he expects a high position on the tripos. Whatever is to be found in any book is regarded as a weapon which

may be used in the solution of problems. If, then, a man aspires to one of the highest places, he must be in possession of a complete armoury of weapons, and must at the same time be well able to use them. In other words, he must be master of every one of his subjects, not by grinding up a number of selected pieces, but by reading and thoroughly digesting whatever is to be found in any of the numerous text-books, and a great deal besides, collected from miscellaneous sources. Although this mastery entails considerable labour, without which the highest genius can accomplish nothing, it cannot fairly be stigmatized as cramming.

While cramming can accomplish little for the highest men, it cannot be denied but that it exercises considerable influence on the relative positions of inferior men. A Senior Wrangler obtains about 50, sometimes even as high as 70 per cent of full marks, the lowest Wrangler obtains only 10 per cent., and the lowest man on the honour list—the last Junior Optime, or “wooden spoon,” as he is called—obtains from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. of full marks. A man *might*, therefore, by bookwork alone, secure a pretty high place even among the Wranglers, and might consequently, though destitute of ability, become a low Wrangler by sheer dint of cramming. I remember an actual instance of this kind. It is not usual for any one who does not aspire to a place among the first ten to read Airy’s Tract on the Undulatory Theory of Light, and other equally difficult subjects. Mr. X, however, read everything, and remembered it, after a fashion. He could write out any piece of bookwork, only there was always something about it which made it clear to the examiner that he had not the slightest idea of the meaning of what he had written. He managed to get in among the Wranglers, and I was told on excellent authority that the examiners for that year deeply regretted that they could not, without a violation of the usual canons of marking, put him down to near the end of the list.

A good examiner tries to test, as accurately as he can, the candidate’s knowledge and comprehension of his subjects. A good “coach” endeavours to give such knowledge and comprehension, confining his pupils to such subjects, or portions of subjects, as suit their capacities.

It will be gathered from what precedes that I do not agree with Mr. Tait respecting the causes of the existing demand for “coaches.” On the contrary, I believe that the chief cause is to be found in the fact that the lectures of professors and tutors suit but few, and are, besides, generally incomplete; consequently, men will naturally seek from private sources that assistance exactly suited to their varying capacities and acquirements which they cannot otherwise procure.

In his remarks on Medical Boards, Mr. Tait gives a very poor illustration, in the form of a specimen, of an examination by a Medical Board, which will be found taken over on page 17 of the *European Mail* of 25th March. His example proves, indeed, the incapacity of the examiner, but it also displays very markedly the ignorance of the candidate.

It was my intention to have concluded with some discussion of the present state of education in the Colony, and of a Bill now before the House of Assembly to regulate the terms of admission into the Civil Service, but my paper has already extended to such a length that I must confine myself to a single remark on each of these subjects.

As respects the former,—without venturing to claim perfection for the existing system of examination by a Public Board,—it must be admitted, I think, that in a young, poor, and sparsely-peopled Colony we cannot yet establish Teaching Universities, while the Examining Board has already done much, and will no doubt yet do more, to stimulate and foster the higher education, and to prepare us slowly perhaps, but surely, for the creation of Teaching Universities.

With regard to the Civil Service Bill, introduced by the senior member for King William's Town, it must be admitted that the ability to pass a certain educational test does not prove that a youth is fit to enter the Civil Service; but, at the same time, it seems perfectly clear that one who, with all the educational advantages now everywhere procurable, is unable, either before or within a number of years after his temporary appointment to a junior clerkship, to scrape through the third-class certificate examination is utterly unfit. The possession of the certificate does not prove competency, but the inability sooner or later to pass so moderate a test proves absolute incompetency.

Notes on Rural Matters.

THE exceptionally high rates wool of all qualities reached during the February sales in London must have been pleasing to speculators and shippers of that staple, who must have realized profits beyond their expectations. It is highly satisfactory to find that, throughout the whole series of public sales, the prices for all descriptions of Cape wool were firm. While New South Wales middling and greasy wools showed weakness and a downward tendency, some bales of superfine scoured, however, from the same country (New South Wales) realized at those sales 4s. 3d. per lb. This is an extraordinary price, but was eclipsed at the July sales in London last year, a few bales of a similar wool having then fetched 4s. 8½d. per lb. The Hon. Mr. H. B. Christian, who attended the February wool sales which closed on the 1st March, and who returned to the Colony by a lately arrived mail-steamer, brought out with him a sample of the wool which was sold for 4s. 3d., and placed it in the Chamber of Commerce at Port Elizabeth. At the close of the February sales it was confidently expected that prices would be fully maintained at the following public colonial wool sales, which were to commence on the 11th of April. Unless something near present prices are maintained in Europe and America, speculators here must be losers at the following prices realized on wool at the Port Elizabeth produce market last month. Some bales of scoured wool fetched 2s. per lb.;—fair, and average from 1s. 8d. to 1s. 11d. per lb. Fleecewashed sold at 1s. 3½d. All qualities of greasy ruled high. The exceeding briskness of the American markets and the reported short clip in

Australia may have, with the high prices which closed the London February sales, created a too sanguine feeling among Cape merchants and wool speculators. Anyhow, the farmer and wool-grower benefit by the sanguine operations of the local speculator, who buys and ships on his own account.

WINE-FARMERS generally are pleased with the results of the vintage of 1872. Pressing is usually completed in April. It is stated that considerable quantities of brandy will be made this season, better prices being expected for that article than for wine. A larger quantity of raisins than the average have been made this season, but on account of the low prices offering for that kind of dried fruit, large quantities will, it is expected, be turned into spirit,—an article that will keep, if no immediate remunerating market is available.

THE CORN-FARMER is anxiously waiting for rain, to enable him to commence ploughing.

THE PLANTER is waiting for a sufficient fall of rain to saturate the soil thoroughly before he commences operations. Where the soil is at all workable, the holes or pits should be dug out and prepared for the reception of the young trees and plants. Fir seed should, where practicable, be got in without delay, in anticipation of rains which must come soon.

THE importation of mules into the Eastern Province per steamer *Biela*, from Montevideo, was a successful one,—the losses being only about one per cent. Out of 296 shipped, 293 were landed in good condition at Port Elizabeth. Most of the animals are somewhat small, but they are nearly all young, and must grow and fill out. Being young, they will be all the more easy to break and train.

MESSRS. J. O. SMITH & Co.'s importation from Australia of merino rams all went to Eastern flock-masters. These rams reached the Cape in fair condition, and were sold for long prices at public auction. The Learmouth flock in Australia, from which Messrs. Smith's imported rams were picked, is known there as the "Champion Flock." This breed produces a valuable fleece; the wool is of great lustre and fineness, and is known as merino combing wool. It was awarded the prize at the great International Exhibition of 1862. The prize bales sold afterwards at 4s. 8½d. per pound,—a price equal to what the finest German merino wool fetches.

THE MERINO RAMS ex *Norseman* imported by Messrs. Barry & Nephews from North Germany were sold by auction on the Parade on the 23rd of April. They are from the same parent stock as those imported from Australia by Messrs. J. O. Smith, of Port Elizabeth. The Negretti and Rambouillet have long been famous all over the world, wherever wool is grown, both for carcase and fineness of fleece, and from these both the late Australian and German importations have come. The highest figure reached for the pick of Messrs. Barry's merinos, on the 23rd, was £30,—a price only about half what the Australian rams fetched at public sale in the Eastern Province.

THE STURGEON RAMS imported some time ago per *Syria* still remain unsold at Bam's stables. They are large carcase, fine animals, and ought to have gone off long ago.

AT this season the flower garden is not greatly attractive. The last of the summer beauty and attraction is passing away with Petunias, Nierembergias, Verbenas, Portulaccas, Asters, Zinnias, Balsams, Dahlias, &c. That fine autumn and winter blooming plant, the Chrysanthemum, is now in flower. In the collections at the Cape the darker-coloured varieties are *not* well represented. Visitors to Europe should make a note of this, to which they should refer when about to return to the Cape. The Chrysanthemum is safely imported without the expensive aid of a glass or Ward's case. Some of the new Japanese varieties now in flower in the Botanic Garden are unique, and have distinctive features quite their own. Opinion will be divided as to whether they are beautiful objects. *Ipomea rubra carulea* is a conspicuous object with its profusion of lovely azure flowers. *Bugainvillea spectabilis* is also a charming object at this season. Visitors to the

Botanic Garden during the last two months must have observed a fine specimen of the "Pampas Grass," *Gynerium Argenteum*, in flower, growing near the large fountain. As an effective lawn plant for certain situations it is unequalled among the grasses. The stately Bamboo, a member of the same family, is of too open a habit, and predaceous in its requirements, for a lawn limited in area. A very handsome new purple flowered Bignonia, growing near the small greenhouse, is now in flower for the first time in these Gardens.

The various plant-houses are still gay with Achimenes, a few late Gloxinias, &c. Foliage plants occupy a large space in the structures. Visitors to the Garden of an observant turn must have remarked the crowded, but although crowded, mean state of the greenhouses in the Botanic Gardens. Generally, the pot plants are badly "drawn" from overcrowding, and when a specimen is removed from the niche into a which it has been "packed to fit," it is anything but a creditable specimen of cultivation. Worse houses for plant cultivation than those in the Botanic Garden it is hardly possible to conceive. They are puny and mean in appearance, and unsuited in every respect for plants; but, without these fatal disqualifications they are in area ridiculously inadequate to the requirements of the collection. They are now—and this may be looked at as their best feature—falling to pieces through natural decay. More suitable structures, it is fervently hoped, may soon take their places.

A LARGE and valuable contribution of native bulbs and succulent plants has been received at these Gardens from Mr. J. Wilson, St. George's Park, Port Elizabeth. From Dr. Hooker, Royal Botanic Garden, Kew, have been received by last mail, seeds of the famous Guaco plant of Caraccas, South America, a reputed cure for snakebite; and seeds of the no less famous Cebadilla plant, from which Veratrine, an alkaline poison, is prepared. Veratrine is prepared from the seeds. It is acknowledged to be useful for external application in cases of rheumatic affections and neuralgia. It is a powerfully irritant poison, requiring the greatest care in its application. It is almost entirely disused internally on account of its dangerous nature. The Cebadilla is the *Asagraea officinalis*, a genus of Melanthaceæ, a family of plants, all bulbous, represented in the Cape Flora by several genera.

The Guaco is *Mikania gonoclada*, a genus represented in the Cape Flora by one species. The family, Compositæ, however, is very largely represented in South Africa. The Guaco has long had a reputation among the Indians of South America as a specific for snakebite, and many medical practitioners give the weight of their professional opinions in its favour. There are innumerable reputed specifics for snakebite, but the Guaco is certainly the most celebrated of them all.

ALLUSION has been made in Rural Notes, on several occasions, to the ascribed virtues of the Condurango plant as a cure for cancer. A lengthened trial of the drug in the cancer wards of the Middlesex Hospital has resulted in the surgeons of that institution declaring the Condurango has no effect whatever on cancer. The Clinical Society of London have expressed a strong feeling that the public should be made aware of the utter worthlessness of Condurango as a remedy for this disease. So much for a drug which must already have cost thousands of pounds to advertise and foist by other gigantic efforts on suffering humanity, as a cure for what, in its advanced stages, remains an incurable malady.

It is said floral decorations, with natural flowers, played a poor part in the street decorations of that part of the City of London through which the magnificent pageant passed from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's on Thanksgiving Day. Ludgate Hill had its rows of Venetian masts and banners, bearing midway sheaths of spears and smaller banners, and linked together in all directions with a profusion of festoons of flowers. Alas! they were all artificial; but the whole was, notwithstanding, of exceeding beauty and in good taste. Where the more commonplace Chinese lanterns, conventional bunting, and other devices were alone, without the effectiveness of evergreens and flowers, the appearance was bald and

mean. The windows and also the balconies of several private houses in the line of route the procession traversed, were beautifully decorated with lovely spring flowering plants—Camellias, Roses, Lily of the Valley, and others, intermixed with laurels and graceful ferns. But on the whole, plants and flowers were not conspicuous in the street decorations. The interior floral decorations at St. Paul's were, as far as they went, very beautiful. The vast portico of the Cathedral was roofed in with glass, and turned into a suite of rooms, the central chamber of which was the general reception-room, where the Queen was met by the Bishop of London and the clerical staff. On the right of the entrance was a room for the Queen, the walls of which were covered with Nottingham lace, stretched over pink calico, which presented a most elegant appearance. The chamber of the Princess, which was on the left of the reception-room, was draped with similar lace over blue calico. Both rooms were most exquisitely decorated with lovely plants and flowers. In the Princess's room, in each corner, various handsome palms with elegant foliage formed a background, in front of which were Azaleas, Camellias, Dendrobiums, Lycastes, Anthuriums, Lily of the Valley, and other various choice flowering plants, the whole gracefully mixed with feathery ferns. The pots and pans which held the plants were completely hidden by Selaginellas ("club-mosses") covering them. Her Majesty's room was similarly arranged, but each group of plants being different, and of the choicest kinds that could be procured. On a table in the centre of the room of the Princess were arranged twelve handsome glass vases, varying in height. In these were arranged spikes of the most lovely Orchids—*Cœlogynes*, *Barkerias*, *Phalœnopsis*, *Oncidiums*, *Loelias*, *Vandas*, with Lily of the Valley, *Gardenias*, *Roses*, and various kinds of Violets and Ferns principally *Adiantums*. Outside these, small bouquets were placed, formed of buds of *Marechal Niel*, *Devoniensis*, and other *Roses*, *Gardenias*, *Violets*, *Barkeria Spectabilis*, *Lily of the Valley*, and others. Her Majesty and the Princess expressed themselves much pleased with the floral decorations, and accepted bouquets as appropriate souvenirs of the occasion.

THE old favourite Lily of the Valley appears to increase in favour every year. When in season, no plant is more frequently seen in collections and in floral decoration, be it the table, the bouquet, or the button-hole. Old as the hills though it be, this lovely emblem of truth and purity gains in esteem with every succeeding generation of mankind. To the peoples of northern and western Europe its very name is endeared by hundreds of pleasing traditions and personal associations. The eulogium of near two thousand years is a truth to-day:—"Behold the Lily of the Valley. * * * Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Pity 'tis this charming old plant is so difficult to keep at the Cape, either in the open ground or in pots. In the district of the Cold Bokkeveld, and in other localities similar in climate, the plant would, no doubt, succeed. A clump of roots is offered to any one who will make a *bonâ fide* trial therewith in such localities.

IT is said that "cultivable land always brings its value at the Cape," but the beautiful and productive estate of New Constantia, belonging to J. V. Vipan, Esq., did not find a purchaser when offered for sale on the 16th April, although one of the most compact wine-farms in the district. Experienced wine-farmers say it is one of the most easy and least expensive farms to cultivate in the district. There are about 100,000 vines. The soil is very productive and well watered. As a mere residence, this estate possesses many attractions to those with rural tastes. There is, it is well known, a very plethora of unemployed capital at the Cape in the present day, waiting in vain for investments. Here was an opening for a fraction of it, which it is surprising was not taken advantage of. Sydney Smith once said to a young friend of his who asked advice as to the best bank to invest in:—"The best bank is a bank of earth, and the best share you can have in it is a ploughshare." Capitalists at the Cape do not believe in the aphorism of the witty Divine. An investment in land at the Cape for *bonâ fide* cultivable purposes is the very last investment looked at by wealthy capitalists.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Marjory's Quest. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I AM in great distress and perplexity, and do not know what to do next. Perhaps, if I write down everything from the beginning of my trouble, it may help me. I shall have all the facts before me, and may be able to see my way clearer. Again, if I make up my mind to ask anybody's assistance, a written narrative would enable them to understand the whole thing better than my incoherent talk. I could always write better than I could speak.

Six months ago I received a telegram, in which I was told to go at once to London to my sister, who was very ill. It was only the week before that I had heard of the death of her husband through drowning, and I was working day and night to finish some lace that had been ordered that I might be able to go to her. However, I left my work, put the key of my room in my pocket, and with a small carpet-bag in my hand, set off at once by rail, and was with my dear sister the same evening. Directly I saw her sweet face I knew that the end was nearly come; the shock of her husband's death, whom she passionately loved, had been more than she could bear. I will say nothing about my grief; she was all I had in the world, and I had almost made an idol of her; but I had to control my feelings, and appear calm when my heart seemed breaking.

She rallied a little when she saw me, and spoke in a clear voice, though they said she had only spoken in whispers before. Her youngest, who was about two months old, had died that morning; he lay by her side, where she would have him placed. She touched his forehead gently with her hand. "Dear little fellow," she said, "he is safe now; he is with his father; but, oh! Marjory, take care of Ellen."

She clung to my arm with both her hands, and looked at me with such an imploring expression in her great brown eyes as I shall never forget. Before I could find voice to speak she went on:—"I give her to you; remember, Marjory, she is yours. Always take care of my little girl. I mistrust my husband's friends—all of them. Don't let them have Ellen."

"My dear," I said, "you may trust me ; it shall be my task to watch over her while I live."

"She will be well provided for," she said, her voice growing fainter. "My dear Allan left me five hundred a year ; she will have it all."

After this she did not speak any more. She signed to me to lift up the little girl, who had fallen asleep on the bed, that she might kiss her ; then she kissed me, and, with a sweet smile on her face, quietly closed her eyes as if she were going to sleep ; but she never woke again.

My darling Ellen was eight years younger than I am. Our parents died when she was about ten years old, and I had brought her up, worked for her, and had her educated. We were both lace-makers, and earned enough at our trade for our own support. About seven years before this Ellen had gone to Exeter on a visit to an aunt, who kept a circulating library. Here she was seen by Captain Bartell, who fell in love with her, followed her back to Honiton, and there they were married. His friends were so angry at what they called the *mesalliance* that they refused to receive his wife. They need not have been ashamed of her. Her face was lovely, and she was so refined and graceful in all her ways, and her character altogether was so fine a one that I used to think there was not a man in England that might not be proud to have her as a wife.

Allan thought as much of her as I did. No people could be fonder of each other than those two. He took a pretty cottage for her close by the Thames, near Richmond. Once now and then I used to pay them a short visit. They would both have had me to live with them altogether, but I preferred to be independent and earn my own living ; besides which, I think young people are best left to themselves. But I saw how happy they were, and I was glad that my darling Ellen had such a delightful home.

Ah, me ! how sudden was the ending ! Captain Bartell's ship—a large East Indiaman—was wrecked on the coast of South Africa. All the passengers and crew had been safely landed. The last to leave the ship were the captain and the mate. The boat in which they were, upset in the breakers. Captain Bartell, who was a good swimmer, reached the shore, but looking round he saw the mate, who could not swim, in danger of drowning. He at once plunged into the waves again to save him, and they were both drowned together. It was like Allan,—brave and unselfish,—always thinking more of others than himself.

This was little more than a month ago, and now here lay his wife and child both dead ! The baby had died in convulsions, the nurse said, most likely brought on by his mother's grief. What a long, miserable night that was ! I could not shed a tear at first. I felt like one stunned. My sweet Ellen looked as if she were asleep. I could not believe she was really dead. If she had sat up and spoke to me I should not have been surprised. In the middle of the night

little Ellen woke and cried. I went into her in the next room ; she was sitting up in her little cot, flushed and frightened-looking. "I want mamma ; oh ! I want mamma," she kept crying. At this wail my unnatural calm broke down. I burst into tears. Taking the dear child in my arms, I told her through my sobs, as quietly as I could, that her mamma had gone away to be with her father, but I would take care of her, and one day we would go to her again. She soon became quiet, and fell asleep. She was a very pretty, but a singular-looking child, having an abundance of pale-gold coloured hair and her mother's large dark eyes and black eyelashes. She was between five and six years old.

The next morning a gentleman came, whom the servants called "Mr. Walter." I saw at once by the likeness that he was Capt. Bartell's brother. He seemed much shocked to hear of my sister's death, said he had been to see her every day since the dreadful one when he brought the news of his brother's death ; but had no idea she was so near her end. He said that he would arrange everything about the funeral, and asked me in a hesitating manner if I meant to stay long?

"No," I said, "I should go back directly after the funeral." I told him what my sister had said about Ellen, and how I had promised to take care of her. He smiled faintly, and said, "I suppose you know that under her father's will I am her guardian."

"No, I did not know it."

"Well, we will talk of all this by-and-by," he said. He did not stay very long ; time was precious, and his work could not wait. I understood that he was a lawyer, and had a great deal of practice. Just as he was going out of the door he turned back and told me that he wished me to take all my sister's clothes, and whatever I liked in the house before the furniture was sold. I replied that I should like to have her desk. "Oh, certainly," he said ; but he looked as if he wished I had asked for anything else.

I hardly knew why, but I did not like Mr. Walter Bartell. There was certainly a great resemblance to his brother in his features, but it seemed to pass away when he spoke. He was very good-looking, fair, with wavy light hair, a small moustache, but no whiskers. His forehead was high, but too narrow, and I did not like his eyes ; they were too light ; there was no depth in them ; they were shifty, restless eyes. When he spoke to me he looked at his hands or at his boots, but rarely in my face ; but, above all, I disliked his voice ; it was too soft—too shallow,—a smooth, level voice, which one instinctively distrusts. Ah, my first impression of him has been very much deepened since then.

I did not see him again until the day of the funeral ; it was fixed for ten o'clock in the morning. When I came into the room, leading little Ellen by the hand, dressed in her mourning hat and frock, ready to go with me to the funeral, he started, and then asked me if I thought it right to take so young a child to such a mournful ceremony ? I said that I wished her to remember the day.

"You may be right," he said, in his bland tones; "but I have a strong dislike to anything that would sadden a child's mind, and I should be really much obliged if you will leave Ellen at home with her nurse."

I was quite unsuspecting, and consented. The churchyard in which my dear sister was to be buried lay at some distance from the cottage, and it was nearly one o'clock when I got back again. I hurried into the house, and before I gave myself time to take off my bonnet went to look for the child. The nursemaid was in the bedroom strapping up her box. "Where's Miss Ellen?" I said.

"Mr. Walter took her away in the coach."

At once a foreboding of evil seized me; all the strength went out of my limbs; my knees failed, and I had to sit down on the first seat.

"Didn't you know, ma'm?" continued the girl, leaving off her work and staring at me. I shook my head. "Law, 'm, Mr. Walter said he'd spoken to you, and 'twas all right. He told me to make haste and pack her things, which I did, and he took 'em away, and he took missus's little box where she kep her brooches and things, and I saw him rummaging her desk, but I don't know if he took anything, for he told me to look sharp."

"But why didn't he take you with her?" said I, speaking like one in a dream.

"Bless you, 'm, he's been and paid me off; me and cook too. I can't say but what he acted fair, for he gave us more than our exact wages; but I wish he'd a let me go with Miss Ellen, I do," said the girl, wiping her eyes.

"Can you tell me where he lives?" said I.

"Somewhere in the city, but I don't rightly know where."

I hurried off to the cook, but she knew no more than Jane; it was "somewhere in the city." The cook said she had orders to remain in the house until all the furniture was packed up and sent away; the men were coming to do it directly. Here was a chance; they might know where to direct me.

I was restless and uneasy; but I don't think I anticipated anything more than a short separation. I could not understand Mr. Walter's taking away the child so clandestinely. Now, I thought of it. I certainly had not seen him at the funeral. I did not think of him at the time; my heart was too full of grief; but now the little group beside the open grave suddenly came to my mind's eye, and he was not among them. He had evidently planned it before. That was why he would not let me take her with me. What could he mean?

I questioned the men who came to pack up the furniture; but they knew nothing whatever of Mr. Bartell; they simply had instructions to take the things to a certain broker. It was necessary that, since I was turned out so unceremoniously, I should find some other lodging, for I made up my mind at once that I would not go

back to Devonshire without my niece. The nursemaid's mother lived near, and the girl said I could have a room in her cottage ; so I proceeded to pack up my dear sister's things, henceforward to be looked upon by me as treasures,—all I had of the darling of my life.

By evening the men had finished their work, and the house was empty. I stayed until all had gone and the cook was ready to take her departure, in the faint hope that a note or a message might be sent to me from Mr. Walter, but nothing came ; and I went with Jane to her mother's cottage with a very heavy heart.

In the evening I looked over the contents of my dear Ellen's desk, hoping that I might find some card or address to guide me. There was a heap of letters from the Captain ; I sealed them all up without looking in them, for they were only meant for her eye. There were letters of my own, a few French translations—Beranger's songs, I think, a neatly-kept housekeeping-book, and that was all. No, not all. On a loose envelope I found this address :—

“*Rev. John Bartell,*

“*17, Fitzroy-square.*”

“Who is the Rev. John Bartell, Jane ?” I asked.

“Master's eldest brother, ma'am ; he came once to dinner when the Captain was last home from sea. A pleasant gentleman he is, too.”

“Ah !” I said, “then I will go to him to-morrow morning.”

What plans I had in my mind that night for little Ellen's benefit ! I refused to think for a minute that her mother's dying request might not be attended to. His family had never cared for Captain Bartell's wife ; it was not likely they should care for his child. As to the money, if Mr. Walter was guardian, he could give what he thought necessary for her education ; but *that* would not be wanted for a long time to come. It was natural that Ellen should confide the child to me ; but I wondered what she meant by saying she distrusted all his friends. I felt uneasy, but not distressed. It would be all right in a day or two, I had no doubt.

As early as I could the next morning I took a cab and drove to Fitzroy-square. The door was opened by a boy in livery, who showed me into a comfortable study. A stout, middle-aged gentleman was sitting by the fire reading the newspaper. This was the Rev. John Bartell ; he was a fair, good-looking man, with rather a large nose and a high, retreating forehead.

I said I was the sister of Mrs. Allan Bartell. He rose and bowed, and said in a slow, drawling manner, as I found he always spoke :—

“Ah ! indeed. I was quite shocked to hear of Mrs. Allan's death. Very sudden. Won't you take a chair ?”

I sat down, and said I had only called to ask him to give me Mr. Walter Bartell's address.

“His address ! Oh ! of course,” and he sat down at the table

and took up a pen. While he was looking about, apparently for a piece of paper, he said in a hesitating manner :—

“Do you—do you want to consult my brother Walter on anything?”

I then told him of my sister's dying bequest to me of her child, and how much I wished to fulfil her injunction.

He tapped his chin meditatively with his pen. “Really,” he said, “I think it would be the very best thing for the child. You could bring her up to your own trade. You are a lace-maker, are you not?”

“Sir,” I said, “you seem to forget that she is your brother's child, if she is my sister's. There is no need she should be brought up to any trade. My sister told me she would have five hundred a year.”

“What!” he said, looking at me sharply. “Oh! that is a delusion. All poor Allan's money was invested in the ship that was wrecked. He was part owner. The child has nothing except, I suppose, the furniture of the house,—not a shilling.”

“All the more reason, then,” said I, “that I should have her. No one else will take such care of her as I shall, or love her so much; and that is what I want to say to Mr. Walter, if you will kindly give me his address.”

“Well, I don't know about that,” he said, putting down the pen. “My brother Walter never does anything without a motive, and until I know what his motive is in withholding his address from you; I don't see that I am justified in giving it to you.”

I rose up, feeling very angry, and said, “I shall be sure to get it sooner or later; it is only a question of time; but your refusal looks very strange.”

“I can't help that,” he replied, smiling. “I am really sorry not to be able to oblige you; but I cannot go against my brother Walter.”

“How can it be against him?” I said. “If everything was fair, why should he object to see me?”

“Perhaps, he does not. I cannot tell; but *as* I cannot tell, I prefer not to give you his address.”

He said this while he was bowing me out of the door. I mentally resolved that I would ask the servant; but as if Mr. Bartell divined my thoughts, he followed me to the front door himself, and stood on the door step while I got into the cab and drove away.

While I was driving through the city I began to see my difficulty.

Among such crowds and crowds of people, how was I to find the one I wanted without a clue? If I had known there was such a book as a Directory, I could have found his address at once; but I did not know, and there was no one to suggest it. I thought of a great many plans; but they all involved more time than I had to spare. All at once an idea suggested itself to me. Why not go down to his father's place in Somersetshire? They were a large family. One or other would be sure to tell me.

I found on driving to the station at Paddington that I was too late for that day's train, so I determined to go by the next.

I went down the next day by express, for I was in such a fever of impatience that I could not bear to lose a minute. A guard at the station at Taunton was kind enough to send a boy with me to show me the way to "The Oaks," as the residence of Mr. Bartell was called. After walking about a mile, the boy left me at the entrance to an avenue of oak trees. The house stood at the end of it,—a large building, old and rambling. Half-way up the avenue, I passed a pretty girl about fifteen sitting under one of the trees reading. She was so intent on her book that she did not look up as I passed. She was in deep mourning, and I did not doubt that she was one of Captain Bartell's sisters.

The footman, who opened the door, ushered me at once into a room, where I found some of the family. An old lady sat by the window knitting; opposite her was a little old gentleman, very much bent, reading a book; two young ladies sat at a table,—one painting, the other engaged in some kind of fancy work. They were very much alike,—both tall and pale, with heavy features, and very light hair; but the elder one wore blue spectacles.

"Miss Rolston," said the footman, as he threw open the door. The old lady looked up quickly and took off her spectacles, the old gentleman rose and advanced a step or two to meet me, the young ladies simply stared.

I said I had ventured to call to ask if they would kindly furnish me with Mr. Walter Bartell's address?

"You are Mrs. Allan's sister, I suppose?" said Mr. Bartell.

I said I was.

"And may I ask why you wish to know my son Walter's address?"

I said I was anxious to see my niece.

"Anxious to see your niece, eh? Better not, better not."

"But I must see her," said I; "my sister, with her last breath, confided her to my care,—gave her over to me."

"Absurd!" said the young lady with the spectacles, who I found was Miss Mary. "My brother's child must be brought up a lady."

"I brought up her mother," I said.

"And she was a lady, I suppose?" said Miss Mary scornfully.

"Yes, she was," I answered quietly. Oh! the insolent laugh which followed it; it made all my veins tingle.

"Like you, perhaps," said the other sister, with a sneer.

"Not at all like me."

"Ah!" said the old lady in a weak voice, "poor dear Allan never ought to have married as he did; he let himself down,—he let himself down."

"He disgraced us," said Miss Mary haughtily.

"My sister would have disgraced no man," said I hotly; "you never saw her."

"No, indeed ; I do not make acquaintances among such people."

"I should think not," I said ; for I thought my sister was so superior to this vulgar woman that there could have been nothing between them.

All this time Mr. Bartell was feebly rubbing his hands together and shuffling about the room.

"Well, what do you think, my dear ?" he said, now appealing to his wife ; "shall we give her Walter's address ?"

"Ask Mary," said the old lady.

"Certainly not !" replied that young lady. "I am sure Walter has no desire to make Miss Rolston's acquaintance ; the child must have nothing to do with her mother's friends. And why should Walter be teased ?"

"Oh ! she has none but me ; do not refuse me !" I said, turning to the old lady.

"I really think," she began irresolutely, but Miss Mary interrupted her sharply.

"Nonsense ! Mamma, it cannot be."

"You hear what Miss Bartell says ; we cannot give you Mr. Walter's address," said Mr. Bartell.

I turned away without speaking ; I was hurt, indignant, insulted.

"Stop !" said the old lady, when I was going out at the door. "Perhaps, Miss Rolston will take some refreshment ; ask her into the—the housekeeper's room, Caroline."

I walked quickly out, too angry to speak. "The housekeeper's room !" they might have spared that. Once outside the house my courage gave way ; I burst into tears. No wonder Ellen said she distrusted her husband's friends. What hard, cruel, insolent people they were ! I could not help a passionate sob or two as I walked quickly down the avenue. All at once I heard a sweet voice say, "Is anything the matter ?" I took my handkerchief from my eyes and saw by my side the girl whom I had previously passed sitting under the oak tree. She was dressed, like the rest, in deep mourning. Her straw hat hanging on her arm, and her long fair hair clustering on her shoulders, her face looked so sweet and kind that I felt instinctively that she would be my friend. I told her what I wanted, and why.

"Oh, I can give you Walter's address," she said, and tearing a piece off the blank leaf at the end of her book, wrote the address with a little pencil hanging from her chain. As she put it into my hand she said, "So you are poor Ellen's sister. I was so shocked to hear of her death, and her dear little baby's ; Walter wrote and told us ;" and then, in a hushed voice, "She must have loved Allan very much."

"Yes, his loss was more than she could bear ; and he loved her very much, also."

"I know he did. Whenever Allan came here he used to talk about his wife to me, until I loved her as my sister !" (How my heart

blessed her for that !) "He was never tired of praising, or I of listening. I remember he said she was beautiful. Tell me about her ; was she like you ?"

"Oh no ; I am plain and homely."

"That, indeed, you are not," interrupted she in her good nature.

"But Ellen," I said, "was lovely ; she had a delicate, refined face, and tender brown eyes."

"Is her little girl like her ?"

"She has her mother's eyes ; but she resembles her father most."

"Ah, how I should like to have known Ellen !" Again I blessed her. "It was not my fault that I never saw her," she said hesitatingly.

"Yes, I know. I know you are not like the rest."

She flushed a little, and said gravely, "Walter is very kind ; he will be sure to do everything for the best."

I did not think so ; but I said nothing, only thanked her again, and shook hands with the dear, warm-hearted girl, Allan's true sister. I walked back to the station with a lightened heart. I had got what I came for, and had met with sympathy, which had made me forget the previous pain. Although I could have gone back to London by the return train, I thought it would be better to stay a night at the hotel near the station. The landlady looked a pleasant, talkative woman, and, perhaps, I might get her to talk about the Bartells. It might not be a very dignified way of getting information,—certainly Ellen would never have stooped to it ; but I began to feel as if there was to be a fight between the Bartells and me, and it would not do to neglect any means of strengthening my hands. My efforts to make myself agreeable to the landlady were successful, for she invited me to tea in her own little parlour, where we were regaled with rashers of ham and hot cakes. I said I had been to The Oaks on business.

"Perhaps you are some relative, ma'am," said she, looking at my black dress.

"No," I replied, for I would not assert a connection which they would have disowned ; and besides, I could not gossip about my sister ; "but I should like to know something about them."

"Ah, they're a queer lot," said the landlady, "the hardest, most grindinest people that ever was. Woe be to the poor folks that get into their clutches ! Anybody may starve, but they'll have their money. Old Mr. Bartell, the grandfather, was just as bad. He was a miller ; my father was his foreman ; and I've heard him say that the master had no more heart than one of his own grindstones. Once there was a famine,—people were actually dying of starvation, and he kept back the corn until it should get still dearer ; and when he was told that the people were dying for want, he said, 'Let them eat straw !' The people got to hear of it, and I've heard say that his friends had to hide him ; the folks were so mad against him that he would have been torn to pieces if they had got hold of him."

"But, surely," said I, "they are not all so bad."

"No ; I must say there be two or three of a better sort. There

was the sailor captain, him that was drowned, poor fellow ! and Miss Lucy and young Master Philip. They don't seem to belong to the rest. The captain was open-hearted and free with his money, and Miss Lucy, she's very good to the poor ; but catch one of the rest giving a crust unless they think they shall get by it ! Six months ago a bank, in which they were concerned,—at least one of the brothers was manager,—failed ; lots of people were ruined, but they didn't lose a penny, and I know that only six weeks before it failed they got one of their friends to put in ten thousand pounds."

Many a tale did she tell me of their greed and cunning, and unscrupulousness. They might have been exaggerated,—I dare say they were ; but still there was enough truth to make my heart sink and fill me with direful forebodings of the future.

CHAPTER II.

MR. WALTER BARTELL lived in chambers. I easily found the house from Miss Lucy's direction, but it was not so easy to find his particular suite of rooms. The house was large and dingy-looking, standing a little way back from the street. The lower rooms seemed to be used as offices ; on a black blind in the window of one was "Fire Insurance Office." At the door I met a young man with a pen behind his ear. I asked him where Mr. Bartell's rooms were. "Up-stairs," he said. Hurrying on, I went up the wide oak stairs, and on the landing at the top I found myself standing between two rows of doors. On one at my left was the word "office" in large white letters. I knocked ; nobody answered. The door was a little open ; so I pushed it and looked in : a solitary clerk sat writing at a very large table. I asked for Mr. Bartell. "Other side," said he, without turning his head : so I went to the other side and knocked at a venture at the first door. It was promptly opened by a little boy in buttons. I asked for Mr. Walter Bartell. "Name, please, 'm."—"Never mind my name," I said, for I was afraid his master might refuse to see me. The boy turned his head, "A lady, sir." "Show her in," was the reply. The boy flung open the door, and I walked into the presence of Mr. Walter Bartell. The room was a handsomely furnished one, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate. Mr. Walter was writing at a desk near the fire. His forehead contracted into a momentary frown when he saw who it was, but he quickly smoothed it out, and rising from his seat advanced a chair, while he said in that bland voice of his,

"I did not expect to see you here, Miss Rolston ; I thought you had returned to Devonshire."

"Not without knowing what has become of my niece, Mr. Bartell. How could you take her away in that clandestine manner ?"

"Clandestine ! Really, you use strange expressions ! I told you I was her guardian, and I concluded that her natural place was with me ; and you said you were going back immediately after the funeral."

He spoke in an injured tone, as if in some way I was to blame. He had not resumed his seat, so I rose and stood by the table. I said,

"You were not ignorant of her mother's wishes. It was her dying request that I should take the charge of little Ellen; she could trust to my love and care, and I promised that while I lived I would take care of her."

"Oh yes, that would all have been very well if the child had no friends; but I mean that my brother's daughter shall be brought up well. It is not to be expected that you can be burdened with the maintenance of a destitute orphan; her father's friends are the fittest persons to support her."

"But," I said, "her mother told me she would have five hundred a year."

"Ah, and you thought that would be a nice little sum to get hold of," said he with a cunning look.

"I would not touch the money," I replied hotly. "You might keep it yourself until it was wanted for her education, and what was necessary you could yourself pay."

"I am sorry to say all that about the money was an illusion on Mrs. Bartell's part. It is true her husband did make a will when he was home last, in which he left her five hundred a year, and in case of her death, the reversion to the children; but his money was most unfortunately in a bank which failed in Taunton. I did not tell your sister, because I saw how ill she was, and did not like to distress her."

"But," said I, bewildered, "your brother, the clergyman, told me that Capt. Allan's money was invested in the ship."

He flushed deeply, and shot a quick, startled glance at me, and then turned his eyes to the fire, as he said, "John told you so? Oh, he knows nothing about business; anything about money he is sure to forget."

"Ah, pray, let me have her while she is young," said I, with a rush of tears to my eyes; "you cannot keep her here, and no one would take such care of her as I will."

"Once for all, Miss Rolston, it cannot be! I am not a man to change my mind, and I have decided that it will be the best for the child that she should be altogether removed from her mother's relatives."

"But she has none beside me."

"Do you mean that you have absolutely no relations?"

"None that I know of," I replied. "I believe there are some far-away cousins in America, somewhere."

"No relations," he repeated musingly, and looked at the fire with what I thought an evil smile upon his face. I thought he was relenting; but no, when he spoke again it was to say, "I am sorry to give you pain, but it had better be done at once. I cannot permit you to hold any intercourse with Ellen at any time."

"Won't you let me see her?" I cried in dismay.

"Certainly not ! I do not wish her to know that you exist.

"You cannot be so cruel! Oh! Mr. Bartell, I must see my dead sister's child." I clasped my hands in an agony, for I was thoroughly frightened. He shook his head.

"I promise you," I said, "that I will not attempt to speak to her until you give me leave; only let me know where she is; let me see her sometimes."

"Miss Rolston, if I were to allow this, you would give me no peace. You say 'until you give me leave;' and 'until' I did, I foresee I should be persecuted. So I refuse ever to let you see her."

"But why are you so hard?" I said, growing indignant. "What harm do you think I should do the child?"

"I don't say that you would do her any harm," said he, still looking at the fire; "but as my brother chose to marry beneath him, the child may have tendencies to low society."

"What do you mean by low society?" said I thoroughly roused. "You harp too much, all of you, upon Captain Allan's marrying below his station. I don't see that there was so much difference; your grandfather was but a miller!"

Oh, rash and inconsiderate words! I had no sooner spoken them than I regretted my hastiness. Mr. Walter grew pale with anger and turned on me a glance which showed me that I had made him my enemy.

"I beg your pardon;" I said; "but you knew my sister, and you must know how unjust all that is about low society."

"I am quite aware of Mrs. Allan's goodness," he replied with a sneer. "No doubt she would have adorned a crown; but I think we have nothing more to say to each other, Miss Rolston."

"Yes, one thing; I will not rest until I find my niece. I do not trust you, Mr. Bartell; and if you do her any wrong, you will find that I am as good as a hundred relations!"

"Pho! what wrong should I do? You are mad!"

He walked to the fire and stirred it violently, and I went out. It had seemed to me that he had taken a sinister pleasure in the thought that the child had no relations. I mistrusted him, and was filled with an indefinable dread of some unknown evil.

On the stairs was the boy with the buttons.

"What is your name, boy?" I said as I held out half-a-crown.

"Plesky," said he, pocketing the money with a grin.

"Is there any little girl here?" I asked.

"What, here in this house? No."

"Have you ever seen a little girl in mourning with your master?"

"No."

"Does Mr. Walter Bartell live here altogether?"

"Yes, 'cept when he goes to Devonshire."

"Do you know where he went to three days ago?"

"Yes; he went to some funeral."

"And didn't he bring back a little girl here about twelve o'clock?"

"No he didn't come back till evening, and he hadn't got no little girl."

"Does your master dine here?"

"Sometimes he does, and sometimes he dines at the Club."

"Did he dine here that day?"

"No; he'd had his dinner."

"At the Club, perhaps?"

"No; I heard him say yesterday he hadn't been to the Club for three weeks."

At this moment a loud voice called "Plesky!" and the boy sprang up-stairs two at a time. But I had learnt something; he had left the child somewhere, he had probably dined at the same place. What friends or relations had he in London,—that was one thing to be found out; another thing was, whether Captain Allan's money really was in the bank that had failed; and the third was, what really were the conditions of Capt. Allan's will. I found out this last first of all. I discovered that by payment of a shilling I could read a copy of this will, and I accordingly went to Doctors' Commons, paid a shilling, and read the will. It was very short and simple. All his property was left to his wife.

The next thing to discover was, whether the money had all been swallowed up by the bank. I thought of applying to the manager, but the landlady at the station hotel had told me that Mr. James Bartell was the manager, so it would be of no use to apply to him. Perhaps my friend the landlady might be able to help me in this, and from her I might learn if any others of the family were in London. There was Mr. John; but no, I felt sure that Ellen was not with him, his manner was too unembarrassed, too natural. Very soon after I had thought of the landlady I was whirling away down south in the railway carriage.

Mrs. Cross was surprised to see me again; but I told her enough to enlist her sympathies, and she promised to find out what I wanted to know about the bank. It was much easier than I supposed. I had not to apply to the manager; only to the liquidator. Mrs. Cross directed me to the bank offices. I went in and inquired for Mr. Carter. A benevolent-looking old gentleman in a brown coat turned round from a high desk. I simply asked if when the bank failed Captain Allan Bartell had any money in it. The old gentleman turned to a large book and ran his finger down a couple of pages.

"No, madam; no such name on the books."

A clerk who was writing at another desk said something in a low tone, when the old gentleman continued, "I understand he had money in this bank formerly, but withdrew it two years ago."

I thanked him and left. What a discovery was this! What did the brothers mean by telling me, one, that his money was lost by the ship, the other, by the bank? I began to think that it was not lost at all. All that I had heard of their unscrupulousness, their hardness, came back upon my mind with fearful weight. Oh, my poor little Ellen! What will become of her? It is only her money they want!

The landlady did not know that there were any more Bartells in London, but she told me something of Mr. Walter which made me think that he might have some friends who would not be very respectable. Now I have written thus far I see that I must have some one whom I can trust to help me,—at least with their advice ; and who is there ? I can think of none like my kind old friend, Mr. Lyndon, the master of the chief boys' school. He knows more about the world than Mr. Crosby, our good clergyman ; he is shrewd and clever, and I know he would not think it a trouble, for since our parents' death he has always been kind to Ellen and me ; he was our father's friend. Yes. I will put this little narrative in his hands ; and since I have begun to write, I will go on putting down from time to time anything that may occur, or anything that may help me in my quest.

Now I shall go back to Honiton, finish the lace that was ordered, and then go up to London and take lodgings as near as I can to Mr. Bartell's. I dare say I shall get a sale for my lace in London as well as in the country. I must not give up working, for there is no knowing how much I may want in this contest of one against a host.

Thanksgiving.

FEB. 27, 1872.

The voice of Prayer had risen through all the land,
 Ascending like a mist through wintry skies,
 That on one darkened household might arise
 The light of Hope, re-lit by God's own hand.
 This day glad voices rise—beneath the dome
 Of that majestic Temple, where in deep
 And holy patience generations sleep
 The sleep of peace till God shall call them home,—
 One grateful swell of Praise for answered Prayer.
 The widowed Queen, the Son re-crown'd with life,
 And, sweetly saved from widowhood, the Wife,
 With little ones about her knee, are there.
 They kneel : and all the pulses of the land are stilled,
 To hear the beating of the hearts God's love has filled.

Cape Town, 1st May, 1872.

Life at Natal.

No. IV.

(IN CONTINUATION OF "LIFE AT THE CAPE.")

BY A LADY.

Maritzburg, September 21, 1864.

* * * Did I tell you in my last that we have had the happiest meeting here with our old Cape friends, the C——s? When they called upon me, I felt more at home than I had felt since our arrival. They look so charming in their black dresses, that I am not surprised to find their presence here appreciated. They live in a house at the end of the town with two tall gum trees near it. When going to see them I passed several sequestered little cottages, buried in rose bushes and hemmed in by beds and banks of bright verbenas. They seemed lost amidst the greenery around. How odd these tiny toy-houses look! There surely can't be anywhere a land of humbler architectural pretensions than this. J—— says he supposes the prevalent disuse of tall black hats arose from the lowness of the verandahs and doorways.

Maritzburg has been very quiet for some days, or, to speak more accurately, has been quieter than usual. All the local world has gone (without his wife) to the coast, where great have been the festive scenes. A bridge, said to be the largest in South Africa—a small boast in so bridgeless a country—has been opened in state by the Governor. The papers are full of the grand doings. Processions, banquets, balls, addresses, and what not, were the order of the day. Mr. Scott has returned quite jubilant. Some of the ill-natured M.L.C.'s say that he is now bidding for a little popularity before he quits the colony, so as to leave a good impression behind him—a natural enough desire, say I; for do not we all like to have our memories kept green in the hearts of old friends?

When we see how easy it is to be a popular Governor, the marvel is that the unpopular ones are so common. Here is Mr. Scott, who for six years has been abused on all sides, yet now that he becks and smiles and makes himself agreeable, no one has a word to say against him. All are loud in his praises. Even the fierce fury of the M.L.C.'s is abated, and the sittings of the House are made quite dreary by the weight of good humour that sits upon the angry passions of the demagogues. From all I can learn, the Governor has done nothing more than give in a little to public opinion and spend public money rather more freely than is his wont. Why couldn't he do this before? J—— said this morning when I put this question to him, "Because temper and times were against him;" but I don't see it.

By-the-by, I have never told you of the great weekly festival here. Every Saturday the military band plays in front of Government-house on the Camp-hill, and the town turns out *en masse* to enjoy the music and to air its finery. No seats are provided, as in Durban, and you must either stand or sit on your thumb, unless some good Samaritan offers a chair. A few people come in their traps and stay in them, while a larger number ride round and round on horseback. Mrs. Scott, when she goes, is always on foot, and quite a court surrounds her. It appears to be a point of honour with the young ladies here to form part of the charmed circle, though when there they don't look over happy. It is funny to mark the cliquism that flourishes here. There are one or two sets which never attempt to amalgamate with the "upper ten," or to invade its sacred precincts, but one can't help fancying that they cast envious glances in that direction. However, they assert a manifest superiority in dress. The M.L.C.'s having probably nothing to do, and being out of mischief for the time being—for they reverse Dr. Watts's maxim, and are most harmless when most idle—are much given to hanging about in little groups. I sometimes think that Mr. Scott, benevolent though his face look, is mentally contemplating these disturbers of his peace with regards by no means well disposed.

The horses here are inferior to those at the Cape, although one or two good ones may now and then be seen. Their necks are straight and their legs weedy, but the young bucks upon their backs hold their chins up and stick their toes out, with an all palpable pride in the beasts they are bestriding. Now and then awkward scenes will arise with untrained horses who get obstreperous and try to bolt amongst the spectators. It is the best fun, however, to see the rough Boer families that sometimes come into town from the far interior. These people live on farms many days' journey, perhaps, from each other, and a visit to "that great city," the Natalian Babylon, Maritzburg, is a great event in their lives. The men wear splay home-made boots of tan leather, short blue or brown moleskin jackets, wide baggy trousers to match, and far-spreading soft felt hats. The women wear stiff poking hoods, or, if very fashionable, cheap fancy hats, bedecked with scarlet streamers, gowns of bright gaudy cotton, made very short, little coloured worsted shawls, and shoes with elastic bands. The children are just covered up anyhow. Thus attired, the family group marches up the middle of the street,—side-paths seem beyond their comprehension,—and take up their station solemnly at the outer edge of the social ring. They really look behind, in point of civilization, the grinning happy Kafirs, whose girl-kind make a brave show in glaring handkerchiefs and cast-off clothing.

At these band gatherings, a good deal of scandal may be picked up if you feel disposed that way. My mind has been much enlightened on matters personal while sitting there. I see no fun in standing, and make our boy carry up chairs for myself and as many of our friends as care to use them. After the music is over and the gay

concourse streams home, Church-street, from the top, presents quite a lively vista. * * *

Last night we went to a "quadrille party," the last of a series. They are rather pleasant, being got up by subscription, and arranged rather for pleasure than pomp. Of the latter quality there is indeed a minimum. This one was held in what they call the Town-hall—a bare low room covering a good space, but by no means attractive otherwise. Maritzburg can turn out a goodly array of pretty girls. They were simply dressed for the most part, and the toilettes were altogether unpretentious,—except here and there, where massively-dressed matrons broke through the rule. A tall but pleasant lady by whom I was sitting quite cast my old green silk into the shade by the grandeur of her pink brocade. Miss O—— was the belle, I think. She is a tall stately beauty, and seems much admired. I found a capital guide to the local celebrities in Miss J——, a charming creature—a girl in spirit if not in years, but as clever and intelligent as she is cheerful. Her father is, as I have told you before, a most accomplished old gentleman, who still, despite his silvery hair, can compose sonnets that may vie with Shakspeare's, and odes that might have been repeated at the tables of Lucullus.

This party was made pleasant in my eyes by the fact that there were no wall-flowers, except voluntary ones. Men were in great fever, and even the dowagers were quite frisky. Mr. E——, the great railway man, was introduced to me. He is blandness itself; and seeing that he is getting all he wants, he needs be. The papers continue full of the great topic, and the infection has spread to the country districts, which have been magnetized by the enchanter. Methinks that the Governor might take a lesson in the art of propitiating from this arch-diplomatist. Perhaps he has. * * *

October 20.—Summer here is a constant succession of storms. You know how nervous I am about thunder; so imagine what I must have gone through, getting accustomed to hear a peal without starting. The morning breaks mild and sunny, the forenoon grows hot and oppressive; then a huge black cloud lifts itself up behind Zwaartkop, darkens the whole heavens, and down it comes—lightning, thunder, hail, and rain all at once. They don't last long, or my life would be a constant misery; and the air is so refreshing afterwards that you forget the dangers that have fled. Every house here has a conductor to it, as accidents used to be frequent and fatal.

What little things please one in these sleepy hollows! Chess is quite a mania now. The Mr. B—— I wrote about is a crack player, and there have been some matches carried on in Durban and Maritzburg, by means of the telegraph. This is deemed a great marvel, and much talk is excited by the changes of the game. Then there are pigeon matches—horrid barbarians!—and cricket matches, at which young O—— distinguishes himself, as he deserves.

Last Sunday, who should I hear in the Cathedral but my Durban

friend, Mr. L——. His clear and impressive rendering of the service was a pleasant change from the Dean's indistinguishable elocution. He alluded rather happily to the Bishop's heresies. The clergy seem puzzled what to do. Dr. Colenso may soon be expected; and as he is lawful bishop of the diocese by virtue of the Queen's Letters Patent, orthodoxy and church discipline are painfully at variance.

To give you an idea of the kind of place we live in, let me tell you that yesterday's paper describes the capture of a boa-constrictor twenty feet long. How could you brace up your weak nerves to companionship with such monsters? And yet one gets used to them. The other day a large cobra was found coiled up under our pillow. Don't stare—that really was the fact; and until I shake African dust from my feet, I shall never go to bed without a narrow inspection of the surroundings. We used to look under the bed for burglars, but here we do so for boas and cobras.

J—— says that Natal must be either a greatly prosperous or a thoroughly rotten community. He attended a land sale where 7,500 acres of land were sold in different lots for £45,000. The prices given for bare land astonished him. It is strange where all the money comes from; there is so little cultivation going on. I had an opportunity of seeing that when we went to Howick, about which I must now tell you.

It was a delightful excursion. A large pic-nic was organized under some of the officers' auspices, and we started early in the morning. Many of the girls rode, but I preferred going on wheels. Our trap was roomy, if not elegant, and took us along very comfortably. After leaving the "city," the road winds up the "turn hill," and passes several pretty suburban places, Mr. B——'s amongst the number. Towards the top you are under the shadow of some fine rocks. There are delicious little natural ferneries visible everywhere, in the hollows and amongst the stones. From the top the view was simply magnificent. I have never seen a wider prospect; its breadths and vaguenesses were infinitely suggestive. Right below, in its verdant basin, lay Maritzburg, a mass of reddish-white walls and dark foliage, mixed up with blocks of darker buildings. From this point all architectural details were lost, and the city we gazed upon might have been Lucerne or—shall I say—Florence. Beyond, the green hills rolled seaward, tier behind tier, flanked by the broad level bulk of Table Mountain. Inland the land also swept away in the same grandly dreamy manner; but whereas on that side the haze of the sea skirted the distance, on this side the majestic peak and precipices of the Drakensberg bound the prospect. Though at least sixty miles off as the crow flies, they stood out in sharpest outline, facing the morning sun. Between us and them the land stretched like a heaving ocean. Lines of mist yet rose from the valleys. In the foreground shot up a noble peak, the Inhluzar, at least 6,000 feet high, they say, but it was dwarfed by the Rahlamba heights in the background, some of which rise 10,000 feet at least. What strikes me much in Natal is the blue

vagueness of distant outlines as seen in certain lights. The scenery wants diversity and colour. Its breadths of landscape are almost too great for the vestiges of life they contain, and the eye seeks vainly for points of repose. But the blue outlines of its hills, under certain conditions, are very beautiful and suggestive.

The rest of the ride was not particularly interesting, although the dozens of new plants and flowers made me long to get down and pluck them. We were a merry party, as we could not fail to be in such an intoxicating atmosphere. Major E—— was full of fun, and Miss G—— was as conversational as ever. In about three hours we descended into a narrow but swift flowing river. The roar of falling water told us that the object of our quest was close at hand. In the middle of the stream a big stone buttress—the relic of a swept away bridge—was a grim reminder of what might await us were the river up. We got over all right, however, and were soon seated before a breakfast table groaning with good things—fresh butter and delicious eggs being not the least tempting delicacies. There are a few houses and two hotels there, and I suppose some day Howick will be a great place. At present its noble gum trees—the largest I have seen—are its chief attraction.

The Falls are only a hundred yards or so from the hotel. You walk over the stony ground, seeing nothing but hearing much, until all at once a chasm 300 feet deep yawns from your feet, and the cataract plunges down in front. The Umgeni bounds from top to bottom at one leap, and falls into a circular basin enclosed by wall-like precipices, to whose stony sides cling shrubs and bushes. The valley, with the river winding through it, opens out beyond. It is a beautiful scene altogether, although I have seen cascades I admire more. The surroundings are rather mountainous. They say that by moonlight, when the river hangs like a white streamer against the dark and shadowy basin, the effect is very fine. Most of the ladies had to be held as they looked over the hanging rock into the seething pool below. The downward rush of the water seems to draw you with it. I can quite imagine a person plunging after it. And then the scene is saddened by the remembrance that many a life has been swept down by the ruthless and swollen waters. How they came to make a ford within a few yards of such a cataract is one of those many problems which in Natal one has to leave unanswered.

The people at the hotel told us many anecdotes of fearful and fatal accidents at these falls. One was of a young boy whose father made him venture across the river for some purpose or other, and who was carried helplessly over the precipice. I should imagine that the lad's dying shrieks would ring in that father's ears for ever. Another had a happier issue, being of a man who was swept down as far as a grass-covered little islet on the very edge of the chasm, where he clung and kept until a rope was passed down to him from either side, and he was saved. What moments of suspense those must have been, with the roar of doom sounding in his ears, and the tide of fate

sweeping down before his eyes. As we floundered back through the stream I thought of these things and shuddered. * * * *

November 18.—As another example of what small things attract notice in these secluded colonies, I read not long ago in one of the papers a leading article upon the erection of the first street lamps in Durban. The editor got almost eloquent upon the subject and began quite in the vein of Ossian—"Hail to the street lamps;" It might have been a blazing comet instead of a twinkling wick which thus aroused the editorial enthusiasm. But Mr. — is young and ardent, so magniloquence may be pardoned. It is amusing, however, to note among the younger generation here how intensely localized many of their ideas are. Natal is to them the sphere and centre of existence—the geese are all swans, its heroes are all gods, its cobs are all thoroughbred, and its standards are all home-made. I don't know yet whether to think this quality praiseworthy or not. It is patriotism, I suppose, in a way, but it may be also the vanity born of ignorance. But I am moralizing,—a mood I know you never approved.

The place is going ahead, however. In the Cape one never hears scarcely of public works being begun, much less completed. Here, this year, two fine bridges have been finished. The Governor has just returned from opening one over the Upper Umgeni. J—— talked of taking me to see the falls there; but as the weather seemed threatening, we did not go. There is to be another grand demonstration next week in Durban, when the foundation of a new lighthouse is to be laid.

The last time I went to the Cathedral, one Dr. C—— preached. He has an earnest manner and impressive appearance, and is devoted to missionary work. All the sermons one hears now are tinged with the prevailing controversy, and all bear the complexion of orthodoxy.

There is enough to make one serious here in the matter of accidents alone. Three Kafirs were killed by lightning a day or two ago; and, just fancy, a young Englishman has been carried over the Umgeni Falls, nor has his body been found. Considering the population, I imagine that death by violence or accident must be much more common here than in England. * * * *

November 28.—Another move onward has been made. The mail steamer *Athens* is now here opening the Mauritius route. The line is to run as far as Ceylon and back again. What a delightful way to return! J—— is quite restless in his eager longing to resume acquaintance with the old overland route. Hitherto there has been no regular direct mail service between Natal and the East.

We hear that old Colonel Maclean has actually been appointed Governor of the Colony, and may be expected here next month. Some people say he is too old a colonist for the place; but he had to be provided for, and so the Home Government sent him here; and quite right too. I only hope that J——'s claims, when he gets ancient and venerable, will be recognized in the same way. The Duke of Newcastle, too, is

dead, and the M.L.C.'s, or such of them as remain within reach, are speculating as to who his successor at the Colonial Office will be. It is odd how forcibly people imagine that the concerns of the place are a matter of weighty import to the Great Mogul in Downing-street, who probably considers himself very clever indeed in knowing that there is somewhere in South-east Africa a certain troublesome Colony called Natal. You, my dear, who are a cousin of an ex-Under Secretary, know something of the way in which the wires are pulled.

For want of anything better to do—for you get horribly *ennuyée* sometimes—we went to hear Mr. E—— lecture on railways. You must think me as weary of the topic as you are yourself; but fashion, my dear, is everything, and one can learn to take an interest in railways just as you do at home in the pictures of the Academy or the latest novels at Mudie's. Novels, by the way, properly so-called, are rare treasures here. There are two libraries,—one rather an ambitious public institution, where a librarian of most obliging manners, and with a wooden leg, holds rule,—and a very tight rule, too, I can assure you. The court I pay to that worthy man is, for a woman of my natural independence, surprising. When the mail arrives with those ever precious magazines, my devotion to Beales—that's his name—reaches a climax. When you consider that about eighty people are lying in wait for one periodical, the difficulties of the situation become apparent. We are supposed to put our names down beforehand for what we want, and to take our turn. I put mine down, of course, for form's sake; but I depended upon my personal fascinations for a real preference. The magazines are bound to lie on the table a week before being issued, and I wheedle them out of Beales overnight. Of course, twenty others try to do the same, and all act virtuously ignorant of each other's irregularities. Awkward encounters sometimes ensue therefrom. One morning I arrived rather late, after the reading-room was opened, with my unlawfully-secreted copy of *Cornhill*. Mr. B——, one of the committee, was there at the time. I could not get a quiet moment with the librarian. By-and-by, Mr. B—— asked for the very number I had under my hand. Beales looked helplessly at me, and fumbled about the table; so in order to save him I confessed my fault, and got absolution. Presently I asked the much-relieved Beales where *Blackwood* was? Again that look of embarrassment mantled his features, and he glanced appealingly to Mr. B——. Imagine my delight and astonishment when he drew forth the missing number, and declared himself a brother in crime!

The other library is a private one, kept by a little, fat, chubby man, who seems ever in a state of astonishment. I can do what I like with him. However, I only wish that his stock of books were a little larger; so between the two I manage to improve my mind.

But I am forgetting Mr. E—— and his lecture. It was rather dry in matter, but his Micawber-like manner of delivery made up for that.

He has certainly charmed the Natal folks out of their senses in the matter of railways, and if he were to propose one to the moon, I believe he would get his way. Like most women, I hate figures; but his cleverness in making the traffic along these desolate roads appear large enough to yield an income on any undertaking does seem to me a masterstroke of calculation. * * *

December 5.—In one respect, Maritzburg differs much from Durban. Mission Kafirs swarm here. I won't use the prefix "Christian," as the term is a profanation. Give me the noble savage, even as we saw him under Mr. V——'s guidance, ten times over, rather than these saucy, draggled, tattered, dirty creatures. Perhaps, the misery I suffered when at Mr. V——'s in having to listen to the nasal din from neighbouring chapels gave me a turn against native Christianity. From seven to eight they made night hideous with their weirdly sounds. I suppose they were singing hymns, but they seemed like dirges. See them on Sunday, however, pranked out in their best apparel, and they put our home mechanics into the shade. The women are mostly laundresses, and are able, therefore, to starch their own muslins, which stick out like ancient bombazines. I may be uncharitable, but I confess to a great dislike to the spoiling in this fashion of the raw material. Mr. A——, an old missionary here, tells me, nevertheless, that there are many "true converts" amongst them. What the proof or test of conversion may be he did not say. We drove out to his old station last week. It is situated in a valley behind the Camp Hill, about six or seven miles out of town. As the high hills around are partly clothed with lovely forest vegetation, the spot is most pleasant to the eye. There must be more than a hundred native houses scattered about. They are all square-walled and roofed, some with tiles or iron. One or two have several rooms, tables, chairs, and other vestiges of civilization. Bibles and hymn-books were the only literature visible. I could not but be reminded of Uncle Tom's Cabin by what I saw, and when a fat, good-humoured old body handed us some home-made sweet cake, Aunt Chloe stood before me. I detect nothing of the comic element described by Mrs. Stowe about these people. The men, when "converted," get particularly stolid and grave. You do get a laugh now and then out of some of the younger women. At this station, however, the residents are mostly Bechuanas from the interior, and I am told that the Zulu, even when he has espoused Christianity, still retains much of that vivacity which distinguishes him at his kraal.

They have also at Edendale a fine watermill, where large quantities of corn are crushed. The community is very prosperous. Being so near Maritzburg, they can supply the town daily with forage, grain, meal, and firewood. Their interest in the place is direct and personal, as it is vested in them as co-proprietors.

We sauntered on to a dear little cascade, close by a favourite pic-nic place, where ferns grow in profusion, and the surroundings are far more attractive than those at the Umgeni. The stream, whose name

I don't know, falls about sixty feet, and sparkles with the freshness of the hills from which it springs. In the bush behind there are some splendid old forest trees, draped in moss and gray with lichens, looking at all points what they are, primeval patriarchs, such as Bryant talks about, but as we seldom see here. * * * *

Such an amusing evening we spent yesterday. One of the notabilities of the place is Mr. C——, a somewhat elderly lawyer, who has held various high offices at different times, and is one of the leaders of fashion here. He is always scrupulously dressed, and sports a bewildering variety of chains, amulets, and trinkets. As he asked us last night to "meet a few friends in a quiet way," we went at rather a homely hour, and in rather, homely garb. His place is at the extreme end of the town, and as the roads were muddy, I was worn out long before we got there. After three separate entries into wrong houses, and after losing ourselves in I don't know how many gardens, to say nothing of constant tumbles into those wretched sluits, we found the house out. Being sooner than we were expected, no one else was there, and I had a blissful hour of delusion that we had rightly estimated the nature of the entertainment. Mr. C——'s drawing-room is a perfect bazaar in its way. Such a varied quantity of knicknacks—of dear Mrs. Malaprop's articles of "bigotry and virtue"—I never saw. There are tables after tables all covered with little Chinawares and images; there are tables loaded with picture-books, books of beauty, and even fashion plates. There are stands bearing fancy chessmen, stereoscopes, statuettes, and lacqueredware. You feel afraid of moving lest a smash should ensue. Time flew rapidly in the inspection of these curios, and our bachelor-host's pride in displaying them was so innocent and so manifest that I lent my readiest ear to his descriptions. Really, it is a charming exhibition, and quite worthy of the kind and gallant-hearted owner. He was beginning to murmur something about having tea when his other friends appeared, when a party of guests sailed in magnificently attired. Others came fast and fashionable, until poor me, in my old black silk, felt a perfect Cinderella amongst my gay and gorgeous sisters. An hour later the room was crammed, and all the best people of the place seemed present. But I will tell you more about them in my next, as J—— is waiting for a ride.

Railway Extension.

BY GUYBON D. ATHERSTONE, ASSOCIATE INST. C. E.

As the question of railways and their extension in the Colony promises to be of primary importance during the present session, the public, no doubt, will enter fully into all the disputed points of railway legislation; and the ways and means of raising capital or paying interest will be household words with all men. There are many methods by which capital for railways may be obtained, and amongst them the following suggest themselves as most worthy of consideration:

1. By private companies, as in England.
2. By grants of land to companies, as in America.
3. By subsidizing companies, &c., as in France.
4. By Government guarantee on capital, as in the Indian and other railways, and, to look more at home, as in the Cape Town and Wellington Railway.
5. By Government itself borrowing the capital on security of the general revenue of the Colony.

In the case where railways are made by companies, private persons will not subscribe unless they are directly interested in the undertaking or are convinced that it will be a paying undertaking. Now, in the case of a colonial railway company, got up in this manner, the capital would have to be raised amongst colonists and their friends, as the general public in England, not knowing the real merits of the case, would not subscribe to it,—though it is possible to get subscriptions to such companies, but only upon conditions sufficient in themselves to prove disastrous to many a genuine undertaking. Thus it is quite possible to get the public to subscribe by “rigging” the market, which, in the end, amounts to raising the total capital some forty or fifty per cent. more than it should be, and paying financial agents and others with this increase of capital. Thus it is that many a good work stands still whilst bubble schemes float off on the public markets, and but few schemes are taken up solely on their merits. In the present state of the London market, no colonial railway, pure and simple, would be taken up by the public.

In America, land grants are frequently made to companies on condition that they make stipulated railways. Generally, a tract two miles or more in width is given to the company; they make the railway—or railroad, as they will persist in calling it,—sell parts of the land, establish markets, and so open up the country and improve their own property. No doubt, railways constructed on this system have done much to develop the Western States of America. But there is no land in the Cape Colony where a railway could be carried upon similar terms; so much has been portioned out into farms that there are but few places where sufficient Government lands could be obtained for such purposes, even were it considered advisable to grant land in this manner.

In France and other countries, the public have been induced to subscribe to railways by the Government subsidizing the company, that is, by giving so much money per mile, which, of course, is equivalent to reducing the capital of the company by the amount of the subsidy,—for the Government does not receive any dividend until the shareholders have received a certain amount.

The effect of Government guaranteeing a certain percentage to companies, as in the case of the Wellington Railway, must be fully appreciated by the Cape public ; and though it is not likely that such an expensive line will be ever attempted again in the Colony even were railway extensions left in the hands of the present company, yet the public will scarcely like to try a second experiment in that direction.

Colonial securities are now so well understood by the public generally that they are deemed a perfectly safe investment, and therefore Colonial Governments, trading upon their good name, can borrow large sums of money at comparatively low rates of interest. Therefore, with an efficient staff, railways and other public works ought to be better and more economically carried out under Government than through the medium of companies.

The grand object of railways is to open up new countries and to develop their resources in every way. At first, this will be done in a Colony like the Cape by speedy and regular communication, which must soon cause a great increase in traffic of every kind, thus raising the receipts in the railway. Now if this is in the hands of Government, they would either reduce the charges for transport or would use the surplus receipts to pay for branch lines, so that the whole Colony might be benefited. But supposing a company to be the proprietors of the trunk lines, they, as a matter of course, would expend the surplus receipts in dividends, thus draining the Colony of large sums of money every year ; and it would be useless to expect them to construct non-paying branch lines, or to lower the rates upon the trunk lines. Thus the country would reap no benefit from the increase in traffic, except, perhaps, the greater facilities afforded by the necessarily increased number of trains. There are many who hold that companies would act in these matters so as to meet public wants, and thus extend the railway system ; but if English railways are to be any guide, they show most conclusively that no company will undertake the construction of non-paying branches unless forced into such a step by competing lines,—a thing not likely to happen at the Cape for many years to come. To show that companies will not always meet public demands, it is only necessary to call attention to the state of passenger accommodation on English railways. On most of the lines, third-class trains were run once or twice during the day, and generally at most inconvenient hours, and these trains, as a rule, were slow, stopping at most stations, thus making a distant journey very tedious. The great mass of the people cannot afford to travel otherwise than third-class, and thus the very arrangements of the railway companies were

antagonistic to the wants of the public, who constantly complained and sought redress, but always unsuccessfully. The managers sought how best to develop the paying qualities of the railways for their shareholders, irrespective of the wants of the public; and it was only on the 1st of April, this year, that a totally new system was inaugurated. Most of the railway companies running trains north and west from London,—such companies as the Midland, the Great Northern, the London and North-Western, the Great Western, the North British, and the Caledonian, have left the old class distinctions, and now issue third-class tickets for almost every train, thus granting to the general public all the advantages of rapid and frequent communication, which before was open to those only who could pay first or second-class fares. Had railways in England been more under the charge of Government, this great boon would have been granted to the public many years ago,—but it has come at last; and though this is but the first week of its operation, the number of passengers on these lines has greatly increased. If, then, railways at the Cape are undertaken by companies, we may be subject to similar delays, and it may be many years before the Colony is greatly benefited by such undertakings, and it can never reap a full reward. Whereas if such works are undertaken by the Government, the surplus of one line may be set against the shortcomings of another, and thus may the whole Colony be intersected by railways. The great objection to allowing lines to be made by companies is, that no company will offer to construct a line of railway unless it will be a paying concern. If it will pay, why should the Government not undertake it for the public good? It must be evident to all that no company will undertake the construction of a railway unless the railway traffic will repay a good rate of interest; and whether it be by granting land, by subsidizing, or by guaranteeing interest upon capital, the Colony would lose heavily by putting the principal means of transport under the control of companies, who would only seek to make as much money as possible out of the undertaking. At the first glance, it appears that the system of railway construction by private means, as in England, is the most desirable, as it throws no responsibility upon the Government; but when the whole purpose of railways is looked at more attentively it will be seen at once that railways are only roads adapted for the most economical carriage of goods and passengers, and that to be of the greatest benefit to a country they should be in the hands of those who would so extend the system that it should develop the country by cheapening the rates of, and increasing the facilities for, communication between all parts of the country, and this is a question that would never be studied by any company. Railways are acknowledged to be the best means of rapid inland communication, and by means of them, the productions of the country are greatly increased; increase of productiveness reacts upon the general community and brings increase of wealth, and with it increased revenues to the Govern-

ment. Therefore, in looking at the results of railways, it is necessary to consider the indirect as well as the direct returns likely to be yielded by the undertaking. Thus, in the case of railways in old countries, the large landed proprietors can well afford to spend money on railways, even if they get only a low rate of interest for their capital, because they benefit by the enhanced value of their property; but in the Cape, landed proprietors generally have but little spare capital. It is by these indirect means that the system of granting land, as is done in some of the United States, is made to repay the shareholders. They do not depend solely upon the traffic of the line, but very greatly upon the sales of land, &c., and leases. No doubt, this system has worked wonders in many parts of America; but it is not at all certain that this was the best means the Governments of the several States could have adopted. Had the capital been raised on the credit of the State and the rails laid, and the land afterwards sold, in all probability the railway system of the United States would have been upon a much more sound basis. In the case of Cape railways, it is generally admitted that they are an absolute necessity. If they are to be remunerative, then there can be no reason why the Government should not construct them; if they will not pay, then, inasmuch as Government is the only body benefited by indirect returns, it should undertake the necessary works. No private company should be allowed to construct railways in the Colony except those of purely local interest, and Government should obtain a certain amount of control over even these. There are many, doubtless, who hold opinions adverse to those expressed in this article; but if they will change their point of view, and look at the whole subject, not with an investor's eye, but with the eyes of one desirous of obtaining the greatest amount of benefit for the general community, they can scarcely fail to fall into a train of reasoning leading to similar, if not the same, conclusions.

Railway extension will introduce many other important topics of discussion, such as railway gauge, the liability of railway companies for damages or accidents, and many others, too numerous to enter upon at present.

The Cape Town and Wellington Railway introduced one gauge, that commonly adopted in England, viz., 4' 8½", and now the main line from Port Elizabeth to the Diamond-fields is about to be commenced on a narrower gauge of 3' 6". Thus, already an element of discord is introduced. Though far removed from one another, the systems must some day meet,—the 4' 8½" and the 3' 6" gauges,—only a difference of 14½ inches, yet sufficient to keep the two systems entirely separate. When the carriages of the broad gauge come to the narrower line, they must stop, and all goods, passengers, and everything must be transhipped. Thus time will be lost, expenses incurred, and damage sustained. And why? Simply because there are two separate systems of railway gauge. In order that a country may reap the full benefit of railway communication, there should be one

uniform gauge in all railways running into one another. This same difficulty is in existence in England now, where the Great Western system is shut out from through communication with other parts of the country simply on account of the difference of gauge. This has been partially overcome by laying down a third rail to the ordinary gauge, so that narrow-gauge carriages may traverse the Great Western lines. So great an evil is this break of gauge, that already the mandate has gone forth, and in course of time the broad gauge will cease to be. If the Colonial Government take over the Cape Town and Wellington Railway, they could not do better than follow in the track of the Great Western in England, and lay down a third rail and make all extensions on the narrow gauge, using the present carriages, engines, &c., for the present line only, and thus gradually working it off. A break of gauge between any two towns is generally considered equivalent to placing those towns fifty miles further apart. The extension of railways in the Eastern Province will most assuredly bring about an immense traffic in live-stock, and it is well known in England that there is no greater drawback to this branch of traffic than the necessity of shifting the animals from one truck to another; in fact, it is generally necessary to allow several hours to intervene before drovers and flock-masters will allow cattle to be driven into fresh trucks; with sheep the difficulty is less, but is, notwithstanding, very great. At one time it was suggested that the Eastern Province main line should be 3' 6" gauge, and all branches should be 2' 6" gauge. Now, it is to be hoped Government have not determined on such a step; it introduces that objectionable element, break of gauge, which would convert every branch line from a feeder into a sucker, and would cause the whole system to be a vast financial failure. For people must not look at the traffic of to-day only: every year the traffic must, and will, increase. If such a system were carried out, the result would be, or might be, favourable for a year or two, but with every extra ton of goods the expenses of working the separate gauges would increase, and thus the saving lessened, until at last the expenses of working would be much greater than had there been no break of gauge. Assuming that the 3' 6" gauge costs £4,000 per mile, and the branch lines of 2' 6" cost £3,000, and that the capital is raised at 5 per cent., this would give an annual saving of £50 per mile in favour of the narrow branch-lines. Now, if it is assumed that the passenger traffic will just cover the working expenses of the lines, leaving the goods receipts as profit, then, taking the rate of carriage at 3d. per ton per mile, a total of 16,000 tons of goods annually will be required to pass over every mile of the main line in order to pay 5 per cent. upon the capital, and a total amount of 12,000 tons must traverse the branch lines. Now, it may be safely assumed that the whole of this 12,000 tons will have to be transferred from the broad to the narrow-gauge trucks at an average cost of 6d. per ton, amounting to a minimum sum of £300, but increasing with the increase of traffic. Now, it is evident from

these figures that there would be no saving by introducing the narrower gauge if the length be not greater than six miles; but in practice it is very doubtful whether the cost of a 3' 6" gauge railway will amount to even as much as £500 more than the cost of a 2' 6" gauge per mile. Besides these considerations, if the main line is to be of one gauge and its branches of a different gauge, then each branch must be provided with the maximum amount of rolling stock, engines, &c., and must be fitted up with repairing shops, and be, in fact, a complete railway of itself; whereas if there is one uniform gauge, rolling stock, engines, and everything may be sent from one portion of the railway system to another to relieve local requirements; and, also, what is of vast importance, goods easily damaged will not be subject to the risks of breakage by extra transshipment.

Many, no doubt, will object to the principle of Government constructing and working railways on account of the possible losses in case of accident to passengers, and it is open to consideration how far even railway companies should be liable for injuries. Would it not be advisable that low fares should be charged, and that every passenger should be compelled to take an insurance ticket, paying for it according to the class of carriage he travels in, and that the liability of the company or Government should be for fixed amounts only? This would save great expense both to the representatives of the railways and to the public in litigation; and some such system should at once be adopted. All receipts for insurance might go to an insurance fund.

At the present time, Eastern Province people talk lightly of railway matters, and speak of being satisfied with a speed of fifteen miles per hour on their railroads; but six months would not elapse from the time of the opening of the line before they would demand, and very properly too, that fast expresses should traverse the lines. Graham's Town would no more be satisfied with a journey to Port Elizabeth occupying five hours, when she knew it could be done in two hours, than Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, and, for the matter of that, the whole Colony, is contented with the slow steamers of the Union Company or of other companies either, now that the voyage to England can be made in twenty-five days.

It is to be hoped that when the East is blessed with a railway, the officials will remember that there are many natives in the country, and that white people have olfactory nerves, and will provide separate carriages, in which the unmanufactured and natural Kafir may travel unmolested. Eastern members, consider this, and insert a clause in the first Bill to this effect.

Railways in the East will cause great changes in transport circles. The present nondescript method of the carriers, where every man fishes for himself, must give way to system and regularity. Indeed, such changes must take place before even railways have time to influ-

ence things, and before many months either companies will be formed by the merchants or the carriers will combine and work systematically. Some order must creep in, even amongst the present disorder; and no better plan could be adopted than is seen every day in the case of passenger-carts and post-carts. A company should be formed, a sufficient number of farms should be hired, the road should be divided into easy stages, no span of oxen should be taken beyond its stage, but on the arrival of a wagon a fresh span of oxen should be in readiness, and be inspanned at once. There is no reason why the wagons and goods should be delayed whilst the men and cattle rest, for fresh drivers and leaders may be obtained when necessary. Thus many hours of daylight will be saved, and wagons can thus traverse a greater distance during the day than by the old system of dragging along weary animals, never allowing them sufficient time to rest. If this system be adopted the cattle will be always fresh and in good condition, and always on their own veldt; and, besides this, both the cattle and the drivers will know the roads much better, and having to traverse the same road constantly may be induced to help to keep it in better repair, especially at any drifts. And another advantage to be gained is, that a great deal more transport could be carried on at night, simply because of the drivers knowing the roads so well. Such towns as Graham's Town, Beaufort, Queen's Town, and Port Elizabeth should start such a regular system, and when once in full swing, the contagion of order would spread, and by the time of the opening of the railway a regular system would be in full working order, thus securing to the country the full benefits of the railway. Road-steamers and other monsters have been spoken of as worthy of trial in the Colony. Oh! ye innocents! the food of a road-steamer is bridged rivers and good roads; and are these to be had within the Colony? A stream three feet deep would extinguish the ardour of almost any road-steamer; and, certainly, the journey from Graham's Town to Port Elizabeth would render the services of several smiths, if not engine-fitters, an absolute necessity. No; the Cape roads are not in the least degree suitable for traction engines of any kind. Even under the present system, goods have been conveyed on the Graham's Town road for about 3d. per ton per mile, which cannot be called an excessive charge,—though at times as much as 1s. 11d. per ton per mile has been charged. There is no need to look at what other countries do, for none are like the Cape. Where the railway ends, there organized systems of bullock-wagons must continue the traffic. It is glorious to think that before long the iron-horse will dash through the forests of the Zuurberg and the thickets of the Addo, startling the leviathan of the woods by its shrill scream, and snorting in its glory, rush on, whilst the hills and woods re-echo the sounds of progress, and the sun slowly melts the curling wreaths of snow-white breath left by the panting engine. It is beautiful to look at; it is even more wonderful to contemplate; to lie in the sun resting for a while, then look down upon the small

pegs which mark the line of the railway—the morning's work ; and when the sun makes the hot air dance, and distant objects seem to melt into lakes and forests,—then do the pegs change form, and in their stead you can trace a railway train, and houses and villages new-built, and busy farmers, with every change that industry can effect and mind conceive. This has been the mirage—the day-dream—for the last twelve years.

The Child.

[FROM VICTOR HUGO.]

'Mid the gathered household when the child appears,
What loud welcome greets it ! How its sweet look cheers

Ev'ry eye beholding !

Sad and wrinkled brows, e'en of deepest blight,

At the sight of baby with its pure delight

Suddenly unfolding.

If June paints my threshold, or November's gloom

Round the blazing fire flick'ring thro' the room

Chairs in dance assembles—

Baby comes, and straight joy beams as from a star,

Smiling each one shouts, cries " Baby," while Mama

At each movement trembles.

We betimes may speak, amid the crackling coal,

Of Fatherland and God, great poets, and the soul

Raised in supplication :

Let a child appear, God and country vanish,

And the poets holy, with delight we banish

Graver conversation.

At the hour of night, when dreamful hearts are sleeping,

And a moan is heard, like the voice of weeping,

From the wave-stirred rushes ;

As the sudden dawn like a beacon swells

All around the light wakes the din of bells

With the song of thrushes.

Child, thou art the dayspring, and my soul a plain,
Which from all sweet flowers, full of perfumed gain
Breath of thine doth render ;
Forest-like my soul its sombre depths along
For you, and you alone, o'erflows with joyous song
And with golden splendour.
For your beaming eyes teem with boundless sweetness ;
And your tiny hands, sportive with discreteness,
Know no shameful story ;
Not yet do your footsteps our defilement share,
Blessed head with flaxen tresses—spirit fair
With the golden glory.
To our ark a dove service true you render ;
Tottering as yet your feet unsoiled and tender ;
Azure gleams your pinion ;
All uncomprehended is the world you see ;
Maiden fair ! a body from all blemish free,
Soul from sin's dominion.
Ah ! how fair the child with its kindling smile,
Its ever babbling tongue, its faith that knows no guile,
And grief soon turned to bliss ;
Its insatiate gaze with joyous wonder rife,
All its tender soul yielded up to life,
Its lips to who will kiss.
Grant to me, O Lord, to all whose love I prize,
Kindred, brothers, friends, e'en to my enemies,
In prosperous guilt employed ;
Ne'er to see a summer when no roses thrive,
Ne'er a birdless cage, or a beeless hive,
Or home of children void.

J. G.



Cape Fishing.

NO. III.—FALSE BAY.

AT the concluding portion of my last paper I eulogized the fishing in False Bay as, without any exception, the finest in the world; and, certainly, abundant as fish are all along our southern and eastern coasts, False Bay holds her own with the best banks along the L'Agulhas reach. The waters of False Bay are considerably warmer than those of Table Bay, as any one who has bathed along its shores can testify; and to this, no doubt, is to be attributed the truly wonderful population that lie and live beneath its surface. Not only have you every kind of Table Bay fish in vast numbers, but there is an endless variety of other descriptions of various and beautiful colours, reminding the sportsman of the gorgeous specimens which frequent the shores and the depths of the Indian Ocean and the China Seas; and this grandly prolific inlet is at times rippled for miles, as with a mighty breeze, when ten thousand shoals merge into one, and glorify old Ocean with one bright sheet of dazzling light, like the united sheen of a million mirrors, filling the excited imagination with an almost uncontrollable desire to rush, and revel, and rejoice in the midst of the bounding and glowing myriads. As Mr. Lee, of the yacht *Kingfisher* described it, "the fish there are not in shoals, but in acres." From the surface of the water to the bottom of the sea, they are sometimes in such numbers, such dense masses, that little room is left for the imagination to fancy anything like it anywhere; and, therefore, I leave my readers to conceive, if they can, the delicious, the exhilarating feelings of a true sportsman, when he finds himself revelling amongst such wondrous riches, to which the Diamond-fields, with all their remarkable and endless wealth, are to his enraptured soul mere dross and the veriest tinsel—when his dilated eye rolls over the mass of glittering life before, around, and beneath him, when he contemplates with feelings beyond description a length of enjoyment to which the great Pacific Railway is a mere step, and absolutely bathes his excited mind in a liquid glory produced by his own fervent and excited thoughts. To noble feelings such as these there should be no limit in such a haven of abundant promise, and that man is greatly to be pitied who at one or other period of his life has not shared in similar true and supreme happiness.

There is something also peculiarly invigorating, healthful, and buoyant in the air of False Bay—it is so thoroughly, so truly sea air; it carries strength and vigour in every breath; and as the happy sportsman, glowing with anticipation, journeys towards it from Cape Town, and inhales its most delightful fragrance, he feels a tingling health in every vein, and an appetite not many removes from that of a famished tiger. No wonder, then, that Kalk Bay has become such a choice, such a favourite watering-place,—no wonder the Upper

Ten crowd its little village before, during, and after the season, and swarm over the sands and the rocks in search of that greatest of all modern luxuries—the elixir of life. There is life in every spray that dashes over the rocks, sparkling, vivid, leaping life; it lives in every drop of water that foams, and bubbles, and hisses on the cool and grateful shore, and imparts to the sick-worn and wearied invalid that glad sense of cooling freshness which so delights, so revivifies him, as the first harbinger of returning health. Can it be surprising, then, that under such exceedingly favourable conditions and such pleasing circumstances, False Bay should be the crowning kingdom, the supreme empire, of that royal, that magnificent fish, the SEVENTY-FOUR?

The bait, that grand enticement, at False Bay is various—the enumeration comprises snoek, red-bait, sea-cat, white mussels, mackerel, sardines, &c., &c. The red-bait is to be had in any quantity on the out-lying rocks at low water, and is readily known by the the peculiar spouting of water which proceeds from each clump of these fish, if fish they can be called. The sea-cat is caught by a hook tied to the end of a stick, baited with a piece of fish, and applied to spots likely to be the concealing-places of this ugly, unseemly-looking monster. It requires to be skinned before being used, a not very pleasant undertaking, when the flesh turns out to be as white as snow. White mussels are dug out of the sand on the Muizenberg beach, or wherever there is a permanent sandy place washed by sea at high water. Mackerel are caught by the boats, and sardines by the seine. Of bait, therefore, there is no lack whatever; for if one kind fails, the fisherman has a dozen more at hand, and therefore every opportunity of presenting to and tickling the fancy of the most fastidious fish, with the food best suited to its existing circumstances or the whim of the moment. I have fished with four hooks covered with four different kinds of bait, and caught the same description of fish with all four. Fish, therefore, do not stand on much ceremony in False Bay; for whatever the allurement may be, very often sore hands and aching arms warn the inexperienced amateur that he has had more than enough, and that there is such a thing as fatigue in the midst of the most exciting pleasures,—that even under the most favourable piscatorial circumstances the rose has its thorns. I have no doubt the oyster, like the shrimp, would make most excellent bait for many kinds of fish, but besides being exceedingly scarce and very expensive, these luxuries are far too costly to throw away on anything of a lower appreciative capacity than the human palate.

The Seventy-four is a fine and a very beautiful fish, presenting bright and charming colours on being pulled out of the water. There is a tradition extant that the name of this fish arose from its having been the first caught from a ship of the line of that number of guns on dropping anchor in Simon's Bay; but whether the echoes of old have brought us down the right story I am unable to state. At all events, it is a fish worthy of such a gallant name, and for

flavour, when fresh, I think, superior to the Galjoen. It is not procured in any large quantity, not being nearly so abundant as the Roman or Red Stumpnose. It is in fishing for these that the Seventy-four occasionally turns up, when his advent is invariably greeted with unequivocal bursts of admiration. The bait used for this imperial fish is chiefly cat-fish and red-bait, though it will sometimes be taken by other and equally effective allurements. Like the Galjoen, this is an expensive fish, and on account of its fine qualities and superior flavour it is much sought after by those learned in the proper selection of fish for dinner. It is almost an invariable rule for families on first arriving at Kalk Bay to send down to the market and inquire for Seventy-four and great is the disappointment in every case when this grand representative of the old line-of-battle-ship cannot be obtained. It is a very great rarity in Cape Town, for seldom do the fish-carts bring up a single specimen, unless some adventurous and enthusiastic gourmand especially orders one to be procured for some rare and momentous occasion, when the beauties of the fish come in for particular praise and exclusive glory, to the infinite credit and comfortable self-complacency of the sumptuous giver of the feast.

The Roman, another brilliant-looking fish on first emerging from its watery element, is very generally admired everywhere, from Cape Point to East London, and is caught in any quantity in the numerous small bays and inlets that indent the shores of False Bay, and, in fact, in any amount of chosen and time-honoured spots, off the south-west point of Fishhoek Bay, along the rocky shores of the coast to Simon's Bay, round the Roman Rock, about Seal Island, and many other equally eligible fishing sites. It is a remarkably fine red fish, and attains a very respectable size. This fish is more generally mentioned as a choice fish than the Seventy-four, for, probably, the reason that the Seventy-four is a somewhat exclusive aristocrat, while the more social Roman is a greater friend of the people and not nearly so conservative. At this season of the year the Roman is particularly plentiful and well-conditioned. We do not see very much of this fish in Cape Town, because when snoek, geelbeck, and the larger kinds of fish are very abundant in Table Bay, the fishermen find it more profitable to capture them, and the red-coated Roman, therefore, is left in undisturbed possession of its rocky and weedy homes and feeding grounds; and also that on the road to town, the villages of Plumstead, Wynberg, Claremont, and Rondebosch take up most of the choicest fish, leaving in many instances but the rougher kinds for the longing inhabitants of the metropolis. The Roman is caught with red-bait, cat-fish, &c. For bait, cat-fish is excellent, as it is very tough, and tries the teeth of the finny tribe to tear off the hook; yet such muscular jaws and sharp teeth has the Roman that he sometimes makes quick work with this leathery substance. The best and pleasantest time for this kind of fishing is the winter season, as the northerly or prevailing winds blowing off the land, the sea in False Bay is very smooth, especially

under the northern and eastern shores, and nothing can be more delightful than a calm sunny day in May or June for real enlivening sport on the bosom and among the sheltered nooks of that magnificent bay. The south-east, or more properly the south wind, which blows nearly all the summer more or less, raises a most unpleasant swell, very trying not only to the nerves but the stomachs of the uninitiated, and by no means conducive to that real and true appreciation of the sport all fishermen, professional or otherwise, so thoroughly understand. Still many adventurous spirits from time to time brave the moving perils of the wind-blown waves, only in very many instances to return to shore in a frame of mind and depression of spirits sad and mournful to contemplate. With all the thousands of discoveries that render this present century so very remarkable, science has failed to point out a single effective remedy for sea-sickness, or hold out the slightest hope of even the finding of a temporary palliative. With all our research, our learning, our advancement in every kind of medical knowledge, we stand by the side of this unbridged gulf and gaze down its fearful and fathomless depths in ignorant dismay.

The Red Stumpnose, a fine bouncing fish, very beautiful to see on first leaping from his liquid home, is caught with the same description of bait as the Roman and the Seventy-four. This fish appears to be more generally esteemed for its fine physique than for any special culinary properties it possesses. Unless very fresh, it has a sandy, sea-weedy flavour, unpleasant to many people, though probably admired by those who dwell far away from the sea-shore, and who fancy they detect in it something analogous to the air of the breezy billows, suggestive of rambles on the beach in search of shells and other cast-up valuables of the ever-restless ocean. This fish affords very respectable sport and is very plentiful in the proper season. It is caught in conjunction with the Roman, Seventy-four, White Stumpnose, and other varieties, and seems, therefore, to be on very good terms and in friendly rivalry with the different tribes which inhabit the teeming hills and valleys that are covered with the waters of False Bay. There are very many worse fish in every way than the Red Stumpnose, and certainly few which possess a finer appearance, or gives the spectator a better notion of what a respectable and well-conducted fish should be.

The White Stumpnose run in immense numbers. This fish loves to meet and congregate in vast shoals numbering sometimes hundreds of thousands. It is mostly to be found on sandy bottoms, and takes the bait with very commendable avidity. Any amount of these fish may be had in Simon's, Elsjes', Fishhoek, and other little creeks along the False Bay coast. In hauling up this fish, the sportsman is likely now and then to lose a hook, as its teeth are very hard and close together, and destructive to the barb, which sometimes breaks off; besides, it has a short, sharp, jerky pull, which must be humoured, or your hooks, unless exceedingly well-tempered, will snap in the

bend. This fish is caught with almost anything,—cat-fish, red-bait, mackerel, mussels, shrimps, &c., &c., and sometimes with whatever bait in the form of fish you may have to offer. As a table-fish, when fresh caught, it is exceedingly good,—the flesh being very white and palatable. But no fish caught in False Bay can equal in fineness of flavour the similar kinds to be found in Table Bay. Why this should be I know not ; I have often heard it remarked, and my own experience verifies the truth of such observations. Fishing for White Stumpnose is very pleasant sport. The silvery sheen of the fish as it darts from right to left when hooked in struggling to escape is very pretty, and the splendour of its appearance, when fairly taken out of the wet, is quite bewildering. There are, in Cape Town, many ancient and worthy piscatorials who prefer land-fishing, and to whom the catching of White Stumpnose is positive prolongation of life. It takes them from the close, stifling town to the breezy shores of Sea Point and Camp's Bay, and places them comfortably on a rock, where the purest iodine is to be had for nothing, that wonderful essenced breath of the ocean, and gives them, therefore, that air and exercise without which neither young nor old, rich nor poor, can hope to retain comfortable and permanent health, and its attendant enjoyments. So much, therefore, in praise of a very interesting and good old friend, the White Stumpnose.

There is an anomalous description of fish in False Bay, called the *John Brown*,—no relation whatever to the hero of the famous, the celebrated American melody which so charms the many millions who inhabit our island home. This fish is something like the Hottentot fish, and yet it is not a Hottentot fish—it seems a kind of compromise, a sort of arrangement between the two. Of its flavour I am scarcely able to speak with authority, only having tasted one specimen, and that the melancholy remnant of an indifferent day's rock-fishing. Perhaps a slightly soured temper at ill-success may have influenced my opinion, for, on returning home that evening, *John Brown* did not seem to possess either his normal or his traditional popularity, or to belong to any army—either of the North or the South. Don't go in specially for *John Brown*, for much better fishing is to be had, far more gratifying, and very much more to the purpose.

The Stein-fish is a pretty yellow-striped little fellow, modest and retiring, as such a quiet-looking fish should be, and does not look with much favour on the hook. Indeed, it seems a pity to bring him out of his happy home, he looks so sorrowful in your hand when caught ; and only that he is very nice when fried, I would not, in the interests of humanity, recommend his capture. This fish is plentiful enough, but has a hard life of it sometimes among the swallowers of the ocean.

The Elf is a fish very well spoken of, and enjoys a popularity he has well earned through all the vicissitudes of the past ages of Cape fishing ; but though appreciated by all lovers of fish, he is not, I think, to be recommended to invalids. The Elf is exceptionally rich,

and a sure trial to the stomach of the dyspeptic. This fish is rarely caught with the hook, but is found among the thousands that are sometimes enclosed within the meshy embraces of a monster seine on the prolific beaches of Fish Hoek and Muizenberg.

The Mackerel are very numerous in False Bay at certain seasons, and take the same bait as the other kinds of fish very readily. This fish is a great bait for Geelbeck, Kabeljouw, Red Steinbrass, &c., &c.; but as for its properties for food, it does not anything like equal the Elf, and it is generally fat, almost to disgust.

Amid all our fishing, we sometimes come across a pestilent rascal, called in England Sting-Ray. This is a most powerful fish, shaped exactly like a skate, only plainer-coloured and with two sharp-pointed bones at the base of its tail. Unfortunately, this detested individual sometimes weighs hundreds of pounds, and when hooked, annoys the fisherman exceedingly, for it not only does not give half the sport of the shark, but does not possess anything like its vivacity, yet possessing the same immense strength, its vast wings enabling it when first hooked—for it swims quite on the bottom—to embrace a rock or any point of vantage, by which it may defeat and baffle the enemy above and effect its escape, and thus, in nine cases out of ten, entailing the loss of hooks and lines for a brute utterly beneath contempt. I once spent an unprofitable half-hour in securing a savage of this kind which weighed upwards of two hundred pounds, and which was scarcely fit food for those scavengers of Table Bay, the crayfish.

There is also another villainous thing prevalent in the waters of False Bay, called the Toad Fish, an annoying little pest, that *will* be caught, whether you like it or not. On coming out of the water, this little horror blows itself up until it becomes like a ball, and a very unsightly ball it is too; when the only means to reduce this undue demonstration, is to come down upon it with a heavy stone or a stout stick, when the accompanying collapse is attended with a report like that produced by a similar mode of treatment on an inflated bag in a schoolboy's hand. Some years ago several Dutch seamen belonging to a vessel of that nation lying in Simon's Bay were poisoned by eating this fish, and I believe in some cases death was the result. Fishermen detest this hideous little brute, and small mercy is shown to it when caught. It need not be said that I most heartily and faithfully endorse such most proper and retributive justice.

In my second article on Cape Fishing, I referred to the Kabeljouw, the Geelbeck, and the Red Steinbrass. The two first are caught in False Bay in great numbers in the proper season: the latter is comparatively scarce. Near Seal Island seems to be the favourite spot for these fish, though, like all the other kinds, they are ubiquitous, and seek for food wherever it can be got.

The Albacore, a deep-sea fish, is sometimes caught in False Bay when the boats are sailing for snoek, and with precisely the same allurements. It is a large and fine-looking fish, but really only

pleasantly edible to those who, on a long voyage, appreciate anything that wears a fin. I never heard of the Bonito being caught on these shores, though a relative of the Albacore, and therefore I conclude it does not depart from the latitude where flying-fish are to be found. The Dolphin is also quite foreign to us, though apparently a congener of both the Albacore and the Bonito.

But there are other and many varieties of smaller fish, which, with the larger sorts, make up the sum of the tremendous shoals which now and then make a sea of fire of False Bay, and which, at certain times and seasons are so abundant that life absolutely stands still in contemplation of such living fecundity. It exceeds anything one can think of so very much, that the Milky Way itself seems a mere necklace of pearls, and the starry firmament a small semi-circular plain of glittering dust, far, very far inferior to the innumerable particles of living light that make a very sun of the glorious waters of that bay, which extends from Hanglip to Cape Point, and encloses within its vast embrace treasures that will endure till every true fisherman, from this to the world's end, shall be fully satiated.

Were I called upon in detail to describe and expatiate upon all the Aladdin riches that make up the sum of the contents of this wonderful basin, I fear I should require the lamp and the slaves of the lamp to help me to count them up. Their profusion is so extended and so exceeding great, that no palace Aladdin ever called into existence could contain them all; and nothing short of the wonderful, the far more wonderful light possessed by that greater and more powerful magician, Commerce, can bring into practicable utility appliances to wealth, which, long after the present generation shall have been laid in the grave, will enrich and ennoble many and many thousands.

Though, perhaps, fitting, I scarcely meant this digression, but I trust my readers will pardon it. I am coming to the conclusion of a very discursive exposition on Cape Fishing. In the interests of fishing I have endeavoured to glorify fishing. I have wished to show that fishing is good, and that, being good, it is healthful and manly; that it may be that the three papers, of which this is the last, may induce many to become followers and true disciples of good old Izaak Walton—and if they only can effect that much, I shall be more than content.

Besides boat-fishing, False Bay can give you some very good shore-fishing if you are well read up in the archives of rods and casting lines, of rock and beach-fishing. This fishing is very pleasant and good in its way, productive of lively spirits and active health,—fishing which leads to pleasant parties, and brings young and eligible people together, and promotes that melody dear to all the fair sex, the sweet, the connubial music of the marriage bells,—where hope is everything, the company pleasant, the ladies angels of light and life—therefore, ethereal sparkling beings of animation and cheerfulness borne on wings of muslin and crowned with radiant chignons.

True fishermen, however, very seldom get the ladies to honour them with anything like appreciative society. I fear the Cape beauties, unlike Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, are very much wanting in the proper enthusiasm which should bring into every-day life such happy parties. The second lady in the realm of England is very skilful with the rod and the line ; and why should not such an illustrious example be followed, particularly where we have all the advantages of fish and of climate? I fear our Cape ladies prefer a kettle-drum in close confined rooms to the invigorating and health-restoring air of the sea-shore, and care more for a chat over the tea-table, good as that is, to the exercise which keeps the bloom on their cheeks and throws back the weight of years. Want of exercise is the failing at this end of the Colony, and sad, indeed, are the consequences.

Much, very much more may be said on Cape Fishing, but I think I have sufficiently indicated to all who may wish to be instructed and to profit thereby, the manner and way of fishing in Table and False Bays. Not half the story is told,—the tale is endless ; but I spare my readers, for goodness only knows what would become of us all if the whole Colony, as one man, went out fishing!

It would be a pleasant thing if piscatorial clubs could be got up, combining rowing with fishing, for the former would be indispensable to get at the spots where the latter could be pursued, and exercise and fresh air would therefore accompany healthful excitement. To professional men, such as lawyers and doctors of medicine, and mercantile men, such a club would offer, I think, peculiar advantages, for in a place like Cape Town, especially in the summer season, an occasional break-out for a few hours each fortnight, would greatly assist to restore the stamina hard work and indifferent air have impaired. To medical men especially, whose work never ceases, who night and day are called upon to exercise their noble profession, the healing art, who in close, sick, and infectious rooms lose that health themselves they are called upon to restore in others, to these, particularly, an occasional run afloat would be a most precious boon, and take them away for a few brief moments from the contemplation of that suffering which eventually recoils on themselves ; for all statisticians will tell you that the members of this profession, in comparison with every other profession, calling, or trade, are very short-lived indeed.

In conclusion, my gentle readers, remember one thing : the fishermen of Table and of Kalk Bay are a mild, a patient, and a very poor section of our community ; they work very hard ; from dewy eve to midnight, from midnight to rosy morn, they are afloat. Winter or summer, wind or rain, they must be at sea to cater for the imperious public ; they know little intermission ; their gains are very small ; they die in numbers from diseases engendered by cold and exposure, but they make no sign ; they seem to accept their fate as a predestined thing, and know little better ; they are a most inof-

fensive, uncomplaining class, and as a rule they are poor. They do much for their equally poor brethren of Cape Town. And so I ask for kindly sympathy for them from all true, and good, and honest people, and that they may be feelingly thought of in the dark winter days and nights, now so rapidly coming on—sometimes so very bitter even to the comparatively comfortable.

C. WOLFE.

Mouille Point, May, 1872.

The Minstrel's Curse.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.]

In olden times a castle stood full high and haughtily,
Whitely o'er widespread lands it shone, far as the azure sea,
Around it fragrant gardens like crimson chaplets glowed,
And fountains rainbow-gleaming, fresh-springing ever flowed.

There dwelt in state a tyrant King, of conquered lands the lord ;
Gloomy and stern, he held his throne by power of the sword ;
His very glance strikes terror, his voice is fury's breath—
All that he bids is scourging, and what he writes is death.

Once to the castle there drew near a noble Minstrel pair,
Bright waved the golden locks of one, hoary the other's hair ;
Bearing his harp, the grand old man a stately charger rode,
The while full blithely by his side his youthful comrade strode.

The elder to the younger spake : " Be ready now, O boy,
" To sing, with all thy soul and might, of sorrow and of joy ;
" Of deepest truth must be our songs, our voice of tenderest tone,
" For we to-day must touch with ruth this proud King's heart of stone."

Now, standing in the hall of state, the Singers twain are seen—
On high the Monarch sits enthroned, beside him sits his Queen ;
The King in lurid splendour, like blood-red Northern Light,
Like summer moon the gentle Queen, in softest radiance bright.

The aged Minstrel smote the chords, smote with such wondrous skill,
That aye with fuller, richer tones the tranced air seemed to fill—
Then heavenly-clear the youth's sweet voice sang to the throbbing lyre,
The old man chanting deep and strong, like some wild spirit-choir.

They sing of spring-time and of love, the happy Golden Age,
Of freedom, faith, and holiness, of deeds of knight and sage ;
They sing of all things tender that heave the human breast,
They sing of all things lofty that rouse the soul from rest.

Forgets the courtier-circle to sneer in mockery,
 The King's relentless warriors, to God they bow the knee ;
 The Queen's sweet soul is melted, with joy and pain opprest—
 She gives the noble Minstrels the rose from out her breast.

"Ye have seduced my people—dare ye my wife betray !"
 Cries the fell King, all trembling beneath his fury's sway ;
 His heavy brand, flung fiercely, pierces the gallant youth,
 The crimson life-blood stains the breast whence flowed the songs of
 Truth.

And while the crowd of hearers is scattered in wild alarm,
 The youth's death-sigh is gasped in his Master's circling arm ;
 He wraps the dead in his mantle, he sets him on the steed,
 He binds him fast in the saddle, and forth with him doth speed.

But lo ! beside the portal, there halts the Minstrel old,
 He grasps his harp despairing, that peerless harp of gold—
 Against a marble column he shatters its clanging strings,
 And loud through towers and gardens his voice of menace rings :

"Woe to you, halls of splendour ! never again resound
 "Sweet tones of voice or harpstring your hateful walls around ;
 "No ! bitter sighs and groans be yours, echo but slavish tread,
 "Till ye be trampled into dust in vengeance of the dead !

"Woe to you, blooming gardens, bright in the light of May !
 "I show you this distorted face that ye may fade away,
 "At sight of its marred beauty, that every spring may dry,
 "That ye unto all future time a stony waste may lie !

"Woe to thee, savage murderer ! Accurst of minstrelldom,
 "May all thy strivings for the wreath of Fame to nothing come,
 "Forgotten ever be thy name, sunken in endless night,—
 "Fail like a dying man's last breath, as empty and as light !"

So spake the Harper olden : and God has heard his cry—
 No more that castle rears its towers, its walls in ruins lie ;
 One lofty column tells alone of all that vanished state,
 And this itself, with riven shaft, may fall ere night be late.

Around are no fair gardens, but arid desert land—
 No tree therein spreads leafy shade, no fountain parts the sand ;
 The King's name lives not in the song, nor in heroic verse.
 No ! fallen and forgotten :—this was the Minstrel's Curse.

Ω.

What we saw at the Exposition.

[FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CAPE STUDENT.]

“ROME! Let me see : did we go there ?—Oh yes ! That’s where we saw a woman shaving a dog on the steps of a church !”

The old lady who gave this description of a visit to the Eternal City has been unjustly ridiculed. She had been asked for her personal experiences, and she gave them, leaving it to those who sought for further information to refer to guide-books and the like. It is to be hoped that the readers of the *Magazine* will accept the plea urged in defence of the aged female in question as an apology for a description, somewhat after her style, of a few days’ visit to the Paris Exposition of 1867.

About the beginning of July, five years ago, three Cape Colonists strolled down the crowded beach of Dover towards the Calais packet-boat. The trio will be described with sufficient accuracy for our present purpose by stating that they consisted of two young men and an old party. All seemed happy at the prospect of a fortnight’s holiday, though the rough and stormy aspect of the Channel and the sharp breeze then blowing had a slightly subduing effect on the younger men. Not so their senior, who laid claim to being a regular sea-dog. He whistled, sang, and laughed at the storm and the tempest with a scorn so boisterous as to endanger the contents of the black valise he was carrying ; he cared not for winter and rough weather ; had been to sea twenty times ; and hoped the steward would let us have breakfast sharp.

Alas ! for the uncertainty of human hopes, for the instability of human gastronomics. One short half-hour on board that steamer had reduced our very reverend senior to a prostrate condition in the lee-scuppers, where he and his black carpet-bag, still locked in a fond embrace, floated hither and thither in wild confusion, reminding one of the wreck of the schooner *Hesperus*, for

“ We saw his hair like the brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.”

“ Hullo ! Governor, what are you lying down there for ?” inquired one of the younger men. “ Get up, can’t you ? Why you must be drenched to the skin !”

“ Oh !” gasped the recumbent one ; “ oh ! do me a favour, Tom !”

“ Yes. What’s it ? Want a pull at my flask, hey ?”

“ No ! oh no ! but do ask the Captain to be merciful, and throw me overboard !”

We landed the would-be Jonah safely at Calais, within which odoriferous city he recovered his shore-legs and his appetite simultaneously, marched us into a sort of tavern, and after consulting the bill of fare in conjunction with a pocket-dictionary, ordered kidneys

for three. The waiter glided off, and soon returned with the luxury in question.

"Does he call that kidneys for three! Why, I could eat it all myself! Never mind me, you youngsters; just help yourselves. I'll wait. Here, Garson! Some more, *pour trois!*" holding up three fingers. The "Garson" for a moment looked perplexed, but recovering himself, as if inspired by some "happy thought," he retired for so long an interval as severely to try the nerves of our self-denying but famishing friend. At last he reappeared, his face radiant with the smiles of hope, and placed a dish before our friend. No sooner was the cover removed than a ghastly expression crept over the face of the eager candidate for breakfast; and no wonder. Slices of liver, so cut as to have some faint resemblance to kidneys, and a steam arising therefrom that could scarcely be called fragrant. This was the feather that broke the camel's back. Fixing his eagle-eye upon the abashed Frenchman, our compatriot seized a handfull of the mess, and with an aim which famine rendered unerring, he flung it at the head of the foe. In vain the target dodged; the missile struck him full between the eyes, teaching him the off-repeated lesson of the traveller, "Beware of the South African lion when he's hungry."

Through such adventures by flood and field, our party reached the metropolis of France, and got put down in the usual manner, by an omnibus belonging to the landlord, at the Hotel de Londres, in the neighbourhood of the *Marché St. Honoré*.

Of Paris and its people nothing further need be said, since our business lies with what Napoleon called "the largest gasometer in the world;" but one strong impression left upon our minds as to the inhabitants of *La Belle France* was, that here, where once bloomed the beauties of the Courts of *Henri IV* and *Louis Quatorze*, there appeared to be no "fair sex" left; in fact, one of us declared that he had seen but two pretty women in Paris,—one being the Empress and the other a Dutch servant-girl.

We got some idea of the size of the Exhibition building by losing our way there the first day—we who imagined that a thorough acquaintance with the intricacies of *Seven-Dials*, *Austin Friars*, and the like, was sufficient training to guide us through any labyrinth. A couple of Frenchmen, on seeing us asking a gendarme to direct us, seemed quite happy at the idea of "furrin gents" getting astray in the "House that Nap. built," and whispered something about "*enfants perdus*." Around the outside of the building, which must have been quite a mile in circumference—for it took us twenty minutes to walk round it—were the refreshment saloons of all the nations who took part in the exhibition. At the American Bar, the proprietor of which calls himself *Van Winkle*, and is possibly a descendant of the original *Rip*, about twenty darkies helped customers to gin-sling, brandy-smash, and other Transatlantic intoxicators. There was no mistake about the darkies. Burnt cork could

claim no share in their get-up; they were genu-ine, which is more than one could venture to say for the barmaids at some of the other restaurants. The Frisian nymph who dispensed "waffles" at the Dutch café, and the Algerian beauty who retailed "lumps of delight" next door, might have been Parisian grisettes or blanchisseuses, and we should have been none the worse for it. We had been recommended to visit the stall of the Moscow Belle, and found her very tastefully attired in the peasant costume of Russia and presiding over an urn of what we were informed was the national beverage. Our impression had been that the national beverage of the Russ was arrak; but we live and learn, for arrak surely does not resemble weak-tea, flavoured with a slice of lemon, and without milk.

However, we must not tarry too long at the outside of the building, and the inner man, lest we fall under suspicion of lingering too long over the culinary arrangements. Purchasing a guide-book, and entering the building by one of its numerous portals it soon became evident to our bewildered senses that to examine all the compartments systematically unless one had three or four months' time to devote to it, would be an utter impossibility; so it was decided to fix our attention upon six or seven which would be most likely to interest us as Colonists. We therefore found our way first to the section set aside for the use of the British Colonies; and amongst these, Nova Scotia certainly made the best show, both as regards variety of products and the manner in which they were arranged. The Blue-noses had evidently done their utmost to outstrip their brother Colonists, and their success was to a great extent owing to the superiority of their agent, for though Australia had a larger collection, their specimens were huddled together in such a way as to show them to the worst advantage. The manner in which the articles are placed was, at an exhibition like this, of more importance than their quality, and when people send a man six or seven thousand miles to "fix up" a space of barely three cubic feet, they have a right to expect perfection.

Natal had sent very nearly the same products as the Cape, excepting that we had no sugar and they had no wine. The Constantia wine of Cloete and Van Renen were put in a prominent position, and attracted more attention than even the ostrich feathers or the snake-skin bonnets. It was satisfactory to us to observe how far superior the Cape feathers were to those from Algeria, as this fact diminishes the probability of rivalry in this branch of our exports. Amongst other things from the Colony we noticed a huge bulb, known as the "mager-man," whose spear-shaped efflorescence covers the hills of Caledon, Swellendam, and Riversdale for miles and miles at certain seasons, and the fibre of which Mr. Wicks has ascertained to be of great strength, though as yet it has no commercial value. The bulb had begun to sprout; and to view its large green leaves, which we had so often pulled as boys, but not seen for the last

three long, dreary years, looking so fresh, and full of life in this foreign land, was like meeting with one of the old familiar faces.

In the picture galleries we paid most attention to the Italian and German paintings, for most of the English ones were the same that had been exhibited in the National Gallery in London, whilst of French and Dutch works we had seen enough at Versailles and at the Hague. The Pope, having nothing else to show, for the modern Italian school is very inferior, had been persuaded to send some of the master-pieces of the Vatican. Not being "art-cricket" (as Artemus calls it), the only conclusion we could come to with regard to the execution of these pieces was, that it was "very fine." So far as the subject-matter was concerned, the old Italian artists appeared to have allowed themselves a very limited scope, for if it was not some saint in the act of martyrdom, it was sure to be a nymph in very light drapery. The display in this department was tediously numerous, and we felt very much in the same mood as a friend and fellow-colonist of ours, who, after a three hours' march within the Vatican, was so delighted at escaping from the old masters, that on hearing as he emerged the tones of an asthmatic barrel-organ playing "Polly Perkins," he exclaimed, "Now, *that's* the sort of thing *I* like!" The Austrians were considerably ahead of the Prussians in the use of the brush, whatever they might be in that of the needle-gun, and the Germans resemble the Dutch and Flemish in preferring home scenes to more ideal ones.

The quantity and variety of the machinery at the Exposition was something astounding. There were probably no less than two hundred different kinds constantly in motion; in fact, you could hear the whir of the fly-wheels at the Pont des Invalides, more than half a mile off. The prominence of machinery at the International Exhibition forced upon one the conviction that without water and without coal no country can be commercially great, and it was discouraging to remember that we had so little of either.

The junior members of our party took a great deal of interest in the sewing machines, but it must be confessed that this was owing not so much to the neatness of the work done as to the fair ones who worked them, for the owners had been clever enough to make the machines more attractive by selecting the prettiest girls they could obtain to set off their handiwork. It was a clear case of *Sic vos non vobis*, and a rare opportunity was afforded to the æsthetic mind of studying from an international point of view the various types of sewing machinists.

The recent war between Austria and Prussia had consigned to the fate of the blunderbus and horse-pistol every kind of small-arm, with the exception of breech-loaders, needle-guns, and revolvers, and if it be the fact, as has been asserted, that the more deadly the weapons of two hostile armies, the less bloody will be a pitched battle between them, we must admit, paradoxical as it may seem, that the man who invents a machine capable of executing the greatest slaughter

within the shortest time has as great a claim to be ranked amongst philanthropists as a Howard or a Wilberforce! A very good needle-gun was to be had for £6 or £7; and having heard that the British Government intended removing the troops, we felt strongly tempted to arm ourselves, in anticipation of the day when the Colony will have to reintroduce the Burgher law, or some other mode of compulsory military service.

Of vehicles there was an infinite variety, from the ginger-bread looking "spider" to the massive railway carriage capable of holding fifty passengers. The Americans were particularly strong in this department. One car, especially, was so luxuriously fitted up, and the consequent temptation to enter it so strong, that a couple of attendants were kept constantly busy ejecting those who were seeking to force their way into them. It could hardly have been a specimen of what first-class cars in America *are*, as what they *might* be.

Amongst the time-pieces, there were two clocks, to see which would have alone repaid a visit to Paris. One, made by a Jesuit priest who had laboured at it for twenty years, and stood by it to explain its mechanism, had a face so constructed as to look like a lily with an undulating motion, as if moved by the wind; and marked not only the hours, the seasons, and everything connected with the lapse of time, but also acted as a barometer, thermometer, electrometer, and half-a-dozen other "meters." The face proper on which all these changes were indicated was about twenty yards off, and connected with the clock by electricity. It seemed strange, at first, that a Jesuit priest residing in Rome, whom we would consequently expect to find far behind his age, should invent this thing, that seemed to combine all the scientific discoveries of the present century; but perhaps it was natural that in a place where politics and religion are not suffered to be discussed, a man of genius should find such an outlet for his talents.

The other clock, made by a Frenchman, though not quite so ingeniously contrived, was also exceedingly intricate. At each stroke of the hour you saw the First Napoleon in some different event of his life. At the stroke of one, he appears on the Island of Elba, ready to put to sea; at two, he enters a small boat and pushes off; at three, he appears at the head of his troops at St. Germain; and so on round the clock, till the curtain falls at midnight on the closing scene at St. Helena, of that "strange eventful history."

There was nothing very remarkable about the different national costumes. They were all stuck on lay-figures, whilst the chief attraction about a peculiar dress is to see it on the wearer. Even a Dollyvarden has no charms unless set off by the corkscrew ringlet.

We were only once clearly taken in at the Exposition, and that was at the Chinese and Japanese model-houses, where we paid fifty centimes to see a Chinese play, and found on entering that the performance was to commence next week, and would last for a

month. This was too much for fifty centimes ! We, however, obtained a view of two Japanese beauties, who were selling some trash or other to unwary visitors at one franc a packet.

The most attractive objects in the grounds surrounding the building were the Russian stables and American school-room, fitting types of the difference between despotism and democracy,—the one containing a number of splendid Arabs exhibited by the Czar, the other the simple but effective means which has made the Yankees lords and masters of a continent.

Lightning Conductors.

THE destructive effects of lightning are familiar to people in almost all parts of the world, and few are the localities that escape its erratic intrusion. We see the thunder-clouds rising and massing in grand magnificence from the horizon, and watch them with, perhaps, painful interest and expectation. They roll solemnly onward, slowly and in compact masses, and we know not where, or for what reason, they shall break forth into furious energy in one direction or another ; although we may have no doubt, as a matter of experience, where the storm will burst. Slowly and solemnly the clouds move onward, until at last a blinding flash of electric light dims the sight, and in a few seconds the ear is stunned by the crashing sound of thunder, awakening in the mind an instinctive sense of danger,—aye, even to the bravest of men. There is something awful in the sound, as the effect of supernatural power. It is beyond the compass of man's agency, and beyond his control ; and man is conscious of his incapacity to elude its effects, or escape the possibility of his utter destruction. He may, with a shudder, ensconce himself within the shelter of his roof, or in a rock cave, and yet feel only a partial security from the threatened thunderbolt,—for, so long as the raging crashing sounds continue, he knows no reason why the mysterious erratic fluid should not reach him. He feels that it may find him out anywhere,—and rather from instinctive prudence than any abject fear, will shun open exposure.

This, I take it, is the common habit and prevailing idea. The flash or stream of lightning is viewed with something like admiration, as something brilliant and beautiful ; but the roar of thunder that follows dispels this sense of beauty, and sends through the nervous system a shock of terror or a consciousness of danger. It is a common feeling, even to those who know full well that the hearing of the thunder-clap is the certain assurance that all danger has passed, that the explosion has taken place,—and that, when the sound has reached the ear, whatever mischief there may be has been done beyond the power of man to remedy.

My first object in writing this paper is to impress upon all the fact that, when the thunder-clap is heard, all danger is past, and those who hear the reverberating crash and rumble at an appreciable moment after witnessing the flash of lightning should be thankful for the sound, as an assurance of being then in safety. But when I said that this elemental commotion was beyond the control of man, and that he was left to instinctive prudence to shelter himself from the direful effects, my allusion was to man in his natural or uncultivated state,—that state of ignorance of physical operation which he cannot comprehend. But science has brought to light, by slow degrees it is true, certain facts, which it is lamentable to feel are so little appreciated or understood by the community at large. As the result of scientific investigation and experiment, it has been discovered that lightning is the result of contrary or opposing states of electricity in the atmosphere, or between certain streams or strata of air and the earth; and, in the latter case, by facilitating the discharge of electricity from the surcharged cloud to the ground, the explosive and disruptive nature of lightning may be harmlessly carried off. This is effected by what are called lightning conductors, such as rods or tubes of iron, projecting into the air to a greater height than the building intended to be protected; such was the original practice, and, so far as it went, a very good one. Subsequent experience, however, has shown that in this we only adopted a half measure, for now it is known that your true and safe conductor is a network of metallic bands, comprising metallic ridges of roofs with metallic bands extending therefrom to and into the ground, either by means of water-spouts or simple flat bands fastened to the side walls. In fact, an iron house resting fairly on the ground is, of all others, the most secure from the effects of lightning,—for metal is one of the best conductors of the electric fluid, which only explodes when brought into contact with a non-conductor, or any substance or matter in an opposite state of electricity, as in the case of opposing clouds. Even in an iron bedstead you may repose with perfect security; for if the electric fluid enter your chamber, it will certainly be attracted by the iron and save you,—although, in its inevitable course to the ground, in its escape from the bedstead, an explosion may occur, because of its coming into contact with a boarded or other floor of a non-conducting character. The explosion will be certain, and you may be stunned; but you will nevertheless be untouched by the deadly stroke.

The best mode of affixing conductors to a building is to have metal ridges (iron or copper) to the roof, with flat metallic bands from thence to the eaves, gutters also of metal, from which to and into the ground other flat bands or water-spouting should be attached, so as to complete a perfect metallic connection between the ridging and the earth. By such an arrangement, the electric fluid attracted by the building will find a ready passage to its proper destination, without giving notice of its proximity. Whereas, in the case of a

building unprotected by conductors, the fact of the fluid coming into contact with the stone, wood, or thatch (all non-conducting substances), causes an explosion of greater or less destructiveness.

Detached or isolated conductors are no doubt useful, and probably in numberless instances have effectually intercepted the lightning originally attracted by the mass and form of the building; but, nevertheless, many cases are known in which they have failed from not being in contact with the building, and especially with any external metal appliances, such as gutters and down-pipes which do not enter the ground.

The best proof that can be given of the importance of metallic conduction by means of attached bands is that which has surprised many,—viz., that Government powder magazines are being now thus protected, without giving rise to a single accident or catastrophe.

No great mechanical skill is needed in the application of this (Snow Harris's) system of conduction. All that is required is that all the metal bands shall be in perfect contact with each other and the earth.

H. W. P.

Six Fellow Travellers.

PART I.

"FOR my part," said a young person with bright blue eyes and brown hair, fashionably disfigured after the manner of the period, "I should like it; and when I've said a thing," she added, viciously tapping the table with a paper-knife, "I mean it."

This unmistakably affirmed opinion was advanced in a cheerful, well-furnished drawing-room overlooking the calm clear waters of a South African bay. In the distance the tall masts of the shipping were discernible, and further on a silver line of foam indicated the bar, which, from its irrepressible character and natural obstructiveness, might be almost deemed symbolical of the Government under which the Colony in question is supposed to flourish. We, the *dramatis personæ* of this narrative, were seated near the window, discussing the feasibility of a project, in favour of which the owner of the blue eyes had so emphatically expressed herself. Rokeby, our host, his wife, together with the young person above referred to and a gentleman of recent importation and irreproachable attire, completed, with the writer, the group assembled for the purpose of deciding upon the merits of an "up-country" wagon trip, the proposal for which had been contained in a letter now lying on the table.

"Kafirs trustworthy and tent waterproof," muttered Rokeby as he returned to the epistle. "The wagon," he continued reading, "is sufficiently roomy to contain six people with comfort, and at night it

could be converted into a sleeping apartment for Mrs. Rokeby and the enterprising Miss Kate——”

“How very impertinent!”

“My dear!” said Mrs. Rokeby.

“For ourselves at night, I have a large bell tent, into which four of us may pack with ease. Your friend Knowsley will find plenty of work for his gun; and, of course, I intend to collect all the way. It is just the season for the *Nymphalidæ*. The weather, too, will be glorious, and we cannot fail to enjoy the Bohemianism of the trip.”

“There!” said Rokeby, as he closed the letter, “that’s the Professor’s programme; and the question is, Shall we go? What do you say, Knowsley?”

Mr. Knowsley, whose experiences of the country had been limited to three days, smiled, and gazing steadfastly at his boots replied that the question rested entirely with the ladies.

“It will certainly be a charming season of the year,” said our hostess.

“It will be positively delicious,” added Kate; “a cloudless sky and lovely scenery, a continuous *fête champêtre*; and as to incidents, I feel a presentiment Mr. Knowsley will either shoot the Professor by accident or lose himself in the bush, where, after suffering terrible privations and eating the boots he is already devouring with his eyes, he will be discovered by the Professor, who shall afterwards reproduce him in a paper on The Endurance of the Human Frame and the Nutritious Properties of Patent Leather!”

“Then,” said Rokeby, “the question is definitely settled, and we may consider ourselves duly pledged to the Greenwood Tree. You must provide yourself with a suitable kirtle, Kate, and as you are in the habit of directing certain shafts in a not unskilful manner, we’ll duly recognize you as Maid Marian. I don’t know that Friar Tuck ever wore spectacles, or our burly Professor might fittingly represent him; and as for you, Mr. Knowsley, you sang that aria from *Idomeus* with so much tenderness last night, that it would be difficult to ‘cast’ you for a more appropriate rôle than Allan a’Dale.”

“Young Tommy Phipson has a banjo, and I believe he’d lend it,” observed Kate.

“With respect to luggage,” continued Rokeby, paying no attention to the flippancy of the last remark, “all superfluities must be dispensed with. The shining raiment and fine linen with which women delight to adorn themselves must be left behind, and serviceable homespun, if procurable——”

“My dear!” said his wife, “you are exceeding the limits of a man’s understanding! In another minute—well! you’ll make yourself ridiculous!”

“Don’t interrupt him!” added Kate; “why shouldn’t he be natural, if he chooses?”

As there evidently seemed a crisis impending and the domestic horizon was becoming ominously perturbed, I judged it expedient to

create a diversion by referring to the important topic of commissariat arrangements for the proposed journey. This was a subject of equal interest to us all, one in which feminine resources appeared naturally to advantage; and so the threatened storm, happily averted, resolved itself into a family council upon various preserved delicacies and other requisites of a portable *ménage*.

* * * * *

A week subsequently to the conversation already chronicled, the same individuals were again assembled. In the road facing the house stood our wagon with a team of serviceable oxen and their attendant Kafirs. A portly-looking man, to whose rubicund countenance a pair of blue spectacles gave a somewhat grotesque appearance, was busily engaged in superintending the internal arrangements of our conveyance. This personage was our Professor—we called him Professor, not that he actually filled any academical chair, but from the circumstance that he was always corresponding with real Professors in other countries on the respective merits of divers “specimens” of the insect world. What his age was, nobody could determine. He might have belonged to some pre-historic period as far as the oldest inhabitant knew to the contrary. He always wore the blue spectacles, and it was currently believed he slept in them. In fact, he was so unchangeable, so cheery and so vigorous, that one felt disposed almost to regard him as a species of perpetual evergreen tinged with red. Mr. Knowsley standing near, and holding in his hand a gun case, was attired in faultless costume of a sporting character.

“Our own edition of the modern Nimrod,” observed Kate, glancing in his direction. “If he’s not ornamental, he may at least be useful. Why doesn’t he help the Professor? I believe,” she added to Rokeby, “his intentions with that gun are really dreadful,—at least he thinks so.”

“I’ll ask him, if you like! I’ve only to say that, before you are fairly committed to the journey, you are anxious to learn whether his ‘intentions’ are of a ‘dreadful’ nature.”

“You’ll do nothing so ridiculous!”

By this time our Professor had nearly completed his preparations, and the interior of the wagon certainly presented an air of comfort. Snugly cushioned seats with padded backs were ranged on each side. A small table fitted into one of the corners, and near this hung a book-shelf, fitted with some carefully selected volumes of the lighter class, as well as scientific books of reference. From the upper part of the tent was suspended a lamp, whilst a collecting-net, fishing-rod, and gun were fastened to the framework. As our party issued forth and prepared to seat themselves, a subdued but not unexpressive murmur rose from the sable retinue gathered near. Delightful to the savage eye appeared the velveteen shooting jacket, the glistening buttons, and trim knickerbockers of Mr. Knowsley, to whom the salutation “*Saka bona Inkosi!*” possessed at least the charm of novelty and distinction.

"You see, Knowsley, they are determined to thrust greatness upon you. '*Inkosi*' means king," exclaimed Rokeby.

"And there are his fiddlers three," cried Kate, pointing to that number of dusky urchins in the road, who were endeavouring to produce sundry shrill noises from some reeds they carried.

"I don't think, Miss Kate," said the Professor with a malicious twinkle in his eye, "that the admiration of our Kafirs is limited to one person."

"What *do* you mean?"

"They have just been inquiring whether you were Rokeby's '*Inkosi kazi*,' his head wife, and remarking that you probably cost him a great many cows."

Whatever response this elicited was effectually drowned in the uproar of discordant sounds consequent upon our departure. "Yek! yek!" roared the driver as he plied his whip; "yek! yek!" piped a small boy in shrill treble, to whom the duties of "voorlooper," or leader of the oxen were assigned. The wheels creaked, the wagon groaned, and at last our "expedition," as we termed it, was fairly on the *trek*. Through the heavy sand of a road filled with deep ruts, into which we occasionally rolled with a dislocating jolt, past the stores and warehouses of the main street, to which the long rows of seringa trees gave a pleasant and not unpicturesque appearance, we slowly made our way. As the last shop displaying various articles of dress was passed, Rokeby, who had been observing his wife's glance steadily directed towards it, remarked that he was only just realizing the profound nature of the sacrifice the ladies were making.

"It is a sacrifice," said Kate; "but, after all, our opportunities of studying the manners and customs of four male creatures will be great, and the result should at least be curious, if not instructive."

"You are getting far too pronounced, my dear! Of course, I know you are devoted to our interests,—that we shall neither go buttonless nor torn, and that you intend to embroider for each of us a cap——"

"And bells, pray add."

"Don't be rude! for I was about to cite an historical instance of the attachment of the sex. During the Thirty Years' War, old Tilly or Wallenstein besieged a certain German town, but its defence had been so obstinate that on its capitulation the only terms granted by the conqueror were that each woman should take forth as much as she could carry of whatever she held most precious. At the appointed time the gates were opened, and these exemplary wives passed out, each bearing her husband in her arms——"

"I think I've heard," interrupted the Professor, "that there was a sheet of water, a medieval ducking-pond; in the vicinity of the besiegers' camp, and these excellent women marched with their burdens ominously in its direction."

"Now," said Rokeby, somewhat agast, "if you are about to aid

and abet the weaker vessels by miserable jokes of this description, the sooner retributive justice is meted out to you, the better ; and I'll leave no effort untried to induce the strongest-minded woman of my acquaintance to marry you the instant we return, sir ! ”

“ Then,” said the Professor, as he surveyed his portly person, “ she must be physically as well as mentally tough, for if history repeats itself under similar circumstances, she'd find it an exhaustive process carrying me.”

After another hour had passed, we ascended a steep hill overlooking the town which lay beneath. On either side of us a thick bush of almost tropical luxuriance extended. Shadowy recesses of open glades, down which birds and insects of every hue and colour flashed to and fro in the sunlight, gave incessant variety to the picture. Here and there appeared the features of a grinning Kafir, absorbed in the cheerful contemplation of passers-by, while occasionally the dull thud of an axe or the report of a gun evinced the presence of others in the vicinity.

“ Now we alight,” said the Professor, as we stopped at one of the openings in question. “ There's a pleasant short cut through the bush, and we can afterwards rejoin the wagon when it outspans.” Our party then descended, and the Professor, taking a collecting-net from the wagon, observed, “ There are some curious little masqueraders in this bush, and I shall capture a few as we go along.”

“ What are masqueraders ? ” asked Kate.

“ Butterflies, my dear ; prone, like their prototypes of the human species, to realize the adage ‘ appearances are deceitful.’ ”

“ There must be some game in this neighbourhood,” suggested Knowsley, “ and I may shoot something.”

“ Partridges, quail, and buck,” said the Professor. “ I'll lend you a Kafir ; and bear in mind, there'll be six healthy appetites at sundown.”

“ How well it will read ! ” said Kate reflectively.

“ What ? the six healthy appetites ? ”

“ Oh dear, no ! Something far more interesting ; the Mysterious Disappearance of a Stranger ! He left his friends about midday, and entrusting himself to the guidance of a single Kafir, disappeared in the labyrinths of the surrounding bush. A pearl button and an eye-glass have since been found, and identified as the property of the unfortunate gentleman, whose fate remains to the present time wrapt in impenetrable mystery.” To this piece of pleasantry Mr. Knowsley vouchsafed no answer, but, shouldering his gun and followed by the Kafir, strode away.

“ Kate ! my dear ! ” said Mrs. Rokeby, with a glance of matronly significance ; and for some minutes the two ladies were engaged in an energetic but inaudible conversation, and the result was that if the younger one did exhibit tendencies of a defiant order, she was at least unusually reticent for some time after. Along the intricate windings of the narrow path, we followed the Professor, who, airily flourishing his net, displayed all the buoyancy of a cork in troubled waters, as he

alternately stopped or ran, whilst engaged in the pursuit of some more than ordinarily perverse and restless insect. A very paradise of butterflies this pathway seemed. Now a glittering "Mother-o'-pearl" hovering for an instant in dangerous proximity was swept into our collector's net, and the next minute a crimson *Acræa* or velvety *Papilio*, dexterously "taken on the wing," was added to the list of captures.

"These are only the 'vulgar herd,'" he said, surveying them; "we shall find our masqueraders in a few minutes more."

"How do you know you will?" asked Rokeby.

Because there is a season for everything; every tree and bush furnishes at a certain period sustenance for *larvæ*, and butterflies must deposit their eggs upon the plant before the season is too far advanced for the young caterpillars to procure their food. Here we are!"

We now stopped before a stunted bush, composed apparently of dead leaves, and twigs, and offering a marked contrast to the brightly tinted verdure of the neighbouring trees.

"Now, Miss Kate, can you detect anything upon that branch?"

"I can only see a small dead leaf suspended by the stalk."

In another moment a rapid sweep enclosed it in the net, and instantly a quick flash of glittering metallic blue, as the imprisoned insect darted to and fro, testified to the almost magical transformation of the 'dead leaf.' Stooping down the Professor carefully manipulated the net, and with a practised squeeze effectually silenced the efforts of the captive. "There," he said, impaling it upon a pin, "appearances, you'll admit, are deceitful. This little *Loxura Alcides* is furnished with a most marvellous disguise. When its wings are expanded you see their upper surface is of the glossiest metallic blue, but no sooner are they closed than the dull brown hue, the veinings, and marks of the undersides give it the precise appearance of a dead leaf, whilst the small tails falling compactly together form the exact counterpart to a stalk or twig."

"Curious!" from Rokeby in a tone of languid interest.

"How very charming!" from the ladies, with a greater air of interest.

"Curious!—very charming!" repeated the Professor testily. "The platitudes of people who have eyes and will not see, and ears yet will not hear! Everything in Nature is subservient to a purpose. Were it not for the protective character of this resemblance, the otherwise showy *Alcides* would be so conspicuous an object that birds and other predatory creatures would quickly render the species extinct. Now by her resemblance to the food plant when her wings are closed, the female is enabled to deposit her eggs in comparative safety, and so the species is preserved and race transmitted. There are numerous other butterflies provided with similar disguises."

"Then the 'Butterfly's Ball' we have all read about must have been a 'Fancy Dress,'" said Kate, "although the author, who ought to have known better, omitted to tell us so."

"Will your specimens retain their colours, or does the plumage fade?" asked Mrs. Rokeby with a feminine appreciation of the vivid blues and crimsons.

"The colours seldom fade," answered the Professor, "and the camphor and other antiseptics we use contribute materially to their permanence."

"Camphor and other antiseptics," repeated Rokeby. "I possess a butterfly of my own, and it may be worth remembering."

"What ! ! ! ! !" said his wife, with an inflection of voice which six notes of admiration fail completely to express.

"I was thinking of those 'little bills,' my dear ! which significantly remind me from time to time that your 'plumage' at least requires renewal."

Our stroll through the bush proved a lengthy one, and it was not until the shadows were visibly extending on our path that we regained the roadway and found the wagon outspanned by the side of an adjacent hill. Already our Kafirs were seated round a fire watching with keen interest the preparation of their repast. At a short distance further, another fire presided over by our *chef*, a Kafir dressed in an Artillery tunic, and consequently termed "the Governor," was evidently devoted to our own interests, and from the manner in which this artist removed the lids of the various saucepans and inspected their contents, it was obvious everything was progressing to his satisfaction.

"We only require another witch," said Rokeby, "in addition to the steaming caldron and the black gentleman in attendance, to rehearse the heath scene in Macbeth in an improved fashion."

"And I can add," said Kate, glancing behind her,

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes ;"

And I've no doubt 'lizard's leg and owlet's wing' are in that bag he carries," she continued, as Knowsley approached our group.

"I've shot five partridges, Miss Kate," he said with a slightly triumphant manner, proceeding to unstrap the bag.

"Really ! Were the poor things asleep?"

Now, when you have been toiling for several hours under a broiling sun, and have after long perseverance succeeded in adding to the resources of the larder, to be asked whether the very lively birds you so cleverly brought down were "asleep," is, to say the least, exasperating. Whatever our sportsman thought, he managed, however, to conceal, and with equanimity, strode away to deposit his gun in the tent, which had been erected at no great distance from the wagon.

"It's my impression 'the Governor' has something on his mind," observed Rokeby, who had been watching certain nimble performances on the part of our cook for the last few minutes.

"Ah ! our dinner must be ready," said the Professor, glancing in the same direction. "Whenever that fellow has achieved success, he relieves his feelings with a dance."

The six healthy appetites promised in the earlier part of the day were undoubtedly forthcoming, and we did ample justice to the Governor's skill. Seated near a clump of stately trees, whose long shadows were thrown by the moonlight sharply on the earth, our first banquet in the Greenwood had all the realities of "camping out," without the inconveniences occasionally entailed. Certain long-necked bottles were quickly relieved of their contents, whilst various cold pies, "the crust of civilization," as Rokeby termed them, and other comestibles we had brought with us, were speedily discussed to our entire approval. Then, with the permission of the ladies, who declared they "didn't the least mind," the Professor produced a venerable meerschaum, and proceeded to envelope himself in a nimbus of white smoke, until nothing remained visible but his spectacles, glimmering weirdly through the haze. Knowsley selected a cigar from a handsomely embroidered case, and as it could in no way affect her, it was odd that Kate should manifest so much curiosity respecting the origin of this article. Whether it had been designed by a sister, a cousin, or "somebody else," was certainly no affair of hers. At last, when our fires were growing low, and the mists of night were perceptibly thickening around, Rokeby suggested we should adjourn and seek the rest of which we all stood somewhat in need. The wagon had been arranged as a sleeping apartment for the ladies, whilst a good-sized tent, placed a short distance beyond, was destined to provide similar accommodation for ourselves. Sleep, however, is not always attainable when most desired, and no sooner had we wrapped ourselves in our respective blankets, than a very pandemonium of confused sounds fell upon our ears. From the adjoining thicket came the shrill notes of innumerable *Cicadidæ*, grasshoppers and field-crickets, whilst, nearer still, a series of guttural noises, now rising in harsh chorus and anon changing to a sharp treble, rendered night hideous and sleep impossible.

"It's 'jam ! more jam !' they are repeating," said Mr. Knowsley, who, sitting up on his mattress with his head aslant, like an intelligent bull-finch, was listening intently to the disturbers of our peace.

"They are bull-frogs," said the Professor. "This is a fine country for Batrachians ; and then we've also the 'clawed toad,' *Dactylethra Capensis*,—though why *Capensis*, considering it has never been found in the neighbourhood of the Cape, I should like to know?"

"More jam ! more jam !" croaked the bull-frogs.

"*Jam satis !*" growled the Professor, as he composed himself to sleep.

A Letter on Education.

THE Educational Question has of late engaged a good deal of attention, not only in Europe but also in this Colony, and though the opinions thereon vary very materially, yet the very fact of the matter being discussed is already in itself a hopeful sign, there being nothing more inimical to progress than apathy and stolid indifference. The importance of education is so great, and the evils consequent upon a neglect thereof so serious, that it behoves every one to assist in devising

means for the establishment also in this country of a comprehensive and efficient system of *National Education*.

The rich and well-to-do Colonist will in most cases avail himself of his position to provide proper instruction for his children, but this is necessarily accompanied with an expense far beyond the means of many, who, consequently, arrive at years of discretion either perfectly ignorant, or just able to scrawl their name and spell through the Church Catechism, without the least knowledge of history or of the merest rudiments of the Sciences. This is a deplorable fact, and it is the cause, I verily believe, of much of the apathy, want of public spirit and enterprise, which are being continually lamented. It is, moreover, fatal to that proper feeling of self-reliance and independence without which no nation can expect to hold its place in the world's race.

What, then, can be done to place the means of acquiring knowledge within reach of the masses? Some men say, compulsory education, as introduced in several continental countries is a panacea for the evils from which we are suffering,—and I confess that there is a good deal to be said in favour of such a measure; still, with our strong predilection for liberty, one can scarcely avoid shrinking from a system of compulsion; but, at the same time, I am willing to admit that this scrupulous delicacy for the liberty of the subject may be carried too far, and that circumstances can arise where the adoption of what we call extreme measures becomes a necessary though painful duty.

But be this as it may, as applied to our Colony, I respectfully contend that it is scarcely necessary to argue the abstract question as to whether or not compulsory education is justifiable, and can be consistently advocated and adopted by a free people under a free and liberal Government, inasmuch as it would be quite impracticable to work such a system here, without either marring its efficiency or subjecting part of the population to crying injustice. However, as the system has its advocates also in this country, I shall include it in my argument.

Compulsory education means, that all children between certain ages *must* attend some school or other recognized and approved by the State; it need not necessarily be a *public* school, but it is to such that the children of the poorer classes are generally sent. Now, in densely populated European countries it is, of course, possible to establish and support such a number of these elementary training schools, in such convenient localities, that all the inhabitants can readily reach these seminaries: in fact, *there*, the school is brought to every man's door, and as such—putting other considerations aside for a moment—there is, on *this* score at least, no hardship in compelling a parent to send his children to school. But transplant this system to the Cape Colony, with its large farms and sparsely scattered population of mixed races, and see what you can make of it! There must either be a school on nearly every place, at an outlay far beyond our resources, or, by establishing fewer in accordance with the means at our disposal, you are necessarily compelled to relinquish the very heart and soul of the system,—the compulsory attendance of the children; unless, indeed, you are prepared to sanction the imposition of the grievous task of daily subjecting the young people to a pilgrimage of many and many a weary mile, as for more than one reason, it is utterly impossible to provide board and lodging for the large numbers at the different schools; for, bear in mind, that the provisions of a measure for establishing a scheme of National Education on the compulsory principle must extend to all classes of our mixed population. These are serious difficulties, and to my mind at least, they seem fatal to the practicability of a system of coercion, independent of its inherent objection, which I purpose now briefly to consider.

It appears to me that the *forced* education of the children by the State, like in Prussia for example, has the tendency of keeping the people entirely passive, and of making the education a species of drill calculated to a certain extent to destroy individuality, and instil feelings of subserviency *to* instead of those of co-operation *with* the State. The duty of the State is clearly to promote education and to provide proper funds for this purpose; but as much as possible should be left to local bodies and to the people themselves. The people must everywhere be encouraged and stimulated to take part of the task of education in their own hands, as a sacred duty they owe to their children and to the State, and it is, in my opinion,

at least questionable whether this high sense of duty is better fostered by compulsory education than by placing within easy reach of the population the means of getting their children educated with some slight co-operation on their part as interested parties.

My views may possibly be very wrong, but I cannot help looking with a considerable degree of suspicion on so-called *Parental Government*, whether exercised by State or Church, as, with the best intentions, these *régimes* but too frequently lead, as history teaches us, to oppression and intolerance.

Besides, once concede the point that is proper and right of the State to *force* you to attend some particular school for *secular* instruction, then, what is there *logically* to prevent it from going a step further, and ordering that *religious* education shall be compulsory; also, that every man, woman, and child shall attend a *State Church* at least once a week, or something similar? I apprehend that under a paternal form of Government, influenced by a strong clerical element, holding extreme views, such a proceeding would be viewed as perfectly legitimate.

It must not be inferred from the above that I am under *much* apprehension of such things really happening in our times, but I wish to show what the abstract *principle* of compulsory education, if *rigidly* and *logically* carried out, might lead to under certain given circumstances.

Since writing this passage, my eye casually fell on the following pregnant sentence in a late English newspaper, showing what paternal Governments are capable of:—"The Berlin papers state that the measures for the 'Russification' of the Germans in the Baltic provinces of Russia are becoming more severe than ever, and are executed with great cruelty. At Riga, where the Russians form a small minority of the population, the Government has opened a seminary with the avowed object of spreading the Russian language and religion among the German inhabitants, who are Protestants."

But to come nearer home, and again applying the compulsory system to this our Colony, where it cannot be denied there exists—more particularly among certain classes—a want of sympathy with the Government and the political institutions of the country,—a sort of feeling as if they, the people, only existed and slaved for this, in their eyes, very useless power. Now this is a most unsatisfactory symptom, and one calculated to mar good government and the successful working of representative institutions. There ought to exist cordial relations between the governed and between those that govern, and the people should be led to feel that *they* are to co-operate with their rulers.

These things being so, I fear that any attempt by the Government to *force* education upon such people will, in many cases, only estrange them more from the powers that be, and rouse a feeling of opposition, which after a time will make place for sullen indifference; whereas, if they are to some extent personally instrumental in acquiring instruction, it will be so much more highly valued, and will, moreover, aid in calling into existence a proper sense of the responsibility, resting upon every one of co-operating with the State in promoting the spread of useful knowledge.

Being thus led to think that compulsory education, even if desirable, is not generally practicable in this country, the next question is, What other system is it possible to inaugurate with a reasonable prospect of success?

I begin by saying that the State ought to grant more pecuniary aid to the cause of education than now is the case, and that it should take the initiative in at least establishing an elementary system of national education. It should be no half measure, but a comprehensive scheme, embracing the whole Colony, and with just this extent of compulsion, that it is ordered that good and cheap schools *are to be* established in certain localities.

In order to start any such undertaking on a good footing, a considerable revenue will be required, and, for this purpose, a sort of school-rate might be levied with great propriety. It should not, I am disposed to think, be a local rate, but be levied by and for the general Government all over the country, the same as any other tax, so that the proceeds could go to swell the general revenue. The question as to whether this should be a property or personal tax is one foreign to the object of this paper, but it appears to me that it might be imposed on some such

principle as the House Duty, giving the Divisional Councils, or some other local body, the right and authority of exempting the very poor from the operation thereof. The fact of a certain income being thus secured under this particular head ought *not*, however, to have the effect of limiting the expenditure for educational purposes to the exact amount so raised, as this might occasionally interfere with the efficient working of the system, which should not be imperilled for the sake of a few thousands.

Having once ascertained what means can be spared for the establishing of what may be fairly called a national system of elementary education, the next step would be, to decide upon the conditions on which these schools are to be founded; for example, either say there shall be a school in each field-cornetcy, or one for so many inhabitants, or one to so many square miles of country,—or regulate it in any other way best calculated to carry out the object in view.

School Boards should be appointed in the several divisions to deal with all matters of detail and have a general supervision over the schools. These Boards might consist of the Civil Commissioner, Divisional Councillors, and the Clergy of the different denominations (up to a certain number), or the members might be specially elected by the inhabitants.

The School Boards should fix the localities for establishing the schools—the fees, subject to certain general regulations; and with them would also rest the admission of pupils free of any charge where the parents are unable to pay the fees, which should be reduced to the lowest practicable figure, so that as much as possible every one may be placed in a position of contributing towards the support of the school. At the same time, it is to be clearly understood that no one unable to pay is to be debarred the right of sending his children free of charge, as the aim and object of these establishments ought more particularly to be the education of the poorer classes.

The teachers should be recommended by the Boards and approved by the General Head Inspector, who is to cause periodical inspections to be made by persons duly qualified for the task. The salary of the master to be fixed and paid by Government, while some percentage of the fees might also be allowed him by way of premium, as a reward for zeal and efficiency. There are innumerable matters of detail which I must necessarily leave untouched. My object was merely to sketch the outline of a scheme of national education, which, while avoiding the compulsory system, yet recognizes the principle that the State should afford substantial assistance in providing elementary instruction for the people; and this it is proposed to do by bringing cheap schools within easy reach of the masses, and by holding out such inducements as are calculated gradually to enlist the sympathy and hearty co-operation of all classes for and in the important work of education. I have here only spoken of elementary schools; but there would be no difficulty in also affording aid to educational establishments of a higher order on a somewhat modified principle.

There is one aspect of the question which I have not yet considered, and that is, the one generally called the religious “difficulty.” In other words, it will be asked whether, at these proposed national schools, religious instruction is to be given, and if so, to what extent, or whether the education will be purely secular? I feel disposed to put a question in return, viz., this, *what* is, more than anything else, necessary to ensure the successful working of national schools? The answer must be, *unanimity and joint action*. Now, we all agree about the great desirability of teaching at least the rudiments of knowledge to every one, and there can be no difference of opinion worth mentioning as to the way in which this shall be taught. This being so, why, then, shall we introduce an element of discord, and destroy the harmony which exists on this one great point? and it cannot be denied that, on account of our unfortunate religious differences, the introduction of religion, as a branch of study, would lead to dissension and strife. I know that it is endeavoured to meet this difficulty by a sort of compromise, that is, by limiting the schools to the reading of the Scriptures and of certain creeds which are supposed to be generally recognized; but, even for argument’s sake, admitting that here we stand on neutral ground (which I deny), then I respectfully maintain that the mere *reading* or *reciting* of these, without any

explanation or comment whatever, is only a miserable parody on religious instruction; and yet, the moment the teacher, however discreet he may be, attempts to supplement the reading with any observations of his own, he cannot but represent things as viewed from his particular theological stand-point, whatever that may be, and by so doing, unfortunately displease some one or other. Besides, where these schools are supported by the State, by means of a revenue to which all sects and denominations contribute, it is not just, practically, to exclude the children of some, by insisting upon their taking part in a system of religious tuition not approved by the parents. Under all these circumstances, therefore, I strongly incline to the opinion that, as a general rule, the time during the ordinary school hours should be *exclusively* devoted to secular pursuits, leaving it optional with the School Boards to set apart some *other* portion of time for the religious teaching of such children as may be sent to attend these private classes, or to make such other local arrangements as may be considered desirable.

I am well aware that many able and experienced men hold that secular and religious teaching should go hand-in-hand, and that schools conducted on a purely secular system must not feel surprised when they are styled and described as *godless*. Now, while willingly respecting the opinions of all those who think so, yet I enter my solemn protest against their conclusions. Surely theirs is an exaggerated fear. If the State *prohibited* all teaching of religion, the term would perhaps be correct; but, as things are, I fail to see what cause there is for alarm. Surely, it does not follow that all undertakings and occupations carried out without a religious ceremonial must necessarily be godless. Secular instruction in itself is admitted to be good; it might be *better* when combined with religious teaching; but the absence thereof does not, I conceive, make the former godless or hurtful.

The position of the State is as follows:—It recognizes the importance of both secular and religious teaching, but seeing the many divisions that exist among religious bodies, and, moreover, acknowledging the sacred right of liberty of conscience, it says:—"You are all agreed upon the advantages of teaching people reading, writing, arithmetic, and so on, and this being so, we can with great propriety direct this as a *national* work, as one in which men of all shades of opinion can heartily join. But as regards religious teaching, on which you are so divided, we are fully resolved to leave this to the different Churches, to home influences, and to such agencies as may be established for this special purpose by the respective denominations, all of which will have our sympathy and ready co-operation, together with such support, moral and otherwise, as we can consistently afford; but do not ask us to jeopardize the success of a great work by connecting it with a matter on which you *yourselves* are not agreed; besides, religion is scarcely a subject for State interference, for reduction to a dry system to be taught by rule and compass, like any other branch of knowledge; it is being more and more viewed in the light of a sacred matter between each individual conscience and its Maker. Again, by giving way to the demands of you who agitate, in the name of religion, we shall be in danger of perplexing the simple question of education with irrelevant jealousies. It is our object to bring about a great national effort in support of a distinct principle, and to do so, we must discard as much as possible all sources of discord. Surely, it is very simple to say, as we do, every child shall be helped to a plain course of learning, and we are not *necessarily* irreligious because we decline altogether to entangle ourselves in the intricate controversies of rival churches. If they cannot agree to sink their differences, it may be unfortunate, but the blame must rest upon the hostile spirit of theological parties, and not with us, who are determined to put a stop to a national disgrace, by taking charge of initiating a comprehensive system of education available for all classes and denominations."

This brings me to the end of my paper, in which I have attempted to set down my view, but I am very far from wishing to be considered as dogmatizing on so difficult a subject as the Educational Question. I have written with the object of ventilating this important matter, so that by discussion and the free exchange of opinions, we may arrive at what should be the aim of all honest inquiry—Truth,

Mossel Bay, 20th April, 1871.

Albany Natural History Society.

DR. ATHERSTONE, President, in the Chair.

April 6, 1872.

Herbivorous Lady-birds.—Mr. Hellier referred to a paper on the herbivorous habits of some Lady-birds, that appeared in a late number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, as follows :—

During the time I was editing the *Farm* I received several letters containing accounts of the destruction of crops by lady-birds, to which complaints, having only English experience to guide me, I replied that my correspondents were mistaken, and that the lady-birds were on the plants not for the purpose of feeding on the plants themselves, but hunting for aphids, their natural food.

In reply, several correspondents gave the results of their carefully-made observations, all agreeing in the fact that this insect was a consumer of vegetable food.

Two of the correspondents aforesaid—Mrs. Barber, of Highlands, and the late A. Kennedy, Esq., of Swellendam—were good authorities on all matters pertaining to South African insects; and so this gardener's friend in England has decided to have such perversion of appetite as to become a gardener's foe in South Africa.

However, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of the 3rd February there will be found an article, which in part solves this mystery, and from which the following are a few quotations :—

“Monsieur Nauden, through Dr. Masters, some time since submitted to the Scientific Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society a few specimens of an insect which he found very destructive, both in its larval and perfect state, to plants of all kinds in his garden at Collioure, in the Eastern Pyrenees.

“The insect is a kind of lady-bird, called *Epilachna chrysomelina*. It is not a native of Britain; but the section of lady-birds to which it belongs is represented by one species (*Sasia globosa*), and by more, if we include the *Scymnidæ*.

“Lady-birds are best known as the enemies of all kinds of green fly; and being thus carnivorous, it startles one at first sight to find any one of them herbivorous—not that there's is a case like that of the *Zabrus gibbus*, where a particular species, having all the means and appliances for leading a carnivorous life, proves false to its nature, and morbidly indulges in a vegetable diet.

“It is not so with M. Nauden's insect; it belongs to a group, which with a close family resemblance prevailing through all its members, is yet divided into two sections—one fitted for a predaceous carnivorous life, the other for a herbivorous one.

“The only real structural difference that exists between the two sections was in the mandibles, and is present both in the larva and perfect insect; those of the carnivorous section being simply sharp-cutting instruments, with a double point; those of the herbivorous section bearing two teeth, fitting into corresponding inequalities on the opposite mandible.

“They are, in fact, respectively parallel to the canine and molar teeth in mammals, the denticulations on the latter mandibles serving to triturate the vegetable food like molars, while mandibles of the carnivorous species serve merely to cut asunder the skin of the aphides whose juices it sucks, like canine teeth. The maxillæ, or inner jaws, and the palpi of the two sections scarcely differ. We do not know whether the internal viscera show any distinction.

“There remains, however, one point of external difference, which, although in itself apparently a thing of no moment, is constant, and serves at once to distinguish the two sections. All the true coccinellæ have a thin surface, glabrous and shining. The *Epilachnidæ* have it invariably tomentose, or pubescent, as if covered with a velvety down. Something of a similar difference occurs in the larvæ. Those of the coccinellæ (true lady-bird) have a velvety opaque surface, but in other respects are smooth. The *Epilachnæ* (herbivorous feeders) are not velvety, but have a number of projecting arborescent appendages on the back.”

No doubt, the herbivorous lady-bird of South Africa is nearly related to, if not identical with, the insect of the Pyrenees. Mr. Glanville has already secured several varieties, and, no doubt, this kind will be found among them, or others to be collected, and of which he will give us an account at some future meeting of our society.

Mr. Bruce noticed recent acquisitions in the Reptiles, as follows:—

New Tortoises.—*Testudo*, *nov. sp.*—Claws 5-4.—Shell oblong; depressed; pale-yellow; dorsal shields flattened; areola rather large; of costal shields slightly elevated; of dorsal shields nearly flat; marginal shields not recurved; shields distinctly grooved. Length, five inches.

This tortoise approaches nearest to *Testudo sulcata*, but there is not a deep triangular notch in front of the dorsal line. The front and hinder margin are not strongly reflexed and deeply-toothed, as in *Testudo sulcata*; the caudal-plate is not very broad and inflexed, and the areola is not small, and there are no spines on the thigh; the size of our specimen is also much smaller.

Homopus, *nov. sp.?*—Shell oblong; depressed; very slightly recurved on the sides; shields nearly flat; sutures not deep; areola pale brown; not sunk; nuchal shield narrow; animal pale-brown; legs largely scaly. Length, seven inches.

This animal approaches nearest to *Homopus areolatus*; but in the latter animal the areola are sunk, and dark-brown, the sutures are deep, and the marginal shields are recurved, which is in decided contrast to the above; besides there are two more dorsal shields on the above than in *H. areolatus*.

We consider the above tortoises to be new species, and purpose sending one, of which we have a duplicate, and coloured drawings and descriptions of the others, to Dr. Gunther, British Museum.

We have just received a shell of *Testudo semi-serrata*. Hitherto we have not been able to obtain one, as they are not found south of the Orange River. They are common between Kuruman and the southern tropic. This specimen is the thorax of a young one, three and a half inches long. The adult is five inches in length. The black rays are fewer and broader than in Dr. A. Smith's figure; but it is evident that some of the rays are beginning to divide, so that there is no doubt that in the adult state they will be as numerous as Dr. A. Smith states, viz., ten or more yellow rays diverge from the areolæ.

NEW CHAMELIO, *nov. sp.*—We have just received two chameleons from the Vaal River, through Dr. W. G. Atherstone. Length, ten and a half inches.

Colour.—Head, legs, and top of back, light greenish blue; sides, blackish; three white spots on the sides, and a row of white spots from the front leg to the centre of the side; head angular in front; a semicircular row of elevated scales behind, and two lobes of similar shape behind that; a very slight ridge of scales in the centre of the back part of the occiput; back with a keel of larger scales; a row of white tubercles from the chin down the throat and belly to the vent; scales irregular on the back and tail—small and granular; on the sides and belly larger.

We think this must be a new species of chameleon, as it differs in many respects from *Chamelio tuberculiferous* of Dr. Smith, to which it comes nearest.

SNAKES.—Professor MacOwan sends us a specimen of *Dendrophis Natalensis*; young. It comes from Somerset, and differs from the adult figured by Dr. A. Smith by having a faint stripe on either side.

A variety of the above, also young, marked in British Museum Catalogue as *Ahaetulla irregularis*, Leach, has been obtained from Mr. Gaugain, Graham's Town; *Boodon geometricus*, Boie, by Mr. Glanville, from his house in Graham's Town; *Psammophilax rhombeatus*, Gray, have been obtained and set up. Mr. Glanville has also obtained for us *Lycophidion Horstockii*, Schleg., from base of Woest Hill.

Mr. Glanville said that the additions to the Museum since last meeting requiring remark were—

MAMMALS.—*Proteles Lalandii*, Cuv.—This was a young specimen that was dug-out of its hole by some of the men employed by the Hon. S. Cawood. The

dam had been destroyed some days previously, and this little fellow was in a state of great exhaustion. We tried to restore it by giving it milk through a tube, but failed. It died on the second day.

Cephalopus pygmaea, Gray.—This was also a very young specimen when obtained—only a day or two old, indeed. By feeding it from an ordinary feeding-bottle it did very well for nearly a month, when, unfortunately, it swallowed some acorns, and was soon after taken ill, and died the next day. This little blue-buck had become exceedingly tame, and was fond of playing with children. Had it not been for the unfortunate catastrophe, there is every reason to believe that it would have continued to do as well as the duyker and bushbuck, now for a long time in possession of the Museum.

Loxodonta Africana, Gray.—African elephant.—A fine skull, presented by Mr. Chapman.

Zorilla, *nov. sp.*—This new weasel is the same that Mr. T. Atmore enabled us to describe some months ago. This is a young specimen, with milk-teeth. It was stated that the stripes on the back, now distinctly yellow in colour, were white when the animal was alive. It was obtained by Dr. E. Atherstone from Olifantshoek.

Herpestes paludosus, Cuv.—This ichneumon is a young specimen, also by Dr. E. Atherstone. It is common near Graham's Town.

BIRDS.—*Spizaetus bellicosus*, Daud.—A splendid example of this powerful piping eagle, from Dr. Atherstone's farm, near Graham's Town. Its dimensions are just those of the adult bird; but its colouring is intermediate between that of the young specimens in the Museum and of the adult, giving us a splendid series of birds, gradually darkening in colour as they get older.

Accipiter tacheo, Daud.—This common species frequently comes to hand. It is a very fine bird, and visitors to the Museum have the advantage of seeing how the blotchy plumage of the young bird passes gradually into regular bars by the series of six birds, 3 males and 3 females, exhibited.

A. minullus, Daud.—This little sparrow-hawk is comparatively rare. This is only the second specimen received by me. It comes from Fort England. Presented by Mr. Johnson.

Halcyon albi-ventris, Sharp.—A very common species in woods, living on small birds and insects. From Belmont.

Saxicola albiscapulata, Briss.—Tolerably numerous this season; but not so common as *S. sperata*. Specimen from Howison's Poort, by the Taxidermist.

Turtur senegalensis, Linn.—From Belmont, where they are common.

Chalcites auratus, Gmel.—Young bird from Riebeeck, by the son of Mr. Leppan.

C. Klassii, Less.—The metje, or klass cuckoo, by Mr. C. Watson. Not common near Graham's Town.

Gallinago equatorialis, Rupp.—From vlei on the Flats.

Serpentarius reptilivorus, Daud.—Two eggs of the secretary have been obtained, and of a *Procellaria*. We have received a skeleton found on the sands near the Kowie by Mr. A. Furnidge. This skeleton most probably belongs to the stormy petrel itself. It is much too small for any of the enumerated Cape species.

Lepidoptera.—*Callidryas rhadia*.—My attention was drawn by Mr. Galpin's sons, while looking over their collection of insects, to a remarkable appendage on the under side of the front wing of this butterfly. From the inner margin there springs a thick fringe of white silky hairs, forming a very marked feature, but one that does not yet appear to have been noticed.*

On referring to the only specimen of *C. rhadia* in the possession of the Museum, I found the same peculiar characteristic; but it was not to be found in all the specimens in the possession of Mr. Galpin's sons.

The President then referred in general terms to a fine collection of fossil ferns and shells that he had just procured from the neighbourhood of the Sunday's River, which would be ready for exhibition at the next meeting.

* This is a character of the male sex only, and is noticed in *Rhopalocaea Africa Australis* under *Callidryas Florella*, Fab., a form which there is good evidence for believing to be the male of *C. rhadia*. The character appears to be very general, if not universal, in the males of the genus *Callidryas*.—R. T.

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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Life in Australia.

BY ANOTHER LADY.

PART I.

THE first impression you receive on visiting Australia is that you have arrived in a country where business is transacted in a very prompt, energetic manner.

Travelling by the Peninsular and Oriental mail-steamer, you sight the first land at King George's Sound, and entering the beautiful bay steam at once up to a coal-hulk, the decks of which are heavily laden with sacks of coal all ready to be delivered on board the steamer. Close by these some labourers are standing ready to begin the work, and they are the first inhabitants of Australia whom you see. Last May a ridiculous mistake occurred regarding these men. Some one told the lady passengers that they were all *convicts*, and as Australian convicts are supposed to be worse than any other, they looked at them with a great deal of concern, particularly as they had nothing else to do, while the poor fellows were toiling along with the dirty sacks upon their backs. These they emptied into the place appointed, and in doing so made a great dust, which settled on their faces, making them as black as negroes. In a little while the perspiration made gutters down their cheeks, giving a tattooed appearance to their features, and then, it must be confessed, they were not at all prepossessing.

One young lady said, "How soon one can tell convicts from other men!—how very shocking it is to see one's fellow-creatures in such a degraded position!" Another replied, "Yes; just look at that tall, red-haired one,—what a bad countenance! I do wonder what he was transported for,—perhaps forgery;" "or housebreaking," suggested another; "or murder," added a third. "Well," said an amiable woman, "it's not right to think evil of one's fellow-creatures, particularly when they are in trouble; but certainly a more dangerous-looking lot of men I never beheld."

"Who's dangerous?" the second officer asked, who was passing at the time.

"Only the convicts," said the lady.

"What convicts?"

"Those bringing the coals on board."

"I think you have been misinformed; these are the Company's servants."

You hear of nothing but "The Company" at King George's Sound; everything seems to bear some reference to it. The Company's agent has the best house; the cottages belong to the Company's *employés*, and so on. There are only a church and about a hundred houses altogether; amongst them are two hotels, a court-house, and a post-office. On landing, the first object you see is a large horse-wagon standing in front of the latter building, being laden with the mail-bags which the steamer has brought for Western Australia. They are conveyed overland to Perth, together with any passengers there may happen to be. Last May an Arab horse was landed here for the Catholic Bishop; it was accompanied by a groom, and cost a great deal of money between Bombay and its destination; but the owner had been accustomed to ride it in India, and had great affection for the animal. There were some priests to meet it; so that altogether its lot seemed to have fallen in pleasant places.

The second thing you notice in landing at the "Sound" is a large pile of sandal-wood. Indeed, there are many piles of it, waiting for exportation. It does not grow in the neighbourhood, but at some distance in the interior.

You are not very long on shore before you are accosted by three or four aborigines, who infest the hotels, and persist in throwing the boomerang for your amusement. They are very miserable-looking, very, very dirty, and as like monkeys as it is possible to be. However, they manage the rude weapon with great dexterity, and then offer it for sale. You purchase it from them with two motives; firstly, you bestow a charity,—secondly, you possess a curiosity; and after that, take a walk up to the top of Cairn Hill, which commands a fine view of the country around. On the way you meet a good many old friends,—the pretty little pink and white oxalis, and many other flowers common at the Cape. Besides these, there are some beautiful pitcher plants, growing in boggy places; they are very diminutive, about the size of a pea, and growing in great profusion. But trees there are none as far as the eye reaches, only stunted bush and brown hills, with here and there inland lakes, looking like diamond brooches set in bronze. Then you add your stone to the cairn, and feel you have "done" King George's Sound. By this time the Adelaide branch mail-boat, which was waiting with steam up when you arrived, is some miles on her homeward route, conveying the mails for South Australia, together with the latest telegrams which were received at Galle. These are sent on to the other colonies from Adelaide, and anticipate the arrival of the mail-steamer in Melbourne by some days.

Once more at sea, the next point of land you behold is Cape Otway, where there is a fine light-house; and if it be night when you pass it, as is often the case, the steamer sends up a blue light,

which is responded to on the instant by the firing off of rockets ; simultaneously the telegraph informs Melbourne that the English mail will be delivered in twelve hours. There is a high tower at the post office, with windows at the top. As soon as the steamer flashes her blue light before Cape Otway, this tower is illuminated by a powerful lamp, which can be seen and understood at a great distance, so that the officer in charge of the mails knows he must repair to Queen's Cliffe to meet them, and dispatch the portion belonging to Geelong. He is generally up half the night, comes from shore in a little boat, and is the first person you see belonging to Victoria. While the vessel is steaming along over "The Ripple" and up Hobson's Bay, he is counting his bags, and getting all ready for the little steamtender belonging to the post office, which comes alongside off Sandridge, and conveys them all to the pier, where carts are waiting, just the same as in Liverpool when the American mail arrives.

The Launceston boat is generally lying off Sandridge, also with steam up, waiting for the Tasmanian mails ; so that, altogether, you receive the impression that people are all in a hurry in that part of the world.

While the clerk from the post office, accompanied by the third officer, whose duty it is, is taking note of the packages which are being passed out by the gangway, the first officer in command on board the mail steamer is standing by, looking on, and you consider this a good opportunity for having a little chat, and learning something about the place to which you are bound. This gentleman is rather aristocratic, both in appearance and manner, and sometimes a trifle unapproachable, so much so that, during the voyage, if you wish to ask any questions, you prefer addressing a person of lower rank, and will often say, "Mr. Quartermaster, is there a storm brewing?" or, "Do you think we shall reach the 'Otway' before dark?" &c. But having made the acquaintance of the first officer at dinner, where he always showed himself as courteous and attentive as possible, you venture to address him, now that he appears to be at leisure, and begin the conversation by saying :

"Mr. A, have you found Melbourne such a *very* wonderful place as it has always been described?"

Smiling, he replies, "Well, I really can't say, never having been on shore there, although we've called every month for some years past."

"How is that?" you ask. "Surely you might take a run on shore just for once to see a place which is famed all over the world ! You seem to live very luxuriantly on board, with a servant standing behind your chair at dinner, and all that sort of thing ; one would suppose you had plenty of indulgences when in port."

"Ah, that is how mistakes are sometimes made. The servant behind my chair belongs to *me*, but *I* belong to the 'Company,' and have a good deal of work to do, and most likely if we call here for the next ten years, I shall never get a sight of Melbourne. The Australians are very particular with regard to the mails, as to time ;

in four hours we must be under steam for Sydney, and as I have a great many things to look after, I must beg you will excuse me." So saying, he bustles off about his business, and the impression which you received at first is strengthened; truly, everybody is in a hurry in that part of the world.

After the departure of the mails, the passengers with their luggage are transferred to a small passenger steamer, which takes them to Melbourne, by the Yarra Yarra. On either side of the river there are large establishments for bones and hides, and the effluvium from these is sickening, causing you to wonder how such a nuisance is allowed to remain in the approach to so fine a city. Provided you have no luggage to pass through the Customs, it is much better to land at Sandridge, and avoid this disagreeable sail up the river to the wharves.

On landing at Queen's Wharf, you find yourself in the midst of a number of steamers, with the names of neighbouring ports painted upon them,—Geelong, Adelaide, Auckland, Hobart Town, &c.,—preparing for sea and discharging cargo. The wharves are covered with piles of timber, sacks of grain, boxes of fruit, and heaps of potatoes. Men are so busy wheeling trucks to and fro that you can scarcely get along, and you fancy yourself in Liverpool. But on proceeding further into the town, where the large public buildings are, you involuntarily think of Paris; not that the Town-hall resembles the Hotel de Ville in the least (although the large room there would take in six of the one at Port Elizabeth), but there is a grand ambitious style and a pretty French air about the Treasury Gardens.

There are two distinct classes of English people in Melbourne, which a stranger cannot help observing, to say nothing of all the rest, of whom a short sojourn gives you no opportunity of judging.

First, there is the wealthy man, who, from some cause or other, has resolved to make himself a home there, and builds a palace of a house in the centre of three acres of land at a thousand pounds an acre. The exterior is in the Italian style of architecture, the interior is entirely English Belgravian. At the entrance, there are tree ferns growing on either side. There is a drawing-room, where your feet sink "soft and low" in the carpet. There is a dining-room with massive plate on the sideboard, and a cozy breakfast-room and library; there are bed-rooms with hot and cold water laid on, and lighted with gas. There is a ladies' boudoir and a billiard-room for the gentlemen, which also serves as a picture gallery, and contains some of the choicest works of art. Here there are drawers containing precious relics of a former life in London, autograph letters from some celebrated men of our own century, authors, artists, &c. If you are fortunate enough to spend a quiet evening with a family of this class, they will show you the most genial unaffected hospitality. The lady says "she must have her English comforts about her," although the trouble of keeping house in Victoria is terrible. The gentleman explains all the beauties of his favourite pictures with a warm glow

that gives life and reality to them all. Pointing to the principal figure in Haydon's historical scene of Aristides, he says, "This is Lord —; he was a liberal patron of poor Haydon, who liked to have the portraits of all his friends in his pictures; and that is —, and this is —, and this is—who should you think?" Looking hard at the figure referred to, you feel unable to guess who it can possibly be. It is the portrait of a handsome man about thirty years of age, with jet black hair. Glancing up at your host you see a dry smile upon his face, as he draws his fingers through his silvery locks, and remarks, "Snows in the winter since then, eh?" Then you wonder how you could be stupid as not to see the likeness at once! Of course, it is his own portrait, ever so long ago; but you don't care for the handsome young gentleman with black whiskers,—you don't know him. The broad-set figure standing by your side, with hair as white as the driven snow, and map-like wrinkies stealing over the kindest features, you do know,—and will remember when rolling seas are between you and Victoria.

Then there is another class of English people, equally hospitable, but working hard to establish themselves in life; where the mistress of the house has frequently to help with the washing, which is done at home on account of the enormous expense of having it done badly by the laundress. If she happens to have children, and is a good mother, she rises early, and works late, seeing very little of her husband, except on the Sundays, when you will most likely see them all together standing on the rustic bridge in the Botanical Gardens, throwing bread crumbs to the water-fowl.

Melbourne is like Liverpool in more respects than one. The flat, swampy country all about it is very like Lancashire, and if it were not for the towers and steeples of the city you would not know that you were approaching a place of such consequence. Indeed, you must travel a good many miles into the country before you are able to realize the idea that you are not still in England.

The boasted gum-trees are very insignificant near the sea coast, and the she-oaks resemble birch brooms half worn out; but go fifty or sixty miles into the country—to Fernshaw or Woodpoint—and then you are able to judge of the natural scenery of Victoria. There the tree-ferns attain a height of twenty to thirty feet, with fronds four yards long, while the sassafras, myrtle, and tall gum-trees form such forests as it is difficult to describe. The light of day is in many places shut out, and you must scramble down a twilight valley in order to see Myrtle Creek running at the bottom.

When the cockatoos begin to screech and chatter, and the lyre birds sail over the tops of the trees, spreading out their beautiful tails, you feel that you are in a foreign land, amid new scenes.

To save time in clearing these forests, people often "ring" two or three acres of the tall gum-trees, and leave them to die. This is done by cutting a deep notch round the trunk a few feet from the ground; by-and-by the leaves fall off, and the bark is blown off by

the wind in long strips, leaving the bare trunk with a few branches at the top. Very soon these become bleached as white as bones, and remain for many months standing close together, stretching out their gaunt naked arms toward the sky, giving a wild, weird-like appearance to the landscape, very strange-looking when beheld for the first time. But before you visit these inland scenes it is necessary first to land at Melbourne.

After all that has been written descriptive of Victoria in general and Melbourne in particular, the traveller is quite prepared to see wonders on the occasion of a first visit to that part of the world, and if a resident of the Cape, you experience a feeling of intense astonishment, not only at the magnitude of this young city, and the style of its public and private buildings, but at the quick pulsation of life that beats around you on every side,—the restless vigour of a young and energetic people, whose very touch as they race along the busy streets seems to waken you up from a long dream, and make you keenly alive to the fact that hitherto you have been dozing half your life away at the Cape of Good Hope.

But once being fairly awake, there are friends anxiously waiting to show you all that is worthy of notice, and this they do with much pride, hurrying you from the Town-hall to the General Post Office, from the People's Library and Museum to the embryo National Gallery of Paintings under the same roof. After this you visit the Houses of Parliament, not yet finished, and the various churches and charitable institutions, all on a gigantic scale; but among the most attractive places are the Botanical Gardens under the scientific Dr. Mueller, the University Park and Museum, the vast acres composing the Royal Park, with the miles of tree-plantings surrounding it. Driving along a public road having young trees growing on either side, safely fenced around by split timber, you arrive at the public cemetery, and are forcibly reminded of *Pere la Chaise* at Paris, only that there the decorations of the tombs of the Roman Catholics form the distinguishing feature, while the grounds of the Melbourne cemetery are simply laid out as a beautiful landscape garden full of trees and flowering shrubs. Every religious denomination has a separate burial-place, bounded by gravel paths winding round and round everywhere. Along these, there are placed at intervals little tablets bearing the word "Episcopal," "Presbyterian," "Wesleyan," &c. There are monuments of every description. Some very elegant in white marble or granite, others humble enough in slate or wood; but all vieing with each other in the interest attached to the various inscriptions upon them; recording all manner of deaths, from the brutal murder to the peaceful passing away of the consumptive youth, who had evidently come from England too late to derive any benefit from change of climate.

"Erected to the memory of T. Price, Superintendent of Convicts, who was brutally killed with stonebreaking hammers," on such a date. "Sacred to the memory of L——, who was lost at sea;" "Sacred to Officers and Men who fell in the Maori War," &c., &c.

Then there are the early deaths, belonging to that period when men led fast and feverish lives in Victoria, and died young, as the ages upon the tombs suggest. Reading and pondering, your eye suddenly falls upon an object more conspicuous than all the rest. It is a huge block of unpolished granite, just as it came out of the quarry, and many tons in weight, standing very high upon a massive square pedestal, which, however, is not in a rough state, like the upper block, but polished and finished in a most expensive manner. Although it bears no name, nor date, nor inscription of any kind, every one knows that this is the monument erected to Burke and Wills. Whether it is still in an unfinished state, and will some time or other, assume another form, or whether it is intended to remain always as it now is, we could not ascertain ; but if so, surely, no more touching or impressive memento of that unfortunate expedition could have been chosen, and it leaves a much more vivid impression on the mind than the classical group of sculpture in Collins-street on the same subject.

Contemplating this rude memorial mass of barren stone, standing out in strong contrast to the sweet smelling flowers which are planted around it, one's mind unconsciously reverts to the time when these brave men kept themselves alive so long upon the miserable nardoo, and, after all, could not keep body and soul together.

"And where is your son now?" an Australian mother was asked the other day, who was giving an account of her children.

"My dear boy is far away, in the Gulf of Carpentaria. He holds a responsible position on a large estate in Queensland, and in the autumn he had to accompany a vast herd of cattle overland to the West ; but when he reached a range of mountains over which there are no roads, he found them impassable at that season, so he took up a station in a fertile valley, according to instructions from head-quarters, and he writes to say that the cattle are doing *so* well, and getting *so* fat, that he intends to remain there."

Burke and Wills died of starvation, and now, "vast herds of cattle" get *so fat* in the Gulf of Carpentaria !

But it is not well to remain in the grave-yard too long ; and in passing out at the gate, you observe a very business-like black board, neatly framed and lettered in gilt, setting forth all the rules to be observed in the burial of the dead at this cemetery : the ground is so much a foot ; a grave so deep, such a price ; dug deeper, more in proportion, &c. So thus having your ideas brought down once more to the level of worldly matters, you mingle with the thousands in the streets ; and perhaps find yourself at Melbourne races next day, adding one more to a crowd of thirty thousand people from all parts of the globe, where the display of jewellery, lace, silk, and satin is something never to be forgotten. Of course, there are many inconsistencies, and three flounces of real maltese lace on the three skirts of a lady's dress are neither here nor there ; still, as a whole, the people dress right well, and lay themselves thoroughly out for enjoyment on the Cup day.

After this, you go to the opera a few times, and to the Saturday afternoon concerts given in the Town-hall under the auspices of the Early Closing Association ; and then you are told there is still something unaccomplished. "You must do The Block." At first you are startled, wondering what this operation may be ; but as it is not the thing to shirk anything in Victoria, you inwardly resolve to go through with it manfully, let the cost be what it may.

Accordingly, attired in promenade costume, you are conducted to the corner of a certain street, up another, along the top, then down Burke-street, and to the spot from whence you started ; having promenaded round a particular block of buildings—The Block, *par excellence*, gazing all the time at the beautiful things in the shop windows,—the present month's goods just arrived by the *Great Britain*, the *Somersetshire*, or the *Northumberland*.

Here we meet B——, of the Civil Service, drawing on his lavender kid gloves after four o'clock in the afternoon, looking as if all Melbourne belonged to him. Indeed, most of the people have the same air,—a kind of saucy swagger, called by the Australian people "bounce," which the well-bred people of the Cape know nothing of.

A little further on you see a pony carriage containing a wealthy settler's wife and children out shopping. The lady once lived in the gay and fashionable circles in the old country, and when she married an Australian, her friends all cried out that bush-life would kill her, unless she returned to England in a year or two ; but there she is, after thirteen years of colonial life, looking as rosy and animated as possible—doing The Block. Every summer she takes a cottage at St. Kilda, and brings children, governess, and servants down for sea-bathing. They also bring the pony carriage by railway to drive about in. It is shearing time at home, so the husband is busy and cannot remain with them all the time, but takes a run down occasionally, when they make their purchases, sit for their photographs, sell their wool, and return to the farm all the better for the change.

Passing along Collins-street it is a common thing to see husband and wife standing before a draper's shop, consulting. The man is dressed in Geelong tweed, and from the colour of his hands appears to have done a great deal of dirty work of some kind, which, however, does not hinder him wearing several costly rings upon his fingers. He is saying to a hard-working looking woman, "Now, Mother, take your pick, but let it be a good un." After some hesitation she chooses a black brocaded silk dress with large coloured flowers, price eighteen ginneas, which he does not like, and she does, so they have a few words without more to do ; he, speaking in an angry voice, says "It's throwing money away to buy such a thing as that ; have a good standing colour, now you are about it, and not a dowdy black, or brown, or grey, that never looks anything from first to last ; I cannot abide them. That black gown is not a *patch* upon the purple satin one next to it in the window." The word *patch* is used by the Melbourne people in a very expressive manner, by way of comparison. They say Governor

A is not a patch upon Governor B ; or, speaking of the Italian opera, Signor Corari is not a patch upon Signor Doudi. So the good man does not consider the black dress a patch upon the purple satin, and that is the cause of the dispute. However, after a good deal of loud talking, they decide upon the purple, and forthwith go in to buy it, and pay for it in a great many bright yellow coins, which Mother keeps tied up in her handkerchief ; then they continue their walk—doing The Block.

Then there are carriages full of ladies dressed as well as people in London. Sometimes you observe one among them fairer than the rest, with rosy waxlike cheeks, and immediately settle in your mind that she is from Tasmania. The carriages and horses in Melbourne streets do not make a very good impression ; with the exception of the Governor's and about a dozen besides, including that of Father Barry, the Catholic Priest, who keeps a dashing turn-out, the private carriages have a slovenly, ill-kept appearance.

One of the gayest liveries to be seen about the streets belongs to a gentleman who resides in a pretty suburban villa, called after his native place in the far north. He is what the Melbourne people call "a soft goods man," and represents a large firm that began in a very small way, like a great many others. They dealt in "greys," (or unbleached calicos), which were much used in the early days for the ceilings of the wooden cottages. On one occasion, during the gold mania, every store was cleared out of this material, and as there were hundreds of houses being erected, there arose a cry for "greys." Just then a vessel came in with a large consignment of them to this house, and prices being high, immense profits were realized. This set the ball of their fortunes rolling with such an impetus that it has never ceased from that time,—and at present it assumes very large dimensions, judging from appearances, as two or three partners have retired from the business independent. The present representative keeps a handsome establishment, visits at Toorack, subscribes to the Hunt Club, occasionally assists those who are not so well off as himself, and is altogether a useful member of society ; but is kept too busy to—do The Block.

That there are the poor in Melbourne, as elsewhere, you can have no doubt, but you do not see these—doing The Block. The charitable institutions, however, tell their own tale, and that is one of great munificence. Neither are there idle boys about the public thoroughfares. You miss the street Arabs, and inquire where they are. People tell you that once there were soldiers stationed in the city, who occupied large barracks, but now they are removed from the Colony. The barracks are turned into industrial schools, which are a great benefit to the community.

The largest assemblage of labouring men is to be seen on the Saturday nights at Paddy's Market, which is a favourite resort both of those who wish to purchase and others who only take a walk for amusement. At this market all provisions are sold much cheaper

than in the shops during the week. They may be inferior in quality, but are still good and wholesome.

Extensive sheds, having iron roofs, are lighted up by torches and gas lamps, and upon rows and rows of stalls great quantities of provisions are spread out for sale, butcher's meat and vegetables forming the chief items. As intending purchasers walk up and down between these stalls criticizing the different joints, busy men, dressed in blue blouses, having hatchets in their hands, cry out continually, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, it's Saturday night, and time is short; look alive, and choose your Sunday's dinner; here's half a sheep for one and sixpence." Suiting the action to the word, they chop the sheep in two, and hold the one half up to tempt you.

Then, another cries out, "Who'll buy—who'll buy a prime leg of beef for two shillings? and I defy you to beat it in the whole world, looking at the price and quality." So saying, he slaps it with his hand to show how solid it is.

Passing along, another accosts you in more persuasive tones, saying, "Come, now, let me sell you a nice leg of mutton, and a cauliflower thrown in—all for sixpence; let me take it off the hook for you; I'm sure you wont do better."

Then a voice calls out loudly enough to drown all the rest, "Patatoes!—fine maley patatoes; twinty pounds for a shilling. Sure, what good's the *mate* to ye widout thim? Wont ye pathronize poor Pat? Ye wont? Thin I wish yere mate may choke ye." "Patatoes! fine maley patatoes! Faith, it's thumpin' weight I'll give, and a big one over: come on, me darlings, twinty pounds for a shilling! And it's laughin' they are already at the *mane* price they're sellin' at."

All these voices make such a din that you can scarcely hear yourself speak, and leaving Paddy's Market you feel you have witnessed a strange scene.

Along the whole length of Bourke-street there is a mighty crowd surging to and fro before the shop windows, which are all ablaze. You hear the music at the Wax-works Exhibition, where there are two or three gorgeous figures set out to attract notice. Before these there is a peaceful-looking man, attired in Her Majesty's livery of dark-blue, standing lost in admiration. At the sight of this policeman it occurs to you all at once that over all the noise and revelry of this Saturday night there reigns a spirit of perfect order and quiet in Melbourne.

In passing a large building of white stone, the Melbourne people tell you an amusing anecdote. About twenty-five years ago, a sailor went on shore from a vessel that was lying at anchor at Port Phillip. He was bent on enjoying himself, and had a few pounds in his pocket; but there were no tempting shops in those days nor places of amusement, and he found it difficult to pass the time. Strolling about, he came upon a little knot of people standing around an auctioneer who was selling lots of

land ; so, just for a "lark" (as he called it), the sailor gave a bid, and the lot was knocked down to him for seventeen pounds, which he paid, and in due time went back to his ship, all the happier for having got rid of his money. Years rolled by, and he, sailing about the world, forgot all about the little bit of land so far away, till chance brought him not so long ago to that port again, when, lo and behold ! there stood a mighty city on what he remembered only as sandhills and stunted "scrub." Then he began to wonder where his piece of land could be, and could not find it anywhere. At length he employed a surveyor to help him to search for it, who traced it out without much difficulty, and found one of the principal banks standing upon it. The sailor entered the building, and seeing several clerks behind the counter, he addressed the first one he came to, saying, "Well, old chap, what are you doing here on this piece of ground of mine?" The young man, looking puzzled, replied, "I beg your pardon, but I don't understand what you mean." "What do I *mean*? Why, that this here piece of ground belongs to me, and I want to know what business *you* have on it?" "I am afraid there is some mistake," said the clerk; "this is the Bank." "Bank be hanged! I wonder who is most likely to know about it! Why, man, I bought this piece of ground before you were born, and paid for it in seventeen as good sovereigns as ever clinked on your mahogany." The clerk, not knowing what further reply to make, asked him to "have the kindness to walk this way," and politely showed him into a private room, where several gentlemen were seated around a table covered with green baize, to whom he told the same tale, with additions, saying "the ground was his, that he had bought it, and paid for it, had black and white to show for it, and wanted it as soon as convenient." At this they all laughed heartily, and said they were sorry they could not oblige him in this little matter; "but was there any other favour which they could have the pleasure of granting him?" He said, "No; I only want my own; no favours from any man, if I know it." At this they laughed again, and he became aware that they disbelieved his statement, upon which he flew into a towering passion, and gave them a piece of his mind without any reserve whatever, winding up with, "Yes, you can sit there like half a dozen ugly kangaroos, and grin till you're black in the face; but, mark my words, you'll have to hook it! By *George*! you'll have to hook it!"

Having thus put a clincher on the argument he went away, and the next communication they received from him was not oral. It came in the form of a long letter, bearing the signature of a well-known, respectable solicitor. It was a wordy affair, setting forth that "whereas," and "whereon," and "whereunto," "heretofore," "hereon," and "herewith," &c., &c., which, being translated into plain English, meant—"Get out!"

When the gentlemen of the green baize read this letter they did not laugh, neither, indeed, did they cry, but straightway employed

another respectable solicitor, who wrote a reply equally long and technical, bearing, however, a plain meaning throughout, and that was—"We won't!" Indeed, a great many of these expensive documents passed to and fro before the matter was settled, which, however, it was in due time, to the entire satisfaction of the sailor, who received twenty-five thousand pounds in exchange for a clear title to his little bit of ground.

But as summer advances, the plate glass in the splendid shops waxes warm, and glares in one's face, flinging back into your eyes the heated rays of the sun, so that you cannot look with any pleasure at the jewellery in Denis's windows or the model of the last invented quartz-crushing machine in that of the machinist. Hot dusty winds drive you out of the crowded streets, and you long for repose and cooler air.

The daily newspapers contain various suggestions. Amongst them you observe that three steamers leave Melbourne for Tasmania. One to Hobart Town, about as long a voyage as from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, the other two going to Launceston, only sixteen hours on the sea. Then you take the coach, which traverses the whole length of the island to Hobart.

Choosing the longer sea route, we took a passage in the *Southern Cross*, and sailing through Bass's and Banks's Straits, past Flinder's Island, we were down along the coast of Tasmania on the second day after leaving Victoria. Leaving the flat uninteresting country in the neighbourhood of Melbourne behind, it is very pleasant in sailing down Banks's Straits to find yourself approaching a mountainous land. Dark peaks rise out of the sea one after the other, higher and higher as you draw nearer to a dream-like coast, until you get pretty well to the southward, and half round a promontory, when Cape Pillar bursts upon the sight in all its wonderful grandeur. No description can give a just idea of the stupendous columns of basaltic rock standing in the sea and battling with great rolling waves, which dash themselves incessantly upon it, to be broken into feathery spray for ever and ever; still the Cape of Pillars remains unmoved, and is the first clear glimpse you get of Tasmanian scenery. The traveller every moment becomes sensible of a new impression, which is strengthened presently by the appearance of another cape, equally beautiful but in a different style.

Steadily the good ship *Southern Cross* steams along a little to the westward, and the captain, seeing strangers on board, draws attention to a mighty mass of rocks just coming into view. "This," says he, "is Cape Raoul, the grandest sight on the face of the earth." Indeed, everyone who has seen it must agree with him. The rocks here placed perpendicularly, form gothic pillars in fantastic fret-work, each one more elegant than the other, such as were never made by the hand of man. Suppose Table Mountain, with the strata altered from the horizontal to the perpendicular, had built upon its summit, and standing side by side, St. Mark's at Venice, York Minster, and Westminster Abbey, and you have a faint idea of Cape

Raoul. Passing here you are informed that Port Arthur, the great convict settlement, is close by, and Eagle-hawk's Neck, where a chain of savage dogs are kept constantly to prevent the escape of prisoners; and desperate tales are told of men who ran the gauntlet even here. Thus with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, you approach the beautiful Island of Tasmania. Forest, and mountain, and ocean; islet, and river, and rock. What more can be said? Is not every sloping hill a curve of beauty? Is not Mount Wellington the Tasmanian's god? And when he wears his crown of snow in winter, and sits serenely looking down upon the towering forests which form his throne on high, may not humble travellers from a distance worship too?

To my lost Child.

Did we not love thee enough, my child,
Enough thy life to save?

Oh! how we love thee now, my child,
In thy cold and silent grave!

Heeded we not thy prattle, child?
Hung we not on each word?
Where is the pain we'd endure not now
If one tone of thy voice could be heard?

Dreary and dark is thy resting-place
In thy grave beside the sea;
But ineffably bright thy soul's abode
Where thy Father, thy God, is with thee.

Dare we mourn for our own sad loss—
Our loss, but thy great gain?
Dare we wish we could call thee back
To this weary world of pain?

We must tarry awhile, my child,
Where sorrow and suffering be—
Ask of thy Father beside thee, child,
One day to bring us to thee.

Marjory's Quest.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

From Lucy Bartell to Marjory Rolston.

MY DEAR Miss ROLSTON,—I can quite sympathize with you on your disappointment at not seeing your little niece. I am *very sorry*, on your account, that my brother has thought fit to refuse your seeing her; I cannot understand why. I wrote to ask him where she was; but I did not say it was for your information. I hope I am not doing wrong; but as you are my dearest Allan's wife's own sister, I feel as if you were almost my sister too, and I liked your kind face, and I cannot bear anybody to be unhappy; but I wish Walter knew I was writing to you.

In reply to my letter, he said that Ellen was at present with some friends of his, whom he can trust to take great care of her, and that when she is a little older he is going to take her to Brussels, to a school which is *very highly recommended* by his friends. So I hope, dear Miss Rolston, that you will have no anxiety about her, as Walter is sure to see that she is taken care of. When I see him I will ask him if I may tell you where she is. Walter says he means to take the *sole* charge of her maintenance, for that poor Allan's money was all lost in speculating in City shares. I shall ask my brother to bring my little niece down here; and if he does I will give you a hint, and you may come down, and I will manage that you shall see her. She is your niece as well as ours.

With kind regards, I am,

Your's, *very sincerely*,

LUCY BARTELL.

Diary continued.—Six months have I been in London, living so near to Mr. Walter Bartell that I can see the door from my window, and I have learnt nothing, except that I am quite sure now, from the letter I received four months ago from Miss Lucy Bartell and from what I have learnt since, that Capt. Allan's money is in Mr. Walter's hands. He told me it was lost in the bank; but he knew it would be of no use to tell his friends that, as they would know better, so he told them City shares. He wants them to believe that it is lost, in order that he may take undisturbed possession of it. My old friend, Mr. Lyndon, advised me to read Allan's letters to my sister. I looked over a great many of them, such fond and loving letters,—happy sister! to have been blessed with such love!—but I almost gave up my search in despair, when a little paragraph in one, written about

a year ago, caught my attention: "I am so glad that I withdrew my money from the bank and placed it in Walter's hands; he is cautious, but sure; and I find that he has increased it so much, that if anything happened to me I should have the comfort of knowing that you and the child will be comfortably provided for."

"Cautious, but sure!" yes *that* I believe. The money is safe enough in his hands. But, oh! what will become of Ellen? What has become of her? Perhaps he may be sincere now in the intention of bringing her up well; but as she grows older, and the expense of providing for her increases, will he be likely to keep his intention? A man who can rob his brother's orphan will always have a grudge against her; she is not safe in his hands. Sometimes I get so terrified at my own thoughts, that I put on my bonnet and shawl and rush out into the street, as if I expected to meet the child. I have followed him dozens of times without his knowing it; but he seldom goes anywhere where there is a likelihood of his having hidden her. I have spoken to Plesky several times. The first time he was coming up the street I saw him from my window. I ran down stairs and into the street, where I seized the astonished boy by the arm and drew him inside the door. The gift of a half-crown loosened his tongue as before. When I asked him about a little girl, he cut a caper and said, "Oh, here's a game! Master has been and stole a little girl!"

"Not so bad as that," I said; "but he knows where my niece is, and wont let me see her, and if you find out anything about her I'll give you a guinea. Now, tell me, does your master go out a great deal?"

"Well, he do and he don't. He used to go away every Saturday and come back again Monday morning; but now he stays here on Sundays, and goes to church reg'lar. But he goes out oftener in the evenings."

"Where does he go?"

"Well, it's a swell house somewhere in the West End. Somehow I think he goes there courtin'; he's such a precious long while before he's satisfied with himself when he's dressing, and he looks in the glass before he goes out. Charley knows where he goes."

"Who is Charley?"

"Oh, he's master's groom. But don't you go for to speak to Charlie; he'd split on ye to master, and he's awful sulky. You trust to me; I'm your man."

"Well, Plesky, if you find out whether there's a little girl in mourning anywhere that your master goes to see, I'll reward you well."

I hated what I was doing,—it seemed so mean to bribe the boy to be a spy on his master; but I must find my little Ellen.

The next time I saw Plesky, he gave me news that I felt to be important. He was passing the house where I lodged very slowly,

and looking up at my window as he went ; so I thought he had something to tell me, and beckoned him up.

"Well, Plesky," I said, "have you any news?"

"I dunno 'm, whether 'tis news or no, but anyhow I thought you might like to hear. You know 'm, master goes down to Somersetshire to his father's for a week at a time, now and then. Well, two or three weeks after you came to our place, he went away for a week, and I thought he was gone down there, but he didn't go there."

"Where did he go, then?" said I breathlessly.

"Well, I don't zackly know where ; but he went in a steamer, and I know 'twas somewhere across the Channel,—that's what he said. I heard him say to Mr. John, 'When I went across the Channel five months ago.' I didn't hear any more, for he saw me looking at him, and ordered me out of the room pretty sharp."

I was not slow to act upon this hint ; perhaps he had already taken her to that school in Brussels to which Miss Lucy said he was going to take her. Could it be that he had spoken the truth, when he said he would bring her up well ? He said he should wait till she was older ; perhaps he had changed his mind ; it might be that my threat to watch his movements had made him alter his plans. At all events, I would go to Brussels ; if I could only find where she was I should be more content. Poor little darling ! not six years old yet, and taken to a boarding school, and among foreigners too !

In these days of railway travelling it did not take me very long to reach Brussels ; and, thanks to the system in everything, I was able to find out not only how many schools there were, and where situated, but how many children in each, and their nationality,—so that I did not leave a school unvisited that had one English girl in it ; but alas ! I found no Ellen. Sometimes my heart would begin to beat fast when I saw a child in a mourning frock, but disappointment always followed. Of course, I could only speak English ; but my plan was to ask to see the English governess, or if there was none, the English pupils. I always met with politeness, sometimes with kindness. I even found the school Miss Lucy spoke of, for on my mentioning the name of Bartell, the Lady Principal of the school remembered that as the name of an English gentleman who had applied four or five months ago, she could not remember which, to know the age at which she took pupils,—but she had heard nothing since.

"And do you take very young pupils, madame?" I asked.

"Very leetle girls we like not ; but leetle ones like this who had no mutter, we not refuse."

She spoke in such a soft musical voice, and looked so kind, that if little Ellen had been with her, I think I should have gone away happy. I came back to my lodgings weary and dispirited. Mr. Walter might have crossed the Channel on business of his own, and

the child might, after all, be very near me. A few days after my return, I received the following letter :—

From Mr. Alfred Lyndon to Miss Rolston.

DEAR MISS MARJORY,—When I was home last, my father gave me your narrative to read ; he thought that as I was living in London I might in some way be able to serve you, knowing what friends we were, and are still,—are we not, Marjory ? Don't you remember ten years ago when I used to teach Ellen, French, what long arguments we had on the respective merits of the poets ? How you used to exalt Cowper ; and when Ellen and I praised Wordsworth, how you used to quote what you called his nursery rhymes, and vex us with the weakness we could not deny ? I fancy, by this time you have learned to forgive the nursery rhymes for the sake of the grand philosophy elsewhere in Wordsworth,—and, perhaps, might say, like Ellen, that a poem of his was as good as a walk in the fields. Pleasant days they were ! What a delightful thing it would be if one could live over again those parts of his life which pleased him most ! I know where I should be now. But it was not to talk of old times that I sat down to write to you ; but to tell you that I very often meet Mr. Walter Bartell.

Perhaps you do not know that for two years I have been tutor to the only son of Mr. Barry, a rich banker. The boy is delicate, and a public school was too rough for him ; but he is clever, and it is a pleasure to teach him. I have a liberal salary, and have been from the first treated with the greatest kindness and consideration.

Mr. Barry is a fine old gentleman, generous almost to a fault. There is one daughter, Adelaide, as kind as her father, as clever as her brother, and almost as beautiful as Ellen—a different style of beauty, however—for she is fair, with blue eyes, and an abundance of bright hair. Sir Charles Durant, Miss Barry's uncle, is a frequent visitor, and for weeks at a time an inmate ; he is here now. He is a little blunt and sharp sometimes, but a well-read man, of great sense and shrewdness, and a fine noble nature. He is very fond of an argument, and manages to engage me in one often.

A frequent visitor lately is Mr. Walter Bartell ; he is often here at luncheon, and more often in the evenings. It is very evident to me that he is in love with Miss Barry. Her father likes him exceedingly, but Sir Charles is barely civil. As for me, I dislike him. I think if I had never known anything about him before I saw him that I should have disliked him just as much. I would rather hear the gruffest of voices than that chirp of his ; yet his manners are very agreeable, and he certainly is good-tempered.

I cannot tell whether Miss Barry likes him or not ; she certainly does not give him much encouragement.

Yesterday morning she was deep in a German translation from Goethe. She likes to come into our study sometimes to get a little

help from me in German, and she really learns faster than her brother, though he is clever. We were all three engaged in reading the poem, when the servant came to tell Miss Barry that Mr. Bartell was in the drawing-room.

"I wish that man wouldn't come so often!" said she pettishly.

"Why, I thought you liked him, Addie," said George.

"Oh! I like him well enough; all the same, I wish he would not come when I am busy with my German."

He stayed to luncheon, and she scarcely spoke to him, and yet in the evening she was very friendly.

George and I had been talking of a poem by Mrs. Browning, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," where a great lady marries a humbly born poet.

"Don't you think she was right?" said Miss Barry to me.

"Well, I don't know," said I hesitatingly; "perhaps she was, for a man of great genius, who is also a good man, is a king among men, and equal to any woman whatever."

"That's just what I think," said she with a pleased smile.

"But," I continued, "I never can understand how a man can condescend to receive everything from his wife; in marriage it is the man who ought to give."

"You said a great man was the equal of any woman?"

"So he is; but that is no reason why he should sacrifice his independence, and be generally accused of being mercenary by marrying her."

"But if you loved a woman who happened to be above you in rank or possessed of money?" said she, sitting down to the piano.

"I hope I shall never love such a one; but if I did, I should certainly sacrifice my love. If I loved, I must give; and as I have nothing to give, I shall never marry."

"I did not think you were so proud," she answered, and then began to play a lively tune.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Bartell entered, and I never saw her so agreeable as she was to him. She let him sit by her all the evening, and talked and laughed. He seemed delighted. Perhaps she was thinking of him when she spoke about the wife having money; but although he is not so rich as she will be, for she inherits a large fortune from her mother, he is not a poor man.

I shall be sorry if she marries him, for she is a good, sweet girl, and I am sure he does not deserve her. He very seldom addresses me; but one day when he was speaking of his sisters I asked him if the Captain Bartell who was drowned was any relation.

"Yes; a brother."

"He was married, was he not? The paper said he had a wife and two children?"

"His wife and one child died," said he, looking at me in no pleasant manner; "and I have adopted the other child."

"Oh! how good of you!" said Miss Barry; "a little boy, is it?"

"No," he said, "a girl."

"How I should like to see the poor little thing! An orphan so young! Will you bring her here?"

Fancy how breathlessly I waited for the answer.

"I would, with pleasure," he answered, "but I took her across to France to some friends of mine whom I could trust to take care of the dear little thing."

She smiled at him; and, I think, the interest—the affectionate interest, for his tones were so kind—he seemed to take in his brother's child made her like him better than she did before. Oh! how I wished she would say more about Ellen's child. But the subject was dropped at that time. I do not despair, however, of finding out where he has placed the child; and when I do, depend on it I will write to you directly. I think it very likely that he spoke the truth, and really has placed her with some friends. I don't at present see how we are to find out whether Captain B. did really lose that money in City shares, as this man says; but I will never sit down quietly and see Ellen's child wronged, that you may be sure of. Find out I will. I am only doubtful of the way.

I shall write again directly I have anything to communicate. Meanwhile, believe me to be,

Yours most sincerely,

ALFRED LYNDON.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS letter gave me great comfort. I no longer felt as if the dear child had no other friend but me. I knew Alfred Lyndon's constancy and perseverance, and if he undertook to help me in my search for my niece and my desire to see her righted, he would never give up until she was found and justice done her.

He had loved Ellen very dearly. She had always liked and trusted him, although she could not return his love. Her marriage was a great blow to him. He left home at once, and the last time I heard of him he was in some German University. If Mr. Walter Bartell was to be believed, the child was in France. I bribed Plesky to take notice what post-marks were on his master's letters; but yet I could not quite believe that he had spoken the truth. She might never have left London.

It was evident to me from Mr. Lyndon's letter that Miss Barry cared a great deal more for him than she did for Mr. Bartell. Of course, I did not tell him what I thought when I answered his letter, and he would never suspect it himself.

* * * * *

I have had a great blow, and yet it seems to me impossible to be true. A week ago I was sitting in my room, my lace cushion on

my lap, and my fingers busily employed with the bobbins, when the maid of the house opened my door and ushered in a gentleman. To my astonishment, I saw that it was Mr. Walter Bartell. I hastily put back the cushion on the table, and then turned to speak to him. There was such a strange look on his face, which was pale and set, that I cried out in alarm—

"Something is the matter! Oh! What has happened to Ellen?"

"I am very sorry to say that something is the matter and, indeed, I hardly know how to tell you," he replied.

"Is the child ill? Is she dead?" I cried.

He bent his head, and almost whispered "Drowned!"

I seized him by the arm. "Do not say it!" I said. "It cannot be! You have not drowned her!"

"I drown her!" he said, staring at me. "I don't think you know what you are saying. If you will try to be calm, I will tell you how it happened. Nobody can be more distressed at it than I am myself."

I placed a chair for him, and sat down opposite, like one in a dream.

"I had placed the child in the care of some friends of mine in Calais," he said, "intending that she should remain with them until it was time for her to be sent to school. But from something that came to my notice, I feared that she was not happy with my friends. They are exceedingly kind people, but they have no children, and the little one was dull. I determined that I would bring her over and let my sisters take care of her, as one of them wished. Last week I went to Calais for that purpose. The weather was fine; and in the evening Ellen objected to going below to her berth, and begged to be allowed to remain on deck and look, as she said, at 'the pretty water.' I remember seeing her standing on the seat by the side of the steamer and looking over. I told her to get down, and she did. I was walking up and down. I suppose I must have forgotten her, poor dear child, and did not watch her as I ought to have done, for I was suddenly startled by hearing a splash in the water, and Ellen was gone. I tore off my coat, and was going to plunge after her, but they held me back; and I could not forgive them for doing it."

"But did nobody try to save her?" I asked.

"The steamer was put back, and a boat was lowered in two minutes, but we only picked up her hat. I shall never forgive myself, never! for my neglect; my poor brother's child!" He covered his eyes with his hand, and seemed deeply moved. How could I help believing him?

"Oh! that you had given her to me," I said. I did not like to reproach him in his grief; but it was his fault, through his carelessness.

"I wish I had. Oh! I wish I had," he groaned.

"What is the name of the steamer?" I asked.

"The *Eclipse*, Captain Brown. She is at Blackwall now."

I hardly know what he said more. I was in such grief. I looked

up for a moment as he left the room, and caught a momentary expression on his face as he shut the door, which staggered me. It was a smile, actually a smile! It is true, it vanished in a moment; but what did it mean at such a time?

I was too much shaken to go down to Blackwall that day, but the next I was a little stronger, so, directly after breakfast, I took a cab and drove down to the docks. To my disappointment, I found that the steamer had left the day before. The suspicion came into my mind that Mr. Walter had waited until she left before he came to me, on purpose that I might not make any inquiries. I tried to dismiss it from my mind, and persuade myself that I was unjust and uncharitable, but my old distrust came back directly. I found that the steamer would not come back again for a month. I shall see by the papers the day of her return, and then I shall go and make inquiries. Meantime, I must wait the best way I can.

A month later.

The steamer came in yesterday, and to-day I went on board. I inquired for the captain; he was on shore, but the first mate was on board. I found him walking up and down the poop. When I said I wished to make some inquiries about a little girl who was drowned, he remembered it directly. "Oh! That was a sad affair; the poor gentleman nearly went out of his mind."

"Did anybody see her fall overboard?" I asked.

"Well ma'am, I don't rightly think they did. You see, it was darkish, and the passengers were gone below. It was just here where the little gal was seen last," he continued, walking to the end of the poop. The bench or seat came nearly up to the end, and then there was an open space with only a rail above. He pointed to it, and said, "You see, ma'am, a child might easily have crept out here and rolled over, if there was nobody looking. I don't know what the gentleman was thinking of not to keep better watch over her. It was my watch, and I heard somebody cry out. I came forward pretty quick, and a man sang out 'Child overboard!' Of course, I gave orders to 'back her,' and we had a boat out in a twinkling, but there was no child to be seen; we picked up her little hat, though. As for the gentleman, he was like a mad man. When I come up he was tearing off his coat with one foot on the gunwale and one on the seat. 'Can you swim?' says I. 'No,' says he. 'Then come in the boat with me,' says I. We pulled about for ten minutes, I should think, to please the poor gentleman, but the little girl never came up again."

"Did not the man at the helm see her?" said I.

"Well, I never thought of asking, ma'am; but if so be as you would like to know, I can ask now. Who was steersman the night that child was drowned?" he asked of the man at the helm.

"Long Jack, sir," was the answer.

Long Jack, a very tall old man, came up when he was summoned.

"Jack, this lady wants to know if you saw that little girl go over the side."

"Well, I was always in a maze about that there child, how she could ha' fell over and me not see her," said the old man slowly.

"Did you see her at all?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, mum; I see'd her on the poop with the gen'leman, but that was some time before I heard of her drownding. I 'spose she must ha' been creeping down on the deck; that's why I missed her."

"I saw the child; a pritty little thing she was, too, and so was her little brother," said the mate.

"Her *what*?" said I loudly.

"Why, ma'am, didn't you know there were two of them?" said he, looking at me curiously.

"My niece had no little brother," said I bewildered.

"Oh! well, 'm, I may have made a mistake. I thought the little chap was her brother, because he was like her; but, of course, if you say so, he couldn't have been."

I sat down on the poop, for I felt stunned. What strange wild hope began to dawn on me!

"Did anybody see them come on board?" said I, trying to steady my trembling voice.

The mate said he had not; he had been too busy; but he would inquire. He went forward among the men, and presently came back with a shy-faced boy. "This youngster was standing at the gangway when the passengers came on board," said the mate, "helping to hand the luggage."

I then asked him if two children came on board with the gentleman?

"Yes, 'm; he was leading the little girl by the hand, and behind her was a little chap with a carpet bag, nearly as big as he was himself."

"Did you see the boy go ashore with him?" I asked.

"Yes; I did, 'm, but he was dead-sleepy, and the gentleman had to carry him. I offered to carry him myself, but the gentleman wouldn't let nobody touch him. He said, 'No; I won't lose this one.'"

"Ah, poor man!" ejaculated the mate, "'twas very hard for him."

"Did you see what the little boy wore?" I asked.

"He didn't have his best clothes on when he came on board, but the gentleman must ha' put 'em on for him to see his friends in. He looked a little swell in the morning; and it seemed to me," said the boy with a half-laugh, "as if he'd growed smaller; but I 'spose that was his clothes."

More hopes, though vague and half-formed; more doubts, undefined even to myself. I apologized for giving so much trouble; but the mate was very kind and good-natured. Of course, he said, it would be satisfactory to me to know all about it; had I any more questions to ask.

"Was there a stewardess?" I asked; "and could I see her?"

Surely I could, and so she was called up from below. The only thing she could tell was that she saw the gentleman come out of his cabin, for he had engaged a cabin for himself and two children, about half an hour before the little girl was drowned. She had asked him if anything was wanted, and he thanked her and said no, told her that the little boy was asleep, and asked not to go in and disturb him,—“which, of course, I should not have done,” she said.

So ended my inquiries on board the *Eclipse*. And now to put together what I have learned. He came on board with two children. He landed with one. Suppose this one, which he passed off as a boy, was the child herself. The mate said the children were alike; the boy, that the “little chap” that came on board was bigger, and not so well dressed as the boy that went ashore. Suppose Mr. Walter wanted to have it believed that the child was drowned; nobody saw her fall overboard, nobody saw her in the water. Let me think, for my brain seems all in a whirl. He wished to have it believed that she was drowned, but he was not wicked enough to drown her. He brought her on board that she might be seen; but how could he take her on shore after she was supposed to be drowned? Only by disguising her, and for this purpose, he brought some little boy off; got a child, perhaps, to carry his carpet bag. Ah, it might have been that; but in that case, how did the boy get ashore again? What became of him? He might have made the dear child's clothes up in a bundle, and thrown them over with her hat to make a splash. He must have provided himself with a suit of boy's clothes, and drugged her, perhaps, that she might not remember being so dressed. Did not the boy say the child had to be carried, she was so sleepy; and Mr. Walter would let no one touch her! Of course not. How insensibly I have got to say “her.” I cannot believe in the drowning, monstrous as it would be; it is easier to believe in the deception. Ha! Was that the meaning of the smile I caught upon his face? Did he think he had outwitted me, and got rid of my importunities for ever? Not so fast, Mr. Walter.

From Mr. Alfred Lyndon to Miss Rolstone.

MY DEAR MARJORY,—I was very much shocked and grieved at the contents of your letter. Poor dear child! Gone so soon to join her lost parents; for, my dear Marjory, I would not have you nurse false hopes. You have made out a fair case; but I am afraid it is more ingenious than true. You must remember that Mr. Bartell himself gave you the name of the steamer, and he must have known that if you went to make inquiries you would hear of the little boy. Most likely it was some child whom he brought over for a friend. Why don't you ask him? You could easily verify what he says,—it is so difficult to believe that the man can be such a villain. And yet, improbable as it seems, it *may* be as you suspect. We must still watch.

He comes here oftener than ever. I know he told Miss Barry of his little niece's death, and her manner to him has been much kinder since ; she pities him so much, as he feels, or pretends to feel, great self-reproach about it.

Has he not a sister Lucy ? It was to her care that he was bringing the child,—so he says. You have infected me with your suspicions, and I find myself doubting his assertions and mistrusting his motives. Miss Barry is so good and guileless that sometimes I feel the greatest impatience at the thought of her marrying him, for I think she will ; and yet what could I allege against him, except that he had told two different stories about his brother's money, and one of them you had proved to be false ?

I have discovered that his man of business is Backman, 11, Colman's Buildings. I taught one of his clerks mathematics. I mean to call upon him.

I was interrupted in writing my letter yesterday, and now I have something more to tell you. Mr. Bartell has proposed to Miss Barry, and been accepted. Her father told me this morning when he called me into the conservatory to see his new begonias. He likes Mr. Walter very much. "It's true," he said, "that Addie might have married a richer man ; but she will have plenty of money, and he's a good fellow, and will take care of her ; not that he's a poor man, either. He must make a good deal by his profession, for he offers to settle five hundred a year on his wife, and he's a rising man ; he'll make his way."

"But," said I hesitatingly, "it seemed to me that Miss Barry did not care very much for him."

He looked a little troubled, and answered in a tone less confident, "Oh ! girls don't know their own minds always. He spoke to me first, of course, and when I asked her what answer she was going to give, and told her what a nice fellow he was, she only said, 'If you like him so much, it shall be so, papa.' 'But I want you to like him, my dear,' I said. She was silent for a minute, and then said, 'As well him as anybody else.' You see, she didn't refuse him ; and if she does not love him very much now, why, that will come. Don't you think so now, Lyndon ?"

The dear old man was anxious, I could see, so I said that Miss Barry was very sensible ; she would be sure to do what was right.

"Yes, of course," he said ; "but don't you think now, Lyndon, that she is likely to be happy with him ?"

I replied that I thought he was kind and good-tempered, and then it dropped.

But does it not strike you as strange that the sum he is going to settle on her should be just five hundred a year ?

I saw her at luncheon, but she was particularly silent,—in fact, she seems to have lost all her spirits lately, and she never comes into our study now to take part in our German exercises ; she has suddenly lost all interest in her studies.

George, who is very fond of Mr. Bartell, is delighted at the prospect of having him for a brother.

Do, please, let me know what answer Mr. Bartell gives you about the boy.

Ever yours most truly,

ALFRED LYNDON.

Journal continued.—Acting on my friend's suggestion, I wrote to Mr. Bartell, asking him to tell me who was the little boy he brought on shore. Of course, I felt that if it *was* a little boy my question would seem very impertinent, and if it was Ellen, he would see that my suspicions were excited. On the same day I received the following answer :—

“Mr. Walter Bartell cannot conceive what right Miss Rolston has to pester him with idle and impertinent questions. The child in question was committed to his care by a friend ; whom or where is no concern of Miss Rolston's.”

It was just such an answer as I expected—nay, hoped for ; for if it was as I suspected, of course, he would give me no reference which I might be able to prove to be false. I sent the answer to Mr. Lyndon, and soon received the following letter :—

Mr. Alfred Lyndon to Miss Rolston.

MY DEAR MARJORY,—I found out young Brown, my former pupil, and passed an evening with him at his lodgings. Blackman, his employer, is a stock-broker, and does a great deal of business. I told Brown frankly that I was interested in finding out what shares Mr. Bartell had, and in whose name. But we are doomed to disappointment here. He told me that Mr. Walter had shares in certain companies, and so had his brother, Captain Allan, but that he had sold them all about six months ago, and since then had had no further dealings with them. I asked him if Mr. Walter or his brother had lost through the failure of any company. He said certainly not ; on the contrary, they had been very fortunate. Now, Marjory, he must have sold out about the time of his brother's death. It remains to be discovered whether he *afterwards* speculated with this money, and lost, and in what way he invested it. Brown could give no hint of either, so you see we are not much farther on than we were ; we only know that if his brother's money was lost through any speculation, it must have been since his death ; but, after all, I suppose that is a question of no importance to us if the child is dead. If she lives we will find her, Marjory, never fear.

Such a singular thing occurred to-day at luncheon, which makes me inclined to believe with you that the child lives.

“Oh ! papa,” said Miss Barry, “I have seen such a lovely child to-day !”

“My dear,” replied her father, “you are always seeing lovely children.”

“Oh ! but this really is a darling !—and such a singular-looking

child,—such magnificent brown eyes, and long dark lashes, and dark eyebrows, and hair quite gold-coloured.”

I was sitting opposite Mr. Bartell ; he was peeling a peach, but when Miss Barry described the child, he dropped the peach, and stared at her with a look of such dismay that I could not help watching him. He grew quite white, and hastily poured out a glass of water and drank it off.

“Where was this prodigy?” asked Mr. Barry. I saw that Mr. Bartell held his breath for the reply.

“Oh! in some out-of-the-way place near Farringdon-street. I went there to find a woman who had been recommended to me as a good braider. Do you know what that is, papa?”

“How very wrong of you, Adelaide,” said Mr. Bartell. He spoke in a husky tone, quite different from his usual soft voice. She blushed a little, angrily I thought, and looked surprised.

“What do you mean?” she asked coldly.

“I beg your pardon, my dear Adelaide. I did not like your going to this low place. You do not know the danger. I am sure it is not safe.”

She laughed gaily. “You forget,” she said, “that I have lived in London all my life. Besides, this was not a low place at all ; it was quite a respectable house, and Mrs. Garry a most respectable woman.”

“I wish,” he said, “you would promise only to go to those sort of places with me. I am so anxious about you.”

“You need not be ; papa can trust me. Why, we go to dreadful places sometimes, don’t we, Mr. Lyndon?”

“I am afraid Mr. Bartell’s sensibilities would be shocked,” I replied, “if he knew the low places you visit sometimes.”

Mr. Bartell looked displeased.

“I do trust ——” he began.

“Hush!” she said, “I can’t give up my poor people ; and if you want me to, we shall quarrel.”

Nothing more was said on the subject, and George and I quitted the room. But what do you think of this child with the gold-coloured hair and the brown eyes? I should have thought nothing of it, if it had not been for Mr. Bartell’s evident discomfiture. Depend on it, I shall get the address of Mrs. Garry at the first opportunity, and I will let you know the result. George is waiting for me to go with him to the Museum.

Yours very truly,

A. LYNDON.

From the same to the same.

MY DEAR MARJORY,—I think I have found the child. Come directly to 14, Little Queen-street, St. Mary East.

Yours,

A. LYNDON.

Cape Fishing—in another Phase :

WITH SOME PECULIARITIES OF STRUCTURE IN THE RED STUMPNOSE.

THE three articles on Cape Fishing which have lately appeared in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* are written in such a fluent style that the general reader becomes involuntarily interested in a subject which would not otherwise be felt by any but such enthusiasts in this description of sport as the author himself. I, for one, could have wished the subject continued in a more varied form ; for who so capable of giving to your readers a knowledge of the “wonders of the shore” as he who has rambled and lived so long upon it, and who has so well the gift of describing what he sees ?

But, as he says, until science points out an effective remedy for sea-sickness, we cannot all enjoy this sport in an open boat at sea ; and, quoting further the language of the author, I regret with him that, “with all our research and learning, we still stand by the side of this unbridged gulf, gazing down its fearful and fathomless depths in ignorant dismay.”

With language bordering on the sublime I shall not attempt to deal, in fear of making that “one step” further—my present object being merely to point out another phase of the subject, which may be equally interesting to those who make nature their study as the other is to the commercial man and the gourmand.

I allude to the habits of our Marine Fauna, and some peculiarities of structure in some of the fishes described, one of which is the Red Stumpnose ; and as we have a specimen of this fish in the Museum for reference, it will serve our present purpose.

The Red Stumpnose is described in the *June Magazine* merely as “a fine bouncing fish, very beautiful to see on first leaping from his liquid home, and appears to be more generally esteemed for its fine physique than for any culinary properties it possesses.”

In Dr. Pappe’s book on the Edible Fishes of Table and False Bays, the following description is given :—“Head very large—broader than the body ; front obtuse truncate, the profile almost vertical ; eyes near the crown, which is elevated and gibbous ; mouth middle-sized ; teeth strong ; length, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 feet. A large snow-white spot in front of the forehead enhances the beauty of this singular fish.”

This latter savours more of the naturalist than the former, but is by no means all the notice that this peculiar fish, and one of so high an order, deserves, and which in the hands of a skilled comparative anatomist, might form the subject of several interesting lectures.

What, for instance, is the use of the large bony, knob-like protuberance, which is the cause of the snow-white spot in front of the forehead, and the powerful muscular jaws, furnished with teeth almost mammalian in appearance ? The teeth of fish are generally

incurved, for the mere retention of their prey, and, reptilian fashion, they swallow their food whole, or unmasticated. For what purpose, then, are these teeth, so similar both in appearance and number to the incisors, canims, and grinders of the higher mammalia?

This naturally leads us to inquire into the habits and haunts of the animal, and the nature of its food. If it is found that it frequents a rocky shore, and feeds chiefly on shell-fish, the questions are answered. Shell-fish adhere firmly to the rocks. Power with a lever-like form of structure is required in the first instance to wrench them off, and strong teeth to crush the shell. Here, then, in the structure of this fish we have all that is required for the purpose.

If a line is drawn from the tail to the knob on the forehead, and from it to the snout, we have a bent lever of the first order, inverted, the power being in the tail.

A limpet, for instance, while feeding in apparent safety under water, releases its shell from the rock; the fish, watching its opportunity, inserts its incisors between the shell and the rock, and with a flap of the tail the body of the fish is raised, the knob on the forehead presses against the rock (or fulcrum), and in this way the shell-fish is wrenched off, and that is the cause of the gentle ripple often seen on the surface of smooth water amongst the large rocks, and the frequent appearance of a fish's tail above water, or a fish leaping, as it were, out of the water, tail first.

Again, if the cervical fin and its appendages are examined, all the bones will be found represented, in a high degree, belonging to the arm and hand. We have the scapula (or blade-bone), the clavicle (or collar-bone), the humerus (or upper-arm bone), the ulna and radius (fore-arm bones), the carpus (or wrist), the meta-carpus, composed of five bones, forming the back and palm of the hand, including the thumb, which is distinctly shown; and the phalanges (or fingers), are represented by the bony spines of the fin.

It is rather unfortunate for our illustration that in replacing the bones in their original position, many of the most interesting features are partially hidden, especially about the head, which of itself is a perfect study.

One peculiarity observed in the head I may mention, as I have not seen it noted, which resembles and has the action of what is known in mechanics as the rising-hinge joint. The first idea of this rising-hinge was supposed to have originated in man's brain, as it was patented and applied to the doors of a superior class of dwellings for the well-known purpose of raising the door in opening sufficiently high to clear any obstruction in its way; and this may be cited as one of the many instances in which man has unconsciously imitated nature, although for different purposes.

What, then, is the object of this rising motion of the operculum, which might be termed the large external door-plate enclosing the gills? We have only to consider that the blood of a fish is purified in the gills, and that the intermittent flow of water drawn in at the mouth

and passed out at the back, or through this door, is for that purpose, and must be as continuous as the inhalation of air to the lungs of land animals.

Now, if this large plate opened out at right angles to the spine of the fish to too great an extent, or sufficiently so to allow the necessary quantity of water to pass through the gills, considerable resistance would be offered to the fish in its onward progress, especially when in the rapid pursuit of its prey. The operculum, or this door, must, nevertheless, open freely, and the object is attained by its rising more or less at the same time; hence this peculiar form of joint, so admirably adapted for the purpose, as everything in nature is.

There is another peculiarity in this fish, with which most of us are familiar, in the form of what is termed the universal joint,—beautiful also in its simplicity. But, then, there are dozens of other beauties in the structure of fishes, which I shrink from, in my crude style, attempting to describe, and fear I have already become tedious; for who would care to feast with me on a dish of bare bones when they can enjoy so luscious a treat from Mouille Point with one who knows so well the best selection?

However, there is much—nay, more, that is interesting to most people, as well as to the naturalist, in a ramble among the rocks on the sea-shore, where there is equally fresh air combined with exercise and a more wholesome excitement, than there is in the mere catching and killing of fish in an open boat, in a somewhat dangerous bay. Even a “true fisherman” will admit that there is more pleasure in witnessing the genuine glow of delight of the juveniles of either sex when, for instance, he leads them carefully round some huge granite boulder, and for the first time displays to their view a bed of the beautiful sea-anemones “in all their gorgeous colours, and grace, and delicacy of form.”

A true fisherman, possibly, and a true lover of nature may not be synonymous terms. Perhaps the former would admire the enthusiasm which led a high official of late to the breakwater and jetties, rod in hand, to torture the minnows swarming there. To kill for mere sport, as in this latter case, is simply wanton cruelty; and to have to “regret that the ladies of the Cape seldom honour such fishermen with anything like appreciative society,” is rather complimentary to them than otherwise, even although, as it is stated, “the second lady in the realm is skilful with the rod and line.” That is no reason why unfeminine sports should be followed; and the only excuse for following even old Izaak in his wanderings, tenderly as he instructs his pupils to treat the frogs and wriggling worm as they impale them alive upon their hooks, is that he invariably leads you on by the green banks of some noble wooded stream to some of the most beautiful and romantic spots in nature, the mere enjoyment of which makes one careless about the original motive, and little regret is felt at returning with an empty basket. But to compare this mode of fishing with the slaughter in an “acre” of

snoek would be monstrous in the extreme ; for, as Dr. Pappe states in his book, "this voracious fish is caught with the hook in immense numbers ; it is very strong and ferocious, and is dispatched after being pulled on board by blows on the head with a kind of knob-kерrie." As well might the ladies be induced to visit the butchers' shambles, and witness the slaughter of oxen and sheep.

The Innkeeper's Daughter.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

Three youths, who had wander'd from Rhineland afar,
Met one summer eve at the old village bar.

"Fetch hither, good hostess, some beer and wine !
Where is that blue-eyèd, sweet daughter of thine ?"

"I'll bring you ale, lads, and wine old and clear,
But my daughter, alas ! lies dead on her bier."

They enter'd the chamber with slow, solemn tread,
Where, in shroud and coffin, the damsel lay dead.

The first youth so gently aside drew her veil,
Look'd mournfully at her, then whisper'd his tale :

"O, beautiful maiden, didst thou but live now
I'd love thee, from henceforth, for ever, I vow."

As the second lad sadly the still face veil'd,
He turned from the dead, and with hot tears bewail'd :

"Alas, my sweet girl, lying dead on thy bier
O, fondly I've loved thee this many a year."

The third youth again rais'd the veil from her head,
And, fervently kissing her blanched lips, he said :

"I have lovèd thee always, and love thee to-day,
And so, dear, I'll love thee for ever and aye."

Physical and Natural Science:

ITS PLACE AND POWER IN THE EDUCATION OF THE COLONY.

No. I.

IN the last few years there has been quite a revolution in ideas at Home, as to what position Natural Science ought to have in the education of youth. Indeed, it may be said that England has at length got beyond the merely controversial stage of the question, when meetings were held and arguments set forward in favour of a change in the educational programme, which had become obviously insufficient for meeting the requirements of the age. Scientific men in England have not only so far gained the day, that the claims of Science to be admitted into a school curriculum in some fashion are no longer denied; but they have also the satisfaction of knowing that most large public schools have taken decided steps towards introducing Natural Science into the course of education, which had been so long recognized as quite adequate to prepare boys for commerce, politics, and a university career, and what has regard to the higher life of men as inhabitants of the earth and units in a grand scheme of creation.

I need hardly, I think, take upon myself the task of urging the claims of Natural Science in these pages. There are no inveterate traditions in our colony in connection with education. I think, when it is clearly made out that the mother country has sought to redeem the past by taking decided action in this direction, the only real objection colonists can have to following the example is the expense which it would entail.

So far it may be said, if the outward signs of the examination papers drawn up by the Board of Examiners are any indication, there is something of a recognition of the claims of Natural Science. There are in the rôle of the various certificates, papers on Electricity, Heat, Geology, Botany, Chemistry, &c. It may be said that the treatment of these subjects, as indicated by the questions, is a little antiquated. That is even the case with the Natural Philosophy papers. When I entertained writing this communication I did not think it necessary to make more than a passing allusion to that feature in the examinations of our colony; but in a late number of the *Cape Monthly* an article has appeared "On Examinations" by a "Cambridge Fellow," which is calculated to mislead those interested in our colonial education, and is still more calculated to do harm to those who have passed examinations of the character defended therein. The author of the paper in question is evidently connected in some way with the Board, and, indeed, from the following expression, is probably a member of it. With reference to a text-book on Electricity, he says, "I am quite sure that the Board of Examiners at the Cape of Good Hope would be much obliged to him (Prof. Tait, of

Edinburgh) for the information" as to what published treatise on the subject is free from mistakes. In these circumstances, we can therefore without hesitation "say our say" on the matter.

I think it possible that a student may pass the first-class examination in Statics and Dynamics of the Colony without knowing the mere elements of Natural Philosophy, as they should be taught at the present day. I do not refer here to the fact that the subjects are not examined according to the French programme, which implies a separate and introductory discussion of Kinematics, and considers the whole subject of Force under the three heads of Kinematics, Statics, and Kinetics. Although I do think that, in a colony like ours, the purely Cambridge method of treating the phenomena of Force and Motion should not be set forward *exclusively* in our examinations; and the fact that some teachers cannot conscientiously, from previous training and solid convictions, choose the ordinary stereotyped course of Statics and Dynamics, ought also to be taken into consideration. I, for one, prefer to follow the French programme, as the sounder and more thorough method of approaching the study of Natural Philosophy. But apart from this—the deferential view of the question—it is surely remarkable that in the face of the fact that the greatest physicist of the day, Sir William Thomson, of the Glasgow University, not only espouses the methods of the French programme, and teaches the subject according to them, but, as I have heard him do over and over again, decries the Cambridge programme as barren of results, and Cambridge elementary treatises as full of fallacies in definition in the very elements of Natural Philosophy,—it is surely, I say, remarkable that there should be no recognition of the new nomenclature, the course of Natural Philosophy published by him, or of the elementary treatises published for the Natural Philosophy classes of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, in connection with the Board of Examiners. The plea of the want of a proper text-book cannot be sustained in this case, and we hope the "Fellow" will take the hint. I prefer, meanwhile, not to enter into any full criticism of the questions in the subjects of Dynamics and Statics in recent examination papers. But I ask, for the purpose of making clear the charge against the examinations, with which I commenced, as being antiquated and not suited to the present state of Science, what answers a candidate for the first-class certificate in Science would make to the following questions, all of them purely elementary:—Define "centre of inertia," and state for what reasons the expression "centre of gravity" should be abandoned in its common acceptance in most books on Statics and Dynamics.—What is the measure of force? What is Gauss' unit? And what is now the accepted British unit of force?—Define energy.—State what is the potential energy of a conservative system—and define the expression "conservation of energy." And so on through the elementary conceptions of the Science of Force, as interpreted and taught by all leading Natural Philosophers of the present day.

It is to be understood that I am not here considering the merits of examinations, as such; and in any remarks that I have made, I merely wish to express an opinion that examinations in our Colony should be of a general character, and not adapted to the peculiarities of one particular school of examinations; and that, most of all, they should be up to the requirements of the times, and should never become stereotyped and conservative. With reference to the particular department to which my remarks have been directed, I need scarcely say, as the "Cambridge Fellow" will allow, that Mechanics is an *experimental* as well as a mathematical science. Its demonstrations are necessarily as purely mathematical as Cambridge methods can make them; but its axioms and fundamental principles are ever changing in the course of the progress of Physical Science, and are the offspring of induction, experiment, and observation. Therefore do I think that, at all events, the scheme of examinations in this department of the colonial examinations should be modified from time to time, *and be progressive*. I am afraid to enter into the range of special pleading, or I might make some further remarks of a more particular character.

So far, then, as our colonial examinations are concerned, there is some recognition of the claims of Natural and Physical Science. The scheme may be defective and antiquated, but still there is the fact that colonial youths are examined in Science. How many, however, take up purely scientific subjects amongst candidates for the various certificates? This I am not in a position to answer; but we may presume, with confidence, that only a few do year by year. It would, indeed, be surprising were it otherwise, for if we look into the staff of teachers in our higher colleges, we find that necessarily very little attention can be given to Science. The only two colleges I know of which aspire to including Physical and Natural Science in their programme are the South African and Gill Colleges.* But the professors who have this wide and important section have also to undertake English Literature, Logic, History, Geography, and I dare say other subjects. These are, moreover, the *paying sections* in the examinations, and cannot be neglected; and accordingly the strength and time of the professors must be given to them. Supposing it were possible to secure a man competent to teach all these branches, the absurdity of inflicting them upon him is patent enough. But in connection with the examinations, he is compelled, for his own credit to merely nominally teach a section, which is quite as important in the education of a boy in the truest sense of the word. We come, then, simply to the conclusion that the teaching of Nature is entirely a name, without any reality, in our Colony, and that for all the attention it can get in the higher colleges it might as well be expunged from their curriculum. Two men at least are urgently needed in every college where the jumble of subjects we have

* The Diocesan College, Rondebosch, provides, we believe, for a similar arrangement.—ED.

referred to have been put together under one department. It is possible to conceive of some affinities between English Literature, History, and Political Geography; and Logic has such close relations to *Belles Lettres* that it might be included. There should, however, be a distinct professor for Physical and Natural Science. We think that, meanwhile, one man for such a department ought to be sufficient, as the Colony has not arrived at that stage in richness, population, and intellectual advancement to merit any further subdivision. A beginning in this way is, at all events, desirable. I know that specialists in Science will demur to such a glomeration of subjects; but what we require is the introduction of the thin end of the wedge, that we may be prepared for future extension. It is a favourite opinion of scientific men, that no one man can either profess truthfully or teach soundly more than one branch of Natural History,—far less the many branches included under the general head of Physical and Natural Science. They think that we are better without any attempt in that way if it be not thorough and adequate. It is a favourite opinion of their's (although borrowed from a very unscientific man) that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. They say a smattering in Science engenders conceit, arrogance, and pride of mind. That may be. I have to confess that I have seen a good deal of it in my experience. However, surely a little knowledge in any subject, if accurate (and there is no reason, from our position, why it should not be), is better than none at all. And, at all events, it cannot but be allowed that some idea of the world we live in, and concerning the solid earth on which we are placed, and the objects with which we are surrounded, is of great importance and utility in the highest sense of things. I have as great horror of merely popular knowledge in Science as any one, when by that is meant the indefinite dogmatisms in Science which pass current in the pulpit, the press, and in the merely show-Science exhibitions of popular books. I am fully sensible of the fact that the so-called elementary treatises in Science of the past twenty years are full of errors. Scientific men have been so far themselves to blame, because they have entertained the idea that to come down to the merely popular mind is beneath the dignity of the priests of Science. They have, however, of late learned otherwise; and now the highest sons of Science have stooped, and accounted it honourable to stoop, to provide the merest elements of correct Science to the mass—so that he who runs may read of the colossal strides of investigation made by the first investigators of the day. Popular books are no longer, therefore, in the hands of mere empiricists, but are written by the foremost scientific men of the day. No longer, therefore, can the plea of viciousness and inaccuracy be brought against Natural Science in the generality of introductory treatises.

In concluding this my first contribution on the subject of the teaching of Science, I cannot forbear giving a few additional remarks. It seems to me that in not furnishing something in the

way of a proper scientific education to the youth of the Colony we are continuing a state of things with reference to the natural history of our country from which we have already suffered too much. Considering the area of South Africa, and the distribution of the present working naturalists, there is but a miserable chance of having in the future a more than merely general acquaintance with its fauna and flora. The grand outlines and classification of the geology and natural history of the country have been determined in several sections by Wyley, Bain, Layard, Smith, Trimen, Harvey, and others,—viz., in rock formations, quadrupeds, birds, insects, and flowering plants. A number of naturalists who have caught the fire of love for these subjects from these workers still remain, and have been doing good work ever since. Who shall not allow, however, that when masters of subjects give place to disciples, and there is no encouragement given by the Government of the country to any of these disciples to make Natural History a profession,—who shall not allow with us, but that there is a poor prospect for such work as has been done to go on to a state of completion? And, more especially, of any naturalists striking off into some of the Departments which have as yet not been classified, and indeed barely touched? Natural History investigation can never flourish as an untended and uncared-for seedling; more particularly in a country where it is altogether an exotic. We want more than examination papers; we want direct teaching by professors qualified to do so. Until then, nothing satisfactory will be done.

J. S.

Spiritualism.

We parted, my love and I,
And he sailed over the sea;
He was coming back to me
When the winter had passed by.

But he nevermore came back;
The winter passed away;
While I waited day by day—
Came a letter edged with black.

It told me that he was dead.
Then my heart stood still with woe,
And the world was but a show,
And I cared not what was said,

And I only wished to die.
For how could I live alone,
Now my light of life had gone?
What part in the world had I?

I sit alone in the shade
When the sun dips over the hill,
And the trees are mute and still ;
Then I watch the daylight fade,

And I wonder if it be
That he whose soul had grown
To be a part of my own
Still watches over me.

Some think that the spirits stay
In the place they loved the most,
And that an unseen host
Is about us night and day.

There is no stir in the air,
Yet I felt a breath on my brow ;
Love, are you near me now,—
Did you touch a curl of my hair ?

I felt it move on my cheek,
Although I had never stirred ;
And it *was* a sigh I heard,—
Did you try and could not speak ?

If I knew that you were here
I could better bear my pain,
Though you never came again
I should know that you were near.

Living still, and still as true
Since, where lies your mortal shell,
Living memories as well
Were not left to perish too.

Ah ! if you are near me now,
Move the curl upon my cheek,—
If you cannot, may not speak,
Breathe again upon my brow.

No sign answers—not a breath !
Must I wait until the gate
Opens on my future fate ?
Is it life ? or is it death ?

Doth it open into light ?
Or is it blind and blank—a wall,
Shutting in, and ending all,
With an everlasting night ?

He who formed us would not give
 So much hope to longing souls—
 So much love that nought controls,
 If He meant it not to live.

What a silence in the room !
 And the air hath grown so cold,
 It doth creep round and enfold
 Like to arms from out the gloom.

I can feel my hair doth move,
 And upon my brow and eyes
 Comes a breath of faintest sighs—
 Though art here, my love ! my love !

Graham's Town.

W. G.

Old Times at the Cape.

PART I.

SOME years ago, the late Mr. Thomson contributed a very pleasant chapter of old Cape History to the *Cape Monthly Magazine*. The article was mainly made up of short extracts from a very rare, but very amusing, old German book [kindly presented to the Library by that generous supporter of the Institution, Mr. Advocate Hiddingh], published at Glogau, in Germany, in 1784, and which purports to contain the life and adventures of Herr Allemann, as compiled by an esteemed correspondent of his. It is a very great pity that this book has never been fully translated, as it abounds with quaint and accurate pictures of our progenitors, and gives a minute account of many surprising events of those ancient days. Mr. Thomson confined himself, however, to the deeds of Governor Van Noot, and stopped short of that tyrant's remarkable death. In the present paper we propose to take up the chronicle at the point where he left off, and present the public with a transcript of Herr Allemann's further experiences under successive Governors at the Cape.

One of the most interesting things in this biography is to witness the very clever way in which this fortunate adventurer succeeds in trimming his sails so as to catch every favourable breeze. A mere soldier of fortune at the outset, he rose to the rank of Senior Merchant, President of the Senate of Justice, and Assessor of the Council of Police, and this as much by his plausible manners as by his discreet management of a slippery tongue. Having already learned something of his promotion from the ranks, and his happy marriage with Miss Abbetjee Meyboom in 1728, we will now pass over the tragic death of his first patron, Governor Van Noot, and descend

to the times of Governor De la Fontaine, who was unanimously selected to fill up the vacancy caused by Van Noot's death :—

“After the sudden and shocking death of the cruel Governor Van Noot, Heer Johann De la Fontaine was provisionally appointed to act in his stead, till orders could arrive from Batavia. He had discharged the same duties previously, for a short time, on the death of Van Asseburg, so was quite competent to hold the reins of office. He was so much endeared to the people by his frank, kind, and generous disposition, that great and universal satisfaction was felt when the East India Company confirmed his appointment as Governor.”

The chronicler then proceeds to give a capital account of a tremendous storm which occurred on the 20th May, 1737—and which was fated to be again repeated in Table Bay on the 17th May, 1865, and gives many picturesque touches to his canvas, which look oddly enough at this distance of time. We shall, however, let him speak for himself :—

“In the first year of his reign, Governor De la Fontaine became a widower. He was rich, and had a lovely marriageable daughter and a fine promising lad about ten years old. To give this son a good, sound education, and to marry the daughter suitably to her rank, he resolved to resign his governorship and go to Europe. He, therefore, in the year 1736, sent in his resignation to the Council of Seventeen Commanders, and begged them to nominate his successor. But before he could receive an answer to this application, he was fated to see, to his great grief, a sad and unfortunate disaster take place,—over which he grieved all the more, because up to this time, the shipping of the East India Company had been particularly fortunate under his *régime*. From the first week in April till the middle of July, the north-west winds prevail more or less in Table Bay, and cause this time of year to be especially dangerous to shipping. They drive the seas into the harbour, and raise the waves to such a height, that only with the greatest trouble and danger can the ships hold on, and avoid parting with their anchors.

“On the 20th May, 1737, the sea—driven by an extraordinarily strong north-west gale—rose far above the boundary God had fixed for it. The waves raged with such violence that the sand in the middle of the bay was churned up ; the anchors of eight richly-laden East Indiamen, homeward bound, lying in the roadstead, were torn out of the ground, and seven ships besides a brigantine were dashed on the shore and shattered to pieces. Out of 714 men belonging to these ships' crews, 207 souls perished ; the rest were saved. Amongst these came a sailor swimming to shore on a six-pounder cannon, which still lay on the gun carriage. Another sailor in his sore distress seized hold of the tail of a Chinese pig, who swam to shore and saved his man. These pigs, which have no cloven hoofs like the European kind, but have paws instead like a dog, swim excellently well. A whole herd of these pigs, which had saved

themselves from the different wrecked ships, were driven together in a body on the beach. It happened that all this took place the day before the ships were to have sailed, so that all their captains were on shore to receive their papers.

"Only one East Indiaman, homeward bound, was saved through the presence of mind of the head steersman, who fastened three great iron cannons on to the anchor, and sunk them into the sea. This weight withstood the power of the waves, and held the ship, which afterwards carried to Europe the unlucky tidings. The head steersman also soon received a commission as captain, and a ship of his own to command. Through this terrible shipwreck more than two millions of merchandise were lost. Many bales, chests, and cannisters were, it is true, thrown up by the sea on to the beach ; but as the goods in them were for the most part spoiled, or at least wetted by the salt water, they were therefore no longer fit for merchant's trade. The pieces of white calico and linen saved were afterwards sent back to Holland, and sold to the calico-printers and redressed ; and that was the reason why Dutch calico was so very cheap in the year 1740."

With characteristic thrift the Dutch turned their very disasters into advantages, and were not slow to make the most of their peculiar monopolies and privileges. We can fancy the sly humour with which Mr. O. F. Muntzel set down this passage about the calico, the anchors, and Chinese pigs ! And yet they were eager too, even in those days, for the advantages of good education,—and sent their promising lads away to Holland, quite as a matter of policy and patriotism, as of sentiment :—

"About the time of this shipwreck the noble Governor dismissed his son's tutor and sent him as Under Merchant to Batavia. On the recommendation of the Governor, he received a place as commander or head of an establishment on the Island Baaros, where the most camphor is collected.

"As the Governor now daily expected to receive his letter of recall, he did not wish to engage another tutor for his boy, but resolved, on the advice of Herr Allemann, to trust his son to me till his departure, in order to have him near Herr Allemann's children, and at least to keep in his memory that which he had already learnt, as, from the want of school-books, I was not able to teach him anything further. I derived great pleasure and honour from this, and it was not to my damage."

Well, we hope not ; and if every tutor now-a-days met with such substantial rewards, a very much better class of men would be found ready to occupy themselves in such laborious and honourable duties. Let us pass on, however, to what took place when De la Fontaine resigned his trust into the hands of Governor Van Kerwel :—

"In the beginning of August, 1737, the long-looked for dismissal arrived, and Heer Van Kerwel was appointed to succeed Governor De la Fontaine. The new Governor possessed a good heart, and

was the friend of all. Out of respect to his predecessor he took over, it is true, the appointment on the 1st September, but he would not allow himself to be publicly installed in his office until the Heer De la Fontaine had left the Colony. But this he never lived to see, as about four weeks afterwards he complained of sickness, and after only fourteen days' illness he died. He did not wish to be buried with any such pomp as was Governor Van Noot, but desired to be quietly interred at night by the light of lanterns. His wife soon followed him to the grave, and was buried by daylight, with all the show and ceremony suitable to her rank.

"Governor Van Kerwel left behind him a family of two sons and a singularly beautiful daughter, who had every claim to be called the 'belle of South Africa.' She was so gracefully and elegantly formed, and possessed so sprightly an intellect, that everyone regarded her with respect and astonishment. All the Dutch, English, French and Danish Naval officers who had the honour of mixing in her society declared that for beauty and cleverness never before had they met with so charming a young lady."

The author here seems to lose his head entirely, and raves about this damsel in a most perplexing manner. In vain he tries to hit off her portrait, and in utter despair of holding the mirror up to nature, and proving that "none but herself can be her parallel," he at last tears up the canvas, and gives it over as a bad job. See what he says of Cape girls a hundred years ago, and before the days of Lady Anne Barnard:—

"Of girls at the Cape, those who are descended from European parents are generally, and in fact almost always, to be called pretty. They have a fresh clear complexion, bright eyes, and good features. They are also clever and agreeable in conversation, but—Miss Van Kerwel quite outshone them all. It seems to me always an absurdity to try and set forth on paper the features or lineaments of a beautiful girl. But as something quite out of the common, I will seek to set forth in the following—that this orphaned daughter of Governor Van Kerwel was a marvellously beautiful creature in figure, form, carriage, face, and in fact in every way!"

After this terrible *fiasco* in Dutch portraiture, it sounds very much like bathos to be told, with reference to the manners and customs of good Cape society, that provided their private characters would bear looking into, "a daughter of an Under Merchant and the daughter of a tailor or shoemaker might chat or hold conversation together, without the former *thinking* of taking precedence. On many occasions, such as weddings, &c., &c., I have very often seen merchants and other officers dance with a shoemaker's daughter, or a son of some other tradesman dance with their daughters."

And a very proper arrangement, too, if the girls were pretty and well behaved, and bore irreproachable characters; but then people in the olden times had very stiff and old-fashioned ideas upon these points, and would scarcely have put up with the quasi-familiar and very

independent girls of the present period. In an age when your coat had to be measured, not according to the quality of your cloth, but according to your grade and social rank in life, many a bitter pang of disappointment must have been experienced, in the mere article of personal apparel, by those who were debarred by law from wearing tiffany or lawn, or satin or silk. We have got over these difficulties now, and can appreciate the blessings of freedom, and a full purse!

We now come to an exciting episode. After the early death of Governor Van Kerwel, the governorship was again vacant. The new Lieutenant-Governor Schwellengrebel, who had been promoted from the Customs to that office, should, by rights, have temporarily assumed the office. But the Independent Fiscal Van der Heughel made an uproar in the Council, and objected that, as Senior Head Merchant, to him was the temporary government due. In this matter he had some followers, who would not willingly see Heer Schwellengrebel, *as an Africander born*, receive the appointment even for a time. After long debates, the decision of this dispute was committed to Heer De la Fontaine, and so they compromised the matter. De la Fontaine did not wish to disoblige either party, and so proposed to draw lots. The proposal was accepted. Both threw the dice, and Heer Heughel thus obtained the office of temporary Governor. This ambitious man looked forward with the greatest longing to the day of Heer De la Fontaine's departure, and so soon as he had embarked, took over the government. His first act was to summon before him all the assistants and clerks of the public offices, and order them, under pain of severe punishment if they failed to do it, to write him down (not an ass, as he deserved to be, but) as the "Honourable and most potent Master Daniel Van der Heughel—(Achtbare Heer, Gesacht-hebber Meester).

"This proclamation made him more laughed at than beloved. Through his friends in Holland, he endeavoured earnestly to obtain for himself the Governorship, and hoped daily, and as often as a ship came from Holland, to receive the agreeable news of his appointment as Governor. Herr Allemann, was one of those who very willingly saw that Heer Van der Heughel received the temporary office of Governor. He had till now kept up a still much closer, though not intimate, friendship with him than with Schwellengrebel—whom he, *as an Africander*, who *observed nothing, learnt still less*, and *bad had no experience*, did not altogether like, whereas Van der Heughel was a Litterarius and Master of Jurisprudence, and also it was not denied that he had much understanding."

This italicized passage reminds us of the Conservative outcry whenever the question of Responsible Ministries is raised in this Colony now-a-days. Here was lamentation and woe, because an "Africander born" dared to aspire to the Imperial purple; and as the sequel will show—a terrible mess was made of it by Allemann ranging himself on the wrong side of politics, and voting for the wrong

man. And the way he got into trouble was this. The bribe employed was certainly most delicately administered, and the story is thus capitally told :—

“The horses of this place are all of Persian descent or race, and bright bay, brown, and dark-brown in colour; but Herr Allemann had a snow-white charger or riding-horse—and it was the only white one born in the Cape. He noticed (cunning fellow, this wide-awake Prussian) that Heer Van Heughel admired the horse, and about the beginning of his appointment, he made him a present of it. Heer Schwellengrebel, who would willingly have had the horse also, or at least very much against the grain saw that Heer Van Heughel received it, was grieved over it, and was never again Allemann’s friend, and treasured up the remembrance of it, and ever afterwards bore him hatred.”

And the way this was brought to bear upon him was as follows :—

“A soldier, a Frenchman by birth, named Jean Etienne Barbier, came from Holland, and was received at the Cape of Good Hope. He gave himself out as an engineer, and professed to know something of fortress building. Just at this time a little four-sided fort for six cannons was thrown up. They wished to try his skill, and entrusted to him the building of it. A mere journeyman brick-layer could have just as well accomplished it. When the fort was finished, a little house was also built in it, and this Barbier, as corporal, and also six soldiers without uniform, were placed at this post. He was a very insolent fellow, and designed evil to those who were most unlike him. A boaster, he revealed his good deeds in strict confidence, and secretly allowed them to be published. He also made some people believe that he had been sent out by the Directors of the Trading Company, and by the Commanders of the East India Company, to secretly keep watch over those gentlemen who were in power, and to report to them what passed. He found some people who believed him, others doubted. When it came to the ears of the gentlemen of the Government, they looked upon it as nothing worth thinking of. However, they would willingly stop his mouth, so they made him a sergeant, but because he, as a native Frenchman, could only speak broken Dutch, he was placed in the Great Battery, otherwise called the “Water Castle,” as postmaster or marshal, where he had the superintendence of the prisoners, who were also guarded by a corporal and nine men. This Barbier was a sworn enemy of Herr Allemann, for what reason nobody knew. Notwithstanding that Herr Allemann as lieutenant, was raised far above Barbier, who was only a sergeant, he sought every opportunity of coming to him and charging him with all sorts of crimes, some very grave ones. He prepared a paper wherein he accused Herr Allemann of several embezzlements or defrauding of the Commissariat, and delivered it to Heer Van der Heughel.”

The matter was looked into, but because they found that Barbier was misinformed, he was disgraced and reprimanded under threat of

removal. At first, he was furious, then he sought out those who were not particularly good friends of Herr Allemann.

With these people he formed a familiar friendship. These were his spies. They forged the bolts, which he was to shoot. However, in this matter for a time all was still.

The thirteenth chapter of this biography is full of incident, and has much to do with the subsequent fortunes of Herr Allemann. In the interval between the usurpation of Van Heughel and the arrival of the successor to the late Governor, many important events had occurred in Europe, and not the least of these was the elevation of a colonist to the high office of the Governor of the Cape Colony, although the party most concerned was as yet quite ignorant of the fact. The news transpires in the most dramatic manner, and is thus vigorously set forth :—

“One fine summer evening, just as the sun had set, an English vessel entered Table Bay. Eight o'clock struck, and, according to custom, one of the Dutch ships in the roadstead hoisted the Admiral's flag, and fired one shot. So soon as this had happened, the rule was, that except in case of danger or disturbance on board, no more guns should be fired, nor any boats come to the ship from land or return. But this Englishman knew nothing of this order, so as soon as he had dropped his anchor, he saluted the Castle (notwithstanding that its flag was already taken down) with ninety-nine cannon shots. The Castle should have fired ninety-seven shots in return, for one salutes and thanks in unequal numbers; but as, we have already said, the watch had been discharged; so this mark of honour must be left unacknowledged till the next morning. The English captain wasted no time, had his boat lowered, and pulled for the shore. On his arrival he inquired where Heer Schwellengrebel lived? This last was not yet moved to the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, but was still in his own house which he had in the town. The English captain was directed to it. Heer Schwellengrebel sat with some good friends before the door. He stood up and received the Captain with these words, ‘Welcome, Captain, to shore; you must have much powder on board, that you let yourself be so loudly heard.’

“‘Yes, my Lord Governor,’ answered he, ‘it was done in your honour, for I bring you the certainly not unpleasant news that the noble East India Company have appointed you as Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.’ With these words he handed over to him the letters—for you must know that when anything weighty happens, the Dutch Eastern Company send a copy of their despatch to the English Company, and *vice versa*. Sometimes the despatches were copied three or four times over, and sent by different vessels, so that if one ship was lost, another might reach.

“As soon as the new Governor had broken open and read the letter, all the rooms in his house, in the twinkling of an eye, were illuminated, and his relations, and, even his old father of 70 years, drew near to express their congratulations. Wine, English and foreign beer, all sorts of cakes and other refreshments were handed

round, and it was nearly midnight before any one retired to rest. One can easily understand that this news, which concerned the Colony so deeply, flew quickly through the town, and was discussed in every house, and that all were rejoiced that Schwellengrebel had received the appointment rather than Van Heughel, who was only in power through a lottery. So this lovely summer evening was spent in every house and before every door in a very lively and joyful manner, and many drank themselves tipsy ere midnight, who, had it not been for this good news, would certainly have gone sober to bed at nine o'clock. Only Heughel and his wife could have partaken little of this joy, and must have slept little this night. Before anyone he stole away from Government House and out of the Castle, and betook himself this very night to his own house and to his restless couch.

"The next morning, at 4 o'clock, so soon as the Castle gate was opened, ninety-seven cannon shots were fired, and towards seven o'clock every one was ready to worship the rising sun or to offer their congratulations to the new Governor. It is true he received every one kindly—including the Independent Fiscal, who wished at once to hand over the reins of government to him, but he excused himself, and protested that as he had not received the temporary government, he would rather wait till his patent of Governor arrived by a Dutch ship, which after a few weeks it did. At once Schwellengrebel's brother-in-law, the Secretary—Heer Ryk Tulbagh, who had been hitherto a merchant and director—was promoted to be Head Merchant and (Heer de Tweede) second in command. He was an upright, discreet, and courteous person, so that if one wished to depict a nobleman, one could with all good reason take him for a model.

"So soon as the patent had arrived, Schwellengrebel lost no time in having himself installed with fitting pomp. His father, a Russian by birth, was still alive, and furnished considerable funds for this festival, for it was well known that he had already spent 100,000 guilders (£10,000) in securing the Governorship for his son.

"The noble Lord Governor wished to make himself beloved and popular at the commencement of his rule. With the help of Herr Allemann, who had the best knowledge of these matters, he prepared, as well for the superior officers of the Company as also for the public and citizens generally, a public shooting, and running at the ring with horses, at which some considerable money prizes were offered. For this purpose two great pavilion tents were erected on an open square or plaats, several green arbours constructed, and Herr Allemann had the whole plaats planted with avenues of silver trees—whole rows of which he had chopped down for that purpose. These trees have leaves which on one side are of a beautiful green, and on the other look like silver. They are not altogether white like the poplar, but they glitter as if they were overlaid with plates of wrought silver, and present to the eye, when the wind plays amongst these trees, a gorgeous and pleasant spectacle. At this feast or festival there was no

lack of wine, European beer, pastry, cakes and every kind of refreshment, besides pipes and tobacco. Indeed, there was an over-abundance. The men shot at the targets, and rode armed with lances *en carriere* through an archway, to carry off the ring and the prizes hanging from it. Whereas the young girls amused themselves in the tents with dancing. Every company of soldiers in the garrison received a slaughtered sheep—besides necessary vegetables with it, and a pipe of wine. But it was arranged that some companies should keep the feast one day—the others the next; otherwise the whole garrison would have been drunk together on the same day. By this management it came to pass that no disorder whatever took place.”

With what a sly humour does not this many-breeched Pepys recount this admirable bit of expediency. It reminds one of the epicure who preferred to dine with blunt knives and forks, so that he might prolong the enjoyment of eating his favourite dishes. Here, forsooth, we see each soldier getting slowly and generously drunk at the word of command. There must, however, be no hurry or excitement. Each man in his turn may lie down in the gutter and snooze away comfortably at the Lord Governor's expense; but not all at once, for that would be subversive of all discipline and a gross dereliction of duty. Let us draw a veil over these orgies, and rompings, and junketings.

We now come to a point when the Africander Governor is disposed to pay off Mr. Allemann for not making him a present of his beautiful white horse; and, according to the old adage, “when you want to hang a dog you need not go very far in search of a rope,” very soon finds a pretext for degrading that clever youth:—

“When the first month of this new rule was over, on the first day of the following month I gave in my report to the Governor. He looked at it, and asked why I, and not Herr Allemann, wrote and signed it? I answered that Herr Allemann had commanded me to do it, and it was my duty to do what I was told. ‘You have done right,’ was the answer, and thereupon I withdrew, and reported this to Herr Allemann, who laughed at it; but the Governor took this opportunity not only to give him a reproof, but also withdrew him from the Commissariat, and put in his place the youngest Ensign, Heer Vernieke, whom he considered much superior. Heer Vernieke was a brave officer, whom one must love, and whose heart was in the right place; but he had one failing,—that he sometimes took more than was good for him, and so easily got provoked and mixed up in broils. The Governor was obliged every year to give two great entertainments, but for which he received all that was necessary from the East India Company, for he was allowed to spend what he liked,—that is, he received everything needful for his wants, and for his housekeeping. The first banquet, or dinner party, was given in the month of February as a farewell to the first East Indian homeward-bound fleet which was ready to leave; for the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Commodore, besides all the ships' captains, were magnificently entertained. The second banquet was

held on the 20th October, when the Burgher Force, mounted and on foot, had gone through their military evolutions for eight days, or twice daily had been exercised. On the 20th, which was the last day, the various companies on foot and on horseback drew up before the Castle, the gate of which was closed, and each Burgher company fired three volleys out of their muskets, which was answered by one cannon-shot from the Castle, after which they withdrew, and separated till this time next year. This was called the Cape Muster. In the evening all the Burgher officers were entertained by the Governor, and to this banquet, as well as to the first, were invited all gentlemen of standing, together with the officers in garrison."

Apparently, these entertainments must have been held in what are now called the "General's Quarters" in the Castle of Cape Town; at least, the arrangement of the rooms here described would favour that supposition.

"The table was generally laid for sixty covers, and stood in two saloons, between which were folding-doors, with such broad wings that the tables stood unbroken through these doors, and could also be served. At one of these feasts the Heer Ensign Vernieke forgot himself, and quarrelled in the presence of the Governor with the First Lieutenant Abel. So then he plucked him by his coat, and signed to him. Heer Abel, whose sword was also ready, understood the Ensign's meaning, and followed him out; but they had hardly arrived at the Castle gate when an orderly was sent after them by the Governor, who called for them both to return, and begged them to make up the quarrel, and be reconciled. The following day they were both very glad that they had not proceeded to extremities, for it was in the whole of the East India service the rule that whoever drew his sword or bared his weapon should be brought before the Fiscal's Inquisition, and this Inquisition knew how to carry its proceedings to extremities. In the meantime, Heer Vernieke, through his misbehaviour, lost the favour of the Governor; and as about this time a ship arrived with a relation of the Governor on board as steward, this relation was quickly made into a Sergeant, and in a short time promoted to be Ensign; and Heer Vernieke was obliged to resign his post in the Commissariat to him."

After this shameful job we are not surprised to find the author publishing the Governor's genealogical tree, and putting his favourite under the harrow of criticism:—

"The Lord Governor was a born Africander; his father a Russian, and his wife and mother both Cape-born. And yet it was alleged that Heer Muys, who was a true Hollander, was a relation! Neither I, nor anyone else, could reconcile this statement, or square these facts. This Heer Muys was tall and stout in person, and his bearing and conduct afterwards showed that he was better fitted for the command of sailors than soldiers. Notwithstanding this, he ate at the Governor's table, was, so to say, his adjutant or amanuensis, and carried all the news and gossip to him. As Commissioner of Lands,

he worked more for his own and the Governor's advantage than for that of the Company. He practised such doings, not quietly or at home, but under the title of Governor's Deputy, and very often sold produce and materials without authority."

Evidently, Mr. Muntzel does not like this Mr. Muys, and thinks he robs the public too openly. He then goes on to say that Herr Allemann and his old foe, Sergeant Barbier, soon picked a quarrel with each other, and the former now began to feel what it was to have made such a mistake about the white horse already mentioned :—

"Since the time that Herr Allemann was compelled to resign his place in the Commissariat at the Governor's command, the Governor gave full vent to his indignation against him. The Sergeant Jean Etienne Barbier was one of those who saw this as clearly as other people, but kept in his malice and venom to spit forth at the proper time. For this end he drew up a circumstantial document, accusing Herr Allemann of astounding malpractices, alleging that he had witnesses to prove them, and then delivering it to the Governor. This was grist to the mill, because the Governor willingly embraced any opportunity to pick a quarrel with Herr Allemann. It is true, that under the semblance of justice to Herr Allemann, and in order not to let slip another opportunity, from this moment Barbier was obliged to remain in the Castle,—that is to say, a small room was given to him in it, and he dared not go out. In the meantime, the Governor gave Barbier's document to the Independent Fiscal, with orders to examine Herr Allemann upon it, and to institute a law-suit against him. Herr Allemann, who, up to this time, was very good friends with the Fiscal, and knew exactly upon what footing he stood, troubled himself little about the affair; but after the preliminary investigation, he also was ordered to remain inside the Castle, and dared not go out, nor perform any duty so long as the final outcome of this affair was unsettled. This was the saddest time of Herr Allemann's life, for he was believed to be innocent by a few, and the common people looked upon him as a man to be trusted; but now that he was under a cloud and overthrown, many held him no longer in esteem, which he felt very keenly, and went to his heart. At the first hearing he treated the accusations with scorn, and contended that they were not brought against him in a fair or just manner. But when he found that the matter was being pressed on, and that the Governor's mind was being poisoned against him, he was obliged, much against his will, to explain the matter clearly. He then spoke out and showed that all that was charged against him should properly have been charged against his superior—the late Governor De la Fontaine—that everything he did was by his special orders, and for his benefit; that Governors Van Noot and Van Asseburg also enjoyed portions of the Company's possessions, but that he himself had not received or taken anything but what was presented to him out of good-will or kindness. Coming down to the time when Independent Fiscal Van Heughel held the temporary Government, and to the time of Schwellengrebel's short holding of office,

before he was appointed Governor, Van Heughel gave the matter another turn, stopped the mouth of Herr Allemann, summoned the informer Barbier before him, and commanded him to prove that all the matters charged against Herr Allemann were delivered *without the knowledge*, permission, or command of Governor De la Fontaine. At this Barbier started, but begged for a postponement of the case, so that he might collect his evidence. But he knew well enough that he had none to produce, so that same night he stole a rope from the walls which had been used by the carpenters for their work, and, fastening it to a cannon, let himself down by it, and fled into the country."

At which point we shall leave the malicious rascal till the next issue of the *Magazine*.

G. R.

An Angel Near.

There is an angel near !
 It could not be a dream !
 I slumber'd not, tho' eye and ear
 Insensible might seem.

Silent I lay,—not slept :
 My mind was overwrought ;
 And a wild whirl of passion swept
 My soul with troubled thought.

It breath'd upon me thrice,
 Sweet as the airs that blow
 O'er flow'ry beds in Paradise,
 And cool'd my spirit's glow ;

Just as, in bygone days,
 My mother softly crept
 Beside my little bed to gaze,
 And kiss me as I slept—

Such was the breath it cast
 Across my fever'd brow ;
 Methought a gentle spirit pass'd ;
 And yet 'tis present now.

Spirit to spirit flies,
 And is to spirit known :
 No thrills like these could ever rise
 From aught of earth alone.

No !—'twas not all a dream !
 Half joy and peace, half fear,
 I feel it still, and surely deem
 There is an angel near.

E. J.

English and Cape-Dutch.

IN order to understand rightly the transformations which a language has undergone during a long period of time, it often proves advantageous to compare with them the analogous changes which have taken place in the structure of some other language, especially if that other be a nearly-allied one. The change of form which the English language has undergone since Anglo-Saxon times, from a highly inflectional or synthetic to an almost non-inflectional or analytic system, took place in accordance with the tendency, more or less inherent in almost all the Gothic tongues, towards a greater looseness of structure, a simpler form of grammar, and a smaller variety of inflections;—a tendency which is also exemplified in the deterioration of the language of Holland into the Dutch of the Cape. In both cases, the change was greatly accelerated by the peculiar and similar circumstances and influences by which these languages were affected; and it is the purpose of this paper to compare the processes by which were developed in time the present language of England and that of the Dutch-speaking population of South Africa, as distinguished from pure Anglo-Saxon and pure Dutch respectively; to show that in both cases the same causes were followed by the same effects; and to indicate the analogous distinctions between the later and the original forms of the two languages.

The Norman Conquest is generally considered as the period during which the old language of England suffered its greatest disorganization and decay, and since which it was superseded by semi-Saxon, which we may consider for our purpose as the oldest form of English. The importation of a foreign race, and with it, of a foreign tongue, was the chief cause of the disintegration of the inflectional system of pure Anglo-Saxon. At the Cape, the introduction of a comparatively large body of French Refugees was the first cause of the corruption of the Dutch language. The use of their native tongue by these immigrants was carefully suppressed, and was not even allowed in their religious services; the result of which was that very soon all traces of a French-speaking population disappeared, just as in England, under more favourable circumstances, Norman-French vanished within a few generations; and scarcely any other marks of French ingredient or influence are observable in the Cape dialect than the want of inflection and the laxity of syntax, by which it is as much distinguished from pure Dutch as English is from Anglo-Saxon.*

Many instances might be brought forward of this general disregard in English and in Cape-Dutch of the regular system of declensions

* Perhaps it is in imitation of the French idiom that in Cape-Dutch the negative particle is always repeated; e.g., *Ik kan nie gaan nie* (*je ne puis pas, &c.*) I cannot go. But it may also be a relic of the old Dutch double negative (*Ik en kan niet gaan*); for there are many phrases and words, such as *altiemets* (perhaps), *verby* (past), &c., which are found in old Dutch books and in Cape-Dutch, but are not met with in modern Dutch works.

and conjugations of their nouns and verbs, which the less corrupted languages possess. The infinitive of the Anglo-Saxon verb ends in *an* (semi-Saxon, *en*), and of the Dutch in *en*; terminations which have been discarded in the derivative dialects of these languages respectively; thus:

A.-S. Willan,	E. will,	D. willen,	C.-D. wil ;
Thencan,	think,	denken,	dink ;
Feallan,	fall,	vallen,	val.

The tenses of the verbs were also much richer in forms in the older than in the younger of these languages.

A.-S. Ic begin,	E. I begin,	D. Ik begin,	C.-D. Ik begin ;
Thu biginnast,	Thou beginnest,	Gij begint,	Jij begin ;
He beginnath,	He begins,	Hij begint,	Hij begin ;
We beginnon,	We begin,	Wij beginnen,	Wij begin, &c.

The case-forms by which the relations of substantives are determined in Anglo-Saxon and Dutch have also been lost in English and Cape-Dutch ; as in the following examples :—

A.-S. Weorc Godes,	E. A work of	D. Een werk	C.-D. Een werk van
	[God,	[Godes,	[God ;
Nom. Hund,	hound ;	kind (a child),	kind ;
Gen. Hundes,	(of a) hound ;	kinds,	(vaneen) kind ;
Dat. Hunde,	(to a) hound ;	kinde,	(aaneen) kind,
			[&c.

The grammar of the two original languages differs from that of derivative ones, moreover, in the fact that the genders of their nouns are fixed by their terminations ; so that living creatures even are sometimes found as neuter ; as, for instance, A.-S. *wif* (woman), D. *wijf*, which is never found as feminine. Their adjectives also had peculiar endings, according as they qualified nouns of different genders.

Amongst the minor distinctions between the earlier and later forms of these languages are the changes of meaning which certain words have undergone in the course of time. Thus in Holland *aardig* means facetious, at the Cape, nasty ; *schoon*, beautiful, comes to mean clean ; *wijs*, wise, becomes insolent ; *slim*, clever in a bad sense, acquires a good meaning. Similarly, in Anglo-Saxon *deer* simply meant an animal (D., *dier*) ; *fowl*, a bird (D., *vogel*) ; *fiend*, an enemy (D., *vijand*). These languages have also gradually become softer by the elision of certain harsh vowels and gutturals ; thus A.-S. *secgan*, *leggan*, D. *zeggen*, *leggen*, came to be represented by E. *say*, *lay*, C.-D. *zeh*, *leh*.

As regards its vocabulary, the chief point in which English differs from Anglo-Saxon, as the Cape patois does from pure Dutch, is the great number of foreign words which have been introduced into it in process of time. These words were either adopted from the aboriginal inhabitants of the land or from the language of a succeeding ruling race, or from other extraneous sources, such as Arabic and

Italian, but the borrowings from these languages are not very plentiful. Just as English has received such words as *algebra*, *alembic*, *zenith* from the Arabs, *pianoforte* from Italy, or *seraph* from the Hebrews, so Cape-Dutch has adopted *ayah* (nurse), *allah* (used as an interjection), and other words from the Malays; *basta!* (enough! leave off!) from the Italian; *canalje* (*canaille*, rascal), and perhaps *baijing* (*bien*, in the sense of *tres*, very) from the French; and numerous other words from different languages.

From the aborigines of Britain, the Celts, the English language has derived, comparatively speaking, a very small quantity of words, such as *bard*, *basket*, *plaid*, besides the names of several places. Cape-Dutch has derived still fewer additions from the native inhabitants of this country; for, excepting a few such terms as *karroo*, *dagga*, *ghoup*, all the Hottentot words that still remain are topographical names. It is therefore as wrong to call the Cape patois Hottentot-Dutch as it would be to speak of English as Celto-Saxon. In both cases, the native inhabitants retreated before the intruders, without being incorporated with them to any very perceptible extent.

The existence of a foreign ruling race, speaking and officially using a language different from that spoken by the other inhabitants of the country, forces upon the language of the latter a large number of words and destroys its native purity; hence the great quantity of Romance words in English and of English words in Cape-Dutch. With a new population, new institutions are introduced, the terms descriptive of which the native language did not possess before, and has therefore to take over from the intruders. The language of feudalism and chivalry was principally adopted by the Anglo-Saxons from their Norman masters. An Africander speaking Dutch never uses any but the English words for such novelties as a railway carriage, ticket, or truck, which thus become incorporated with his language; although in Holland, of course, they have regular designations for these articles. All these causes combine to make Cape-Dutch about as unintelligible to a Hollander as English would be to a Saxon or Italian to an ancient Roman.

In the struggle for existence between the old and the newly introduced languages of England, the latter one succumbed in time to the native vigour of the other,—a vigour which the English language has inherited, and by which it has predominated over all others which have been opposed to it in every part of the world; and by which it will also eventually prevail over Cape-Dutch. When this happens, the analogy which we have hitherto pursued will no longer hold good; for in England it was the earlier language which proved victorious over the other which was introduced at a later time. It took a long time before the Normans were thoroughly incorporated with the Saxons, and only after they had begun to see that their interests were identical, and that their safety depended upon their mutual reliance on each other, and after their connection with the country from which they came was so far loosened that the capacity of all

the inhabitants of their adopted country was recognized to take a share in its civil administration. A fusion of the different European elements at the Cape is also going on ; and it may not be a long time hence that, having obtained our full share of liberty and the privilege of conducting our own government, we shall form but one race and have but one language.

D. U. M.

Charade: A Tale of Crecy.

I.

“ On, gallant knights ! ” Sir Aylmer said ;
 And, at my *first* of all,
 At once the thundering charge he led,
 And quell'd the pride of Gaul.
 No knight of all that brave array
 Left prouder feats of arms that day
 For minstrel songs to tell :
 For none more deeply England griev'd
 Of all who victory then achiev'd,
 And there at Crecy fell.

II.

Low, weltering on the gory ground,
 A spear-head in his side,
 His life-blood oozing from the wound,
 The good Sir Aylmer died.
 With head upon my *second* rais'd,
 Still fiery to the last, he gaz'd
 Intent upon the fray ;
 Till forth the cry of victory went,
 And then his last faint breath he spent
 In shouting his “ Hurrah ! ”

III.

Not buried with the nameless herd
 Of mingled friends and foes,—
 With splendour at St. Pol interr'd,
 He takes his last repose.
 With stately march and sacred rites,
 There came five hundred belted knights,
 All on their mail-clad steeds,
 And left my *whole*, which still records,
 With quaint device, and mould'ring words,
 His name and knightly deeds.

E. J.

Stone Implements and Shell Caves.

PROFESSOR NIELLSEN, of Sweden, has written a book on the stone and other implements and weapons used by man before he understood the manufacture of metals. It has lately been translated into English by Sir John Lubbock, and, I believe, there is a copy in the Public Library. There are some pages of excellent plates at the end of the book, illustrating the different objects he writes about. On the first of these pages will be found, at the lower corner to the left, a representation of an oval-shaped stone with a hole in the centre. This form of stone the author lays great stress upon, and takes pains to prove that it was used as a hammer for sharpening the flint spears and arrow-heads of the huntsmen, which naturally would get broken or blunted if they missed their aim. He says he is confirmed in this belief by his own experience in his youth when shooting far from home, and he had occasion to fashion flints for his gun. He found nothing so well suited for chipping as small round granite stones ; also that all the perforated stones he has seen are either composed of granite or some other hard stone, and show signs of indentation round their edges, caused by chipping, and that the purpose of the hole bored through them was to give a good catch to the thumb and fingers of the operator, and to make them conveniently portable.

From what I have seen of similar stones picked up here in spots where the Natives had their locations and "koeken moedens," I do not think they were made for hammers or used as such, except accidentally ; but I am of opinion that a far greater interest can be attached to this form of stone than has yet been given to it. In this Colony it must have been used for its proper purpose within a century or less, and it would be an important discovery to find out what that purpose was. Many of your readers may have had opportunities of observing to what use the Natives applied it, and they may now be able to question some of the old men of tribes still almost in their savage state on the subject. It does appear very remarkable that the same shaped stone, bored in the same way as that pictured in Professor Nielsen's book, should be found in Sweden and in various other countries, as well as at the Cape of Good Hope. It would almost prove that at a certain stage of the development of the human race the minds of all nations, at different periods, without communication, hit upon the same rather complicated idea of drilling so exactly, and evidently with great labour and care, such hard material as some of the stones are composed of. All the holes begin from the sides, and narrow to the centre, where they join with mathematical correctness.

I have lately had five of these stones, which have been picked up near the coast at different parts ; and after carefully examining them

I must come to the conclusion that they were not made for hammers. The following is a description of them :—

1. A bluish soft stone, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, hole, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. diameter, weighing 43 oz. ; too soft for hammering, and too heavy and clumsy for carrying about ; found at Noordhoek.
2. A brown granite, 4 inches in length, hole, $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. diameter, weighing $29\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ; this one seems to have been used for pounding, as its oval form is more or less squared by some such cause ; found in a shell-heap.
3. A light-coloured granite, $4\frac{1}{8}$ inches long, 3 inches deep, hole, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, weighing $34\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ; perfect in form, and shows no marks of pounding or chipping ; found in a shell-heap.
4. A small blue slate stone, with which I tried to chip a flint, and found the edge of the flint remained sharp, while the stone was deeply indented ; found at Noordhoek.
5. A small gritty sandstone, a trifle larger than a large walnut ; no marks of chipping,—in fact, it could not be used for such a purpose ; this stone was found among the edible shells above high-water mark at Agulhas.

The weight and the measurement of the holes in the two last specimens I have not got.

There are old people in this district who say that in their boyhood they have seen the natives use such stones for fastening to the end of a pointed hard-wood stick, to give it weight in digging out roots. I have heard that they have been used in this way in other parts of the country. All information on the point would be most interesting.

While on this subject, I would call attention to the large flat water-worn stones usually found at shell mounds or kitchen-middens. The surfaces of many of them are worn quite smooth from some artificial cause ; others have deep broad grooves rubbed into them, evidently by the smaller stones which are found near them, worn down to half their size by such work. The following are different surmises as to the use these stones were put to :—First, grinding clay for the pottery that is found in the vicinity ; second, for bruising and rubbing down roots to extract poison for spears and arrows ; third, for grinding and sharpening the stone weapons—(among all the splints I have seen, none had the least mark of grinding or polishing) ; fourth, that these flat stones were used for cooking, and that the epicures among the natives may have had theirs indented to save the gravy. I understand that it is an occasional custom still in some parts of the country to cook meat between flat stones, well heated first, and that no other style of cookery gives such perfection of flavour. Dr. Comrie, of H.M.S. *Dido*, found two of these grooved stones, and has taken them, with other specimens, to the Australian Station, there to study the subject carefully ; he kindly promised to send you the result of his investiga-

tions on the coasts of America, at the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand.

If any one has an opportunity of noticing the habits of the Namaqua Bushmen, who, according to J. G., in answer to a communication of mine in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for July, 1858, still "live from such shell-fish as they can procure from the sea-shore and carry them to their dens, caves, or bush, as the case may be," they may find traces of the uses of the large flat grooved stone and the perforated stone hammer.

I have often been surprised when walking round the coast to come upon heaped-up mounds of large fresh-looking shells, in very bare parts. I now find that where these mounds are, there was a dense clump of melkbosch—a bush so close that, as all know who ever camped out at the Cometjie, is almost as good a shelter as a house. The bush has long been cut down and burnt, but its roots can be found running down under the shells. These mounds *were kitchen-middens, without doubt*; and the conditions attending their situation invariably are, shelter, which the bush would give, suitability of sea-shore for successful fishing, and a fresh-water spring near. There is a specimen of one of these mounds about two miles south of Simon's Town, and another two miles further out, at Miller's Point.

There has lately been sent to the Museum a very perfect skull of probably one of the early Strandloopers, who roamed the beach at Cape Point ages ago, also some interesting specimens of pottery and a few of the half-worn rubbing stones, as well as spear and arrow-heads found there. The perforated stones already described will shortly be placed in the Museum for inspection.

P. D. MARTIN.

Simon's Town, 22nd June, 1872.

[Commandant Bowker being now in town, we have referred the above to him, with a request that he would make such annotations as might occur to him. He was good enough to furnish the following valuable Memorandum in reply.—ED. C.M.M.]

The perforated stones are found all over South Africa, and at the present day are used by the Bushmen for the purpose of adding weight to pointed sticks intended as diggers either for collecting ants or roots. They are also used as pipes by the Bushmen for smoking the wild hemp. I collected a number of these stones when stationed at the T'Somo (Transkei). They were of various sizes and shapes, weighing from three ounces to six or seven pounds. They were made of different kinds of stone—one of very soft sandstone, and not in any way fitted for use as a hammer. The mode of smoking varied according to the size of the stone and the inclination of the smoker. The large stone was placed on the ground over a hollow chamber, while the smaller ones were fitted with

clay to the hollow end of a cow's, goat's or wild buck's horn, according to the size of the stone. I do not believe that the stones were drilled by the Bushmen, but were used by some pre-historic race for a purpose not yet discovered. The apparatus with which the holes were drilled has not been discovered. It was possibly a wooden drill used with sand, in the same way as fire is produced at the present day by the Basutos and Bushmen. The Frontier Kafirs have a story or tradition that they were used by their ancestors in the operation of circumcision by the doctors or medicine men. I do not think that any African traveller or writer ever mentions having seen the Bushmen drilling the stone.

With reference to the shell mounds, they are to be found at many spots on the coast; particularly at a rocky point near a fresh-water fountain, about midway between the Kleinemonnd and the Fish Rivers, and thence right along to the Bashee. The mounds are from one to, say, ten feet high, and composed entirely of the broken remains of edible shell-fish, bones of animals, and also broken remains of the stones used in breaking up the shells, while the flat summit of the hills is often covered with the stones used for the same purpose. This mound was made by people residing some distance inland, which is explained by the fact that for three or four miles inland from the beach large quantities of edible shell-fish remains are found, and in all or most cases mixed up with broken clay pots and charcoal. Beyond this the shell deposit ceases, from which it may be taken for granted that the shells collected by those living at a distance were broken up and the flesh extracted for the purpose of lightening the load. There can be no doubt of this, as the same thing is done by the coast tribes at the present day.

I once had in my possession a hard black stone about the size of a large orange with a clear groove on one side. It was supposed to be the apparatus with which the round shank of the assegai was smoothed.

I never met with the grooved stones mentioned, but I may add that the ordinary Kafir mill-stone requires sharpening, the same as those used in ordinary mills, and it is done by using the sharp point of a broken stone. I have often seen the Kafir women performing the operation.

Another thing of considerable importance is the stone age or period of South Africa; and, however the stone, bronze, and iron ages may apply to other countries, I do not believe that any change has ever taken place in South Africa in this respect; and that until the introduction of metals by the early Portuguese and Venetian navigators and Jesuits, little or no advance had been made from the earliest period of man's creation or existence in South Africa. I have found chipped stone implements at various places and depths, from the sea-coast to the Vaal River; and it is also well known that the Bushmen on the banks of the Orange River, below the junction with the Vaal, and on the confines of the Kalihari desert to this day use crystal and (when obtainable) broken glass for forming the points of their arrows. I may also state that, after long experience and research, I have failed to find that any advance has been made, even to what is termed the polished stone age of other parts of the world. The recent discoveries of ruined buildings on the Vaal may throw some light upon this subject, should it be proved beyond doubt that the ruins in question are not the remains of some deserted Jesuit mission. The subject must, however, be approached with great caution; as proofs are in existence, printed during Louis 14th's time, and dedicated to that

monarch, in which the greater part of the alleged discoveries of Livingstone, Grant, Speke, Baker, and others are laid down with sufficient accuracy to show that the geographers of that time were as well acquainted with the African Continent as we are in the present day.

J. H. BOWKER, Com. F. A. M. Police.

Cape Town, June 27, 1872.

*An Englishman's First Impressions of Cape Town.**

FIRST impressions of men are proverbially fallacious. Those of the manners and customs of a people are seldom to be trusted, because they are more or less governed, according to the independence of thought on the part of the observer, by the standard of his own country or that with which he is more familiarly acquainted, and a larger experience shows how many modifications are necessary. But first impressions of places are generally more favourable than is justified by closer inspection. True, there are places, as the Bay of Naples, and buildings, as the exquisite cathedral at Milan or the gorgeous pile of St. Peter's, which grow in beauty and loveliness the more they are gazed on, and every inspection reveals some fresh charm or sublime effect. But more frequently the first visions of beauty in the aspect of a city are marred by closer observation of faults and meanesses. Thus it is just to say that the first impressions of the appearance of a city are the most favourable verdict that a traveller will be likely to record; and perhaps the fixed inhabitants of a city are the worst judges of its pictorial effect.

Use tones down the most monstrous incongruities, and that which was at first hideous becomes tolerable. I am, therefore, anxious to give my first impressions of Cape Town, whatever they may be worth, while fresh in my mind. Before leaving England, I had read most of the best descriptions of Cape Town; but like most such narratives, they were too general to give one a really intelligent idea of the place, and generally they dwell—and with good reason—almost too exclusively on the grand old mountain that is the chief glory of the place. Photographs are eminently delusive; they are almost universally of some picked view, which, isolated, may be supremely beautiful, but its whole effect would be marred if a few adjuncts were admitted; besides which, no painter ever flattered as doth the sun. Objects which are next to hideous in themselves become effective and picturesque when thrown up by the camera. Thus, as neither sun-painting nor wood-painting gave me a satisfying conception, I naturally looked with the most intense interest as our steamer worked into the bay. It was a beautiful evening;

* To see ourselves as others see us is a wholesome sort of exercise. The picture presented by our contributor is not exactly rose-coloured. In some of its touches it is considerably less than just. As a whole, however, we believe it will do good.—Ed. C.M.M.

the slight ripple shimmered in the moonlight ; before us, in dim outline, towered the glorious mountain, and the white houses seemed to spangle the shore and slopes. It resembled Naples with even a grander effect, while the wondrous clearness of the atmosphere, contrasted with which even the sky of fair Italy is murky, gave a sharpness of outline and depth of perspective that were perfectly marvellous. Every one on board the steamer was naturally impatient to land ; but as the hour was 9 p.m., and our steamer was not "the Mail," we were relegated to our shelves, which, as voyagers know, are in grim mockery dignified by the name of state berths on board a ship. The next morning our anticipated view of Cape Town from the bay was lost, as we were in the docks before most people were astir ; and our first view of the population of Cape Town was that of a row of grinning darkies, from the "slightly off-coloured" to the pure black, who sat apparently meditating a swoop, like the porters at London Bridge, on the hapless voyagers. The effect, if startling, was a little toned down by gangs of convicts doing the least possible amount of work in the greatest possible time, under the eye of warders handling their very innocent weapons as though they were brooms or pitchforks, and to which any London Arab, with similar advantage of angles and corners, would stand fire at a shilling a shot all day. All this was not very fascinating ; still one recollected that the environs of the London Docks and Shadwell were not the most picturesque of localities, and that they have doubtless caused the hearts of a good many foreigners to sink on their first view of the mighty metropolis. Besides this, did not we know that Cape Town was a cathedral city ?—the abode of the representative of England's Imperial power ? Was it not the chief town in the Cape Colony ? Had it not been built mainly by the Dutch, whose European homes one recalled as models at once of quaintness and comfort, to say nothing of a cleanliness often painful in its very excess ? One supposed that copies of the fine old houses of Amsterdam or Rotterdam, with their trim neatness, would attest the home-love of the founders of the Colony, and that if the spick-and-span refulgence of soap and water of the model village of Broek was not everywhere apparent, yet the leading characteristics of a people would certainly be represented. Besides all this, has not Cape Town been long an appanage of the British Crown ? And who could doubt that the indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon possessors (kith and kin of the men who have built Melbourne and Sidney, and made the new world a keen rival for architectural grandeur and elegance with the old)—who could doubt that with such antecedents and such examples, with a climate hardly equalled and not excelled in the whole world, that Cape Town would be a city in every respect worthy of its ancient connections and its proud alliance with the Sovereign Empire ?

These, I submit, were fair data to go upon in conjecturing what manner of place it was we were now to see for the first time. Let us now determine how far these expectations were fulfilled. Ranged along the wharf were some few mouldy-looking four-wheeled cabs, and two or three Hansoms, by no means bad copies of the vehicle which Mr. D'Israeli calls the "Gondola

of London." The alacrity and smartness of the driver recalled home and the recollections of picking a good horse and cab from the ranks, when telling the man "double fare or nothing" to catch a train, you slam the door, shut your eyes as you are whisked past formidable wagons and round sharp corners,—and it is certainly seldom you go to grief. Equally dexterous appeared our Cape Jehu; he took the line of rails which agreeably cuts up the dock road in his stride, and with a gentle lift we cleared some rattling boulders which were supposed to be crossings, and skimmed several darkies, of whom very little heed was taken. Thus in a few minutes we came to a halt, and the man said "Station, sir." We got out, concluding it was the right thing to do, though feeling sure the man had set us down at some obscure goods depôt. It certainly was a strain on one's credulity to believe that a huge tin canister, laid on its side, was the Central Railway Station of the capital city. It would be hard to determine whether this shed was more remarkable for its dirt, its discomfort, its darkness, its miserable inadequacy, or its ugliness. Each quality seemed combined, and in such nice proportion that, as in well-made punch, nothing predominated. Our heart sank as the idea that this was a type of Cape institutions crossed the mind, and it was impossible to forbear contrasting the hut, not with the splendid stations at Charing Cross or King's Cross, in London, or with the Chemin de Fer du Nord, in Paris, but with such places as Strasbourg, Frankfort, Geneva, or a multitude of even second-rate towns either in England or on the Continent of Europe. It would, however, be wrong to say that no attempt was made to decorate this monster paraffine can, for are there not in wood bas reliefs of Doric columns!—at least, such conceptions of this order of architecture as have dawned on the mind of some hedge carpenter; some pillars gracefully leaning one way and some another, while the perpendicular is carefully avoided. Going on a tour of inspection through this miserable shanty, one comes on the Refreshment Department. A glimpse was sufficient, for one would think even a black must be miserably drunk before he entered such a den. One recollects complaining at home at various refreshment stations, that the pastry was a little too antique, or the sandwiches slightly chippy, or the soup tasteless. I thought, for these my sins this Cape Refreshment Saloon is sent; and I mentally registered a vow that if ever again I see dear old England, the worst refreshment bar that I may ever meet with, be I ever so hungry or ever so tired, shall never extort a grumble. However, it is as it is; and this miserable hole gave me the first distinct impression that "anything will do for the Colony," which seems, on further inspection, to be set on most things,—I had nearly said on every thing. Putting aside as what I suppose railway authorities here would call sentiment, there is, at all events, the principle of self-interest to appeal to, and I venture to say it would hardly be possible to invest a couple of hundred pounds more advantageously than in building a neat and tasteful refreshment-room, where travellers should be well served, where ladies might get a comfortable tiffin, and where the *habitués* of Cape Town might get luncheon or dinner, instead of being driven into dens inferior to well-

appointed kennels in England. Spiers and Pond made a fortune by such establishments in Australia; they are coining money in such places in England, notwithstanding their many shortcomings. Surely, Cape Colonists are not less civilized, not to say less human and unable to appreciate and ready to support a place where nice viands shall be served in something like a Christian manner. At home, the greater part of the year we are obliged to put up with coloured calico roses and geraniums; but here a few pence would supply the choicest decorations; and if a counter where good fruit was supplied were added, the people of Cape Town need not starve for this in the midst of plenty, while strangers wonder that in a land boasting its fruits there shall not be found one tempting place to purchase them. I would beg to be excused referring to the Market, having visions of Covent Garden before my eyes. To return, however, to the Railway Station, repellent as it may be to every sense, and from which one is only too thankful to escape—fighting my way through the crowded platform I found myself in a carriage, which no doubt was nice enough when new, but had become abominably dirty, on the “anything-will-do” principle. We soon skirted Table Mountain, of which my first impressions, like probably those of most travellers, were disappointing. I had pictured something of Swiss scenery, and recalled the glories of the Righi, Pilatus, Matterhorn, Schriekhorn, &c., not to name the greater giants of that wondrous land. Still, after a little while, Table Mountain is found to have beauties peculiarly its own,—possibly in some sort owing to its being *the* feature of the landscape, and, moreover, from one’s being able to see the whole mountain so far, from base to summit. This is the one thing in Cape Town and its vicinity that daily gains in charm. My first impressions of the scenery round the mountain were of unmingled delight; but these, if interesting at all, could only be so to readers at home.

Of Cape Town, the capital cathedral city, I would say a few words. Admirably situated on the slope of the mountain, well planned and regular as are its streets, yet its architecture, excepting a few well-designed stores, is meaner and more broken down than in any city of the size in Europe. The first abomination which a pedestrian meets with are the horrible stoeps, and you need be a perfect acrobat if you think to escape from the mud and filth of the streets and find a decent pathway. I suppose these to be private property; but where else than in Cape Town could such things be tolerated? If they cannot be levelled, then, in the common interests of humanity, I would say run a pavement down in front of them, and let at least mankind be afforded a path which now seems only to be laid out for the brute creation. Of the Public Buildings of Cape Town, which, I would ask, is that on which the city prides itself?—the Market! the Post Office! or the Cathedral! I suppose the Library would be quoted; but even this, with its already dilapidated stoep, or whatever it may be called, only verifies the remark that “anything will do” for the Cape Colony. And yet it is melancholy to think how very little would make Cape Town a beautiful city. There could hardly be a finer avenue than might be made

by planting Adderley-street with fine trees. The "Unter den Linden" of Berlin, of which Germans are never weary of boasting, would not bear a comparison, nor could a finer people's garden be made than by applying a little taste to what is facetiously called the Parade, and yet leave ample room for the evolutions of all the troops the Cape is likely to possess. Even in the heart of London, in an atmosphere always smoke-laden, tasteful gardens ever refresh the eye. In this age of great cities, when even in Europe mean towns by comparison are vying with each other in decoration and in giving recreation grounds and gardens to the people, can it be that the genius of improvement shall here alone be dead? This generation has seen London almost transmogrified; and whatever may be the faults of the third Napoleon, he at least may make the same boast as the first Augustus,—that he found the capital of brick and left it of marble. Of course, Cape Town cannot be compared in point of wealth with the great cities of London and Paris, but it has facilities specially its own; and it needs not a Hausmann, useful as he would be, to convert a city with scarcely a redeeming trait into a most delightful and attractive town. If the outward and visible signs are so unfavourable, we need hardly inquire what is the system of drainage and what the sanitary arrangements. It takes a good deal to make people think of these; but the offence brings the punishment, as surely as night succeeds the day. Nothing could be more horrible than was once the state of London. Accordingly, cholera and typhus came and swept away thousands. Then were seen people flying in dismay to their churches and chapels, and praying for the removal of a visitation with as much reason as if they had first set fire to their houses and then prayed they should not be burnt down. But the plague was stayed, and all the excitement of precautions evaporated in talk. A second pestilence appeared, and then people set to work in earnest; and now London is the best-drained and the healthiest capital in the world. But it seems nothing short of demonstration of this kind ever stirs people to look below the surface, and they are satisfied with hoping that retribution will not come in their time.

These, then, are my first impressions of the Cape. The only question of any importance is, are they just? If so, one may hope that an abler pen and more powerful advocacy may be enlisted on the side of progress and improvements.

Albany Natural History Society.

MR. BRUCE IN THE CHAIR.—JUNE 1.

Mr. Glanville read the following paper on "African Rhinoceroses:"

AFRICAN RHINOCEROSSES.

A paper—by, I believe, Mr. P. L. Sclater—appears in *Nature* of the 28th March, on Rhinoceroses, in which, after noticing the Indian species, the author describes the African; but begins by limiting the number of African species to

two. He says: "Of the African rhinoceroses, which constitute the second division of the genus as explained above, many nominal species have been made by naturalists who delight in conferring names upon fragments of horns and imperfect skulls; but we have not, as yet, certain evidence of the existence of more than two species, commonly known as the Black and White Rhinoceros."

This notion of there being only two species of rhinoceros in Africa is without foundation. We have the horns of two distinct species of white rhinoceros in the Museum, the difference between them being so great that it would be sufficient of itself to mark them as separate species.

We have, in all, five horns of the common white rhinoceros, *Rhinoceros simus*, three of which belong to the male and two to the female.

The horns of the male are very massive at the base, and curve backward much more than the horns of the female,—so that, while the former show an angle of $22^{\circ}5$ from the perpendicular, the latter lie backward at an angle of only 15° . The comparatively short horns of the male rapidly taper to the point,—the longer ones of the female taper less rapidly; but the points to dwell on are that they curve *backward*, and that they are the horns of the common white rhinoceros.

There is another specimen, also from a white rhinoceros, which can scarcely be said to curve at all; it proceeds straight from the base, and slopes, not backward but forward. The tip, however, is worn so that it is bevelled off, most probably by digging or friction against the ground.

The position of this horn is just the reverse of that of the horns of *R. simus*, so that, whereas they sloped backward from a perpendicular drawn to the centre of their base from 15° to 22° , this slopes forward from a similar perpendicular 14° . There can be no question but that the different slope and shape of these two horns indicate differences in habit and structure that must be, at least, specific.

If, then, there are two white rhinoceroses, it follows that there must be, at least, three species of these animals in South Africa, as Mr. Sclater admits, in addition to *R. simus*, one black rhinoceros, *R. bicornis*. Of the division of the black rhinoceroses into two species, as Andersson has done, I can say no more than has already been said, as I have no specimens of horns or other parts of the black rhinoceroses.

Mr. Francis has described to me the different habits of the *R. bicornis* and *R. simus*, the former being a browsing animal, living on bushes and twigs,—while the latter feeds on grass. He also knew the animal to whom the forward directed horn belongs, and declared that it was altogether a different animal from the common white rhinoceros. At least, then, there seems good ground for believing that *R. orwellii*, the name given to this second white rhinoceros, is a good species. This view is sanctioned by Dr. Gray, who named this second species; and whose description of the horns applies, except with regard to the length, to our specimens exactly.

Mr. Andersson's distinction between the two black rhinoceroses may be here reproduced, as the result of the observations of a naturalist who had the living animals before him, and who was not dependent on "fragments of horns and imperfect skulls," for the data on which his conclusions are based.

He says, p. 387 of his work on Lake 'Ngami: "Four distinct species of rhinoceroses are known to exist in South Africa, two of which are of a dark colour

and two of a whitish hue. Hence they are usually designated the 'black and the white' rhinoceros."

One of the two species of "black"—"the Borele," as it is called by the "Bechuanas"—is the common small black rhinoceros, *R. bicornis*, the other the "Keitloa," *R. keitloa*, or the two-horned black rhinoceros, as it is also termed by naturalists. The latter differs from the Borele in being somewhat larger, with a longer neck; in having horns of nearly equal length with a lesser number of wrinkles about the head; and it is of a more wild and morose disposition. The upper lip of both (more especially of Keitloa) is pointed, overlaps the lower, and is capable of extension."

A summary of these distinctions will enable us to judge of the value of these specific marks, and we find that Borele is smaller than Keitloa, has a shorter neck, the horns are not equal, the number of wrinkles on the face is greater, while the pointed lip is not produced to the same extent as in Keitloa. These observations coming from a hunter and naturalist of such note as Andersson, demand a little more attention than appears to have been given to them. It does not follow, as a matter of course, that Andersson is right, as it might be that the differences above quoted may depend on age or sex, or other cause of variation. If, however, the distinctions above noted are permanent, then the division into two black species must be right, and Africa will then have four species of rhinoceros, instead of the two to which Mr. Selater would limit her.

DR. ATHERSTONE, PRESIDENT, IN THE CHAIR.—JUNE 15.

Dr. Atherstone presented a portion of the upper jaw of a rhinoceros, and the left ramies of an under jaw of another animal of the same genus, both obtained from the clay-bed of the salt-pan at Bethelsdorp. He obtained these while on his late excursion with Mr. Dunn. There were many other fragments of bones in the same place, and if it was thought desirable, more could be obtained for the Museum.

The portion of the upper jaw consisted of the greater part of the maxillary bone, the palatines, the malar bone of the right side, the temporal bone with its large styloid process, and portions of the pterygoid. There are six teeth, of course molars, on the right side, and three on the other.

The lower jaw must have belonged to a smaller individual. The symphysis of the two rami is preserved, and shows the characteristic want of incisor teeth. The number of teeth in the jaw is seven.

PSAMMOPHIS CRUCIFER,—BOIE.

Mr. Glanville said this snake was caught by his sons on the side of the hill above the city. It was found under a stone. As it was frequently mistaken for the common schaap-sticker, *Psammophylax rhombeatus*, Gray, it would not, he thought, be amiss to put on record some of the particulars in which it differs from the latter snake.

The most obvious difference is in the marking, the characteristic rhomb on the body of the schaap-sticker being wanting. More particularly, it will be found that the rostral shield does not project backward between the anterior frontals, and that the nostril is not bounded above by those shields, as in *Psammophylax*.

The longest maxillary teeth are not, as in the Coronellidæ, the posterior ones,—but are situated about the middle of the jaw. In the young specimen now before us we see that the loreal region is depressed,—that the rostral shield is small, and joins the anterior frontals in nearly a straight line. There are two nasal shields, with the nostril between them, one loreal, one anterior, and two posterior oculars. The number of rows of scales on the body is seventeen. The pre-anal scale is divided, and there are two rows of sub-caudal plates.

The marking on the body of this snake is simple, being composed of alternate stripes of olive-brown and light olive-green; a dark olive-brown band going down the middle of the back, and one on each side; the latter separated from the scales of the belly by a narrow white line. The belly is yellow. The under jaw and throat are white dotted with dark brown; from there a row of dark brown dots extends down the body on each side on the white line that borders the belly. This row is not seen in older specimens. It is difficult to say which of the colours of the head is the prevailing one; but following the middle dark brown stripe forward, we see it expanding laterally into a half collar on the neck, forming the cross from whence its trivial specific name is derived,—and then a little further forward, close to the occiput, this cross is repeated. The dark stripe continues forward over the occipital, vertical, and frontal plates; the occipital having a whitish dot in the centre, while the edges of the vertical are marked by a whitish line. A similar line lies medially between the frontals. The rest of the top of the head is of the paler colour of the light body stripes. Two white stripes lie, one in front the other behind the eyes.

It is only in size and shape that this snake resembles the *schaap-sticker*; and a little attention will convince any one of its true name and position.

LAND SHELLS.

Mr. Glanville reported that his sons and himself had found three species of shells on the hill side, at the same time that the snake, just described, was captured,—of which some specimens were now presented.

Pupa.—This little shell comes very near *P. pfeifferi*, Kraus. It differs, however, in possessing but three teeth, and in the colour being neither white, as in *P. pfeifferi*, nor bright vermillion as in *P. miniata*,—its colour being a dull or dirty pink.

Vitrina cornea, Pf., and *Bulimus turrisformis*, Kraus, require no remark beyond this, that they were found the day before a most unusual rain for this part of the country; and that, although diligently sought for since, neither *Pupa* nor *Vitrina* could be found, and but very few live specimens of *B. turrisformis*. On this hill side, as yet, no other species of shells, except an occasional *Achatina zebra*, had been found.

Dr. Atherstone remarked that both *B. turrisformis* and *B. natalense* occurred in his garden, and were to be found at the base of hedgerows there.

PACHYDACTYLUS MACULATUS,—SM.

Mr. Glanville exhibited an egg of this Gecko, obtained by his sons in searching for land shells, buried in the ground at a depth of about two inches. There were two eggs, and one becoming broken a little Gecko escaped. It was very active. While engaged in getting these eggs a Gecko came from a neighbouring hole, and pertinaciously attempted to bite them. Usually, this animal is very harmless, even when caught not attempting to bite. The animal in this case, it is fair to presume, was impelled to the attack by its parental instincts,—and, if confirmed, this trait in the character of these reptiles will prove an interesting one.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Griqualand West.*

THE large extent of country to be visited and examined in so short a time necessarily obliged its examination to be both hurried and imperfect; nevertheless, I believe that much of the information thus gained will prove of great interest. Under these circumstances, I propose, at present, to confine myself to the broader and more popular features of the country travelled over, and such as bear more directly upon the practical purposes of agriculture, stock-farming, or other industry, concluding with a few remarks on its inhabitants—leaving the elaboration of geological details and sections for a paper which I hope to lay before the Geological Society at no distant period.

The first part of the country travelled through was that called Albania. The geology of the portion *visited* may be described as a vast accumulation of shales, extending from Du Toit's Pan to the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers, with a few narrow bands of sandstone, and intersected with dykes of felspathic rock, from the sides of many of which the shales have been denuded; and thus in such places forming low ranges of hills.

The "Panne Veldt" occupies a large extent of this portion of the new territory. The majority of the pans were lake-like hollows eroded out of the shales, each forming the centre of a drainage system of a space of country extending a number of miles. In the bottom of many of them are to be found deposits of silt, clay, gravel, and calcareous-tufa, all probably of lacustrine origin. Two or three of them contain a considerable quantity of tolerably good salt, and which might become a valuable article of commerce if properly attended to, especially in a country like this, where the means of land-transport are so very deficient.

The superficial deposits form different zones;—thus, a fine sandy soil, of a pale drab colour, is found in the *lowest* portions of most of the pan valleys; many parts of the *central* slopes are covered with a sandy gravel, frequently mixed with rounded and sub-angular boulders

* This paper is the result of an inspection of various portions of Griqualand West made by Mr. Stow, F.G.S., and Mr. F. Orpen, for the information of His Excellency the Governor, in March and April last. Mr. Stow is the writer, and he has been good enough to forward to us a copy of his report for publication in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.—Ed.

resting upon calcareous-tufa; while on the *uppermost* levels these gravels, &c., are generally superseded by a thick belt of bright red sand. Deposits of a similar description are found spread over the greater part of Griqualand. They may, in most instances, be detected even at a distance, from the different kinds of vegetation growing upon them,—as the gannabosch and kindred plants flourish in the braak soil found in the neighbourhood of the pans; while on the shallow, gravelly calcareous soil the stunted herbage of the regular Karoo predominates, forming a perfect contrast to the luxuriant grass-lands which, in favourable seasons, extend wherever the red sand is found.

It is this abundant supply of good pasturage that renders Albania the most promising district of Griqualand.

The constituent parts of the ancient gravels and boulder-drift found along the banks of the lower portion of the Vaal River appear, in most particulars, to be identical with those found at Hebron, Pniel, and other places more fully explored, and are all, most probably, diamondiferous.

On crossing to the northern side of the river, at the junction of the Orange and Vaal, and approaching the Campbell Randt, that stretches (at distances varying from six to ten miles from the present river course), like a vast cliff-like coast line, as far as can be seen to the northward, the character of the country presents a very perceptible change. The shales, &c., rapidly thin out. They dip slightly towards the north-east, and are here found to lie unconformably on the outer edges of an immense system of very ancient crystalline and metamorphic rocks, that at one time, in all probability, formed the northern and north-western boundary of a large portion of the great lacustrine area of the dicynodon formation. These ancient rocks dip at an angle of fifteen to twenty degrees towards the north-west—the greatest dip being *inwards* towards the Randt, and not along the face of it, which may in some measure explain the reason why, along so extensive a range as the Campbell Randt, the springs are so few and insignificant.

For many miles the whole of the precipitous face of the mountain is covered with stalactitic limestone of very great thickness, while a very large portion of the country between the river and the foot of the mountain is overspread with a considerable deposit of travertine, a rock possessing such beautiful markings and of such a texture as I have little doubt would make it a valuable material for architectural and ornamental purposes.

Between Leyfontein and the Campbell Town ravine, an indurated slaty shale is found of a fine close grain, which splits up into slabs and thin layers; that might, and, in all probability, will, in time, prove of considerable value. The whole of the soil in this part of the country is—with the exception of a few small patches—exceedingly shallow and highly calcareous, covered with rather a scant herbage, and, near the Randt, densely clothed with a variety of stunted

acacias. It is very thinly populated, and I was not able to trace, except near the junction of the rivers, any sign of either cultivation or industry. Lower Campbell is, simply, a scene of ruin and desolation, of missionary effort wasted and funds thrown away.

From the summit of the Randt, an enormous plateau spreads out, with few undulations, extending from Upper Campbell Town to Griqua Town, towards the west, and for 150 to 180 miles towards the interior, in a northern direction. In the former direction, it is not until reaching Griqua Town that a single elevation occurs that deserves the name of a hill. The whole of this very extensive area is formed almost exclusively of a stratified rock similar to that found in the Randt, and so highly crystalline as to approach very closely to a quartzite. The different strata vary in colour from a dark to a silvery grey.

Towards Griqua Town, thin lines and patches of quartz are inter-laminated between many of its layers, and the rock itself increases in its crystalline character.

With regard to the superficial deposits, after leaving Upper Campbell, large patches of this rock are frequently laid bare, without any covering except a number of loose angular boulders, while the remainder is nearly hidden beneath a deposit of calcareous-tufa, with a very slight accumulation of soil, of about an inch or two deep, in the weathered cracks and crevices of the rock, which strangely supports immense numbers of stunted thorny acacias, almost matted together, with a scant and parched-up vegetation around them.

This, with the exception of the sand tracts between Langeberg and Spijoen Kop, in the direction of Kheis, is one of the most sterile and unpromising portions of Griqualand. It forms a belt of ten or fifteen miles in width, running parallel to the edge of that portion of the randt visited. Beyond this and nearer Griqua Town, the calcareous-tufa is covered with a coating of red and rather coarse sandy soil, and of sufficient depth to enable the finer grasses to flourish. The stunted trees assume larger proportions, and are scattered about in detached clumps, and thus forming a far more pleasing spectacle than the country previously passed through. It is a portion of the territory that, notwithstanding the scarcity of springs, will, when the rain water of the thunderstorms is properly husbanded, as it may be, become capable of supporting a considerable quantity of grazing stock.

At Griqua Town, a low range of hills fringes the western side of the plateau just described. They stretch towards the N.N.E., past Daniel's Kuil and Neelsfontein, whilst towards the S.S.W. it extends to the Orange River, where it is cut through by that stream, and is continued beyond Prieska. This portion of the range is termed, in some maps, "Asbestos Mountains." The greatest height obtained by these hills above the surrounding country is some 300 feet. They are, nevertheless, amongst the most remarkable in Griqualand. They are composed principally of a series of fine

jaspers of a yellowish brown colour, and abound with magnificent iron ores, hæmatite, and magnetite. The latter is in such immense quantities, that in a number of parts of these hills, and some of the outliers connected with them, the compass is perfectly useless, veering round to every point according to the position of the nearest rocks. Near Klipfontein, masses of the purest ore I have ever seen are frequent, and could fuel be but procured, this place would become a mine of unsurpassed richness. A fine red ochre is found near Daniel's Kuil, which is used by the natives as a paint. Crocidolite is frequently interlaminated with the strata near the anticlinal axes. The rocks are very much contorted, as well as the layers themselves, of which the strata are composed. They appear to lie unconformably upon those described as forming the Campbell Randt. This is very well illustrated at an outlier—Ramaje's Kop, near Neelsfontien—where merely a *capping* of these highly magnetic rocks (magnetite), with their twisted and contorted strata, is super-imposed upon the ancient crystalline sandstones. Near Blinkklip, a great variety of steatite is associated with some of these deposits. This stone is used by some of the Griquas for making pipes,—the only species of industry that I was able to notice among them; but so jealous were they lest we should discover its true position, that they constantly pointed out to us the wrong direction whenever we inquired about it, to prevent our discovering it. The denudation of these ferruginous rocks must have been very great; and those that remain are certainly but a small proportion of those that once existed.

On travelling to the westward from Griqua Town, these rocks disappear after passing the hills; and their place is supplied by a number of greenstones and amygdaloidal rocks, evidently showing lines of stratification and dipping towards the N.W. with a strike from W.S.W. to E.N.E. At Ongeluk, they rise into a long low irregular range of hills. Their perfectly smooth and rounded contour forms a peculiar feature in the landscape, and it is worthy of remark that there must have been a more powerful denuding agency than any at present in operation to have *rounded* hills composed of such hard compact rocks into the smooth outlines which we now find them to possess. The study of the causes of what has occasioned similar results in other countries may, and most probably will, assist us in solving the problem here.

The rocks in question are of very great extent, *their breadth* being more than twenty miles. Whenever visible, they all show evidence, as I have before noticed, of lines of stratification, with a regular dip towards the N.W. Some miles beyond Ongeluk, four quartz reefs make their appearance, each from 80 to 100 feet in thickness. These are regularly and conformably interstratified between the others, and are evidently metamorphic, or altered rocks. That this is the case, we have still stronger evidence a few miles nearer Bamboes Dam, where white quartz is found interstratified with a cherty rock, forming a remarkably pretty ribband-ore,

above which is found a dark-coloured silicious deposit of considerable thickness.

Apparently lying unconformably upon these, some five or six miles nearer Matsap, some kopjies are visible, with a slight connecting ridge. They are composed of riband-jaspers of great variety and beauty, varying in colour from a pale bluish slate to a red, almost approaching a vermillion. Their great variety is surprising; red and blue slate; red and white quartz in broad and narrow bands; red, with lines of yellow quartz; or fine lines of magnetite; altogether forming a series of rocks which, could they be utilized for ornamental purposes, their effect in interior or exterior decoration would be gorgeous. To give a familiar illustration as to the colour—many of their weathered surfaces look like immense masses of polished sealing-wax.

Between these and Matsap another series of jaspery rocks again appear, with a narrow stratum of quartzite, of about 100 feet intervening. This quartzite is very similar, if not identical, to that of the Matsap hills and the Langeberg. The jaspers are nearly of the same colour as those of Griqua Town, viz., a yellowish brown; but with this exception, *i.e.*, that instead of the abundance of both hæmatite and magnetite in the latter, only slight traces of either the one or the other are found in those now spoken of. These rocks evidently rest unconformably upon the great quartzite deposit that forms the Matsap hills. They are all more or less contorted; whilst the quartzite, which must form the synclinal axis in which they rest, dips (at Matsap) at an angle of from forty to fifty-five degrees to the N.E. and by E. That this last is also a metamorphic rock is amply proved by the narrow belts of conglomerate that are interstratified in some portions of it. This conglomerate also demonstrates that, though a more ancient deposit than the yellow jaspers just mentioned, still it is more recent than the red, as fragments of this last rock are found imbedded in it.

From Matsap to the Langeberg a repetition of the same rocks takes place; but here they return again to their original dip, viz., towards the N.W. and N.N.W. In this portion, the red jaspers, although plentiful and equally beautiful to those before described, are most of them more *variegated* in colour, except those containing lines of magnetite, which are identical with those found at the Rooy Kopjies, on the other side of the first place mentioned.

The superficial deposits between Griqua Town and Langeberg vary considerably; many of the hills are covered with a sandy, yet somewhat clayey gravel. An extensive flat stretches out between these and Ongeluk, near the centre of which is a spring called Mossfontein. The greater portion of the surface is covered with a gravelly soil, with large patches of gravel, composed of subangular and water-worn pebbles spread over it. The same remark holds good with regard not only to these accumulations of gravel, but also to all those that are found to the westward of the Campbell Randt; and

that is, that although fragments of many of the rocks that form some of the constituents of the Vaal River gravels are found in them, still many of the most characteristic of a diamondiferous deposit, such as garnets, agates, the various zeolites, fossil-wood, &c., &c., and which are so frequent near the river, could not be found, but seem to be entirely wanting, their place being exclusively supplied with the various jaspers, quartz, hæmatite, quartzite, &c., &c. In some instances the gravel is entirely composed of immense numbers of subangular pieces of quartz. This appears to be strong presumptive evidence that the diamond will only be found in the Upper Vaal basin, or in *the ancient lines of drainage* that had their origin from the same source.

In many places, angular and subangular boulders of greenstone are thickly mixed with this gravel. The vegetation is rather scant and scrubby, the grass growing in separate tufts; and it is only in spots at wide distances, where there are narrow belts of a deeper and more sandy soil, in which that fine acacia called by the colonists the kameel-doorn is found to flourish. The scarcity of water is no doubt the drawback of this portion of the country; thus in the immediate neighbourhood where any is found there is excellent grass. On some of the flats between Ongeluk and Matsap, where the soil is more sandy and of the usual dark-red colour, grass is abundant. At a spot called Bamboes Dam, this red ferruginous soil is of considerable thickness, and rests upon silt, gravel, and calcareous-tufa,—all probably of lacustrine origin. The same on a larger scale is found at Matsap, where a regular “pan” of considerable extent is found eroded out of the hard quartzite rock. This was the only instance I was able to discover of one of these peculiar hollows in this part of the Griqua territory, although so characteristic a feature to the east of the Vaal River. In this pan there are accumulations, many feet in thickness of sand, gravels, and calcareous-tufa,—one indication out of many others that this portion of the country was once much better watered than at present.

There is in the valleys formed by the Matsap hills, some of which are from one to two miles in width, a deep deposit of drift sand super-imposed upon the gravel. It differs very considerably from the sands before described, and a coarser vegetation takes the place of the finer grasses wherever this pale-coloured sand is found.

On the western side of the outermost valley of this range there are a couple of small hills formed of accumulations of boulder-gravel in a sandy but slightly clayey matrix. The pebbles and boulders are composed of fragments of all the rocks met with between Ongeluk and the place of deposit. Large numbers of these must therefore have travelled many miles, crossing valleys and other obstructions in their route. Passing over the shoulder of a second ridge, an immense flat extends from thence to the foot of the Langeberg. The first impression is that it must have been a vast drained lake, stretching its greatest length from south-west to north-east. Deposits of a very

considerable thickness, that appear to bear strong evidences of lacustrine origin, are found spreading over the lowest levels, while on the western side, running parallel with the Langeberg, are long hill-like mounds of boulder-gravel in a matrix of red sandy clay. In these, quartzite pebbles and boulders predominate; the remainder are composed of fragments of the other rocks previously alluded to in speaking of the mounds in the direction of Matsap. At one point they appear to form successive step-like banks or ridges. Between the most southerly portion of ridges and the Langeberg, there is a deep hollow separating them from the mountains. They obtain an altitude of more than a hundred feet above the lowest part of the flat.

The pasturage is composed of a mixture of grass and karoo, and would, no doubt, be well adapted for grazing purposes when that ever-recurring difficulty, the great scarcity of water, is overcome by the construction of dams; the soil here being better adapted for their formation on a large scale, from its more clayey nature, than many of the tracts previously noticed. Between the branches of the Langeberg, on the eastern side, there are a number of spots fitted for homesteads, could springs be found to supply the necessary wants of farm-life. But, as far as we could see ourselves or learn from the Griquas, not a spring is to be found along the whole face of this extensive range, with a single exception—at a place called Babiaanskloof, where the water merely rises to the surface and trickles over the edges of the strata; but still this source is said never to fail, even in the driest season. All this is no doubt explained by the peculiar formation of the mountains themselves. The whole of the strata, which are composed almost entirely of a purplish-coloured quartzite, dip *inwards* towards the N.N.W. at a high angle, viz., from 30 to 35 degrees; thus, whatever water falls upon them would either run off at once down the various ravines, or be carried away rapidly to a great depth in the opposite direction along the fissures and lines of stratification. It is thus that the spring in Babiaanskloof is evidently the end of a natural hydraulic pipe, in which the water rises to a certain level, while all the surplus water is carried away in the manner described down some neighbouring crack or fissure. Artesian wells in this part of the country would, no doubt, be successful. It is worthy of notice that a Mr. Backhouse, a benevolent gentleman who travelled through Griqualand many years ago, was struck with the same idea, and upon his return to England presented all the leading stations in the territory with an expensive set of boring instruments. The instruments arrived in safety, but from that time to this have been rusting away, unappreciated and *unused*!

I was informed by a trader that indications of copper have been found in the Langeberg, much further to the north, but not having seen specimens I cannot speak with certainty upon the subject; but I have fragments of galena that were found in some *debris* near the summit of the mountains, although want of time prevented me from discovering the spot where it was “*in situ*.” A vein of lead-ore is

known to traverse the rocks that form the continuation of the Campbell Randt, near the spot where they cross the bed of the Orange River. I went in search of this, but, for the want of a proper guide and the shortness of the time I could appropriate to it, I did not succeed in striking the exact locality, although I rode a great number of miles to visit it. Fortunately, however, in this case, I secured one or two specimens of what will prove to be an excellent ore, should the lode be found to be sufficiently large to ensure a profitable return for the labour required.

After passing the Langeberg and entering the country fringing the south-eastern portion of the Kalihari desert, a marked change is at once perceptible. Instead of the gravelly soil, the clays and mounds of boulders found to the eastward of these mountains, an immense accumulation of drift sand takes their place. This is spread over an immense plain that stretches far away towards the west and north, with the rugged outline of the Schurfteberg in the far distance. The sand itself is of great thickness, and has accumulated in parallel ridges many miles in length, with more level spaces of several hundred yards in width intervening between each. The straightness of their lines is one of the remarkable features of these ridges; in fact they look like the vast rollers of an ocean modelled in sand. The only vegetation noticed between the Langeberg and Spijoen Kop was a coarse reedy-looking grass growing in large tufts, each separated by a wide space of bare sand. It was a picture of desolation, without a drop of water or an inhabitant. We travelled two days through this portion of the country before reaching 'Kheis, without water either for our oxen or horses, and the only sign of life we saw to prove the existence of anything living in such a district was that of a lion's spoor following an old wagon track: a most inhospitable region, and we were right glad when we caught a first glimpse of the river where our panting oxen might be refreshed.

On nearing 'Kheis the sand became thinner and the vegetation less coarse. Rocky ridges composed of white quartz make their appearance, and may be traced for miles. They are associated with a number of silicious rocks, micaceous sandstones, and mica-schists, all of them having been evidently much contorted, and dipping at angles varying from 40 to 50 degrees, and in some places near 'Kheis, near the anticlinal axis, almost vertical, the greenstone protruding where the apex of the axis has been denuded. The whole of these rocks are highly metamorphosed, and are intimately allied with the quartzite of the Langeberg, being, in fact, a portion of one and the same series. Their strike is everywhere the same, being from the N.E. to the S.W. At one time they must have formed high elevated ridges right across the present bed of the Orange River. Thus the Campbell Randt, the Griqua Town and Matsap hills, the Langeberg, the quartz ridges, and the Schurfteberg must have been continuous with those on the southern side of the river, but they have all now been cut through nearly at right angles by the stream. This is most distinctly

seen in the case of the quartz ridges just mentioned. They are from 180 to 200 feet in width, and their remains are seen jutting up like marble ruins in the middle of the rapids which they now form in the river, and then they rise into high klip-koppies on the opposite side, stretching away to the S.W. as far as the eye can see. In the rapid search we were obliged to make we were unable to discover any metalliferous indications amongst the rocks here described, but the time was too short to make the search exhaustive.

The gravels, &c., at 'Kheis were very similar to those of the Vaal, but we were not able to learn that any diamonds had been found amongst them, although some of the natives have expended much time in looking for them.

The portion of the Schurftberg we were able to examine was composed of the same rocks as those found at 'Kheis, and all dipping at the same high angles. The great friability of many of the strata would, no doubt, in a great measure account for its rugged and uneven outline.

On our return from 'Kheis we travelled over the same formations in a diagonal line to Wittesandt, and thus again had another two days' journey without water for either oxen or horses. Wittesandt looks more like an island of white sand-dunes than anything else, rising from the surrounding plain. Their highest point is some 200 feet. The bed rocks upon which they rest are identical with those found in the central and most vertical portion of the Langeberg. Water is here found in abundance, and is therefore eagerly looked for by the thirsty wanderer in such a dry scorching wilderness through which he must have passed. Wherever the least moisture is visible, by merely scraping a hole six or eight inches deep with the fingers in the sand it is immediately filled with limpid water; but although it has never been known to fail, still it never rises above the same certain level. There can be little doubt but that all these springs are but the openings of natural hydraulic pipes, similar to that in Babiaanskloof before described. The supply of water found here must come from the more elevated portions of the Langeberg. None other appears to come to the surface on the western side of these mountains until arriving at the northern portion of the Schurftberg range, where the natives state there are numerous springs. Around Wittesandt there is plenty of grass and wood, and no doubt as the country becomes more populated, homesteads will spread near this portion of the Langeberg; but it is too far removed to be hastily settled. The only inhabitants at present living here are a very small tribe of Bushmen, retaining still their primitive habits, and who trust to their bows and arrows as a means of support, as well as defence. The life of these poor people must be a hard one. All the large game that was looked upon as an inheritance by their fathers has been destroyed, and little left them to eke out a scanty subsistence upon, except a few small animals and innumerable flights of locusts, of which this country seems the natural home.

After again crossing the Langeberg we proceeded to Blinkklip, Klipfontein, and Daniel's Kuil, and reached a spot near Neelsfontein. In doing this we merely retraced our steps over the same formations as those previously described as forming the outer rocks of the Campbell Randt plateau, alike in every particular with but one exception; *i.e.*, that along the northernmost limit of our journey, at the last-named localities, the strata dipped towards the S.S.E. and the S. and by W., and then as we travelled from thence to the Randt, above Likatlong, the greatest dip returned to its original direction towards the N.W., showing that the outer boundaries of this ancient basin of deposit are now most probably marked by the outer edges of this great plateau.

The appearance of the country is very similar to that about Griqua Town. Water in general is at present very scarce, but there is plenty of pasturage. There are two excellent and never-failing springs at Daniel's Kuil and Rietfontein, and a few gardens are irrigated from them. An elevated ridge near Rietfontein forms the line of division between the two watersheds of this portion of Griqualand. The water of the one runs southward toward the Vaal, and that of the other takes a northerly direction towards Kuruman, and is finally lost in the sandy and arid soil of the Kalihari desert. There are strong evidences, as I have before said, that this portion of South Africa must have been much better watered than at present. On two different occasions we travelled long distances along hollows that had evidently been ancient river-beds. They contained all the fluviatile deposits found in rivers of the present day; and the small springs still found at long distances in their course, the stunted rushes and other water plants that now struggle on here and there for a precarious existence, seem to indicate that, at any rate during some seasons, a small quantity of water must even at the present time filter through the soil, at a depth below the surface. The probable cause of the failure of these once extensive streams and of those still larger rivers whose dry channels, like the Wadys of Arabia, are found in the very desert itself, would be an interesting subject of inquiry.

After descending from the Campbell Randt, we arrived at Likatlong, from whence we proceeded along the valley of the Hartz River, or Kalong, as it is called by the natives, leaving the range of the Maje-Manchu on our right. These mountains are composed principally of felspathic rocks, with remnants of the olive and slate-coloured shales resting unconformably, yet apparently undisturbed, upon their sides. These shales, on the western side of the valley, are placed in the same manner upon the ancient rocks that form the Randt, and dip at an angle of from five to seven degrees towards the north-east. They form the predominating deposit of the Kalong or Hartz River basin.

The gravels of the *lower part* of this river are very similar to those of the Vaal River, and the calcareous conglomerate capping some of the ridges near Lika-tlong contain many pebbles identical with those

of the last-named river ; but whether these are diamondiferous can only be proved by a more rigid search than we were able to devote to them. The gravels of the *upper portion* of this river valley differ very considerably from those which have been found to be rich in diamonds, and which seems to be an indication that they must have originated from a different source.

This valley is better adapted to sustain a larger population than any other portion of the territory visited by the expedition. The river flowing through it causes it to be better watered, and there is an abundance of pasturage. It is in some places thickly sprinkled over with small kraals or villages of the Ba-tlá-lin's, who have some hundreds of acres of land under cultivation ; and although they have no means of irrigation, all their gardens were covered with thriving crops. The soil is much deeper and better adapted for agricultural purposes, with the exception of portions of Albania, than any other part of Griqualand. Judging also from the stock possessed by these natives, cattle and sheep evidently thrive well upon the sweet grasses found there.

Between the Hartz and Vaal Rivers, taking a line from Springbokfontein towards Plaatberg, there is an elevated tract of country forming the division of the watershed of the two rivers. The portion that we travelled over was upwards of twenty-five miles in width. The whole of the rocks was composed of a vast series of so-called greenstone, forming hills and valleys, and small connecting plains. Whenever sufficiently exposed, they showed evidence of stratification, with a strike similar to the rocks between the Langeberg and 'Kheis ; and I cannot help thinking that upon closer examination many of these will prove to be metamorphic rocks, closely allied to those I have just mentioned. I have been fortunate enough to secure ample evidence that they must have existed and undergone a great amount of denudation *before the deposition of the shales* ; in fact, that it is highly probable that many, if not most, of the olive shales were composed of materials obtained from the denudation of these very rocks. One thing is certain, that the gravels found associated with them, where, from their elevation, they have been less exposed to other influences, are very different from the diamondiferous deposits of the Vaal, all the characteristic constituents *being wanting* in every one of them.

This so far is negative evidence ; but still it seems to imply that the origin of the diamond must be sought for elsewhere than amongst these rocks.

They, like the Langeberg and the other ranges before described, at one time extended above Hebron, across the present course of the Vaal, which, if it then existed, must have found another outlet. This channel seems to be indicated by the deep valleys that are eroded towards the Hartz River valley on the north side of the hills just alluded to. The latter river runs in a valley of a much lower level than the present Vaal. In that case, the ancient river would have passed the Maje-Manchu and Lika-tlong, and thus account for the

close resemblance of the gravels found in the neighbourhood of the last place and those of the Vaal River.

One of the results of the expedition, therefore, appears to be that the immense extent of what was once considered to be diamond-rocks must be very much curtailed, and that it is in the basin of the Vaal, as I have before stated, that they must be principally looked for.

Having thus given a rapid and imperfect sketch of the different portions of the territory through which we passed, I will make a few concluding remarks upon the inhabitants we found living in it. In the first place, I will notice THE GRIQUAS, as they are considered the dominant race. They are one of the many small tribes of Hottentots that formerly existed, and occupied, with the primitive Bushmen, the whole southern portion of this Continent. A more humiliating picture of a waste of energy and total failure of missionary enterprise could not be found than that shown in the present state of these people. The folly of teaching a barbarian race confused ideas of equality and Christianity, without impressing upon its members *the necessity* of cultivating habits of industry and the arts of civilization, was never more strongly marked than in the present condition of these Griquas. Missionaries of acknowledged ability and zeal have been established here from the early years of the present century. Missionary funds have been expended upon them for half a century, and with what result, now that they have been reported so thoroughly christianized, that the missionaries have been withdrawn, and the supply of funds has ceased!

The pure Griqua, with all the teaching he has received, is at the present moment one of the most insolent and degraded of all the races found in the southern portion of Africa. He possesses a smattering of religious jargon, while he only speaks *the truth* by accident; and lives in a state of filth until he and his offspring are eaten up with disease. The missionaries built him a house, and he lives in it until the walls and roof fall about his ears for want of repairs; or if it will not fall soon enough, it is dismantled, and the timber used for fuel to save unnecessary exertion;—a few skins and rush mats, piled in a corner of the old bare walls, affording him all the shelter that his nature requires. Thus, Lower Campbell Town is in ruins,—the old gardens trodden down, and their fruit trees crushed and perishing. The church and houses of Upper Campbell are nearly in the same condition. Griqua Town, the seat of Government, is rapidly falling into decay;—more light comes through the roof of the church than through the doors and windows, although grass and rushes might be obtained in abundance. The houses are deserted as they gradually become uninhabitable, and a rudely-constructed hut is used as the future habitation. At other places, the same national degradation is manifest:—at Rietfontein, the village is composed of huts that once belonged to the Ba-tla-lin's, but which the Griquas have taken possession of, and have lived in until they are ready to tumble upon them. The means of living of most of

them consist of the milk of some half-dozen goats or two or three cows; and when these fail, the country round is searched for roots and tubers to eke out a miserable existence. A rich man has a rickety wagon and some half-dozen oxen. They boastingly talk of "onze natie," and all the men, women, and children composing it must be considerably under a thousand in number. Five hundred is more probable. There are three or four individuals among them who are honourable exceptions to this deplorable picture. One man was found in Griqua Town who could use a pen with tolerable decency:—but then neither he nor the others are Griquas, but either old emancipated slaves from the Colony or the half-caste descendants of some of their old teachers.

THE BA-TLA-LIN'S, on the other hand, who belong to the Bechuana family, are a numerous race, and surrounded by evidences to prove that though a barbarous, they are still an industrious and frugal people. Their huts are large, well built, and commodious, each with its verandah and protecting fence around it, showing a neatness of construction quite admirable. Many of them possess small flocks of cattle and sheep, they have numerous wagons which are well looked after, and some of their gardens in the Hartz Valley extend nearly two miles in length. They are eminently an agricultural people, and seem to have a passion for cultivation.

Even on the Campbell plateau, where a dry, churlish soil promises very little hopes of success, near their habitations every foot of ground is dug up and planted where there is the least chance of the smallest quantity of water lodging, and their reward may be seen in their sleek and well-developed limbs. The miserable, half-starved, sickly-looking Griqua, who was supposed to lord it over them, stands out a woeful contrast.

THE KORANNAS, another tribe of Hottentots, inhabiting the banks of the Vaal, are more numerous than the Griquas, but although some of them seem to possess more property than the latter, they belong to the same degraded, diseased-looking type of humanity. No houses appear to have been built for them—therefore they are not falling into decay; and they use instead a kind of portable dome-shaped hut made of rush-mats bent over thin sticks. Constructions of this description can easily be taken down and removed from one spot to another; but, however cool and agreeable they may be during the heat of summer, they must be a most miserable shelter for the half-naked and poorly-fed wretches who cower in them for a little warmth during the long cold winter nights.

THE BUSHMEN.—But few of this ancient race are now left within the boundaries of the territory. Most of them have been driven out,—some are living amongst the Ba-tla-lin's, and a few, like those I mentioned at Wittesandt, live in a state of isolation, far from the abodes of other men,—retaining many of their old habits and customs until the last—their women with their ornaments made of ostrich egg-shell beads, their eyebrows blackened, and their

faces painted with ochre, their men still with the quiver slung across their shoulders and their bows in their hands. When unmolested, they are a light-hearted and merry race, and look upon honey and locusts as their grand means of subsistence. The indiscriminate slaughter of vast numbers of the large game by the fire-arms of the Griquas, and the occupation of all the springs by the natives, have at length caused the final expulsion of the innumerable herds of wild animals that once filled the plains.

The primitive ideas of this people are well illustrated by an incident which occurred at Wittesandt. A grey-headed, ancient-looking Bushman was rather puzzled at the construction of my revolver. For his edification I fired it off with as much rapidity as possible; during the process he covered his face with his hands in astonishment, and when he had recovered from his surprise, he said it sounded like cracking thunder, and that men who possessed such things could rain fire!

GEO. W. STOW, F.G.S.

Du Toit's Pan, 21st May, 1872.

A Day in Tichborne Land.

Betting Man: Ten to one bar one, he's the man.

Rustic Admirer: Weel, mon, ef he's no *the man*, *who the de'il else can he be?*

A DAY or two ago, hearing that the Claimant was about honouring the little village of Alresford with a visit, I was reminded of a very pressing invitation I had received from an old friend residing near the now famous locality of Tichborne to pay him a visit, and stroll through the woody glades and along the margins of the clear streams of that very beautiful part of the beautiful county of Hampshire. I suddenly resolved on a pilgrimage, and accordingly leaving Southampton by an early train, I proceeded to Alresford, which is situated on the Alton railway, a few miles east of Winchester—a line of country with which many of our friends proceeding from their port of disembarkation to Walester Station are probably familiar. On arriving I found the old-fashioned little village in a perfect state of excitement. Sir Roger was expected that evening with a large party of his friends and admirers, and the fair waitress at “The Swan,” that traitor knave Rouse’s old house (and whose present proprietor, finding it pay, is for the nonce a most enthusiastic Claimant’s man), informed me that every room save one had been secured for Sir Roger and his merry men, who were to dine there at half-past seven, and that they expected no end of festivities for the next two or three days, during which time it was said he would remain. As it was rather early in the day, and half-past three being the hour fixed for the Claimant’s triumphant entry, I had plenty of time to stroll about and make

myself acquainted with the few lions of the place (probably "calves" would be a more appropriate term). The Commercial Room of "The Swan," being the only one open to the public on that day, I found occupied by a group of very warm partizans from Winchester, who would hardly brook the faintest doubt as to "his being the man;" and a little hunchback, with an immense bunch of blue ribbons in his button-hole, and a peculiarly Baigentine expression of countenance, was particularly lively and defiant on the occasion. I, however, prudently held my tongue; and pretending an intense interest in the whole affair, an honest bumpkin, apparently well up in the case, whom I had conciliated with a glass of beer, volunteered to act as my cicerone, and we proceeded together to explore the few streets of Alresford, followed by a few gaping boys, to whom the presence of a stranger in that locality was evidently a novelty. I had not gone far, however, when he pulled me up to point out a little fat old man who had just arrived by train, and who was hurrying on towards "The Swan." "There," he said, "is ould Baigent, and t'other fellow behind him is Baigent's brother (a seedy, cadaverous-looking gent with a carpet-bag) wot takes the phokographs." This was very gratifying, and I felt I had come just in the right time to the right place. Standing at the corner of the market-place, clad in a sort of drab smock-frock and lanky legs clothed in leather gaiters, was a tall gaunt figure, leaning, like Jacob of old, on the top of his staff. My guide nudged me and whispered, "That's Etheridge, the blacksmith." We passed a smug-looking house, with a tall ghost-like form, with both hands immersed in its breeches pockets, looking anxiously up and down the street. This was the now world-renowned Lipscombe, M.D., Sir Rogers own Lissom *in propria personâ*,—and very miserable, pale, and fidgety he looked, just as if the taxing of his £300 bill did not agree with him. Old Charley Guy, he told me, was dead. He very fairly pointed me out all the other principal points of interest, and gave me several very interesting anecdotes of many of the witnesses *pro* and *con*; but although a violent partizan of the Claimant, he very candidly acknowledged that he had not the smallest recollection of his person, although he had often seen the real Sir Roger when a boy. "But, Lor, sir, if he's not the real man, why did Mr. Onslow and Squire Scott take him up?" Offering to liquor-up again when at the door of a hostelry called "The Bell," he informed me that that was an opposition house, and that if I went in there they would try all they could to "pison" my mind against the Claimant. However, the "sacra fames" for beer conquered his reluctance, and entering "The Bell," I found a large group in its billiard-room, all of whom were denouncing in very strong language the Claimant as a humbug and an impostor, and by their account he *was* one and worse. My cicerone evidently felt uncomfortable; and perceiving that his predilections for the Claimant were well known to all present, thought discretion the better part of valour, and after gulping down his pint of beer he made a bolt of it, assuring me confidentially in a whisper at parting that "Huggins' windows would be sure to be

smashed to-night." This Huggins, who was of those present, was, I was informed, a local apothecary or druggist, a rival practitioner of Lipscombe and a bitter opponent of Sir Roger, and who was considered as marked on the first favourable opportunity for popular vengeance, which he rather sought than tried to avoid as the county paid for all, and the summer tourists would come to his shop for soda-water and tooth-brushes.

Having now seen all the salient points of Alresford, as the sun had not yet culminated in the heavens, I set my face Tichborne-wards, to accomplish my pilgrimage to the cradle of that distinguished race the claimant to whose titles and estates, be he a humbug or "*the man*," perhaps has for the last few years occupied a larger space in public opinion than the whole of the other Tichborne race put together, from the time of William the Conqueror downwards. A young bucolic in corduroy smalls and gaiters and a dirty smock-frock, for the small honorarium of two pence and the usual poculum of beer, offered to show me the way to Tichborne Park by the shortest of all possible cuts, and so I trudged along the muddy foot-paths (the day being showery); but my young rustic was rather a stupid companion, and his whole ideas appeared expressed by the beer and the brass band, and fireworks with which the Claimant appeared confident of charming his Alresford deaf adders, whose feelings and senses on these particular luxuries appeared painfully acute. He, however, faithfully delivered me at the gate of Tichborne Park, and gave me full explanation of how I should get over the gate and follow the foot-path, and go over first the stile on the left and then the one on the right, and then turn down by the piggery and cross the wooden bridge on the right, and then straight down by Squire Slabbse's, &c., &c., &c. I proceeded slowly through the magnificent park ground, with the finest beech trees I had ever seen before in England, and diversified here and there by clumps of most venerable black-thorns just budding into blossom, planted, I should think, in pre-Reformation times; and after a few mistakes—the bucolic evidently not always knowing his left hand from his right—I came in view of the old Hall, a rather confused though picturesque group composed of a number of buildings, added one to another from time to time, but the whole bearing evidence of decay and neglect, as all the available resources of the estate have been for the last few years swallowed up in the protracted law proceedings depending on the Claimant's pretensions to the inheritance, be they true or false. A sort of back road leading round the offices of the mansion led me to the village proper of Tichborne. Students of Tichborne literature will recognize this as the road on which the disguised "Roger" went with Rouse a day or two after his first arrival in Alresford to reconnoitre the premises, and which "made his heart bleed to see the state the poor old place was in." I beat up my friend, whom I found living in a pretty cottage built for the late steward of the estate, well known in Tichborne literature as "Gosford." Having refreshed myself by a hearty lunch I had a

most interesting conversation on the case in general, hearing many most curious family particulars which have not, as yet at least, been made public, which more and more convinced me of the villainy of the whole affair, and then I proceeded to another walk round the park and village. The church, an ancient building in a very clumsy style of Hampshire Gothic, is perhaps the only one in England in which the aisles were partitioned off for service for the Roman Catholic parishioners, who, of course, included all the domestics of the Tichborne household; but for many years past the private chapel attached to the mansion has been used for that purpose. I visited the "Crawls" and meadow, from the produce of which the celebrated Tichborne Dole was supposed to be raised, and on inquiry found that, although this dole had been suspended as a public nuisance for many years, it had recently been distributed again, and had become as great a nuisance as ever, collecting from every corner of Hampshire all the thieves, tramps, and loafers to whom a gallon of flour could be an object. This flour, however, could not be produced from the "Crawl," which has been for years a grazing or rather feeding-field for sheep and cattle. It was deemed, probably, an act of prudence on the part of the defendant to thus continue to do so, as, no doubt, if they had not, the unscrupulous friends of the Claimant would have stepped in, adding beer, pipes, and tobacco, and other advantages. As it is, many of the little shopkeepers in the country villages adjacent do a roaring trade on Dole Day, exchanging the gallon of flour for a pot of beer, of which the less said the better. So the Dole—a custom far better honoured in the breach than in the observance—is likely to be continued until the Claimant is fairly and safely lodged for the remainder of his days in one of those retreats where bad niggers and other disreputable gentry retire at their country's expense; and then we hope some more satisfactory arrangement than Lady Mabel's legacy will be entered into, *pro bono publico bucolico* of the Tichborne estates. I observed cut on two or three trees near the house, evidently of old date, the initials R.C.T., which strangely reminded me of similar incisions on the blue gums and stringy barks in the neighbourhood of Wagga Wagga. I saw also the spot where Kate Doughty observed the tattoos on Roger's arm when he was catching the minnow (vul. ponkeen) with his left hand—a feat the Claimant declares as utterly impossible—the mill at Cheverton, and other classical spots. Into the interior of the house I did not venture, as Col. Lushington and his family were there, and naturally shun wandering tourists as much as possible; but I saw the window in which the old Dowager used to place a candle every night, and a nail in a tree in the park, where she used to suspend a lamp to guide her dear boy on his way home from foreign parts,—for the fact is, for years she was the monomaniacal victim of a horde of gipsies, tramps, pseudo-wrecked sailors, fortune-tellers, and others, who besieged the doors of Tichborne house night and day, until her crazed brain would have welcomed any impostor who chose to call himself her son, and

get himself up, for which there was full opportunity in a few preliminary family histories,—something in the same way as the negro Bogle stated he went about the streets of Sydney for twelve years, night and day, expecting to meet Sir Roger every moment, and did at last.

But the day is waxing late, and if I want to see the grand entry of the Claimant I must be off. So bidding my friend good-bye, I again crossed the park, and meeting a friendly farmer who offered me a lift in his dog-cart, I returned along the road to Alresford, and in a few minutes my ears were greeted with distant sounds of drums and trumpets, and intense *hollering* of a distant mob, and I just reached the court-yard of the Swan Inn in time, as the grand procession of the Claimant and his friends was entering it. In a long open caravan, or omnibus, preceded by one of the most villainous brass bands I ever heard, sat the Claimant, accompanied by Guildford Onslow; the banker, Bulpit; the genealogist, Baigent; the money-lender, Bloxam; and many other distinguished supporters of his cause. One, alas! was conspicuous by his absence, namely, old Bogle. Whether he has gone to that place where the good niggers go, or whether he has gone over, like Rouse, to the enemy, I cannot say; but in this triumphant gathering that day he was not. The Claimant looked pale, anxious, jaded, and flabby, just as if he believed that the demonstration in which he was taking such a prominent part was all (as it really was) a sham and a humbug. His personal appearance was not what it used to be in the early days of the case. His coat was threadbare and ill-fitting, while his hat even approached the category of the “shocking bad.” The crape encircling it decidedly wanted renewal. The hand with the “dimpled knuckles,” which rested a trifle ostentatiously on the rail of the wagon, was ringless, and looked like the vehicle he was riding in, greasy and unwashed. In fact, his whole external man was very different to what I remember it in the palmy days of the Junior Gun Club, and his poor paunch hung like that of Colman’s lodger, like a “lady’s loose gown all about him.” In front of the wagon sat, as fogleman and bear-leader, mine host of “The Swan,” looking very hot and plethoric, as if he bled beer at every pore, covered over with dark blue ribbons, like a Lord Mayor’s charger, and roaring at the top of his voice to the unwashed around him to keep their peace. The mob had detached the horses from the wagon, and drawn it in triumph through the village, while a grand display of flags and calico banners were floating from the windows and roofs of the surrounding houses. The mob itself, perhaps 1,500 in number, consisted principally of farm labourers, aged agriculturists, bird-boys, and clod-hoppers of all ages, tramps, tinkers, roughs, and card-sharpers from the purlieus of Winchester and Southampton, polyglot sailors from the docks there, Polls and their partners Joe, women of all ages, sizes, and conditions, farmers’ wives and daughters, gipsies, fortune-tellers, maids-of-all-work, milk-maids, dairy-maids, and other maids

of low degree, many of them apparently maids who love the moon. This roaring, enthusiastic, credulous crowd was just leavened here and there by a few sceptical visitors like myself, whom curiosity had attracted to the spot; but when they chanced to drop a doubt on any statement, got loud and rather angry hints to stop their jaw, or it would be worse for them. After a long struggle, the bands were prevailed on to stop playing against each other, and the crowd generally being thirsty and hoarse with bawling, Mr. Guildford Onslow, M.P.,—rather a florid, jolly-looking country squire, whom a woman at my elbow declared to be a “well-looking man,”—came forward to the wagon-box and delivered from there a very neat and appropriate speech on the happy occasion. Referring to the people, he broached the strange Robespierrian hypothesis “that they never, by any possible means, could make a mistake; and did not his surrounding friends, an important section of the people of Hampshire, say he was the true Sir Roger? Was not that proof enough for them?” (Loud cries of “He is, He is,” “We do, We do,” “Three cheers for Baigent,” “Three groans for the Attorney-General,” “A rope for Rouse,” “Another for Bowker,” &c. &c., &c.) He proceeded for some time in a similar strain of clap-trap, alluding to the white, pining face of the Claimant’s darling mother, “who, gents, was murdered—I say deliberately, murdered, not with the dagger and poison-cup, but by grief and the machinations of the other side, &c., &c., &c.” (Immense excitement, and cries of “She was, she was, old hoss;” “Shame! shame!”) At last Guildford concluded, and the Claimant, who had been sitting twitching his eyebrows and looking very grave, as if he could yet see Newgate again looming in the distance, was regularly lugged up in spite of faint resistance, and pushed forward—a task of some difficulty—to have his say; but the noise and braying of the bands having become worse than ever, some time elapsed ere a word could be heard. I was much amused in studying the physiognomies of the group of money-lenders and sharks who sat in the wagon with him, evidently cogitating on the effect of this popular ovation in getting their bonds up, out from their present low and fallen state,—old Bulpit and Bloxam especially looking vinegar and verjuice itself at the thought of the many hundreds they had already sunk on a bad job,—while Baigent, as usual, kept his hand to himself, and smoked and smiled, and pretended to appear enthusiastically delighted with the whole affair; although if anything ugly occurs by-and-by, he will probably find himself an involuntary partaker on the occasion.

The Claimant proceeded to mutter a few sentences in a tone hardly audible,—for his voice, though soft, is not at all a powerful one. We occasionally could hear a sentence now and then, as “beloved tenantry,” “scenes of his youth,” “a true Hampshire man,” “shameful persecution,” “why should a lord be believed, and a poor man not?” “never had no tattoo marks,” “persecution,” “Newgate,” “starving wife and four kids,” “partial jury,” “might *versus* right,” “unjust judge,” &c., &c. Every word he said, heard

or not, was drowned in the vociferous shouting of his supporters, whose craving for the expected beer appeared to be getting quite uncontrollable. "Bravo Roger!" "Thou beest the man," "You'll soon be back wi' us, mon;" and then the bands set up a hideous medley of domestic airs, a sort of compound of "The Old House at Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "We won't go Home till Morning," and "Sir Roger de Coverley,"—quite enough to make one's flesh creep, and set half the mob a-dancing, at least all that were sober enough. In the midst of this scene of turbulent excitement the Claimant and his friends tried to make a bolt of it and escape into the inn, and this they eventually succeeded in doing after some difficulty,—the Claimant, in particular, being nearly torn in tatters by his admirers, the female ones especially. One enormously tall red-faced and uncommonly ill-favoured farmer's wife I saw myself catching his whole twenty-six stone in her arms, and saluting his toothless mouth with a smack you could hear even amidst the thunder of the big drum and the hideous brayings of the ophicleides. Reader, I do not think I would willingly have been embraced and kissed by that Gorgon for a thousand pounds! Yet another and another smack before the breathless Roger escaped from the boa-like clutches of his fair admirer, amidst cheers and yells of "Bravo, Peg!" "Bravo Sir Roger!" "Just like Roger!" &c., &c.

The interior of mine host's inn was, however, eventually reached, and then commenced the introduction of the decent portion of the visitors to the Claimant, who dispensed hand-shaking, brandy-and-water, and cigars to all comers in the most generous, liberal, and American-like manner. A glance at the clock showed me, however, that my hour was just due, and I had to make a hurried retreat from the festive scene, leaving the liquoring-up and other high jinks with deep regret,—which, I hear, continued with little cessation, either on the part of the Claimant or his admirers, until an early hour the following morning, when the house was at length cleared, leaving all who had the fortune of being present more fully convinced than ever that "he was the man," or as a rather screwed individual said to me, "My dear shur, if he's not the man, who the devil else can he be?"

I wonder did the shade of old Gaffer Orton, of Wapping, trouble his uneasy slumbers when he retired to rest that night, and whisper in his ear "Are you the man?"

Concluding Remarks.—From inquiries made next day, I fear the ovation was not quite the success anticipated. It turned out a fearfully wet night, and the fireworks, which were of a cheap kind, would not explode, but fizzed away into outer darkness in a very three-farthing manner; the beer was tenth-rate, and a very limited supply even of it; and as to tobacco, every one should supply his own, which decidedly was not "Just like Roger." Huggins' windows, to his great disgust, were not broken; but a good many cut glasses and decanters were at "The Swan," in the course of the evening.

Some difference of opinion as to who should pay the bill occurring, Sir Roger and his followers sloped early next morning, leaving the question unsettled until after the impending trial. Public rumour affirmed that poor old Bulpit went home and hanged himself incontinently; but this I am happy to fully contradict, as being totally without foundation,—quite as much as the report that the Hampshire rural police had captured Guildford Onslow and Bloxam together, ranging the green fields in an incapable manner. All these things are but weak inventions of the enemy. Public opinion is, however, I fear, unsteady; as I heard of more than one honest bucolic, when the beer fell short last night, who were heard while trudging home to mutter *in sotto voce* to their wives: “We’re domm’d, old woman, after all, if he is the mon. The rale Sir Roger would nie gie poor men like us such beer and no tobacco. No; we’re domm’d if he is the mon.”

H. H.

Portsmouth, May, 1872.

Life in Australia.

BY ANOTHER LADY.

PART II.—TASMANIA.

ON entering the river Derwent, the immense width of it would lead you to imagine yourself still in mid-ocean, and it is not till after many windings for a distance of some miles from the entrance that you catch a glimpse of houses rising up and up amid blue waters and undulating hills.

The approach to Hobart Town has often been compared to the Bay of Naples, and this is the first idea that occurs to the mind of a stranger, particularly if the weather happens to be fine, when sea and sky assume the most intense and lovely blue; but on a nearer view the impression changes to one purely English. You sail up to the wharf, and step on shore at once into an English town as large as Cape Town. English cabmen take you to your house, and over charge quite naturally, as they do sometimes in the old country,—only in Hobart Town the hilly streets form a good excuse, making it hard work for the horses. You cannot traverse any of the streets without ascending and descending hills, steep ones, too, many of them. Then you live in English houses and have coal fires, and English gooseberries in the garden, besides apples, and pears, and plums, and every fruit that grows, except that belonging to the tropics: and so looking about you for the first time in Tasmania, you find things in general very comfortable indeed, and feel you have every prospect

of enjoying a holiday, attended with as much pleasure and as little expense as you could find in any part of the world ; provided you are fond of natural scenery combined with plenty of dawdling in the sunshine.

At one time, Van Diemen's Land bore a very bad character, not without serious cause ; for the outpourings of British gaols were deposited upon its peaceful shores, and turned what had hitherto been a paradise into a howling wilderness of sin and wickedness of every kind. And yet it is unfair to class all who were branded with the name of *convict* in the same category. There were many people transported beyond the seas in the early days for very slight offences against their country's laws. There were also men who became embroiled in treasonable politics, and had to pay the penalty—some of them of gentle blood and high intellectual culture, whom it was impossible to convince that they deserved the twenty-one years they got in which to cool their over-patriotic zeal.

In a lovely quiet valley a residence was pointed out to us, where Mr. J——, of the Welsh Riots, lived for many years. There he might be seen taking his daily exercise, sometimes walking along with head bent down, as if dreaming of his own Welsh hills, or the sylvan vale of Clwyd, or the romantic Bettys-y-coed, where London artists sit under white umbrellas and never tire of painting rock, and stream, and tree. Occasionally he had a bunch of ferns or flowers in his hand, not carried as one handles a bouquet, but in that peculiar manner which botanists have, pulling them to pieces and examining them, and then throwing them away. Sometimes he was seen with a little hammer chipping off pieces of rock, and peering into queer corners, and comparing the natural formations with those of his own country. He peered about in this way, amusing himself in his own fashion, till at length he discovered coal one day, and pits have been worked there ever since.

Then there were the restless Irish patriots, who, when they had turned their own emerald island into a Mount Vesuvius, too hot to hold them, were sent to Van Diemen's Land for change of air and company, where they continued as mercurial as ever, and fled away across the seas again somehow or other—to re-appear in the Americas, flourishing their shillelahs, where there was plenty of room ; or starting a political newspaper, and wriggling into respectability again. Besides these, there were political spies who had become obnoxious to certain classes at home, and received good Government appointments in the Colony in reward for their services. Then there were poachers, and forgers, and common thieves, some of these, alas ! sent out very young, for slight offences only.

Driving out one day, a Tasmanian gentleman met an old woman whom he had known since childhood. She was poor and infirm, toiling along the road. " Good day, Bridget," said he ; " let me see,—what were *you* lagged for ?"

" One and ninepence, sir."

Taking a shilling out of his pocket, he gave it to her, saying, "There, you poor old wretch, and so you have been trailed in the mud all these forty years for one and ninepence!"

Many of this class made good assigned servants, and only for the stigma attached to their name, would have got on tolerably well; but in some instances they betrayed the trust reposed in them by their employers, and that caused the innocent to suffer with the guilty; so that, altogether, it seems to have been a miserable state of affairs.

People in Hobart Town of the present day tell curious anecdotes about these assigned servants of the old times; remarking that although labour is dearer now, they have not that miserable feeling of distrust in their households as under the former system. A singular instance, illustrative of this, happened about the year 1836. An Englishman of somewhat scientific temperament went to Van Diemen's Land with a small capital, and making a voyage of discovery over to New Zealand, he there found a valuable gum, which, after many experiments, he made into a superior varnish. But there was no market for it. As it happened St. David's Church was being rebuilt at the time, and the rector of the parish, sympathizing with him, said that if he liked to provide varnish for the wood-work of the church, he (the rector) would furnish brushes and convict labour. This was agreed to, and the pulpit was varnished to try the material, which proved highly satisfactory, and the men were directed to do all the rest in the same way. The Englishman being a new-comer, and inexperienced at the time, never suspected treachery, and did not look much after the work till it was done. At length all was complete, and the new church was advertised to be opened one fine Sunday morning, which it was with great *éclât*. Everybody went in, a crowd filling all the pews. These pews had very high backs to them, as was the custom some years ago. And this made the misfortune that happened all the greater, for the ladies were dressed in silks and satins, gay as butterflies, while the gentlemen were all in their best attire. The officiating clergyman began the service, "I will arise," &c. But to his astonishment the congregation did not respond in the usual way. There was an uneasy movement among the gentlemen, and the ladies sat still, all glued to the pews both at the backs and seats. Of course, the service had to be stopped amid much confusion, and the people went home with their clothes spoiled—in a very unchristianlike frame of mind. On examination, the new varnish appeared to be a kind of adhesive treacle, adhering, however, more to drapery than to the cedar of the pews, with the exception of the pulpit, that had been varnished first, and remained hard and bright as possible. No one could account for this, and the whole of the wood-work had to be scoured and varnished afresh. Some time afterwards the clerk of the church went to get some whale-oil for the lamps, which was kept in the vestry, when, lo and behold! the bottles

were empty ! The misfortune was explained : the convict servants had sold the varnish, and used whale-oil instead.

Then, again, those who had domestics of the same class sometimes had strange adventures. Mrs. —, who resided in a large house in —street, was sitting in her drawing-room one evening in summer. The day had been warm, and her daughter feeling a little tired, retired to her room at an early hour, and lying on the bed commenced to read by the light of a candle which stood upon a table near the bed. Presently, she heard voices in the street below her window, which was open, but the house being in a public thoroughfare she took no notice, till a man walked deliberately in at the window and across the room to her wardrobe, which he calmly emptied, making large bundles of the contents ; these he handed to some one in the street, and then quietly went away as he came. All this time Miss — was lying with staring eyes fixed upon him, but so fascinated by his coolness as to be unable to speak or move—he meanwhile taking not the slightest notice of her, although she had a candle burning, and he must have seen her quite well. After his departure, the alarm was soon raised, but too late to lead to the recovery of any of the stolen articles. Some one well acquainted with the habits of the household had aided and abetted the thief. The very fact of these stories being told as curious incidents shows that they were not common occurrences, even at the time they happened ; and now things have changed so greatly that few traces of the old taint remain, and these a stranger would never find out if it were not for the inhabitants themselves, some of whom have a peculiar way of speaking of the former position of the island, saying, “ Well, how do you like our beautiful little Colony ? Must not expect too much from a parcel of yellow jackets ; we are the scum of the earth here, you know,—the dregs of the people,” &c. ; or, perhaps, you may be reminded of former days by some painful reminiscence dwelling in the minds, and cropping out in the conversation, of elderly persons, whose positions as officers at the different convict stations had brought them face to face with crime and misery.

The wife of a medical officer, who was also a Roman Catholic, remarked on one occasion, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, “ Oh ! but, indeed, it would have broken your heart to see poor Kavannah marched out of the prison into the Protestant church at the point of the bayonet, and not allowed the comforts of his own religion, poor fellow ! How well I remember his tears and his gratitude when my husband spoke a kind word to him when at the point of death, and no priest allowed to come near him. They are more merciful now, thank God ! ”

“ Who was Kavannah ? ”

“ An escaped convict, who afterwards became a bush-ranger. ”

“ What became of him ? ”

“ They let him off two or three times, and then—he was—hanged. ”

“ What for ? ”

Heaving a deep sigh, she quietly crossed herself, and said, with drawn breath, "Something very, very dreadful; but, if you please, we will change the subject."

But of all the people who found their way to this distant island in the old days, the convicts' wives were the most to be pitied. Many of these were women of education and refinement, who had hitherto led blameless lives, and yet had to suffer all the curse and degradation of their husbands' sins. They frequently followed them out "beyond the seas" in the best way they could, taking their families with them, whom they reared under great difficulties, fighting hard against the circumstances which surrounded them, and living decently, without sympathy, or social countenance, or pecuniary aid from without. Whether they did right in bringing their children there to share their fathers' disgrace, and inherit the stigma which clung to them "for the term of their natural lives," like the other sentence, is a grave question; but these women had their own views of the matter, and acted accordingly; but the race has passed away in Tasmania. After such a life of storm as few persons can conceive, they repose very peacefully under the shadow of Mount Wellington. The blazing rays of summer descend upon their graves, and the rattling hail of winter pelts them hard, without inflicting any of the pain they once endured so bravely. If any passer-by should wish to throw the first stone at their memory, let it be with a merciful hand; for even the cold winds that come up from the icy regions of the South Pole, and blow withering blasts through the dark forests of the eucalypti,—even they seem to be always singing a pious requiem for the dead.

The following verses are copied from an old annual published in Hobart Town, 1st January, 1824:—

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

She bore the reproof—a blasted name,
And poverty's grasp, and felt no shame;
She forsook the happy, the gay, and free,
And came across the tempestuous sea,
For an exiled husband and infamy.
When the world forsook him, she sought him more,
As the sea-bird seeks the lonely shore,
And for all the storm and tempest there,
Finds not a spot more welcome or fair.

Yet, was her soul too holy a thing
For the fiend of guiltiness to fling
His shadow there: it was pure and bright
As the seraph's wings of golden light;
And except that it bore a mortal birth,
It was not a denizen of earth.
Ah! no; she shuddered at crime not less
That she lived the deserted and helpless to bless;
Yet for all her hatred and scorn of crime,
She followed the guilty to Asia's clime.

Judging from the daily newspaper published in Hobart Town, family quarrels and sheep-stealing seem chiefly to form the business of the law courts. If it were not for these peculiarities, you would be puzzled to know how all the lawyers live, for there are a great many in the city, and few other openings for colonial youths, who mostly go over to Victoria to seek their fortunes.

The island being very thickly wooded, there are secluded nooks, which offer every facility for killing a neighbour's sheep when unprincipled persons are disposed so to do, and there is a tolerable business for the lawyers in consequence.

A leading barrister who is generally employed in desperate cases was asked last December, "Well, how did the trial go off to-day?" He replied, "Well, you see, lawyers are like doctors; in many instances they might let their patients die, which would be the very best thing that could happen to them, both for their own sakes, and that of other people; but duty compels them to keep the poor things alive."

So also an advocate must save his client, although it were better that he was hanged.

"We got the fellow off to-day, but it was a 'Cleburn's verdict.'"

"And what kind of verdict is that?"

"Oh, once upon a time, an old hand was tried at B—for sheep-stealing. Nine of the jurymen were old hands like himself, and the name of the foreman was Cleburn. It was a clear case against the prisoner, and the judge summed up accordingly; the jury retired, returning to the court in ten minutes, when the usual question was put. Cleburn stood up and replied in a clear voice, 'Not guilty my lord,' adding in an undertone, 'But by G—, he stole the sheep.' The judge, not at all hard of hearing, looking fierce, said, 'How say you, gentlemen of the jury?' Cleburn touched the lock of hair on his forehead and making a respectful bow, said, 'I beg pardon, my lord, not guilty.' So ever since then we call such a verdict as we had to-day a 'Cleburn's verdict.'"

Beneath all this banter, however, there is an earnest feeling, and a vigorous working too, in order to bring things right in Tasmania. They tax themselves at the rate of three shillings a head for educational purposes alone. In Hobart Town, with a population of nineteen thousand souls, there are two large public schools and a great many private ones; then there are several under the management of the Council of Education, where the very poor are taught for nothing, and others for what they can afford to give; for every pupil tutor that obtains an exhibition the master receives a gratuity from the board. Some liberal individuals furnish humble prizes, which are distributed among the children at the half-year, and we were present at the school in Goulburn-street last January, when the Bishop of Tasmania gave away the prizes; after which, the scholars sang some part-songs in good time, and repeated poetry.

Many of them were very poorly clad and appeared to have been taken off the streets, judging from rags, &c. Besides these, there are four ragged schools, a home for girls, and one for boys, which is doing well as a reformatory and industrial school. Last year, one lady alone, with her sewing-machine, made suits of grey serge to clothe the whole of the boys at this establishment. All honour to her!

There are five Churches of England, two Roman Catholic, one Church of Scotland, one Free Church of Scotland, three Wesleyan Methodists, one United Methodist Free Church, one Primitive Methodist, three Independent, one Baptist, one of the Society of Friends, a Jewish Synagogue, and a Mariners' Church on the wharf.

Then there is the Brickfields Pauper Establishment for aged and infirm poor; the Gore House Institute for female servants out of work, where they can have a temporary home on payment of three shillings a week; a Dorcas Society under the management of ladies; and the General Hospital.

With all these institutions, Hobart Town is a very orderly, well-behaved town to live in, and the inhabitants are hospitable and kind to strangers who go among them, whom they readily invite to join in such innocent amusements as their island home affords, consisting of fishing, boating, and excursions to the mountains, and amateur performances of one kind or another.

During the winter months, they have "readings" in the different parishes in turn, every fortnight. Each parish makes its own arrangements and gets up the entertainment independent of the rest. Sometimes the gentlemen read poetry, and the ladies play and sing. At other times they have dramatic readings, only in every-day costume when the clergyman of the parish is generally present. People subscribe a trifle for the season, or pay sixpence at the door, and attend in walking toilet, being more convenient to all parties than a white-gloved affair.

The musical part of the community occasionally get up grand operas, which are performed in very good style. Last September, *Trovatore* was put on the stage, complete in all the parts, and the singing was excellent; the tickets were half-a-crown each, realizing a good amount for some charitable purpose.

In the month of February of the present year, a party of gentlemen formed a plan for giving an entertainment of a novel character, entirely for their own amusement and that of their friends; there were private gentlemen, barristers, clerks in the civil service, and tradesmen. Each gentleman agreed to write his own part, so that there should be originality throughout the whole play; the story of which was to suit some romantic caves in *Salvator Rosa's Glen*, where tradition says an old man named Abbe lived a hermit's life many years ago. There were a great many merry nights over the rehearsal, and one of the party made some beautiful fireworks for the occasion, which were tried sometimes, to the astonishment of the neighbours. At length an advertisement appeared in the newspaper,

setting forth that on "Friday evening will be performed at Rosny, 'Rosana, or the Brigand Chief.' No money will be taken on the grounds, but a steamer will be provided to convey passengers to and from Rosny, for which the proprietor will charge one shilling each. Performance to commence at eight." Friday was chosen because of the full moon, and a gay party embarked on board the ferry steamer on this calm summer's evening in order to cross the Derwent to Rosny. Landed on the opposite shore, large family groups might be seen strolling about under the she-oaks, admiring the moonlit river, and waiting for the long-expected play to begin. The artificial caves were made under gum-trees, the branches being bent down to form arches at the tops, with Chinese lanterns hung about the foliage to illuminate both within and without, making a very pretty picture in the pale moonlight, with mountain and water for a background. After some delay, occasioned by one of the performers being detained down the river (for the want of a fair wind to sail his boat up to the rendezvous), and for whom a substitute was wanted but could not be found on a moment's notice, the rockets were sent up to give Hobart Town warning that the performance was about to begin, and a great crowd of people flocked to the spot, some in little boats, others in the steamer, who packed themselves so close to the front of the caves that none except the foremost two or three rows could see or hear anything, upon which arose a great noise and uproar,— "Everybody had paid a shilling, and had as good a right to see as his neighbour," &c., &c. During this the prologue was spoken, but not half a dozen words of it were heard by anybody. Then the performance was stopped, and a brigand came forward and said "he was downright ashamed of them for being so unmannerly, and that unless they would behave themselves there should be no play at all; surely they would allow the ladies and children to come to the front, when by two or three rows kneeling down upon the grass all the rest might see and hear." The confusion still continuing, the particular friends of the amateurs were conducted on to the stage, when a strong cord was drawn across the front of the caves to keep the crowd off, and with the stage full of spectators, except the space of a few feet, the play proceeded. It was rather an old-fashioned plot, but afforded scope for some original poetry describing local scenery, which the Tasmanians never tire of doing. In scene the first a gentlemanly-looking brigand, in a white shirt and a scarlet sash across his shoulders, addressed a number of other brigands, in various costumes, as follows :—

Brave comrades all, once more we meet
 In this umbrageous, cool, and safe retreat,
 Where the silver-wattle, and the cypress too,
 Unite to hide us from the vulgar view.
 Let us be firm and true to one another,
 And look upon each comrade as a brother,—
 Let deeds of valour ever be our boast,
 And let us always reckon with a host;

And when the bugle sounds in war's alarms
Let each one strive to be the first in arms ;
Let's call our camp this once the Camp of Mars,
And fight like Maori warriors for the Pahs.
Whene'er a traveller shall pass this way
Let's treat him well, but—always make him pay.

This night, I'm told, some wanderers will be here
To partake of our hospitable cheer,
But should they foolishly resistance make,
Oh ! treat them leniently, for mercy's sake ;
And if some female fall into your arms,
Do not be tempted by her Syren charms,
But bring her to your captain, who will try
To soothe her aching heart and stop the sigh.

Now, comrades, to your post, and watch, I pray,
For all adventurers who may come this way ;
And when you hear the distant clock strike ten
Bring all your booty to the Robbers' Glen,
That you may rest awhile from arduous toil,
Inspect the treasure, and divide the spoil.

An interval of some minutes occurred here, and then loud clashing of swords was heard and ladies shrieking in distress. Presently, two simpering damsels were brought in as prisoners by some ferocious brigands, and protected from insult by others, but the audience crowded so close again to the caves, standing on tiptoes, that no one could see or hear for a good half-hour, during which time very animated scenes were going on upon the stage, and there appeared to be wicked plotting going on against the chief by one "Bluke," who was evidently a bad subject, and received his punishment in due time ; for a voice called out loudly in one scene, "Stand on your defence, Bluke !" &c., and then the clashing of swords was heard again. Then there was another parleying and a bandying of words with the crowd, who were induced to clear the space in front again, in order that people might see a very pretty scene enacted.

In a wild part of Mount Wellington, the old hermit Abbe rises from the dead after a hundred years have elapsed, and he is much troubled because the white man has invaded his beloved wilderness and destroyed the natural inhabitants of the forests. He addresses Truganina, the last of the aborigines, saying—

'Tis many a year since first I stood
The lonely tenant of this wood,
No fellow-mortal wanton then
Disturbed the silence of this glen.
What means this chaos ?—what this strife
Since now again I'm roused to life ?
Oh ! now, I see—why 'tis the Resurrection,
Or something else, and that is my conviction.
Who are ye, strangers, that insult my sight,
And break the peaceful splendour of the night ?
Come here, ne'erless, and while upon the plot,
Behold ! behold ! the grandeur from this spot.

See by Toom-too-mee-lee's* shore,
 Now lightly dips the dripping oar,
 As soft it breaks with sparkling gleam
 The molten silver of the stream.
 And list !

(Here a voice behind the scenes sings "A che la morte")

A song, in fitful notes,
 Soft o'er the peaceful current floats,
 Mingling its cadence as it dies
 With clouds resplendent in the skies ;
 And now, when wafted by the gale,
 Seems like a pensive spirit's wail.

The boatman tired, by toil oppressed,
 Seeks his lone nook and evening's rest.

Teem-te-la-te's† rocky isle
 Crowns purple distance with a smile,
 While rolls the silver river's course
 Majestic from its craggy source.

Un-ganga-letto,‡ cold and lone,
 Proclaims his timeless snowy throne,
 Once on realms chaotic hurled
 The monarch now of mountain world.

The bronze-wing§ still coos in her stick-built nest,
 And that last streak of day has kissed the west.

While light-winged zephyrs gently play
 O'er sweet Mimosa's trembling spray :
 Gaze on,—the shackled robber and the free,
 Perhaps to-morrow they are not for thee.
 While this cool grove no Propsting's|| eye invades,
 Drink up the nectar 'neath the wattles' shades,
 Then mark the ocean vast—the mountain's height,
 And, should it prove your last, be glad to-night.

Here another struggle for place interrupted the performance, so quiet parties gave it up, and walked about enjoying the moonlight under the trees ; but report said that all terminated well. After many vicissitudes, and an affecting scene in a churchyard, where the captive lady consoles the Brigand Chief, who is leaning disconsolately upon one elbow by his mother's tomb, she there and then bestows her fair hand upon him in reward for his disinterested protection ; and they were standing holding each other's hands when the Chinese lamps went out.

It is to be sincerely hoped they lived happily ever after for giving such a delightful evening's amusement, taking into account all the attending circumstances, including the sail by moonlight. * * * *

* Toom-too-mee-lee, the native name for the River Derwent.

† Teem-te-la-te, native name for Franklin Island.

‡ Mount Wellington—Un-ganga-letto.

§ A bronze-winged pigeon that inhabits the neighbourhood of Mount Wellington.

|| Propsting, the name of the chief constable at Hobart Town.

Charade.

I

My *first* was carolling on high,
 When the wild chase came sweeping by :
 Impetuous as the roaring blast,
 The torrent-flood of hunters pass'd :
 At stream, or fence, that barr'd the way,
 The wind would sooner pause than they.

2

No time to breathe ! At headlong pace,
 The gallant roebuck led the chase ;
 And ever on to fleeter speed
 My *second* urg'd the panting steed :
 Horseman nor hound knew mercy there,
 Or stag, or weary steed to spare.

3

Where selfish pleasure points the way,
 And rushes heedless to his prey,
 Alas ! how frail is the defence
 Of loveliness and innocence !
 At dawn, when forth the hunters hied,
 I stood erect in beauty's pride ;
 Like a fair maiden form'd to bless
 Some home with love and happiness.
 One reckless hoof,—one passing blow,—
 Laid all *my* grace and beauty low.
 On sped the rider, fast and free,
 Nor ever spent one thought on *me*,
 Crush'd, wither'd, dying as I lay,
 While he, the gayest of the gay,
 Sought pleasures new, and far away
 Made wanton feast and holiday.

E. J.

Marjory's Quest.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

Journal continued.—What tumult this little note put me in ! I threw on my bonnet and shawl, caught up my gloves, and ran out into the street.—Calling the first cab I saw, I jumped in and directed the man to drive fast to the place Mr. Lyndon mentioned. The streets seemed to me to be unusually full ; we went at a snail's pace, or my impatience made it seem so. It was nearly half an hour before we got to the place ; the street was narrow, and the houses small and dingy-looking ; there were several little shops, and next to a green-grocer's was the house I was seeking. It looked a little better than its neighbours, from its clean windows with their white muslin blinds. When the cab stopped, Alfred Lyndon came to the door. As he helped me out of the cab he said hurriedly, "Remember, Marjory, I never saw the child ; I may be mistaken." I was too much excited to speak, and we entered the house. He preceded me into a neat little room on one side of the door, where sat a woman at work, and a child stood at a table playing with a doll. One look, and I was on my knees beside her, holding her in my arms and weeping passionately, tears of relief, of joy mingled with intense pity for the dear recovered orphan of my darling Ellen.

The child was frightened at my violence, as well she might be, and I tried hard to be calm, and after a few minutes she suffered me to take her on my lap. Hers was a face impossible to mistake ; but it was thinner and paler than when I saw it last, and the child looked taller. I told her I was her Aunt Marjy, and asked her if she remembered me. She looked at me gravely and steadily, and shook her head. "What is your name ?" I said. "I dot two names—Nelly and Polly."

"We call her Polly, ma'am," said the woman ; "but she says her name is Nelly."

"And have you lived here a long time, Nelly ?"

"Yes, lots of days."

"And where did you live before you came here ?"

"First I live with Mère Teesy ; then gentlem's come take me in a ship ; he tut off all my turls."

Yes, the golden hair was all cut short ; that must have been for the disguise.

"Did the gentleman bring you out of the ship, Nelly ?"

"Dunno," she replied.

I was going to ask her some questions about her mamma when Mr. Lyndon suggested that I had better first take her to her old nurse ; we should see if the child would then remember the past.

The woman, who had laid down her work, and was looking very much interested, said that the child had been committed to her care by a Mr. Smith; he had told her that she was an orphan of an old servant of his; "and you know, ma'am, I thought it was very good of him to take charge of her."

I represented to her that I was the aunt of the child, and had been seeking her for a long time. I offered to pay her at once whatever she wished, and said I must take the child away with me.

"Well, ma'am, I don't see as I can let you do that without seeing Mr. Smith first. He put her into our care; and me and my husband are very fond of Polly."

"What is your husband, Mrs. Garry?" asked Mr. Lyndon.

"He's a cab-driver, sir; that's how Mr. Smith come to know him; he often used to call his cab, and talk quite affable."

"And how much does he give you for the maintenance of the child?"

"Twenty pounds a year for the first year, sir, and thirty pounds afterwards; and Mr. Smith will pay for her schooling, besides. You see, ma'am, money coming in regular like, that is a good thing for us."

"I have no doubt it is, Mrs. Garry; and we have no intention of taking the child without recompensing you for your loss as far as we are able."

"Oh! give her anything," I interposed.

Alfred smiled at me, and shook his head slightly.

"I assure you," he continued, "Mr. Smith, as he calls himself, has no right to keep the child from her aunt. Here is my address and this lady's, which you can show to Mr. Smith, and here is twenty pounds, which is what you would have received at the end of the year; and now be good enough to get the child's hat, for she must go with her aunt."

The woman seemed to think it was useless to remonstrate, and with many expressions of regret and affection she began to dress the child. I told her to come and see the little girl whenever she could, and promised to recommend her, whenever I had an opportunity, as a good workwoman.

We drove at once to Richmond, to the little cottage where lived the nursemaid's mother, I all the while holding my recovered treasure, almost afraid to believe that it could be all real. We found that Jane had been living with her mother since leaving Mrs. Bartell's, and, fortunately, she was at home. She started up on seeing us, and came forward with a smile on her kind face. "Why, mother, here's little Miss Ellen!" she exclaimed, and clasping the child in her arms kissed her delightedly. The little one looked at her, opened her brown eyes wide, while a look of recognition came into them, and said softly, "Dany?"

"Yes, it's Janey, my precious! And who cut off all her pretty curls?"

Disregarding this question, the child looked slowly around, the blood mounted to her forehead, her lip began to quiver, and bursting into tears she cried, "Oh! where is my mamma?"

No one could answer for a moment; Mr. Lyndon walked to the door; and the dear little thing continued to cry between her sobs, "I want my own mamma."

We tried to pacify her, and after a while succeeded. I think the resolve deepened in both Alfred Lyndon and myself that while we lived we would love and take care of Ellen's child.

Fortunately, Jane was able to agree to accompany me at once, and resume her charge of little Ellen. I felt as if in future I could never bear to let the dear little one go out of my sight until I had secured her from any further kidnapping attempts from her uncle. I should like to have taken my dear niece to Devonshire at once, to regain her rosy cheeks in the fresh country air, but it was due to her that I should leave no means untried to recover her rights. On deliberation, I thought it would be best to go to Mr. Bartell at once, now that I could prove to him that I had found out his deceit and falsehood respecting the child's death and in other matters; he might acknowledge the truth about the money for fear of the exposure which I should threaten him with. He looked both surprised and annoyed when I entered his room. I suppose he thought he had got rid of me for ever. He said very sharply,

"What's it *now*, Miss Rolston?"

"Mr. Bartell," I said, "I have found out the falsehood of all you told me of little Ellen's death, and the deceit you practised to mislead the people on board, and I have come to ask you to give up the money which her father left in your hands, and which you have misappropriated."

"What on earth are you talking about!" said he, pushing back his chair, and staring at me. "I tell you what, Miss Rolston, you ought to be in a lunatic asylum. The child is dead—drowned!"

"She was not drowned, though to suit your ends, and that you might take the poor child's patrimony, you told everybody so. I found her with the woman you placed her with,—Mrs. Garry, and now she is in my care."

For a moment he drew a deep breath and grew very pale, but he recovered instantly. Really, he is a clever man. He actually laughed, and said in a light tone,

"Oh! you have discovered *that* child, have you? Upon my word, I ought to be much obliged to you for taking such an interest in her, for the fact is, *that* child is my own."

"Yours?" I exclaimed in consternation, not that I believed him, but I was not prepared for this new falsehood.

"Yes, mine. I almost forgive you for your mistake, for the children are very much alike; but there is nothing wonderful in the children of brothers resembling each other, is there?"

"Are you married, then?" I spoke almost mechanically, for I was only thinking all the time how to prove Ellen's identity.

"No, I am not. The mother of little Polly is dead, I believe,—in fact, I don't know what became of her; but long ago I took the child from her and put her with people who would bring her up respectably. I am sure that was better than throwing her on the world. Don't you think so, Miss Rolston?"

He looked so wicked as he slowly rubbed his white, thin hands together and glanced furtively at me, that I felt a sudden rage at him, and said, "I don't believe a word you say. Depend upon it, the lady you are going to marry shall know what you are."

"I will be beforehand with you and confess my sins in that quarter,—aye, and be forgiven too. And listen to me, Miss Rolston. My patience with your extravagant ravings is almost exhausted. I have a great mind to prosecute you for defamation of character."

"I wish you would," said I coolly. "There is nothing I should like better than to expose your conduct in a court of justice; and it will come to that if I have much more trouble."

"Don't mind what I said," he replied in the tone of a person soothing a refractory child. "The truth is, you have thought so much about your niece that your head suffers, you want a little quiet and retirement."

I laughed and replied, "You would not gain anything by putting me in a mad-house, Mr. Bartell. Mr. Lyndon knows as much as I do."

The blood rushed to his face, and as suddenly left it again; this time he had had a blow that touched him.

"Lyndon! that prig," he muttered. "Ha! I see how you got your information; but I defy you both. My word against your suspicions; and let us see which is strongest." He threw out his hand with a gesture of defiance, and turned away.

"Truth will conquer. I am not afraid," I said; "and when I come here again I will bring proofs for all that I have said."

I left, feeling all my veins tingling with excitement, able to do anything. A plan had occurred to me once or twice before, by means of which I might be able to get the facts I wanted, but I shrank from doing it; now, however, I threw all scruples to the winds. I must fight this man with any weapons, and in any way. What a cool, ready-witted, unscrupulous villain he was! What a wonderful master of lying. He could coin a lie in an instant to meet any emergency. What sort of a boy had he been, I wonder.

My plan was simply to bribe Plesky to let me into his master's room when he was away. I had great difficulty.

"He'd kill me if he found it out," said the boy.

"But he would not find it out unless you told him," said I.

"No, I couldn't do it," he continued; "p'r'aps you means to carry off master's valleyables."

"I give you my word I will bring nothing out of the room," said I.

"You may mean to pison him ; how do I know ?" said Plesky, turning pale.

"Well," I said, "you come in with me and see what I do. I only want to look at some papers ; I won't take them away. Look here, I'll give you two sovereigns."

The sight of the money was too much for him ; he agreed to send me word, or come for me himself, when, to use his own words, "the coast was clear."

I had not to wait long. Two days afterwards Plesky passed by the door in the evening, whistling "Over the water to Charlie." I recognized the air, for which I had been listening so anxiously. My darling had gone to sleep in my little room, and Jane was sitting by her side sewing. I charged her never to leave the child when I was out, and not to let anyone in on any pretext. I soon joined Plesky, who told me that his master had gone out to dinner at Mr. Barry's, and would not be home until late.

"Master is furnishing a grand house," said the boy ; "he's going to be married soon, and then he'll only have his office here."

He charged me to follow him up the stairs without speaking, for there might be clerks about in some of the rooms. At my direction he took the key from the lock outside, and, putting it inside, locked the door as soon as we entered.

"Oh gimminy ! spose he was to come back again !" said he in a fright.

"Well, then he would think you had locked the door and taken away the key ; but he won't come back. And now, Plesky, get me a light, and then you can sit down by the door."

He quickly lighted one of the candles on the table and I began my search. I had brought a huge bunch of keys in my pocket, and I had also a pick-lock ; but I hoped not to be obliged to use that, for Plesky's sake. I took it for granted that any papers relating to his brother's affairs would be locked up, and they were more likely to be in his private room than his office, and on a table in this private room was a desk. I found that, as I expected, it was locked ; key after key I tried, but not one fitted. I began to fear that I should have to use the instrument, and I didn't exactly know how. Plesky left his station by the door and came over to see what I was doing.

"I know where master keeps his keys sometimes, though he doesn't guess that I know," said Plesky, going straight to a piano which stood in one corner of the room, for Mr. Bartell was a great musician, and especially fond of sacred music I learnt. He opened the piano, then took up the lid, and looking down presently caught up a bunch of keys ; singling out one, he held it out to me, and in a minute the desk was open. There were heaps of letters, which I did not glance at, two or three rolls of paper labelled, but nothing that I wanted. I was putting the papers back one by one before I pulled out the drawer, when we heard a quick step on the stairs. I

blew out the candle after signing to Plesky to keep still ; the hurried step approached the door, the handle was tried, and then we heard Mr. Bartell mutter, " Confound that boy ! he's out again ; " he ran down the stairs, and in a minute we heard a cab drive away. Plesky was crouching on the floor, frightened out of his wits. I had to grope about for the matches and light the candle again, while I did my best to impart courage to Plesky, who implored me to make haste. I did make what haste I could, but I had found nothing yet. I was hoping to come across some papers relating to his brother's money. After searching the desk I pulled out a deep drawer. In the under part there were letters ; and, I guessed from the post-mark, from his brother Allan, but I did not like opening letters, and these would hardly contain the sort of proof I wanted. At last in the corner of the drawer I felt a little book. I took it out ; it was a small red memorandum-book. This most likely would tell me something. There were several entries relating to private matters ; at last came this one :—

" March 25, 1854.—Sold out all Allan's shares in the F. & L. Company ; got just £10,000."

March 25 ! Why, that was the day after poor Ellen died ! What a discovery was here ! My hands shook so in my nervous trepidation that I could scarcely hold the pencil ; but I copied the entry in a book of my own, and so I did the others, Plesky weakly protesting all the time.

The next entry was a month later. " Took the child to Calais, Mary T. refusing to keep her any longer, because I hinted that our intimacy must cease. John wants me to let the aunt have the child. But no ; that woman is dangerous. If she takes a thing in her head, she will carry it out. John does not know how much money Allan left. I told him a great deal was lost in speculating."

The next entry was a valuable one to me.

" May 1.—Invested Allan's money,—why not say *my* money ? What will that child want with so much ? I shall take care of her.—Invested my money in railway shares, Stokes & Co., 20, John-street ; give me £500 a year at the very least ; help me with Miss B——."

" September 4.—Went to Calais for the child ; got a splendid idea ; told everybody child was drowned. No more trouble on her account."

" John says whatever money poor Allan left is due to me for all my trouble. Good John !"

This was all ; but this was enough. Now I had proofs of his villainies, and could force him to acknowledge his niece, and restore her father's legacy. I put back the book, replaced the letters, locked the desk, and gave the key to the boy, who was very glad that I was ready to go. The money which I placed in his hands brightened him up considerably, and when we were once outside the room and the door locked, his courage revived, " Master will never find out ; and if he does, I don't care ; he can't kill me."

From Alfred Lyndon to Marjory Rolston.

DEAR MARJORY,—Ever since I received your letter I have been in a very unenviable state of mind respecting Miss Barry, wishing she knew the character of the man she was about to marry ; dreading to tell her anything that might give her pain, and, however bad a man may be, it is repugnant to one's nature to have to be his accuser ; and then I could not get an opportunity of speaking to her. Ever since her engagement she has seemed to avoid me ; I cannot tell why, perhaps it is to please him. But she never takes part in the discussions between Sir Charles and me, as she used to do, nor even stays to listen. Yesterday, however, she gave me the opportunity of her own accord which I had been seeking. It was just after luncheon. I was cutting the leaves of some books which Sir Charles, with his usual generosity, had sent me ; Mr. Barry and George had left the room. She hesitated a minute, and then came up to me, and said, in her old frank manner, "What is the matter with you, Mr. Lyndon ? I know you have some trouble on your mind. Can I help you ?"

"Well, the fact is, you are my trouble, Miss Barry," said I gravely. She blushed deeply. "I ! What have I done ?"

"Nothing at all—but—now give me your opinion, Miss Adelaide," said I blunderingly. "Suppose I were going to be married, and you knew something against the character of the woman I was going to marry, ought you to tell me ?"

"I don't know," she replied in a constrained voice ; "that depends on whether you loved her very much."

"And if I did ?"

"Then I should not tell you, for you would not believe."

This answer set me musing. Did she love Mr. Bartell very much ? She did not seem to do so ; but they say you can never know what a woman's real feelings are. She soon broke in on my musings, however, with the startling question,

"Do you know anything wrong, then, of Mr. Bartell ? Don't be afraid to tell me, if you do ?"

"I don't think he is good enough for you," I replied.

"Oh, thanks for your good opinion," she said with a slight curl of the lip, "but that is not the question. Has Mr. Bartell been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman ? That's the correct form, is it not ?"

"Yes, he has," I said briefly. I saw she was angry, but I could not help it. The ice was broken.

"Then, Mr. Lyndon, in honesty to a motherless girl, I beg you to tell me everything."

I did tell her everything. As I went on, I felt that goodness and virtue and trust like hers must not be linked with so much falsehood and craft. She heard me to the end without a word ; and then with bright eyes and burning cheeks put her hand into mine and said, "I thank you, my friend, for saving me ; all along I felt I was wrong, but I had not the strength. Thank you, Mr. Lyndon."

She drew her hand away and hastily left the room. I am glad that she knows all ; I am very glad that she is freed from that man ; and most glad of all that she has never loved him.

I shall come to see you as soon as possible, as I want to know what your next move on the chess-board will be. I fancy a check-mate for that consummate scoundrel, Walter Bartell. You have fought well for your charge, dear Marjory. I hope your anxieties about her will soon be at rest. Hoping to see you soon,

I am yours, very sincerely,

A. LYNDON.

Journal continued.—Before going to see Mr. Bartell, I drove to the address of the broker, which I had copied from his memorandum-book, in whose hands he had placed Allan's ten thousand pounds ; it was necessary that I should verify his notes by actual inquiry. Mr. Stokes, the broker, who seemed a straightforward sort of man, evidently thought my question rather singular ; but having no motive for secrecy, he told me that Mr. Bartell was a shareholder in many companies, and that he had received instructions to buy for him on the 1st of May. That was enough for my purpose. I drove at once to Mr. Bartell's chambers. He had given orders to be denied to me ; but I did not mind that, and passing by Master Plesky entered the room. Mr. Bartell looked up with a scowl and a muttered oath when he saw who it was.

"I hope," I said, "that this is the last time I shall ever come here."

"Thank Heaven !" he exclaimed.

"The last time I saw you," I continued, "I told you that when I came again I would bring proofs of all I charged you with." He began to storm, but I lifted up my hand. "Hush !" I said, "you must hear me. I know that the day after my sister's death you sold off your brother Allan's shares, which were in the hands of Blackman & Co. ; that on the 1st of May you invested the same money, ten thousand pounds, in different companies, Mr. Stokes being your broker. I know that you placed your brother's child with a certain Mary Templeton, not a fit person to have had such a charge, that she proved troublesome and you took the child to Calais. That afterwards you told everybody that the child was dead, intending to bring her up in obscurity, and appropriate the money left her by her father without being troubled by any importunate inquiries. All this I can prove, and you know it is the truth." He looked utterly aghast, stared at me after I had finished without speaking a word ; then slowly, like a man half paralyzed, drew over the water-jug and pouring out a glass of water, carried it unsteadily to his lips and drank it off.

He then spoke in a very low tone. "What do you mean to do?"

"I will do nothing unless you oblige me," I said. "I cannot forget that you are Allan's brother, and I do not wish to expose you more than I can help. I insist only upon this : that I shall take charge of

Ellen, and you shall have nothing at all to do with her. The money which her father left in your hands you shall lodge in some safe bank in London in her name, and for her behalf. I know nothing about shares, and I cannot trust to you. For my own sake, I wish that you, as her guardian, should fix on the sum proper for her maintenance and education; and leave the rest to accumulate."

"But I told them all that she is dead; what can I say?"

"That's your affair; it does not seem difficult to you to make up a story on any emergency."

He winced at that taunt; but, after a minute, said, in a helpless sort of voice, and as if to himself, "And Miss Barry!"

"Ah," I said, "you will have to give up all thoughts of making that young lady your wife. But I think that has been arranged for you already; she knows something more of you now than she did yesterday."

His face grew scarlet, and suddenly he dropped it between his two hands. "Oh you are hard!" he muttered.

"Am I hard? Perhaps I am. You have made me suffer so much, I am sorry for you. I am, indeed; but you cannot expect to do so great a wrong without paying a heavy penalty."

I was sorry. I could not bear to see the man's disappointment and humiliation, though he richly deserved it. I felt as if in some way I had done wrong; it was hard on me to have to inflict so much pain on any one. It was not to punish him, it was to save her, that Miss Barry had been told. After a minute or two of silence, he lifted up his head, and said in a bolder voice, "And what if I should refuse to do your bidding?"

"Then," I replied, "I should put the case in a lawyer's hands. You know best what the effect of that would be."

He threw himself back in his chair and thought; then looking straight in my face for the first time, he said, "Miss Rolston, I don't know how you have acquired your information; perhaps things would look less black to you if I were to explain certain circumstances; but never mind that. I agree to what you propose, on the condition that you will not mention a word of all that you have told me to any other person."

"Mr. Lyndon knows all, and Miss Barry a great deal," I replied.

"Yes, yes, I know; but in future, to my own family for instance, or any other person."

"Very well," I said; "I promise I will never mention what you have done to any one, unless you provoke me to do so by any more wrong-doing."

"You may trust me now," he said; his voice was husky and changed, and he looked so miserable that when I left the room it was in such a tumult of pity that a rush of tears blinded my eyes. I was almost surprised at my success. I had expected opposition and more falsehoods; but I suppose he saw at once that it was no use to contend when I could call upon his brokers to substantiate what I said.

Life at Natal.

No. V.

(IN CONTINUATION OF "LIFE AT THE CAPE.")

BY A LADY.

Maritzburg, January, 1865.

LIFE is not eventful in these third-rate little colonies. Though Natal is often called with pardonable pride, by patriotic residents, "the brightest jewel in the British Crown," its social attractions are not yet very apparent to strangers. I think in my previous letters I have told you of most of the conventional festivities here. They have been less numerous than usual lately. During the last month I can call to mind only three incidents likely to interest you. The first was the Governor's departure. He left with the year. There was quite a demonstration in his honour, and J—— tells me he was visibly affected when he parted from his escort. Dear Mrs. Scott is missed much. At Durban, where people are always at extremes, Mr. Scott met with a perfect ovation, although a few of his old opponents, the *Mercury* amongst the number, held out tenaciously to the last. Colonel Maclean, his successor, has not been well since his arrival; but if he regains his strength I think both he and his wife will be popular. You see, they are thoroughly colonial, and are scarcely regarded as the birds of passage British proconsuls usually are.

The next event was a wedding in the Cathedral, where I was an uninvited guest. It is a pretty little building, of a correct Gothic character, with a very high pitched roof, small lancet windows, a porch, and a vestry. Mrs. Gray (the Bishop's wife) is said to have furnished the design, and it is infinitely preferable to the hideous incongruities of St. George's in Cape Town. At the end, a window of stained glass, representing three of the Apostles, casts a delightfully mellow light over the chancel, and the other decorations are all in good taste. You know how fond I am of "church architecture," and may understand how pleasant it is to find even here, on the skirts of barbarism, one's tastes pleased and one's associations satisfied. There is another Anglican church here—St. Andrew's—of far humbler pretensions, being simply a thatched Gothic building of a rustic type; but it also, though simple and unpretending, is a congenial place to worship in.

But to the wedding. The church was filled with spectators, and the bridal party was not very numerous. The bride belongs to one of the largest and oldest official families, and her husband is also in the Civil Service. All passed off very well, and I mention the affair chiefly to say that one of the bridesmaids is the prettiest girl I have

seen here—with brown, flowing hair and dark eyes, and a slender, graceful figure.

The third occurrence was a flower show held in the civic shed known by courtesy as the Town Hall. I had not deemed it possible that these badly-tended gardens could produce such an array of flowers, fruit, and vegetables. The roses, pansies, and fuchsias were almost good enough for exhibition in Regent's Park, and I felt my acquisitive instincts strongly active while gazing at them. Much taste was shown in the arrangement of some of the bouquets, and a pretty design by a local belle struck one as a pleasant glimmering of art. Of the fruit I must give the palm to certain delicious nectarines, whose thin, silky skins veiled, but did not hide, the juicy charms beneath. Know that this is a great peach country. What pine-apples are on the coast, so are peaches in Maritzburg. There are many varieties, from the large and luscious peach proper, to the hard but piquant apricot. We have them every day, and they are so abundant as to be scarcely saleable.

There were fair flowers, too, blooming around as well as upon the tables; and I must say that Natal can boast of their beauties, besides those of inanimate nature. Our charming young bridesmaid seemed to get as much admiration as the flowers around her, though seemingly unconscious of the fact. It is strange, or, rather, it is interesting to me, moving about as I do from land to land, to find the same attractions in force, the same instincts at work, the same old, old tale repeating itself everywhere, quite irrespective of climate and country. Here were these gay young people around me, flirting, courting, and making merry under the summer sun of Southern Africa in exactly the same spirit and manner as their counterparts were then displaying under the wintry skies of an English Christmas.

On the Trek, April 29, 1865.

And on the heights, too, both in fact and in feeling, for I have seldom been higher, and I have never felt more serenely elated than I am now.

For some time past we have been revolving the delights of a "trek." Recollections of that delicious trip to the mouth of the Kowie, before we went home, have come back again and again, with a growing desire to repeat the experience. Maritzburg soon loses novelty and becomes humdrum. You know how soon I tire of any place. It is the bane of my life that I can't rest content anywhere for more than a year together. A merciful Providence must have ordained that I should share a soldier's life, for had I been rooted to any given spot I do believe that a melancholy worse than Hamlet's would have marked me for its own. J—— says that my ideal of heaven must be the fate of Ixion. For some time he has, with that provoking manner of his, hinted that I was getting restless; and that he heard wheels in the distance. A week ago I overheard him confidentially tell Mrs. —— that his wife had the genius of an explorer, and that he intended, on relinquishing the army, to follow in Mr. Baker's

footsteps. The day after that we had a call from Mrs. B—— and her blooming daughter, and they so expatiated on the pleasures of a wagon journey they had just accomplished that J—— grew as mad as I have been to start on his travels.

So here we are, in a comfortable travelling wagon lent us for a week by the S——'s. We have also a little tent which J—— pitches every night, and in which he sleeps; Miss —— and I keep possession of the wagon. Two horses follow us, so that we can ride if so disposed. There is great store of food and drink, and the quantity we eat had better not be stated. On that point my memory shall prove treacherous, nor shall your sense of the proprieties be shocked by any revelations of our excesses in this respect.

Please remember, however, that summer is past and winter is fast setting in—this glorious southern winter, season of sapphire skies, crystalline horizons, sparkling atmosphere, sunny forenoons, and frosty nights. As the sun sinks lower and the shadows lengthen, as the summer heats recede and the cool breath of winter steals into one's life, one is conscious that existence is about to be more enjoyable than it has been for many months past. The spirit rises to meet the buoyant months, and there is a physical ecstasy in being, which, though Wordsworth can scarcely have felt it as do we parched dwellers near the tropics, he has nevertheless reflected with rare fidelity in his "Intimations of Immortality."

But I am rambling away from our proper subject—ourselves. Our "outspan" to-night is by the side of a yellowwood forest covering the long brow of a hill. These patches of timber far surpass my expectations. They are not extensive, but immensely beautiful. A yellowwood tree is a tall, grey-stemmed veteran, standing straight and stately, and clear of branches until its tall crest, forty, fifty, and sixty feet high, is crowned with dark foliage. Little, if any, brushwood grows beneath, but sheets of grey moss hang trailing down from the lofty branches, while around their feet the daintest ferns flourish in the dim dampness of the solitude. A most ravishing variety of maiden's-hair abounds here, while the skirts of the woods are gay with lily, orchis, and geranium. The picture presented by these woods, in certain lights, is beyond description. I feel glad they are not more common, as one might be apt to appreciate their beauties less. Of course, other trees are to be found in these forests—trees with most uninviting names, such as stinkwood, sneezewood, and so on; but the lordly yellowwood is king of all. How sad it is to think that ere many years are over the ruthless and unromantic axes of woodcutters will have destroyed most of these trees. There is a water-mill close by, where they are at it night and day, sawing away as if their lives instead of the graces of Mother Nature depended upon their activity.

Hateful civilization! how "I loath ye" at such moments as these! What Vandalism thus to mar earth, and rob her of the beauties God has given her for the sake of a few paltry pence! These sordid colonists think of nought but gain, and have not even the grace to do

what the Arab traveller does—plant a tree in place of each one that they hew down. What can they expect their children to be if they thus strip the soil of its garniture? A charming race, truly, with nothing but their unending blue gums or scrubby peach-trees to contemplate. * * * *

J—— has been peeping over my shoulder, and says I am writing nonsense,—that trees were made for use as well as every other constituent in the grand economy of nature. These are *his* words, not mine. When men talk about the economy of nature, I am dumb. Experience has taught me that they are sure to end by preaching a lecture on the economy of one's household.

There is fine scenery all round. Steep hills rise in the distance, and we are ever catching glimpses of the glorious Drakenberg. Thus musing we walked before sunrise to the top of a height near here, and saw them catch the sunglow minutes before we stood in it. Their granite peaks and flanks turned first roseate, and then golden, as the swift sun approached. I bethought me of a morning in the Mediterranean eight years ago, when J—— dragged me out of my berth in the dense wintry darkness to gaze at a patch of ineffable light—"celestial rosy red"—hanging over the dim sea-line stretching across the vessel's bows. It was the stately peak of Etna smiling back upon the dawn. All day Bryant's lines have been running in my head—

The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;—
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green.

All are here. The brooks are ravishing. In the still air you hear them babbling unseen a long distance off. And such water!—so icy cold—so sparkling clear—so dancing with purity and light, that it might be the nectar of the primeval gods.

This is the great charm of travel in a land like this,—you feel so close to nature. Nought interferes between you and her. Man and his handiwork (these hideous axes excepted) don't offend by their obtrusion into the Great Temple. Earth all virginal and fresh as she must have been in Eden,—life all pure and peaceful, are the objects of our communion.

A Day Later. In a Hole.

The above was written yesterday. On looking it over I am disposed to tear it up. Receiving it as you will amidst the dull surroundings of our old suburb, you will have little sympathy with my enthusiasm; but it may go, if only to prove to you how powerfully the influences of Mother Nature may act upon the most sober minds.

This morning we moved on to this valley, and are now outspanned near a Boer's farm-house. J—— innocently directed the wagon to be

drawn up at a convenient spot, when up came first a pack of howling curs, and then a huge Dutchman, with a flapping hat and a short moleskin jacket. He shouted out a series of harsh gutturals at us for some minutes, and waved his sjambok menacingly. J—— mustered up the very little Dutch he knows, and asked our excited visitor what it all meant. It then appeared that he wanted to know why we had ventured to outspan so near his house without his big majesty's permission. To this inquiry he added an intimation that the sooner we moved away the better. This J—— determined not to do, as we were harming nobody, and he told the monster in moleskin as much. There was some more objurgating and gesticulation, and two or three long loutish lads made their appearance in the wake of the protesting Hollander. The end, of course, was that we remained where we were. The tent was pitched, the pot was put on the fire, the fowl was killed and plucked, and then placed in the aforesaid pot along with rice, onions, herbs, potatoes, and other ingredients of what J—— calls a sea-stew, and in about an hour and a half, with appetites keen as the air, we were regaling ourselves thereon. J—— sits on the wagon-box, and there is room for —— and me to sit just inside the wagon in front of the “kartel.” Such a meal as this, my dear, is, if not a thing of beauty, a joy for—as long as the next interval lasts.

We had scarcely done, and were thinking of a siesta, when one of the aforesaid lads came up, and asked us in tolerable English to go to the house. There was an air of dictation about the request which, considering the recent scene, disposed me to decline the honour; but curiosity overcame resentment, and the chance of seeing a Boer family at home was not to be resisted; so donning our hats and gloves we went.

The inconsistency of this invitation with our previous treatment is quite in keeping with the Boer character. They are as surly as they are hospitable; they make you equally free of their sauce and of their salt. They regarded us as insolent English trespassers, disposed to override the territorial rights of the lord of the manor; but having vindicated these rights by a *gentle* protest, they reverted to the first laws of hospitality as a matter of course.

Comfort, according to our English notions, appears as small an element in the Boer's conception of domestic bliss as enterprise is in his theory of the whole duty of farmers. The farmstead consisted of a low, stone, one-storey house, with small windows, and a double door in the centre, a stoep in front, no verandah, a circular enclosure for cattle on one side, a few peach-trees on the other, a brightly-painted wagon drawn up in front, and about ten acres of ploughed land, surrounded by a sod-wall. I am not sure whether there is a stable or not. This represents the whole evidences of habitation and cultivation upon this farm of ten thousand acres. There are, of course, some fine cattle and a few sheep, but they make little show on the bare slopes around.

We reached the door, and, looking in, saw seated round a naked-looking room some very fat women, with pasty faces, our courteous friend with the sjambok, another rather like him, and some young people. The men had their felt hats on, and the women's heads were encased in calico sun-bonnets, or hoods. One old lady, with a little woollen shawl pinned round her capacious bosom, was warming her feet over a kind of charcoal-burner; some of the girls had neither shoes nor stockings; the elder ones had carpet slippers on; the men wore rough home-made boots of raw leather. There was a clock in the corner and a table in the middle. Overhead a rough plank-ceiling stretched. Two or three big dogs snored on the floor. Such was the interior which met our view.

No one rose to meet us, but a general stare, and a few muttered "Good days," in guttural Dutch, bade us welcome. This seemed but a cold kind of greeting; but J——, who understands the manners and customs of the people, whispered "It's all right; they're delighted to see us," and showed us what to do by occupying the nearest vacant seat. It is not difficult to describe what followed. We all sate looking at each other. Two remarks passed, I think, between J—— and the "monster;" but as for us womenkind, we just sate and scanned our neighbours. They seem to pass their lives in mutual contemplation. By-and-by a black girl brought us each a huge cup of coffee and some sweet cakes, which we took for peace and form's sake, and the consumption of which helped to pass the time with some measure of self-satisfaction.

Once—and the fact deserves record—the old lady addressed a remark to me in Dutch. Being profoundly ignorant of that language, I answered in English, with my blandest smile, "Oh, certainly,"—and we relapsed into silence again. After an hour of this rather depressing repose, we got up and came away, our comprehensive "Good-by" eliciting a response so general that it suggested the idea that our exit was more agreeable than our advent.

So now I can say that I am familiar with the inside of a Boer's house. It is astonishing how much you may learn with a very little effort.

No wonder that civilization sleeps and a land drifts backward under the rule and residence of such a race. That petty field of ten acres is a bitter satire on the industry and energy of these stalwart lads. I longed to apply their father's lash to their broad shoulders, and drive their lazy limbs into really useful action. The only things they show any enthusiasm about are guns, horses, and wagons; and not one of them is applied to any useful purpose. The wagon lies in lavender a great part of the year, and the only produce it is used to transport is just enough of the butter made by these black girls, and the corn grown by these black men, to exchange for the few commodities needed by their masters and mistresses.

J—— says that Boer life is the nearest approach to Arcadia made by any race of Europeans. He maintains that they show much truer

philosophy than we restless Anglo-Saxons do. They have all they want, and are content therewith; while we are always striving for what we cannot attain.

Riet Spruit, May 4.

Alas, for the mutability of our admirable schemes! Here we are weather-bound at about as destitute and unfriendly a spot as one could conceive. A day after my last, the weather changed. Rain fell, and all the charm of wagon-travelling at once ceased to be. While the sun and the stars shine, all is delightful; and when the moon shows herself, this mode of journeying is, at any rate, for a short time, most enjoyable. But when the curtains of heaven are drawn, or its windows are opened—which do you prefer?—the life becomes simply intolerable. Imagine the situation, if it be possible for your untravelled self to do so! Here are the three of us cooped up in a stuffy and smelly wagon, in which it is utterly impossible to stand, and scarcely to sit upright; the wind driving in at fifty crannies, the canvas tent gradually getting pervious to the rain, and the air by no means tropical in its temperature. Yet the penalty of stirring out of this place of confinement is being wetted through, with a very poor chance of a change. Without, the mists hide all the prospect, except now and then when cheerless glimpses of naked hills are caught. Cooking is almost out of the question, and for a whole long and seemingly never-ending day hot-water was all we could compass, so that biscuits and sardines, with a few fragments of cold and hard—oh, so hard—meat, formed our only sustenance. Wagon-travelling in wet weather means imprisonment, exposure, and spare diet. After a day and a half thus spent, J—— made the driver move on, and we got here last night. The building in which I write is called a “Roadside Inn,” but if this be the kind of hostelry the Natalian of the future is to look back to, his reminiscences will be rather different to those of his father. You will remember our old enthusiastic longing for the inn-life of pre-railway days—our girlish attempts to realize the Tabard Inn of the *Canterbury Tales*; the Kentish Inn where dear old Falstaff immortalized himself; and the far later establishments which Dickens has made so precious to all of us. This is a rough stone shanty, with a cobweb-thatched roof; no ceiling; a room in the middle, and two “bed-rooms” on either side. The latter are so small and dirty that we have respectfully declined making use of them—much to the astonishment of our host, who is a bachelor of mature years. The oddest thing of all to me is, that he appears utterly unconscious of discomfort as pertaining to this bare deal table, these rickety wooden chairs, these steel forks, cloudy windows, mud floors, and dirty viands. And yet he is a man of respectable parentage and excellent education, as he took care soon to show us. Last night, though we slept in the wagon, Miss —— and I sat in one of the side-rooms while some of our things were being dried. Sitting thus, we could not but hear all that

was said in the adjoining room, and I would that time and memory allowed me to record all I heard. Two wagoners came in to spend the night. They were old colonists, and remembered the early days before the British came here. My dear, your blood would have frozen had you listened to all the tales of massacre, brutality, and horror which these two men interchanged. No wonder the Boers hate the Kafirs with such bitter detestation, when all these wrongs and sufferings are considered. Those were days when the settlers lived from day to day, and went to sleep night after night, in a state of constant peril—and such peril as you who only read of these things by your cosy fireside cannot understand. On one occasion the Zulus swept down at daybreak on an unsuspecting camp, and put to death man, woman, and child. One of the victims who escaped, is yet alive, though she bears on her body the marks of *seventeen* spear wounds. She only saved herself by feigning to be dead, and then by crouching under a mattress. * *

Maritzburg, May 18.

One of my chief reasons for rejoicing at J——'s good luck in not having to leave with the rest by the *Tamar* last month, is that we shall now see Maritzburg in its gayest mood. Once a year this city, like Rome, has its carnival—its week of rare and mad enjoyment. This season of folly may already be said to have begun, for at noon to-day the Legislative Council, which, according to some people, embodies all the foolishness of the colony, was opened in state. I have just returned from witnessing the ceremonial, which is quite grand in a small way. We have all been rather nervous about the affair, as dear Colonel Maclean, the new Governor, has been wretchedly ill ever since his arrival, and is scarcely fit for any public effort. Go through with it he would, however, and the ordeal is over for him,—I hope without bad results.

Mr. F—— had kindly sent us tickets; so at half-past eleven we took our places in the thatched barn I have already described. Little by little its broad spaces were filled by a gaily-dressed throng. I got a seat within "the bar" on one side, and just behind the burly back of that son of thunder, Old Stoffel, as everybody calls him. Mrs. M—— and her daughter, with the ladies-in-chief, had chairs of state opposite "the Throne," which to-day was dignified by a kaross of lion's skin, and looked quite majestic. Being a cold day, there were many roses in the cheeks as well as in the bonnets around me, and one might have felt in England had it not been for the cobwebs and straw overhead. By-and-by the guns at the Fort were heard booming, when in filed "the members," with the Speaker at their head. On this occasion, though the midday sun shines above, he (the first commoner) dons evening dress. Why don't they endow him with a wig and gown? Then on his side followed "the Executive" in their horrid Civil Service uniforms. How any man of the least pretensions to taste can be found to appear in such hideous

guise—a mixture of a footman's livery and an old-fashioned naval uniform—I can't fathom. Mr. S—— looked particularly ill at ease in his official armour. Happily for Mr. G——, he can take refuge in the more becoming folds of a lawyer's gown. Then came "the members" proper—the people's elect—evidently doing their best to look perfectly at home, and nobly oblivious of the fashionable concourse they had to face. Mr. S—— glanced round curiously with that twinkling expression in his eyes which is so suggestive of a desire to fight with somebody. My friend, "Stoffel," behind whom I was hiding my blushes, wore the serene aspect of a philosopher, and gazed benignly into space. Mr. R—— seemed as young as ever, and conscious of the fact. Mr. C——, at the opposite corner, was calmly critical.

There was a sensation outside, the sound of wheels, the clatter of arms, and the roll of drums. In a minute more the vice-regal party enter, and group round the Throne. Poor Colonel Maclean looked woefully shaky. He is a short, grey-haired man, and seems a confirmed invalid. He sat while his private secretary and son-in-law read the speech, of which all that I need say is that it was quite equal to the standard of "Queen's speeches" at home. After the reading was over, the Governor still lingered in his chair, and had to be guided out. Two of his attendant functionaries struck me with amazement and dismay. One was the Chief Justice, whose massive bulk was swathed in a marvellous garment made of pink and blue silk, like a huge pinafore. The other was a very small man, in a cocked hat and consular uniform. Had I not known the Colonel, I should have imagined this little gentleman to have been the Governor himself, so self-assured an air of importance did he present. He bears a name of classic renown, and is a great man in his way. Successive Governors have made him their "guide, philosopher, and friend;" and he has been described to me as having equal capacity to steer a ship, to drive the omnibus—which he often does—to manage a bank—his daily work—or to lead a choir. His is a genius of that many-sided order so common in colonies like these.

May 21.

Natal is moving on. Steamer after steamer arrives now from East and West, and as they all bring news of my darlings I don't mind how many they are. The last came yesterday—the *Uitenhage*, a big vessel of heavy tonnage. J—— says, though, that in spite of all this activity the place is drifting into difficulties. The papers do their best to make out that clouds are only passing, and that all is sound below; but there is an ominous undertone of apprehension in what is spoken and written. Not that we—who are so soon to be on the wing—are in any way concerned, but one can't help being affected by the circumstances of one's neighbours. The bumptious spirit is still active, however, and they are now talking of a telegraph to the Cape Colony. "Railways" have given place to "the harbour works" for the moment; and I was told yesterday by a member's

wife that the colonists are awaking to the unpleasant conviction that they have been the victims of a too astute contractor.

The "Colenso difficulty," as it is called, gets more and more complicated. The *Uitenhage* has brought word that the Privy Council has given judgment entirely in the Bishop's favour, and great is the consternation amongst the Orthodox. Many hope he will resign, and thus release the clergy here from an awkward situation. J—— who, as you know, is frightfully lax, murmurs "don't you believe it." * * * *

May 23.

As this week is to be a busy one, I will write a little each day while the fun lasts. Ceres and Pomona have been the presiding divinities to-day. An agricultural show was held in the large open space called a Market-square. We went there at one o'clock. Such an odd, confused sight I never witnessed. For the first time I saw Natal in motley—queer motley too. Gaily dressed ladies, swells, unwieldy Boers, Kafirs, Coolies, and Hottentots, were all mixed up in the most democratic confusion. There is no mechanical separation of classes here, and Jack is quite as good as his neighbour. The best sight of all was the toilets of "our friends from the country." They were unique, and oppressive to the wearers. One lady had her grandmother's bonnet, surmounting a most enormous crinoline of the present day. Another had on a low-necked white muslin, overshadowed by a flapping hat. The towns-people, as a rule, were very well dressed. It was charming to note the air of keen criticism with which certain broad-tongued Yorkshire farmers' wives inspected the dairy stuff—smelling at the hams, nibbling at the cheese, tasting the butter, and then gazing reflectively at the cows. I must say, however, that it was a capital show, and raised my opinion of Natal very considerably. The horses were delightful; especially an imported fellow, *Mortimer*. You know how fond I am of animals, and may imagine how I revelled in the live-stock—the cows and sheep, and pigs and poultry, and above all, the horses. The band from the camp was on the ground and added to the prevailing liveliness. Mr. S——, the President of the Society, was particularly agreeable, and presented me with a pat of prize-butter, which I greatly coveted.

How I wish I could convey an impression of the scene to your mind. The quaint, old-fashioned throng,—the pens of cattle, of sheep, and of pigs, the delicious smell of fresh things, and general suggestion of farmer life under the show-shed,—the kaleidoscopic intermingling of English folk and Dutch folk, country people and towns-people, Europeans and Natives, white and black,—the murmur of many tongues, and the gay shouts of the Kafirs,—with the tall hills around, blinking in the sunshine, and the blue sky doming in us all, made altogether a spectacle which will linger long in my mind as a reminiscence of wild Africa. There was a dinner in the evening, when, I regret to hear, some of our sober-looking rural friends got drunk.

May 24.

May Her Majesty live long! Loyalty, I find, is not an extinct virtue here. There is, in fact, a freshness and simplicity about the sentiment not often displayed now. The Settlers of fifteen years ago still think of the fair young matron-Queen they left behind, and give their acclaim to her rather than to the sad and widowed woman of mature years who now reigns—Empress of Greater Britain.

People say the review to-day was better than usual. Possibly, the fact of having a soldier-governor made it so. I was driven up by Mr. — to the Camp-hill, where the affair took place. Colonel Maclean presided in his carriage, and they hope the congenial excitement of the occasion may do him good. The spectators formed a straggling half-circle, in front of which the troops manœuvred. 'Twas but a tiny force—an army in miniature—but what there was seemed made of good stuff. The 99th have picked up wonderfully since they landed. The African winter is just the season to recruit old Asiatics. A finer sanatorium for Eastern troops could not be desired. Then there was a small body of artillery under Mr. J—; a gallant troop of the Cape Corps, looking grand in their dark uniforms and plumed shakoes, and—the Volunteers. How they marched past at different paces, how they formed into square, charged imaginary enemies, stormed supposititious bastions, and generally made mimic war, I need not tell you. Most of the spectators were on foot, though a few were in traps. The Kafirs entertained me most. Their shouts and shrieks of astonishment and delight were a revelation of unaffected barbarism. These military displays ought to have a wholesome influence on the minds of these people. To them the red-coat is the symbol of a never-conquered and irresistible power, while the loud-bellowing “by-and-by,” as they call big guns, is the spokesman of supreme authority. Remark, please, that I have lately been reading up the local journals on this point, to say nothing of long talks with Mr. S—; so I don't speak without book on these points. J— intimates that it is high time he took his wife back to her children, as in their absence she is demoralizing her mind with the idle babbling of African politicians.

At noon, when the salute was fired, and the cheer was raised, and the anthem was played, I could not help feeling a little thrill of enthusiasm, although, as a soldier's wife, I ought to be proof against such sentimentality by this time. But it is rather inspiring in an out-of-the-way corner of savagedom like this to feel that you are still under the British flag, and to know that the drum-beat then rattling in your ear is but an echo of like strains sounding over the whole world.

There ought to have been a ball in the evening, but owing to the Colonel's illness, there wasn't. Great is the lamentation thereat. The Birthday Ball was the only large entertainment ever attempted

by the Scotts, and it has become an institution to which young people look forward half-a-year, and of which they talk for the other half. To me the absence of this festivity means the saving of a new dress, which to one who is about going homeward is a consideration.

May 26.

This is the last day of what J—— irreverently styles “the spree.” The carnival is over with two days’ races. As everybody else seemed going, I went too, and must confess to having enjoyed myself. The course is a mile and a half out of town over the bridge, and slopes gently to the winding and willow-skirted river. There was no grand stand, but there were tents, booths, carriages, and wagons, and a merry enough crowd. As our stay here was so uncertain, J—— did not invest in a horse for me, and, in fact, I did not like the idea of getting attached to another “Sunbeam,” only to have the pain of parting. Mr. —— lent me a horse, however, and I had a glorious canter. There were several capital races, and many beautiful horses. *Dwarf* and *Mysterious Jack* are both first-rate nags, and *Sylvan* looks as if he were capable of great things. A very handsome grey horse won the hurdle-race—a delightful piece of excitement. I had more fun in those days than I have before experienced in Natal, and am glad that, among our last recollections of this sunny land, will be reminiscences so pleasant. There is a strong sporting spirit among the younger men, and the S——’s here, as on the cricket-ground, hold their own against all comers.

Southampton, and a Trip round the Island.

THERE is, perhaps, no port in the world so familiar to English colonists who occasionally visit the mother country as Southampton. Its docks and its steamers to all parts of the globe have a world-wide renown; and the tide of emigration from Northern Europe directs into it once or twice a week perhaps the gigantic North-German steamers, laden with crowds of emigrants from all parts of Deutschland,—from the Tyrol to Schleswig-Holstein, and from Posen to Rheinland—who, landing for a few hours, wander with vacant faces about its streets and quays, the only glance these poor foreigners are ever fated to get of famed England, as they pass for ever away to the far-off prairies of the West; and very often, indeed, many of them have to repent this short walk on our shores, for the motto of our Southampton friends, or a certain class of them at least, appears to be, “They were strangers, and we took them in.” Nor, indeed, do they confine their favours to the poor Teutonic passers-by, but they liberally extend their patronage to the crowds of rich and distinguished visitors to our shores who are daily landing from Eldorados

of the East and West,—Japanese Daimios, Bengal Nabobs, Chinese Mandarins, Russian Dukes, Muslims, Marquises, Venezuelan Generals, gold-laden squatters from Australia, diamond-studded stone-grubbers from the Cape, mining lords of Nevada, California, and Utah, pockets plethoric with the plunder of unfortunate Cockney speculators, swarthy Dons from Mexico and the Gulf Republics, and all the other host of adventurers from regions far away, east and west, who, after hoarding up riches, the fruits of years of toil, have now come over to Europe to spend it. It can hardly, therefore, be surprising to find that hotel charges at Southampton are exorbitant, and that the sooner a visitor from the colonies gets into the railway train which is to convey him to Waterloo the better it is for his purse, and, indeed, for his comfort too. And yet celebrated as Southampton is as a packet-station, it takes but an inferior rank as a commercial port. Its dock accommodation, good as it is, is to the packet service limited, and to a certain degree difficult of access; and if it was not that political reasons have forbidden any encouragement to be given to Portsmouth harbour as a mercantile one, that ought to have been, from its many natural advantages and proximity to London, the packet-station for the Colonial Empire of England. But its dockyard and arsenal establishment forbade this—for Mars and Mercury, War and Commerce, do not thrive well when they are too close to each other. Nature had centuries ago excavated a natural commercial dock at Portsmouth far superior to the artificial one at Southampton, but which the War Authorities are now carefully filling up with the excavations procured from the works they are constructing for war purposes at an enormous outlay. But letting this pass, a stranger will find the Southampton docks and quays, when he lands, a bustling and interesting scene, the passage up the Southampton Water a panorama of wondrous beauty, and in the town itself sufficient remains of antiquity to make it interesting for a stroll of a few hours' duration. I had the good fortune a few days ago to meet a friend who invited me to accompany him on a trip about to be made down the waters and round the Isle of Wight by a new steamer lately acquired by the Harmony Company; and a few notes of the trip which I now give you may be found interesting, recalling, as they may do, scenes well known to many in your community.

The morning was a lovely one in the early part of June, just before the rainy and stormy weather set in which made the June of 1871 such an exceptional one. The steamer was large and convenient, and its freight was a troop of friends all more or less connected with the Cape and Natal, and who had principally come down by the half-past ten train from London, and amongst whom I recognized many familiar faces I had not seen for years, and with whom I had many a friendly greeting, which much enhanced the pleasure of the trip we had this fine morning embarked on. In the spacious and commodious saloon the tables, even thus early, in anticipation of the afternoon lunch, groaned with what is, in common-place terms, called "every delicacy of the season," so that all comers, if, as Mrs. Gamp says, "they feist so

disposed," could quietly sit down and enjoy the breakfast that perhaps their early start from London had prevented them from partaking of; and even before we were half-an-hour on board I must confess that the running fire of corks from pale ale bottles and brandy-and-sodas was most alarming and suggestive, as I particularly observed after a heavy volley of the same in repetition very soon succeeded. However, I am neither going to philosophize nor grumble at this. The motto on board was "*chacun a son gout*;" every one was let to do what was most agreeable to his feelings,—partake of pale ale, brandy-and-soda, soup, or smoke, just as he thought proper. Like the possessor of Aladdin's Lamp, the fortunate passengers on this trip had but to express a wish and straightway it was at once gratified by one of the numerous and active sprites or genii in black swallow-tail coats and white chokers, in modern parlance known as waiters, with which our atmosphere, both above and below decks, was crowded. As we slowly steamed along and disengaged ourselves from the approaches to the docks, the beauties of the scene, under the influence of the lovely weather, began to open upon us. We left behind the town of Southampton, rising, as it were, from the water, with the remains of its old walls and quaint spires giving a variety and mediæval aspect to its outline. On our right were the well-wooded shores of Marchwood and Hithe, outskirts, as it were, of the New Forest, and the old Abbey lands of Beaulieu, studded with pretty villas and gentlemen's seats, set in a deep border of oaks, elms, and chestnuts. On our left, as we passed along, were the pretty rural dwellings of Woolston and the palatial façade of the Military Hospital at Netley, a pile at once one of the most extensive and expensive, yet ill-contrived, of hospitals of modern times; situated at the edge of a muddy beach, which receives more or less all the drainage of Southampton, and laid high and dry four times in every twenty-four hours; planned in defiance of all modern hygeian ideas as far as hospitals are concerned, and very much exposed in the wintry season to those damp and watery south-west gales which operate so much in causing the south coast of the Channel to be anything but an eligible place for invalids from tropical climates. It presents, however, some good architectural features; and if it had been pushed back to a convenient height a few hundred yards from the shore, and designed on the Pavilion system adopted by the Continental medical authorities, it would for the same, or perhaps a less, expenditure have been a credit to the nation, which, it is whispered, it is not at present, but rather a reproach, as some medical experts say. Its water supply is bad, and its drainage and ventilation deficient. The walls not being built hollow do not exclude the damp caused by the heavy rains from the south-west; and the situation with reference to supplies is inconvenient. It has, however, some advantages. Invalids can be landed and housed with ease in a few minutes by means of a long jetty lately erected, and the magnates and big-wigs of the hospital, medical and military, have splendid and commodious, though rather damp, quarters. The aspect is cheerful, commanding fine views of Southampton Water,

and the patients are well housed in fine and large, although rather cold and uncomfortable, wards, traversed perhaps by the coldest, most blowy, and rheumatic-giving corridors in the world. In fact, the whole affair is much better fitted for the latitude of the Mediterranean or some similar warm climate, in all its means and appliances, than it is for a hospital in the uncertain and fluctuating climate of the English Channel. However, we are all very proud of it, especially since the Herbert Hospital, at Woolwich, which was to have none of the faults of Netley and possess every modern improvement, has proved even a worse failure.

Passing Netley we now approach the entrance to Southampton Water from the Solent, guarded on the right by Calshot Castle, now dismantled, one of Henry VIII's old fortifications, built at the expense of some of the broad lands of the monks of Beaulieu which lie on the midlands a few miles in the rear of it. In case of war, this old castle would now be quite useless, and its sole garrison consisting of a few Coast-guard men and half-a-dozen obsolete guns, the defence of Southampton would be entirely entrusted to submarine engines, such as torpedoes, &c. On the shores round Calshot the now favourite vegetable seakale is found indigenous, and of a very fine quality when transplanted and subjected to garden cultivation. Emerging from the Southampton Water, we find ourselves nearly opposite to Cowes east and west, with the roadstead dotted over with the numerous yachts and pleasure-vessels of the different Channel Clubs busy preparing for the racing season, and including specimens of perhaps the finest and swiftest boats in the world. We now steer westward up the Solent; on our right is the wooded coast of the New Forest, and on our left the more naked shores of the Isle of Wight, with its undulating chalk hills forming our horizon in the distance. By-and-by the old tower and church of Yarmouth are seen on our left, and the smoke of a steamer crossing the Channel shows where Lympington lies nestled in the trees behind those extensive mud banks on the right. The scene now becomes every moment more and more interesting. On the Isle of Wight shores we see the red brick embattlemented forts of Victoria and Cliffend rising from the water's edge, and confronted on the opposite shore by the gigantic works of Hurst Castle, another of Henry VIII's forts, and now, perhaps, the strongest work of granite and iron-plate in the world, mounting no less than 60 guns of 600 lb. shot each, with accommodation for a few more of even larger calibre. The forts on the Isle of Wight side, it is said, were designed by the late Prince Consort, and were pet hobbies of his during their construction. If so, they ought to be warnings to all amateur engineers to think of the adage *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, as for works of either offence or defence they are condemned as useless, and new forts on a more simple but effective system are now actually in progress of construction on the heights behind them. We now approach our old friends, the Needles. Steaming close into Alum Bay, which sets any geologist we may have on board quite on the *qui vive*, as here

Nature has given us one of the finest and most instructive sections showing the junction of the Tertiary clays and chalk formation that the world presents, we round the light-house with the gun battery on the cliff behind it, 400 feet above the sea level. We admire the grand new hotel in the distance, and the strong little fort of Hathewood just above it, and we also begin to feel a little additional motion under our feet as we steam into the open Channel, no longer sheltered by the Island; but we are nearly all good sailors and don't mind that much, and pale ale, soda-and-brandy, and cigars are capital preventives of sea-sickness. But just at this moment the voice of heralds and the beating of gongs proclaim that lunch is ready, and that, we all know, is not an unimportant moment on an occasion of this kind. The fine scenery of Freshwater Cliffs and Bay no longer attracts, a rush takes place down-stairs, and the deck, so crowded a few minutes before, is deserted, except by a few of the crew and half-a-dozen young men from the City who are now for the first time on blue water, and whose nerves can't stand that lately increased motion felt since we rounded the Needles. So there we will leave them while we join the merry feasting and speechifying crowd in the grand saloon, and where, with great forethought, every one has had his place allotted to him, and so there is no crowding or fuss in getting seated. I feel myself quite unable to give anything like a proper description of our symposium in the grand saloon, or to give an adequate idea of the luxuries of the viands or the excellence—the wondrous excellence—of the wines (although I still have a copy of the “carte” as long as my arm), the eloquence of the speeches, and the hip! hip! hurrahs with which every toast was re-echoed. Suffice it to say that this hospitable banquet has prevented me from finishing my periplus round the Island. Time flew on very rapid wings indeed, for while we were in the midst of our feasting, a scuffling and rumbling overhead attracted my attention, and going on deck, I found we had already returned back to our starting point, and were entering the dock again, with half the coast of the Island unseen, except by a few who, I firmly believe, could not help themselves.

I walked home in the glorious dusk of a June evening in a pleasant mood, ruminating on the joyous day I had spent and the noble feast—better even than O'Rourke's—I had partaken of. And often since, when I have thought of it, I have been tempted to exclaim with Lord Clive, “Good Heaven, when I think of it, I wonder at my moderation!” But no earthly happiness is quite unalloyed. On this occasion, when I reached home and gathered my confused senses together I found I had lost my umbrella, a well-worn one of Sangster's, that had originally cost me 7s. 6d., and which, too late, I found I had left behind me in a corner of the saloon, and have never heard of it from that day to the present moment. Peace to its remains! It was in its time a good and faithful servant.

Six Fellow Travellers.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II.

THE sun streaming through an opening in the tent awoke me on the following morning. The only other remaining occupant apparently was Rokeby, who sat leisurely sipping a cup of coffee which the Gunner had just brought him. The Professor, like the proverbial bird with an appetite, had risen early and departed, we surmised for a bath, as there was evidence that he had not encumbered himself unnecessarily with the habiliments of daily life. The thin clouds of vapour which still lingered over the horizon and portions of the landscape were fast disappearing, and as I stepped forth everything around us evinced preparation for the day. Knowsley, I learnt, had preceded me in the direction of the hill-side, and as I followed the path indicated, the sound of voices at no great distance became audible.

"Partridge feathers are plain, and I dislike anything commonplace."

"Really, I'm very sorry——"

"Oh! I didn't mean to be personal; besides, you may improve!"

"Shall I throw these feathers away?"

"If you like; burnt feathers are useful, they say, when people faint; but I don't think I'm likely to require any, unless you become altogether overpowering."

Advancing towards the speakers, I discovered Kate seated upon an embankment, and engaged in the highly useful occupation of plucking a partridge. Near her stood Knowsley, also contemplating the bird, and assisting in the operation by receiving the feathers as they became detached.

"Here's Mr. Knowsley," said the young lady, as I approached, "trying to be useful, and so interested, that I'm sure he must have gone through the process himself. Now, confess, Mr. Knowsley, when were you plucked last?"

The gentleman appealed to declined to admit the not very gratifying impeachment, and as the bird by this time presented a sufficiently unpartridgelike appearance, it was handed over to Knowsley, and we all three returned together towards the encampment.

"Where have you been, Kate?" said Mrs. Rokeby, with all the anxiety of a distressed chaperone, as her truant guest drew near.

"Up the hill and down the dale, with a little foot-page behind me." And that unhappy partridge has had its last airing," she added.

"Well," said Rokeby, turning to our companion, "if you are content to march about before breakfast carrying a half-dressed bird, and be called a 'little foot-page' into the bargain, all I can say is, your good nature is remarkable. I don't think I was ever so tractable when I was most *illusionnée* myself."

"I met Mr. Knowsley quite accidentally," explained Kate, colouring, "and he was very considerate and polite."

"So it seems," said Rokeby drily.

It happened fortunately at this juncture, when the conversation had assumed rather an awkward character, that the Professor made his appearance. A certain friskiness about this gentleman, whose glowing face and genial manner testified to the invigorating influence of the "early dip," did much to remove any embarrassment remaining.

"Ah!" he said, "there's nothing like a bath at sunrise and a brisk run afterwards,—it's the *elixir vitæ* in a warm climate; and the river here is full of splendid places, clear deep pools, where you may take a 'header' without the risk of disfiguring your nose or fracturing your skull beneath the surface."

"If you take headers in those spectacles," said Rokeby, "I should think you'd rather surprise the inhabitants below. They must consider you an amphibious stranger of a new species."

"Not entirely new," said Kate, "for 'barnacles' are found in water."

"Only people with an evil digestion should attempt a joke before breakfast," remarked the Professor, "and they are always cynical when others are disposed to eat. But here is breakfast, and I don't think that joke of yours, Miss Kate, has in the least impaired my appetite."

During the repast in question he informed us he had seen an otter, and that the river abounded with fish; and this information excited the interest of Mr. Knowsley, who had once taken a Thames barbel weighing thirty pounds, which he affirmed might still be seen carefully preserved in a glass case at the paternal mansion in Surrey. The Professor then suggested that we might have a few hours' angling. He had abundance of tackle, and could equip us all. The wagon, he said, could trek on to a farm-house a few miles distant, where an elderly lady, somewhat deaf, resided; and to this lady, as a very old acquaintance, he wished to pay his respects and introduce our party.

"I dislike deaf old ladies immensely," observed Kate, "they always hear what they shouldn't, and when you least expect it."

"Then you should say nothing they might not hear," remonstrated the other lady, to which Kate made no reply, unless a subdued comment which sounded extremely like "fiddlesticks!" might be accepted as a rejoinder.

"We shall have to procure some bait," said the Professor. "Worm-selecting is an art yet to be accomplished by the native mind. The larger the worm the bigger the fish, is evidently the principle upon

which your Kafir digs, and so I think we had better investigate for ourselves."

Collecting some natives with a little trouble, we commenced diligently to "prospect" for that small red worm which is supposed *par excellence* to be the bait. After much haranguing and many remonstrative grunts from our Zulu attendants the fitting worms were eventually procured, and we rejoined the ladies, who, with dresses daintily looped and hats of Japanese proportions, awaited us. Kate had with her a colour-box and sketch-book, but Mrs. Rokeby had not provided herself with any form of occupation. She possibly opined that her capacity of dragon was extremely calculated to afford her constant employment.

"I'm glad you've brought your sketch-book," said the Professor, "and I suppose you mean to immortalize us all."

"Well, do you know it was your resemblance to the dear old gentleman John Leech drew so charmingly years ago that gave me the idea? I wonder if I sketched you leaping over boulders or peering into gullies with that fishing-rod in your hand, and sent the 'studies' home as 'Mr. Briggs abroad,' whether they'd do for *Punch* now."

"This young person is dangerous," murmured the Professor, as he busied himself with some spare tackle in the wagon.

At last everything was ready, and we started for the river, choosing our route in a direct line, and thus escaping the powdery atoms of fine dust and sand which would have harassed us on the highway. Over grassy knolls and hill-side slopes decked with numerous wild flowers, where the *Lycaenidae* flashed for a moment ere they settled, or some glittering *mantis* taking a "constitutional" passed with a sharp jarring click. We followed our guide until, after walking for about an hour, we reached a small stream, and then descended a small stream which brought us to the scene of operations. The river had all the characteristics of a good fishing-ground. Huge boulders jammed against each other projected from the centre bed, and over these the stream spurted and rushed, moaning a querulous monotone as it rolled away. Here and there the channel twisted through masses of rock into a natural chasm, where it formed a deep brown pool, such as a salmon-fisher would to a certainty select for a judicious cast. Further on it broadened into a wide and shallow stream, banded on each side by luxuriant vegetation, thence stretching onward like a thread of silver with its white sandy bed, flecked by shining particles of quartz and mica.

After a brief survey we prepared our tackle, whilst Kate, seating herself upon the shelving ledge of a huge rock, demonstratively arranged her palette, brushes, and sketch-book by her side. Rokeby, after a lengthy inspection, decided to explore further on, and taking with him a supply of bait and a Kafir, departed for that purpose. Near the spot where we were standing the water was deep and rapid, and discoloured by the recent rains.

"It looks like barbel," said the Professor, "and I shall try here."

Away the float dances in the current, and forthwith our Kafirs squat themselves in a circle, and with intense enjoyment depicted on their countenances proceed to watch our various manœuvres.

Whish—the line has suddenly run out, and now the float is performing those fanciful evolutions known to the initiated as "bobbing." In another second it has disappeared, and as the Professor strikes sharply, it is evident from the quivering of the rod that he has hooked a good-sized fish. Firmly keeping the rod in hand, he leisurely "plays" the captive, and after a series of futile rushes to and fro, it is safely drawn towards a sloping bank and landed on *terra firma*. It proves to be a barbel of good size and in excellent condition. At the same moment, a shout from our companion, who is trying down stream, attracts our attention.

"I missed it, but I felt him," roars Mr. Knowsley, with some confusion of gender, whilst his line whisks up and pertinaciously fastens to a branch.

A few minutes more and the Professor is again successful, and fresh barbel are added to the basket. At last we determined to try the shallower water and the swift eddies, where a fish somewhat resembling the roach is generally to be found. This change of arrangements involved different tactics and all the dexterity of fly-fishing. The professor, however, manifested such wonderful agility in these new operations that he might have compared favourably with the marvellous bird of Sir Boyle Roche, which customarily, we are told, appeared in two places at the same moment. It was surprising to see this portly gentleman skipping from boulder to boulder, and lightly whipping the stream, or deftly casting the line into some curling eddy from which the finny occupant was speedily jerked and triumphantly transferred to the basket of the spoiler. For the next two hours the sport continued with unabated vigour, and when towards mid-day the Gunner and his satellites arrived with several well-stored hampers, we rested from exertions which had certainly been attended with satisfactory results.

"I never saw a barbel like this before," said Knowsley, as he inspected the fish, which, beautifully mottled with gray and silver interspersed with veinings of red, must have presented a brilliant contrast to that Thames trophy in the glass case.

"Mr. Darwin asserts," observed the Professor, "that as we approach the tropics, the colours of shells and scales of fishes assume richer and warmer tints; and this seems fully borne out by a comparison between the fresh-water fishes of this country and Europe."

"Warmer tints," echoed Kate from her eyrie on the rock. "They are just what I should like. This sandy foreground is much too cold."

We had forgotten the novel circumstance that for several hours this young lady had been unusually silent and industrious; and now, accordingly, we approached to offer those gallantries of speech

which the occasion demanded, and the artist, we may be sure, expected.

"I believe I should know it," said the Professor blandly, as he regarded the half-finished sketch.

"You believe you should know it! How very gratifying! I had better write upon the different objects, 'This is a rock,' or 'This the river.' Then it may satisfy your critical instincts and be less perplexing. Would you recognize it, Mr. Knowsley?"

Now this gentleman had been scrutinizing the picture in a somewhat remarkable manner. At first he had peered at it from one side and then he had viewed it from another; he had closed one eye and retreated, concentrating the other optic fully on the sketch; and finally with both eyes critically grave he had advanced again.

"You have given too much colour to the trees, Miss Kate! They are brought forward to the eye as a principal object, which they are really not. Nor does the stream flow in a direct course, as you have made it. Nor is the hill in the background rising to a cone, equidistant from both sides. There is too much formality in your picture, and the perspective is faulty."

Had the rocks and trees in the valley below arranged themselves together at this moment and performed an impromptu dance, I don't think Kate would have experienced more surprise than she did at this unexpected criticism. Hitherto Knowsley had been extremely reticent and unobtrusive in his habits. We considered him a gentlemanly and amiable young man, rather bashfully inclined than otherwise, and disposed possibly to regard Kate as an altogether superior being, whose mandates were indisputable and conclusive as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

"I had no idea you were such an artist," she observed quietly.

"Pray, don't!" he ejaculated, as she took up the sketch with the intention of tearing it. "It may be made a pretty landscape yet;" and seating himself beside her, he at once commenced with all the vigour of a practical hand to remedy the defects and complete the picture.

"I am sure Kate draws very nicely," said Mrs. Rokeby, with good-natured advocacy of her friend's productions. I have some flowers she painted, and you would scarcely know them from real ones. There's a rose and a camellia, and a narcissus, and let me see, dear, what is the other?—a jonquil."

"Don't!" whispered Kate fiercely.

During this time the sketch was visibly progressing, as river, rock, and foliage grew "like unto nature" beneath the nimble fingers of the artist.

"There, Miss Kate; we can complete it another time; only the details have to be worked in;" and the conversation between the two then assumed all the features of an abstruse controversy, and Mr. Knowsley talked so long and learnedly of base lines, horizontal lines, vanishing points, and elevations, that it became at last necessary to

remind him that we must proceed on our journey and rejoin the wagon. Rokeby had returned with a sensible addition to our captures ; and then, after a hurried tiffin by the river side, our tackle was re-packed, and we prepared to return. To the Professor the walk proved one of harassing doubts and vain regrets. He had left his collecting net in the wagon ; and it happened that a butterfly he had not seen for years on this particular occasion crossed his path. " Butterflies were so local," he said, " that it might be a long period before a similar opportunity presented itself." It was evident that politeness and consideration for his companions, who were less enthusiastic on the subject, alone restrained him from ordering the wagon back and delaying the journey, until the interesting insect in question, or its fellows, had been taken. Some little recompense, however, was in store, and to one at least of our party it proved an uncomfortable incident. The two ladies had stepped forward in advance ; but as we turned an abrupt angle of the path we discovered them resting on some fallen trunks of trees under the shadow of a huge embankment. To the Professor these trees at once proved objects of no little interest, and for some time he hovered round the trunk on which Mrs. Rokeby happened to be seated, as if he were himself a gigantic fly about to settle on that lady's person.

" I think you are sitting on some *Coleoptera*, madam !"

" Sitting on what !" said the lady, jumping up.

" *Coleoptera*—beetles. Ah ! I thought so," and, stooping down, he examined carefully the trunk. " See !" he continued, as swarms of small particles resembling the bark itself in form and colour became suddenly animated, " you were scarcely aware of the little colony beside you."

" Ugh !" cried the lady, shaking her dress ; " I am sure they were not there when I sat down, for I am always so particular."

" It is the same principle of the adaptation of animals to their environment," said the Professor, " as was illustrated by the butterfly yesterday. There are thousands of insects in this country which rest during the day, clinging to the bark of dead or fallen trees, and the greater portion of these are delicately mottled with grey or brown tints, which, though symmetrically disposed and infinitely varied, yet blend so completely with the usual colours of the bark that at two or three feet distance they are quite indistinguishable. Your eye would not detect them, and I only supposed from the character of the trunk that I should find them here." And forthwith the Professor transferred to a small box he carried an abundant supply of the disturbed beetles."

When after a fatiguing walk we at last reached the wagons, we were certainly glad to re-seat ourselves in that comfortable, though somewhat tedious, conveyance. Kate remained unusually silent during the remainder of the *trek*. In all probability, she was resolving the art and principle of landscape drawing, as they had been expounded by Mr. Knowsley. It is at least certain that from this time forth the gentleman in question rose steadily in her estimation.

"Here we are!" said the Professor cheerily, when a picturesque looking farm-house, standing some little distance from the road, came in view. Alighting from the wagon, we then passed up an avenue of gum trees, and speedily a number of dogs rushed forth, who, by their incessant barking, made it tolerably evident that if their owner lacked other protection, she possessed some diligent and noisy guardians in the canine crowd before us. At the doorway we were received by the old lady in person, and at once ushered into a scrupulously clean and neat apartment—the guest-room of the house. Trim as the house and its belongings were, equally natty was the mistress of the domicile herself. Mrs. Rokeby and Kate were affectionately welcomed and invited to remove their hats in an adjoining room. It was evident from the approving smile the old lady bestowed upon her that Kate had produced a favourable impression. Rokeby and Knowsley were also warmly greeted, and, from a certain waggish glance directed at the latter, it seemed that our hostess was desirous of establishing relations of a mysterious and confidential nature with that gentleman. And then, when the Professor had seated himself, and whilst Knowsley was still lingering near the doorway, the old lady, nodding her head in his direction, observed smilingly,

"Pretty dears! have they been married long?"

"Good gracious, no! ma'am, nothing of the kind," bawled the Professor, reddening.

"Something of the kind, eh! That's neither one thing nor the other. It may mean a month and it may mean a year. What a man you are!"

The Professor, by a series of ingenious signs and movements of his head, was endeavouring more clearly to convey his meaning, when Mrs. Rokeby and Kate re-entered the room, followed by a Kafir with the tea-tray. The old lady, however, was not easily disabused of the view she had adopted, and no sooner had Kate seated herself on the sofa than she remarked with solicitude,

"Make your good gentleman come in, my dear! It's so easy to catch cold; though ginger-tea is a fine thing and lambswool socks for the feet."

"My good gentleman!" repeated Kate with a puzzled air; and then as the old lady's obvious mistake became evident, she added, crimsoning with confusion, "What can this dreadful old creature mean?"

The "dreadful old creature," however, continued to smile serenely and in happy unconsciousness of the blunders she was committing, made frequent allusions to the "young couple," whom she evidently regarded with a deep interest. To the Professor the situation was decidedly unpleasant. He had been the innocent cause of the *maladroit* result, and so he was kept perpetually on the *qui vive*, and, like a skilful pilot, had to divert the conversation whenever it approached the dangerous channels of the old lady's sympathy.

"She is very deaf," he remarked, "and elderly, you know!"

"Nevertheless," said Rokeby maliciously, "I think she has great powers of discrimination; indeed, a century ago the utterances of so venerable a person would have been deemed prophetic."

"Shall we have a rubber, ma'am?" shouted the Professor, as the brilliant idea of creating a diversion suggested itself. To this our hostess readily acquiesced, and in a short time a pack of cards was produced and a table wheeled round for the purpose of the game.

"Short whist or long? You'll play of course, Rokeby, and we shall want another lady. Will you take a hand, Miss Kate?" but Kate was much too irritated, and shook her head in a frigid but conclusive manner.

"Of course not," said the old lady merrily; "she prefers 'matrimony,' don't you, dear? And I'm sure you must have held the ace, for your good gentleman is the picture of a young man who lived at Camberwell, and paid me great attention; but I was going to be married to poor John, and he went out to India and died of the cholera morbus in less than a year, and never got over it when I refused him."

Charles Dickens.

The crowd is gone, and stillness creeps o'er yon majestic pile
Where with the great of old he sleeps in the dim and solemn aisle.
But late beside his bed of stone a mourning nation trod,
His spirit now is left alone to silence and to God.
He taught that God is everywhere, though often hid from sight,
That love, though found on earth so rare, is still its only light.
He taught how weakness may be strong, and innocence prevail,
How right must ever conquer wrong, and all injustice fail.
His hope was high, his thoughts were pure, and full of kindly mirth,
For social wrong he taught the cure, "Good will, and peace on earth."
He spent his life in doing good, he felt for human woe,
He knit the cords of brotherhood, and joined the rich and low.
Amid the battle of the creeds, he held a simple faith,
A faith that burned in Christian deeds, and felt that doubt was death.
May England boast in heroes still, of heroes these the best,
Who living cleanse the world from ill, and dying win their rest.

W. J. J. N.

July, 1870.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Canoeing in South Africa.

THE *Zephyr* having now proved herself to be in every way a success, it may be interesting to give an account of her and of some of her doings, showing how one may make and paddle one's own canoe in South Africa.

I had made plans and models of various sorts of canoes before deciding on the present one, in the designing of which I gained some useful hints from the book on Canoeing by W. Baden-Powell.

Her length is 13 ft. ; greatest beam (6 in. above bottom) 2 ft. 4 in. ; depth to ground at bow, 1 ft. 5 in. ; at top of combing (amidships), 1 ft. ; at stern, 1 ft. 3 in. ; height of combing, 1 in. to 1½ in. ; hatchway, 3 ft. 6 in. long by 1 ft. 8 in. broad, with circular ends.

The main-mast is stepped in a bamboo tube 4 ft. from the bow, and the mizzen is similarly stepped 3 feet from the stern. There are no water-tight compartments, but inflated bladders are stowed fore and aft instead, which plan appears to be a good one, for several reasons. The stowage room can be increased at will—thus for a cruise down a river fewer bladders would be inflated than for a sail on a rough day on the sea ; every part of the canoe can be got at in the event of repairs being necessary ; no possible amount of injury can make her sink. The floor-board consists of a thin piece of mahogany 3 ft. 9 in. long by 1 ft. 3 in. wide, strengthened beneath by cross battens, “scribed” to fit the ribs ; and as the four corners are tied down to the ribs, a most secure receptacle is formed beneath for stowing about thirty pounds of sand ballast in bags when sailing. The sand being placed so low, the total weight required is less than would be the case if water were employed.

The materials of which she is constructed are ash and a strong water-proof cloth, made of two thicknesses of fine canvas having a layer of India-rubber between them. The ends are solid blocks of ash turned to shape, with rebates on the tail ends, to which the ash rods running fore and aft are screwed. There are twelve ribs, each consisting of a single stout rod of ash, which, after having been notched, steeped in water for two or three days, and then steamed for six hours, was bent to shape against a mould formed by blocks screwed on to a table, all the sections having, of course, been drawn out full

sized previously. The ribs for the centre portion were strengthened by vertical pieces of bamboo screwed to them, so that on each side of the canoe runs a row of bamboo uprights, which is ornamental, and also proves useful in keeping stores in position. Beyond the stepping for the masts the ribs are strengthened by one piece only, screwed from top to bottom along the centre. Fourteen ash rods run fore and aft over the ribs, being fastened to them by brass wire, and further secured at intervals by brass screws. Handles for rakes, brooms, &c., were obtained at ironmongers' shops from 6 ft. to 8 ft. long, sawn lengthwise down the middle and then planed to requisite dimensions; and the rods so obtained were generally straight in the grain, which was a *sine quâ non*, for the ribs especially. The water-proof sheeting must be varnished on both sides, in order to render the canvas non-absorbent. But the varnish must be put on and allowed to dry in very thin coats; otherwise it will sink into the material and render the India-rubber plastic, whereby the toughness of the cloth is impaired. The sheeting was stretched tightly over the bottom and fixed by copper tacks to the rods forming the gunwale, a piece being cut out at each end for about two feet along the keel, and the edges firmly sewn with waxed thread: this was necessary to make it fit. Another piece was then drawn over the top and down to the rods immediately below the gunwale, so as to overlap the first piece, and as a solution of India-rubber was placed between the two and the edges were secured by copper tacks close together and clinched on the inside, a perfect joint was formed. A strong ash combing was then screwed in position, and the sheeting brought up on the inside of it and tacked. Another piece was now stretched and tacked from end to end along the bottom, in order to give double thickness at this part, and to cover the stitched portions. The hatchway was next hung round with red enamelled leather, narrow lines of red paint carried along the joints; and then my scoffing friends and acquaintances were invited to behold my handicraft and to view the launch, which took place in Table Bay. An unanimous verdict of approval was the result. Her lines appeared perfect, the covering fitted like a board, and she looked a beauty; while she proved as good as she looked on the second day that I tried her, when I started against a strong wind and sea to paddle round to the Docks, about a mile off. The steps of the jetty from which I started only ran down to within three feet of the water's edge, and there was a nasty wash along the face of the jetty; however, two men let her down by her head and stern ropes after a wave had passed, and I jumped in and was ready with the paddle before the next came. Straight up we went and came down with a smack on the other side of the wave, while a roar from the boatmen and populace greeted the performance. The next wave was similarly taken, and another roar was the result; after which having got way on the canoe, we went up and down the waves most comfortably, the hatch cover (also of ash and waterproof sheeting) proving all that could be desired.

"Now," I said, "I'll do the Berg River."

Instantly everyone stated anew the impossibilities that would be encountered in so hazardous an attempt.

"Have you any idea of the roaring flood at this time of year?"

"How do you propose getting through the trees and bushes? There are places where you couldn't cut your way through in a week."

"And how about the rocks?"

Then the great authority on the subject looks at me half pityingly and says, "My good fellow, do you know what palmiet is? Are you aware that a dog can hardly work through it?—that the whole bed of the river is choked with it for miles?—that you will be rushed into it and be unable to get out of it?"

To this I replied that having knocked about on the Eastern frontier for three years, I was pretty well acquainted with the awkward appearance that South African rivers presented at flood times, but that my acquaintance with the palmiet had yet to be formed.

On the afternoon of the 25th June, 1872, I bundled one hundred and one things into the canoe, and not having a moment to spare in order to catch the last train, I doubled off to the station, while two trusty grooms bowled the *Zephyr* merrily on her wheels after me.

"Guard, stop the train for half a minute."

"Can't do it, sir."

"Station-master, can you let the train stop a quarter of a minute?"

"Impossible."

"It's a matter of life and death: my canoe will be here in two seconds."

This statement appeared almost to knock the gentleman with the tall hat off his legs; and as at the same time a commotion might be seen at the other end of the platform, it was not long before I had the satisfaction of hearing "Canoe for Wellington," and in another minute we were off. It appeared that exclusive of the canoe, whose weight is 60 lb., the weight of stores, &c., was 70 lb. This was a very heavy load indeed, and made up by gun with sixty cartridges and spare powder and shot, recapping apparatus, &c., etna, kettle, lantern, food, drink, extensive wardrobe, books, masts and sails, wheels, enamelled metal plates, &c., &c.

The wheels are turned solid, so as to act as lee-boards if required; are one foot in diameter, copper bushed and working on copper axles; the axle-tree is of rather peculiar construction, and the arrangement works well.

Having arrived at Wellington, about sixty miles from Cape Town, the canoe was left at the station, while I went on to the inn, where my first care was to inquire for a tailor, as I had with me a pile of Mackintosh, which I had snatched at the last moment from a certain tailor who had failed to convert it into a cape and skirt. As it was the rainy season, and had been pouring for days prior to my start, the prospect of having no protection against the weather was not

pleasant, so a small black boy with a lantern proceeded to pilot me across the "flat." I soon found that this "flat" had many mounds and hollows filled with water; so after a time, fixing a piercing gaze on my guide, which was lost upon him owing to the darkness, I said, "Boy, plunging into these puddles varies the monotony of our evening stroll; you have lost the track."

The boy held the light low down, as if he was looking for a sixpence, but as he was in the middle of a small pond, he was forced to admit that he certainly had lost the track; however, on being told to go straight in the direction in which the cottage ought to be, he soon brought me there, and I found a German who couldn't understand English, but whom I understood to say (pointing to enough garments to keep him going for a week) that he had to finish all these for his employer that night; whereupon I retired, and, after supper, set to work tailoring in the most dauntless style at my cape.

The cape has no sleeves, but arm-holes covered with flaps, so that when not engaged in paddling the arms may be inside: it would be used to close the hatchway in rainy weather or heavy seas; while the skirt being detached from it would only be worn on shore, being tied round the body and buttoned down the front: it serves to tent over the canoe at night, and to roll stores in when travelling; its size is 5 ft. 9 in. by 3 ft. 6 in.

The following morning up very early and into the village, rapping at the doors until a shop is opened, and I am soon arrayed in a pair of new, cheap, unwashed, so-called "cords," my second pair of trowsers having been forgotten in the hurry of the start. I learnt something about that sort of article: water had a most peculiar effect upon them, and until washed and mangled, their condition was a source of grief to me. Then the buttons used to fly off in an alarming manner, giving my needle plenty of occupation at first. But this is *par parenthese*, and it is time to get back to the station, on the platform of which my stores were laid out; and a feeling akin to stupefaction overcame me as I gazed on my small vessel, and then on all that terrible array of thoroughly necessary articles which must be stowed away and yet leave room for my—well, certainly not very gigantic body—"very little" it would perhaps be called by people with no eye for size. The bystanders gave me to understand that I might save myself the trouble of attempting to solve the difficulty, for it wasn't possible; however, eventually everything fitted in beautifully, although inflated bladders representing 130 lb. of buoyancy were retained.

The canoe was now trundled on her wheels about one-third of a mile, over very wet ground, and launched into the river at 9 a.m.

In summer the river can hardly be said to exist, but after the late heavy rains it was full, and so even here the body of water was great and the current generally very strong. There were many deep

reaches, perhaps eighty yards wide, where the current was of course slow ; but then again the water would rush along at almost too much of a rate in other parts.

The weather was perfectly calm and lovely, and the river scenes were delicious—the trees and bushes in the river and on each side of it with their leaves—reds, browns, and yellows—the banks with the dark green scrub and patches of emerald green grass—the background of bold mountains with their varied effects—everything reflected perfectly in the calm water of the long reaches. Yes, for the first six days I was continually wishing to stop and sketch, but the distances were too great to admit of much delaying when I had once commenced the day's work. Some of the twilight effects were especially lovely ; and, altogether, I was agreeably surprised to find that, seen as I saw it, the Berg River scenery was a treat in its way.

That first day I paddled away hard, went down some heavy rapids, was carried against sundry trees, and came to the conclusion that I had something very good between me and the river. Once the whole bed appeared full of trees, through which the torrent was hissing in a sufficiently unpleasant manner : here the paddle had to be laid aside and the hands used to force a way through and to prevent an accident. Then a tributary was reached which I fancied was Koopman's River, where should be an hotel, so I paddled upstream a mile, landed on the slimy bank, went to a house, found I was wrong, went back again, nearly sunset, paddled away as hard as ever, sighted a large farm-house (Vleesbank), and seeing people running down to have a look at me I landed, and we began to talk. Then I felt quite done, and was very glad to accept the hospitable invitation to stay the night, while directly I could get at my stores I drank off about three wine-glassfuls of brandy like so much water, although quite unaccustomed to spirits. The fact was, that I had had the paddle in my hands about eight hours, had breakfasted very early, and had not given myself time to fill my bread-basket during the day, which is a mistake I never made again, for the work on the muscles of that region of the body is considerable, and a full stomach is far better than an empty one. The river had wound about very much. For half an hour the sun would be in one's face, and for the next half-hour on one's back. Then, again, some time was wasted in having to turn back once or twice in order to find a practicable channel through the islands, so that by road I had only got twelve miles from the starting-point.

At Vleesbank is a ferry across the river, worked by the owner of the farm, who also derives a certain amount of income by getting the flocks of sheep from one bank to the other. This is done by his starting two or three trained goats (or bucks, as they are called) into the water, having previously ferried them across from the opposite bank, if necessary, when the sheep generally follow. I saw a flock of more than 1,000 sheep on the opposite side, and the goats were swum across three times without the sheep being induced to follow—

so the attempt was given up. This appeared "hard lines" for the owner of the goats, as he only receives so much per 100 of sheep brought over.

2nd Day.—To Koopman's River from here is about five miles by land, and the river winds much, but I did the distance in one hour and twenty-five minutes, including the time occupied in a swim, which was a short one, the water being bitterly cold.

Having landed, I had the canoe wheeled to the hotel, and then wanted to get it carted to a great vley—Vogel Vlei (about three or four miles long by one wide) lying some four miles off at the foot of the mountains. Unfortunately, a cart couldn't be obtained that day; so I started to walk there with my gun, and found any amount of duck on the water and flamingoes flying overhead; but without a boat I could do nothing.

3rd Day.—Next morning, wheeled the canoe to Koopman's River, being nearer than the other, and started at 8 a.m. for a day of considerable adventures—having by this time got my waterproof cape and skirt into something like a serviceable condition.

I now began to become better acquainted with the palmiet; and was sorry for it. It grows up with a straight root as thick as one's arm to some height above the ground, and has a head something like a small aloe. As the roots do not interlace the plants do not support one another, nor render the mud between them solid, when there is mud. One can't swim in it, can't walk through it in most places, nor can a canoe push her nose more than a foot into it, while in flood time the water and palmiet together manage to provide varieties and combinations of difficulties that would satisfy the greatest glutton. The river rushes into it, sinks in it, leaving, possibly, but one channel, down which the canoe flies. Suddenly out pours another torrent from the palmiet, striking the canoe full at right angles, and tending to roll her over, while the next instant she is caught in, perhaps, an irresistible whirlpool, when the only plan is to let her spin round once, and then with a strong stroke to come into the stream again. This may split up into smaller channels, and the one followed may sink out of sight, so that every muscle must be strained in order to get back again; or possibly the canoe must be dragged up the edge of palmiet by hauling on the leaves.

In trying to stem these whirlpools at first I more than once nearly upset the canoe, and should have succeeded in so doing if she had not been un-up-setable, owing to her wonderfully good bottom (it is very flat), and perhaps to the fact that she had no keel. At one nasty place, in particular, I shipped the only water (beyond a tea-cupful on two other occasions) that I did during the trip, for I always had the hatch cover on, a portion of it being, however, generally thrown back. I had come down a long reach with my gun between my knees, being on the look-out for duck, of which great numbers would get up from time to time out of the bushes in the

water, and I had noticed the palmiet stretching across the end of the reach, but had thought little of it till I found myself opposite the only open channel left—very narrow, hardly five yards wide, with a bank of water heaped up at its mouth. I jammed the gun below, tried to make the hatch cover tight, seized the paddle, and was shot through the opening. I backed hard, for down in front was the top of a tree and a bank of palmiet, on to which the rush of water carried the canoe in a second, lodging her on the tree broadside to the torrent, which came pounding down on us. Down the gunwale was sucked, and a great lump of water poured into the open space.

We righted for a second, and then down we were sucked again, worse than before, the water pouring right over. We ought to have upset, but we didn't, although I feared we must go under in another minute. However, having clutched hold of the branches under the other side, and the current assisting, I dragged her over without the water coming in at my back, which appeared inevitable as the bow lifted over the tree and the stern was consequently depressed. We were now in the channel, rushing at right angles to its original course, and the paddle being useless and the canoe heavy with water, I lay down as low as possible, and was dashed on to a bank of palmiet, where the channel again abruptly changed its course. I seized hold of the plants for an instant to steady the canoe and prevent her being rolled over, and then letting go, away we were swung to the opposite side, after which, seeing a chance, I went to work with the paddle and soon succeeded in reaching a quiet spot, where I baled out some 60 lb. of water, and inspected stores, which, being guarded in waterproof bags, were not damaged, although my wardrobe generally was a little damp.

Under similar conditions I would never face that place again; for had we been swamped, the canoe, bladders and all, would most probably have been sucked under the branches; and although I have swum long distances with my clothes either on me or in a bundle on my head, I think it possible that swimming might have proved useless here.

Not long afterwards I came to a rapid, where, as had more than once before occurred, the channel between the rocks led directly on to and through the top of a tree. Here was no additional complication in the way of palmiet, and on one side of the opening of the channel was a dam of driftwood, partly exposed above the water. So instantly deciding to charge this, and putting on full speed, we ground through and down the drop on the far side in the most approved style.

So much for the objection so often urged, "Oh, but my good fellow, in the very first mile you will drive on to some rock, snag, or tree; and the unpleasant result will be a large hole in the canoe."

The tree most common was a species of acacia; but small as most of the trees were, they nevertheless frequently proved awkward in

places where the current was running strong : however, if the bow of the canoe cleared them, it mattered little how heavily the rest of her swung on to them.

Later on, down a wide rapid, we stuck hard and fast, and I had to jump out ; and the sun having just set, I landed immediately afterwards and prepared to camp out. Some cottages were near, and a man having assisted me in lifting the canoe up an almost perpendicular bank some fourteen feet high, there was soon a fire lit, part of my day's sport plucked, Liebig's soup preparing, and the hatchway of the canoe tented over in a highly scientific manner by means of the waterproof skirt. Having supped, I retired into the canoe, and the lantern being lit, settled myself to read, while a party of Dutchmen took it by turns to come and peer down the tent at the extraordinary animal inside, with the red woollen cap drawn down over its ears. They wouldn't understand me and I couldn't understand them ; so we made a variety of grimaces at one another instead. After they had retired, the dogs remained to bark at us in every sort of key. I then went to sleep comfortably on air cushions, with my legs stowed in the bow and my head at the other end of the hatchway, the floor-board having been previously taken out and made use of as a supper-table.

Awoke at 3 a.m., feeling very cold about the feet ; lit my lantern and put it inside the canoe to warm me, whereupon the dogs came down by detachments and yelled at us,—by "us" I mean light, canoe, and me.

4th Day.—Up long before daylight make toilet, breakfast, wash up, pack, and off. After one and a half-hour's paddle the roaring of a rapid was heard, and in another half hour the rapid was before me, and the descent half accomplished when the prospect in front appeared by no means pleasant ; so being able to land by the aid of a back eddy I proceeded to reconnoitre.

Looking at the difficulty in cold blood was by no means re-assuring, for on this side the flood boiled over a pile of rocks ploughing up such a wave at the bottom as I had never before seen in a river, and on the opposite side the main current swept under overhanging trees, so that but a narrow space was left that appeared practicable. To reach this, some nicety of judgment was required, as cross currents were formed by an island just above, and the rush of waters was heavy. Having settled it must be done, and being once more seated in the canoe, the feeling of anxiety gave way to one of confidence, and striking diagonally across stream, I hit the exact spot, went bounding down over the waves, took a turn in the whirlpool below and then shot into calm water. In a short time a large farm-house (Bridgetown) was sighted, and I stopped in order to improve my personal appearance by means of a swim and toilet No. 2 after which I landed and made the acquaintance of some charming people, with whom I stayed the day, did a little shooting in the evening, and started next morning on my way, with my linen and clothing

department in a satisfactory state : the wretched "cords" had been mangled.

5th Day.—This morning I reached in three and a quarter hours the fine iron girder bridge over the river near Piquetberg, which was fast travelling, considering the great windings of the river and the time wasted in shooting ; but I found that where the current was running strong I could shake off men and boys running along the banks. The distance by road was twelve miles.

In this part the river was sometimes studded with clay-slate rocks, sticking up with their knife edges at sharp angles—so sharp were they that on jumping ashore barefooted in order to shoot pheasants a piece was cut clean off the side of my foot, rendering the wearing of a boot painful for long afterwards. Here, confident in the invulnerability of the *Zephyr*, I came merrily down a long rapid, although the sun had so dazzling an effect that indications of sunken rocks could not be perceived, and the result was that we struck once very heavily, so that a cutting could be felt going on below as we drove over.

Had the canoe been of wood she must, I fancy, have been split open ; as it was, I afterwards found a clean cut eighteen inches long down the line of keel where the covering could not yield. This cut, however, did not extend through the India-rubber of the outer sheeting even, so that not even this had been perforated. At the bridge I made a halt and lunched at the little inn, and then did three and a quarter hours' paddle further, when, seeing a wooded spot with plenty of dead wood lying about, I set to work to unpack the canoe and drag her up the muddy bank, over some fallen trees, into a sheltered spot amongst some fair-sized timber. This was a thoroughly solitary spot, and it was dark before there was a grand fire roaring, and the traditional soup and bird preparing for supper,—which supper, by the way, was most palatable. After a fresh supply of water had been brought up from the river and another stew prepared for breakfast, so as only to require warming in the morning, I proceeded to put on three pairs of thick woollen socks, an extra pair of trowsers, thick coat and pea jacket—in fact, nearly all my wardrobe—in the hope of keeping warm ; which I did till the early morning, when the frost got at my feet again, causing me to leave my sleeping apartment long before dawn, light a fire, and set to work for another start.

6th Day.—This was Sunday ; so, having shot a brace of pheasants ("francolins," properly called) early in the day for necessary food, I put the gun up in its water-proof case, and spent a pleasant uneventful day paddling on till nearly sunset, when I was hospitably taken in at a farm-house lying about half a mile off the river. Here I ate for the first time a very fair substitute for butter in the shape of fat obtained from the tail of the fat-tailed sheep, which, after being boiled down, becomes soft and white.

That evening I had been much amused at the eagerness displayed by the inhabitants of a farm-house to view the apparition on the river. They kept on tumbling out of the house, farm buildings, and

cottages like ants ; for all the Dutchmen down the Berg River have at least thirteen sons and daughters, with grandfathers and grandmothers in proportion, besides numerous other relatives, and all shades and varieties of coloured servants, more or less adorned with clothes. Seeing a very ancient grandpapa on two sticks stumping down the hill, I rested—with my customary reverence for old age—in order that his desire to see what was to be seen might be gratified ; and that old gentleman could be viewed for some time afterwards pegging away along the rough bank, in amongst the bushes, at the tail end of a string of Sunday-best petticoats, coats, jackets, hats, caps, and shawls.

The following and 7th day I reached in five hours Melck's farm, which is a fine large place with a great horse-breeding establishment ; and the following day the whole family accompanied me some distance down the river in a first-rate four-oared boat. The river was now winding in a flat country, the banks were low and fringed with high rushes, and for some distance back no difficulties had been encountered. In consequence of the uninterrupted fine weather of the last eight days, the waters had subsided, so that the flat country on either bank was not flooded and the interminable windings of the river had therefore to be followed.

Here the last hippopotamus within some hundreds of miles had been killed by Melck just in front of his house, about two years ago. The brute had just torn to pieces a black servant who was bathing, when a bullet from Melck's gun struck him behind the ear, and he didn't require a second one.

This day (*the 8th*) was also an easy one, as I only paddled four and a half hours, exclusive of stoppages ; and having reached a trading station, I put the *Zephyr* in a boat-house, and asked how far it was back to Kotzé's farm. Some told me it was one and a half hour's walk, which was not comforting, for the sun was setting ; and though the house was then just visible across the flat, it would soon be dark and the track might prove difficult to keep in. I thought the best plan was to take a bee-line ; so shouldering my gun and little bag and my trowsers being tucked up and boots slung over my shoulder I started off at a double through two vleys, where duck and coots were getting up on all sides, and where the water, by the way, reaching half way up my thighs, rendered the tucking-up of trowsers a work of no avail. I reached the house in about half an hour, which was the time we took to do the distance back in a cart next morning.

At this farm I was received most hospitably, as I was on every other occasion, and should have liked much to stay a day or two and do some shooting. I was unfortunate in missing the pig-shooting both at this and the last farm, for at both places they had gone out and killed the week's food the day before my arrival. The common domestic pig, not the ugly-looking Boschvark of the Frontier, is here allowed to run wild, and in the winter is hunted on horse-back with dogs and shot with the bullet. The riding is by no means

plain sailing, as the pig sticks to the flats along the river, where the water, mud, holes, and bulrushes prove rather nasty now and then. The fat pigs only are killed, and the young boars have to be caught and turned loose again. The flesh of the barrow pigs and fat sows only is eaten. The animals are thoroughly wild and fierce, have great tusks and grow to a large size.

Next day (9th) I was in the river soon after 11 a.m. ; but shortly after, in making a violent effort to turn the canoe in order to bag a wounded duck I snap the paddle in half at the ferule, where the wood was weakened by a rivet ; however, in half an hour it was serviceable again.

I hardly think much is gained by having the paddle in two pieces, even taking the power of feathering into consideration ; so have had it permanently spliced, making it 7 ft. 6 in. long.

Near the mouth the wind was strong and the ripple heavy ; but as there were flocks of all kinds of duck, geese, flamingoes, &c., and as pelican were to be seen, I couldn't lay aside the gun ; so merely set the little mizzen in the place of the main sail, and paddling away at the same time, went along merrily. That afternoon I bagged three duck, all of different sorts. Without a dog to retrieve, it was impossible to get a bird if it once got into the rushes or bushes, and so I had lost more than I bagged higher up the river ; but down at the mouth the rushes ceased. At sunset I was kindly taken in by a merchant residing at the mouth, with whom I stayed that and the following night.

While here, I did a highly successful bit of stalking. I had been pointed out a spit of land on the opposite side of the river where a sort of tame wild goose was always to be seen. I said, "I will go and slay him ;" so paddling across, I landed, and soon saw a goose, which I commenced stalking most satisfactorily, lying still when he lifted his head and crawling on when he recommenced dabbling. When within about forty yards, a creek stopped my onward crawl, so the goose was deliberately potted, and my successful shot was greeted by a shout from some boats going down the river. On reaching the prey I was delighted to find a wondrous heavy bird—but unlike other wild geese. I said to myself, "My fine sportsman, you have certainly seen all sorts of wild duck, some very much like the tame ones, but this bird—it undoubtedly is a very tame sort of wild goose, or wild sort of tame goose, or whatever else they call it." However, I paddled across in triumph, noticed that the above-mentioned boats appeared putting back in a great hurry, handed the fine bird to the old house-keeper, who never, good soul, allowed a muscle of her face to change, and then flew up the river after more wild fowl,—amongst which, by the way, I could do very little, having only partridge shot left.

Immediately after my departure, the party from the boats ran up to the house and claimed their mother's favourite and fattest goose.

I had shot the wrong goose !

The sons were, however, delighted at the prospect of a feast, and instantly invested largely in sundry good things in order that the rest of the repast might be in keeping.

On the afternoon of the 5th of July, myself and canoe were on board a coaster in St. Helena Bay and with a fair wind out, started for Cape Town; but after a few hours the wind died away, and we lay and rolled in a manner that did not quite suit my internal arrangements. In consequence of calms, we were three days and three nights at sea, and I finally left the vessel at sea and paddled in about seven and a half miles to the Castle-jetty, where I landed. I did not, however, impose upon my friends and the public generally by giving them to understand that the whole distance had been done in the same style.

It was curious to notice the boldness of the huge birds (albatross and mollymawks) up to which I paddled after leaving the vessel. They would sit and stare me in the face until the bow of the canoe nearly touched them, when they would flap past me within reach of the paddle. After all this severe knocking about, the *Zephyr* came back *absolutely* watertight, which state of things would have been almost if not *quite impossible* with ordinarily constructed canoes. She had proved wonderfully steady—so much so that I could use the paddle when standing in her, even when there were no stores or ballast on board to steady her, or jump overboard and get in at either end with the greatest ease. For shooting she was very good, and the great width of the hatchway proved most convenient for the quick handling of the gun. Her strength is so great that when on the ground one may stand or sit on any part, although such tests are scarcely desirable; however, they have been imposed on more than one occasion. Once when stuck in bushes I walked on top of the deck to the very end of the bow.

I have since fitted a permanent shallow but strong keel along eight feet of her length; this covers the cut above mentioned, serves to give extra strength and protection, and further permits of a deeper keel being temporarily fitted to it for sailing purposes, which can be put on and off in two minutes. She then steers well, requires no leeboard, and becomes a good sailing-boat, in which capacity she will in future be chiefly used. When the mainsail is brailled up, the height from deck to top of spreet is 9 ft. 3 in. She is fast and steady, and sails so close to the wind that every one (myself included) is astonished at her sailing powers. She requires slightly to be kept off the wind, and in a light wind, if the paddle be left in the crutch, she will keep herself "full and bye" as well as any one else could do; and thus one has both hands available for anything that may be required. This part of the ocean has by no means a good reputation, but hitherto we have got on very well; and if the *Zephyr* could get a companion, we would certainly go to Cape Point—or try to do it at all events.

The distance by river from Wellington to St. Helena Bay is, I should think, about 230 miles; and no part of the course was shirked

except on one occasion when by a portage of 150 yards near the mouth, I saved, so they told me, from one to two hours' paddle.

The whole distance might be done in six days by a man in good training, who did not care about stopping on the way. For instance, had I started rather earlier and not gone up the wrong river, I should have reached Koopman's River the first night; the third night would see me at the spot of my second camping-out; and the last three days' work could most easily have been done in two days. With the exception of the first day, when the stomach, not the muscles, was at fault, I felt just as fit at the end as at the beginning of the day.

Unfortunately, there would not be nearly water enough in the summer to admit of doing the trip without long portages to avoid palmiet and bushes; and the days in the winter are unpleasantly short and nights cold, so that canoeing in the Western Province would appear to have more drawbacks than in the Eastern, where the rainy season is in the summer.

The first night the *Zephyr* slept in a railway truck, the second on a stoep, the third in a bed-room, the fourth in the veldt, the fifth in a bed-room, the sixth amongst trees, the seventh in a vley, the eighth on the river, the ninth in a boat-house, the tenth and eleventh in a store-house, the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth on board ship, and the fifteenth in her old quarters in the Castle. Here she is slung up by means of pulleys to the underside of a balcony with the carriage attached, so that she can be quickly wheeled down to the beach or jetty, which is distant about a quarter of a mile.

The amount paid for materials, including those for water-proof coat, fittings, &c., was £10; while, in consequence of most of the work having been done by myself—aided materially by a gentleman who kindly gave assistance from time to time—the amount for labour was only £2 10s., and this almost entirely for making the paddle, wheels, masts, sails, &c.

R. E.

Cape Town, 15th July, 1872.

Life in Australia.

BY ANOTHER LADY.

PART III.—TASMANIA.

A GREAT many people from the neighbouring Colonies visit Tasmania in the summer, to avoid the intense heat of their own climate at that season. Victoria sends pale faces and disturbed nerves; Adelaide and Queensland send pale faces and disturbed livers. Some-

times professional people get worn out, and are glad to run over for a few weeks to recruit their health, and by this means the inhabitants occasionally see the best talent.

Last year an English opera company visited them and performed many of the principal operas. One evening, the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" was announced to be performed for the first time in the Colony, and as every one has heard so much about it, the house was crowded to excess. Scarcely a gentleman had a seat. They stood all along the corridors, or wherever standing room could be found. The ladies, in gay evening costume, many of them wearing natural flowers and ferns, sitting close together in the boxes, gave the theatre a pretty appearance, particularly as nearly every one held a bouquet of summer flowers (roses, &c.), the colours of which came out more vividly on account of the wall of black coats behind.

The manager was delighted, thinking he had made a capital hit, and announced the same opera for the following evening. Meanwhile, the music and the dialogue proceeded; the people looked curiously at one another and smiled. Then some one said, "How do you like it?" To which some one else replied, "The music is pretty—but——." Presently the Prima Donna, who was performing in Hobart Town for the first time in an Opera Buffa, which affords great latitude, gave a loud "Co-o-ee," thinking to please the Australian taste. This was too much,—the people shook their heads; and although they threw their bouquets on to the stage at the close of the performance, when they had no further use for them, they declined to see the opera again, on the ground of propriety. It had been performed with success all over Europe, but did not suit the Tasmanians; and the theatre, on the second representation, was literally empty.

The Tasmanian ladies are, as a rule, tall, with clear complexions like the Plymouth girls; and they appear to have luxuriant hair. The writer of this paper had occasion to visit a hair-dresser's shop in Elizabeth-street last January, and seeing some wooden blocks standing about with hair on them, remarked "that now the Opera Company was in town, trade must be brisk in hair, because the ladies wore so much in the evening." The man replied sulkily, "No, indeed, it is not; two or three operatic wigs to curl now and then is all the difference we feel. Our ladies don't encourage trade at all, except for a few frizettes. Give *me* the Melbourne ladies. Why, one of them will walk into your shop, and order all her hair to be cut off within an inch of her head; then she will have ten pounds worth dressed on in the latest fashion, and walk out to do The Block, looking beautiful."

There are a great many excursions from Hobart Town during the summer, to different islands and bays not too far off for one day's trip. There is generally a regatta going on at the place to which the steamer is bound; but in any case, the charge is generally five shillings each, and they bring you home in the evening, after spending the whole day on the water, fishing, or otherwise amusing yourself.

Adventure Bay, Bruné Island, is one of the spots resorted to on these occasions.

This is the place where Captain Cook landed, and finding no animals except kangaroos, in the benevolence of his heart he returned to his ship and brought two fine English pigs on shore, hoping they would be allowed to run unmolested in the bush. Unfortunately, as soon as he sailed away, the natives came out, and saw these animals, which they supposed were ugly kangaroos, in some monster form, not fit to live; so they ran after the poor things with sticks and staves, and beat them until they were dead.

In January last, the gentlemen of Hobart Town subscribed amongst themselves, and gave all the visitors who were there at the time free tickets to join a pleasure excursion to Adventure Bay. About four hundred people went. An extract from Captain Cook's diary, relating the incident about the pigs, was printed on the reverse side of the tickets. Amongst the visitors who joined this party was the Hon. J. O'Shanassy, the former Premier of Victoria, who, just before the steamer reached the port in returning, ascended the bridge, and offered the thanks of the visitors to the Tasmanians for this "pleasant day," adding some complimentary remarks about "rivers teeming with fish," and "forests of gigantic timber," &c.

To this a Tasmanian gentleman replied in a very cordial speech, saying, "This is not the first time we have shaken hands with our friends over the water, nor will it be the last; but I do not think it is kind to remind us of our '*gigantic forests*' now, when they have just put a prohibition duty on our timber, and upon our fruit, and everything we have to dispose of. There was a time when Victoria was not so independent,—a time when she did not grow an apple or potato, but was thankful to give us twenty-five pounds a ton for Brown's River potatoes, and now, forsooth, she grows them herself for two pounds per ton, and won't have ours at any price. One commodity, however, she is glad to purchase from us largely, that is, the health-giving breezes of our glorious climate, to which she is a thousand times welcome at any price, on the broadest of Free Trade principles." By this time the band on board was playing "Auld Lang Syne," and finished with "God Save the Queen" as the vessel entered the harbour.

Another favourite excursion is by steamer to New Norfolk. Sailing up the River Derwent, Government-house is passed on the right bank, occupying a most picturesque position in the midst of a domain sloping down to the water in two directions, and having the usual Tasmanian background of mountain and forest. It is said to be the handsomest Government-house in all the Australian Colonies, but a little too expensive to keep up.

There are several points of interest on proceeding up the river. On the left bank is Mount Direction, which marks the spot near which the first British settlement was formed by Capt. Bowen, R.N., in 1803.

It was mid-winter when he came there, and being weary and storm-tossed on those boisterous seas, he landed near Mount Direction, where he and his party had to undergo much privation and fatigue in making the necessary surveys in the dense inaccessible forests. When he found a suitable spot for a settlement, he feelingly called it Rest Down, which in time became "Risdon," and remains so.

In passing Risdon, the Tasmanians (some of whom feel acutely the wrongs which the aborigines suffered at one time) relate to strangers the pitiful story of the first quarrel with the natives one day while Governor Bowen was absent on an exploring tour. A little hut had been built for a gardener, near which a man named White was hoeing the ground, when he observed a large body of natives descending the neighbouring heights in a semi-circle, driving kangaroos before them down into the valley, where they could be easily caught. They were unarmed, excepting the little waddies which they carried in their hands, while they sang a wild corroboree in the excitement of hunting. When the man who was hoeing saw these people, he was panic-stricken,—although, having women and children with them, he might have known that they meant no harm. However, he ran to the soldiers who were attached to the expedition and gave the alarm, upon which a hasty order was given to "fire" as soon as the natives were within reach of shot. The poor things did not know the use of fire-arms, and received the volley with extreme astonishment, wondering what it meant, until they saw their companions mown down like grass,—harmless *gins* and picaninnies too; then they fled in wild terror to the bush again, taking with them a deeply-rooted hatred for the white man, with whom they waged war for thirty years, without discrimination, spearing and plundering every one they could find.

Added to the growing animosity between the two races, there were escaped convicts scouring the bush, who committed great crimes among the natives, and sometimes joined them in their maraudings against the settlers. Old inhabitants tell terrible stories about the uncertainty of life and property in those times. At length, in 1830, Colonel Arthur conceived a merciful plan of delivering the Colony from this dreadful plague without the shedding of blood. For this purpose, there was a levy *en masse* made on the Colonists, and three thousand men were formed into a cordon across the island in order to drive certain tribes of natives before them on to Tasman's Peninsula, and there capture them alive. This cordon, after great preparations, began to move forward from the various points simultaneously on the 7th of October, and in due time reached the narrowest point at East Bay Neck, only half a mile wide, beyond which there could be no escape. But while this formidable line had been drawing closer and closer, the blacks had been slipping back through the dense bush all the time, so that when the peninsula was reached they found only one old woman, a sick man, and a child's garment. This expedition

cost thirty thousand pounds, and was a gigantic failure. After this, another agency, which was already quietly at work, was chiefly depended upon as the means of ameliorating the condition of the poor hunted savages, whose language was unknown, and who were becoming wilder and wilder, invariably fleeing at the sight of a white man (no matter how friendly he might be), to return by stealth and spear him and beat out the brains of his wife and children with their waddies. In 1829 His Excellency Governor Arthur, being much distressed and perplexed at the state of things, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the local newspapers "for a man of sound sense and good character, who felt an interest in ameliorating the condition of the aborigines, and who would effect an intercourse with them. Salary fifty pounds per annum, with rations."

A bricklayer in Hobart Town, named George Augustus Robinson, a Wesleyan Methodist and labourer in Sabbath schools, saw this advertisement, and went home to his wife with a deep conviction that he ought to answer it; but she was unwilling, because he was earning more than a pound a week at his trade, and they had children to maintain. However, in applying for the situation, he stipulated for a hundred a year, and was accepted; thus commencing an honourable career, which soon gave him the title of "Robinson the Conciliator;" and there is no subject more interesting to a stranger visiting Tasmania than this man's history and his singular connection with the natives.

Receiving half a year's salary in advance, which he left with his family, he marched on foot into the bush, with only a knapsack of bread on his back, but having faith in his God. In course of time he accomplished what a well-equipped army had failed to do; but he was very original in his plans, and it is curious to read the documents which he sent to head-quarters from time to time during his mission. There is great force of character in them, and peculiar orthography. It is supposed that some of his convict servants assisted him to write his despatches. In one which he sent in 1836 he stated that he had found it necessary to alter the names of the people, their long liquid native words were so unmanageable; and the list accompanying this document is very amusing.

Bonaparte	is Little Jacky,
Ajax	„ Moulchelargene,
Alfred	„ Little Billy,
Columbus	„ Lenerugin,
Constitution	„ Big Jackey,
Francis	„ Big Mary's Jennings,
Tippo Sahib	„ Jacky,
King George	„ Old Tom,
Nimrod	„ Kangaroo Billy,
Achilles	„ Rowlebanna,
Queen Adelaide	„ Governor's Lubra,

Queen Andromache	is Larrentong,
Queen Elizabeth	„ Big Bet,
Queen Charlotte	„ Big Teary,
Jemima	„ Cranky Poll,
Neptune	„ Tommy No-toes, &c., &c.

All that Robinson accomplished is a matter of history. The natives were so wild when he brought them in, that on one occasion when Governor Arthur ordered the band to play for their amusement, they screamed in terror and clung round the missionary for protection, and it was a long time before they could be induced to touch the drums to be convinced they were not alive. He remained among them long enough to see the success of many humanizing influences.

In the native schools, many of the youths understood a little of Scripture history, geography, and arithmetic, while the girls were taught knitting, sewing, &c., but they could not bear the confinement, and there was great mortality amongst them. When Robinson was removed to another sphere of labour they quickly went back to barbarism; and worse than that, the painful end soon overtook this doomed race.

In 1838 the "Conciliator" was employed in a similar capacity at Port Phillip, with a salary of five hundred a year, which he well earned; and after a useful life died at Bath in 1866.

In visiting the Houses of Parliament at Hobart Town last year, a gentleman in a black gown who showed us over the building drew our attention to some life-size portraits of aborigines painted in oil by Dutterean, which were hanging in the vestibule. "This," said he, "is Wooreddy; he was the husband of Truganina, who is now the only one left of her race, and she is very old. The last of the natives were brought in in 1835, and were kindly treated, being well clothed and fed; but somehow, the food did not seem to nourish them, and they took cold from living in houses, having always been accustomed to live in the open air. There were no children born amongst them after they were brought in from the bush. Many of them died from sheer sulks and fretting, and the drink hastened their extinction."

With many persons about Hobart Town there is a strong feeling regarding the original natives of the island, and one gentleman of enthusiastic feelings, has given his three daughters native names. Mathinna (*Beautiful Valley*), Mia Mia (*Shelter from the Wind*, as they call their huts), and Truganina (*Sea-weed*). But it is the opinion of many people, that the native inhabitants would have died out from natural causes, even if the white man had never visited the island; for they had destroyed nearly all the game of the country, which was their only food, and had made no provision for the future, so that there would soon have been nothing except a few shell-fish for their sustenance.

But while the steamer is proceeding up the river to New Norfolk, and strangers are greedily drinking in tales new to them concerning

places of interest which they are passing, the passengers are becoming hungry, and displaying the contents of numerous baskets that contain luncheon according to the taste of the motley group on board. One party has ham and turkey with champagne in cut glass, another has bacon sandwiches with gin-and-water drunk from the neck of the bottle. By this time the causeway at Bridgewater is reached, a great work which was executed by convict labour. The river is bridged by a solid road of earth and stones for three quarters of a mile across, which absorbed incredible hundreds of thousands of cartloads. A drawbridge is constructed to allow the vessels to pass, after which the scenery on the banks of the river becomes still more picturesque and Rhine-like as the steamer draws near to the village, and finally arrives at its destination below a terraced garden sloping down to the river, and which was at the time we saw it bright with summer flowers. Near to it there were several tents on the grassy banks and flags flying, being indications of the annual regatta which was held that day, and about which there had been a great deal of talk concerning a certain race to be contested by gentlemen amateurs. A champion crew from Hobart Town, who rowed scientifically, was entered for the race, which was not considered quite fair—the match being so unequal that the New Norfolk farmers' sons had no chance; so another crew from Hobart Town resolved to row, to prevent the first one walking over the course, leaving the country folks entirely out of all calculations. When the steamer bringing the spectators arrived, there was a pretty little blue boat lying at ease upon the water, with resting oars, having in it four farmers' sons dressed in gorgeous blue and silver—who rose and gave their Hobart Town rivals a welcoming cheer, after which they sat down and began to row about, to show off. In so doing, they exposed themselves to a severe criticism from the new arrivals, who pointed out to the bystanders all the faults of their rowing, which were evident enough, for no two oars touched the water at the same moment, and the blue and silver glistened at all angles.

In due time, the great race began amid breathless silence, after the starting gun was fired off, and a striking picture it made. At this part of the Derwent the river is narrow, dark, and deep, rolling smoothly down past high precipitous rocky cliffs, and fields of hops climbing up and up long poles, forming endless avenues of green. Very beautiful the champion boats appeared gliding swiftly on with feathered oars, speeding along like lightning; stroke for stroke, bend for bend of the men's forms, which were the very poetry of motion, keeping time with the duet of the two little cockswains, who sang at every stroke "bring her up," "walk her out," "show her off," &c. But, alas! there was a discordant sound that disturbed the admiration these boats called forth. A loud splashing in the water, and oars going at a tremendous rate, resembling the spokes of a mill-wheel, no two in the water at the same time; the blue and silver glistened in the sun again at all angles, but shot ahead, and reached the

winning post by many lengths, leaving Science behind. Physical force, combined with an accurate knowledge of the river currents, won the victory, and caused much merriment to the lookers-on, and even to the vanquished, some of whom were glad to get on board the steamer again, leaving part of their clothes behind.

By staying all night at the inn at New Norfolk, visitors can drive to the Salmon Ponds, and return by evening's coach to Hobart Town. The acclimatization process is most interesting. In a large garden planted with shrubs and flowers there is a hatching-house, through which streams of water are constantly running, divided into regular compartments by wire gauze; the first or top piece having a very fine mesh, the next a little larger, and so on, increasing in size until they reach the large basins, where the mesh is sufficiently wide to allow fish of a good size to escape into liberty. In watching the stream downwards, from the hatching house, young salmon and salmon trout in all stages of infant life are to be seen; and when you reach the ponds, the keeper throws pieces of boiled liver to show you how the fish will jump and swim for it. Close by this establishment runs the River Plenty, now famous for the English brown trout which has been thoroughly acclimatized there, and may be seen any hour of the day, splashing and jumping about, four and five pounds in weight. Anglers from Victoria troop over in the season to enjoy the sport.

The following lines on the acclimatization process are from the pen of Mr. G. C. Smith, of Melbourne, and are published in "Walsh's Guide Book :"—

THE SALMON PONDS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we've hook'd our fish.

By Jupiter of Ammon!

As sure as ever eggs are eggs,

We'll hatch colonial salmon.

And here's a health to every man

The credit rests upon;

The fellows who sent out the eggs,

And those who egged 'em on.

The Murray trout may swim about

With unmolested cod;

And Yarra herrings from that day

Need never fear the rod.

The sole may live with no sole fear,

The flounder flounder free;

The eel may feel secure in mud—

John Dory safe at sea;

When once o'er rich pink-meaty fish

Our hungry praise we utter,

And salmon see—colonial bred—

Swim in colonial butter.

The great event of the year in Tasmania is the annual regatta at Hobart Town, always held in the middle of summer, so as to

ensure fine weather. It is talked about for six months before it takes place, and heartily entered into by the whole community, who make no half-holiday of the occasion, but close all places of business and turn out *en masse*. What the Derby Day is to London, the great regatta is to Hobart Town.

This year, the 29th of January was fixed upon, and three representative crews were sent over from neighbouring colonies to contest the championship with the Tasmanians,—one from Geelong, who took their own boat-builder with them, so as to ensure the racing-boat being suitable for Tasmanian waters, one from the Sydney Club, and one from Paramatta.

The contest on this occasion terminated in favour of Sydney. To a stranger, the scene in the morning at ten o'clock is the most interesting part of the day's amusement, when the procession of boats leaves the harbour, accompanied by the Governor, who always inaugurates the sports of the day. All vessels which are entered for the races (there being every variety, from the timber and fishing-boats and yachts to the tiny canoes which a man can carry alone) are assembled near the harbour, and the whole attached to each other by a rope—the bow of one to the stern of the one preceding it, forming a long line extending about three quarters of a mile,—the last boat being the Governor's. The one next to his contains some officials, and the one before that has a band on board, which strikes up the National Anthem as soon as His Excellency takes his seat. At this moment a steam tug which is attached to the foremost boat moves slowly forward, drawing the flotilla after it; and as each boat has a couple of brilliantly-coloured flags fluttering in the wind, they assume the appearance of an interminable string of butterflies floating silently on the surface of the sunlit waters; and when the music is a little distance from the shore, it sounds like the hum of insects' wings, confirming the idea. Presently a turn is made around a headland or two, in order to reach the flag-ship, which lies at anchor some distance up the Derwent, and the long variegated line suggests the idea of a gigantic sea-serpent made of rainbow. Undulating gracefully, it makes the bends of the river with a wave-like motion; and as one watches it, and looks around at the crowds of people dressed in gay summer clothing, moving about on hills which command a view of the river, it appears more like a fairy scene, than the real business of a boat-race. This idea is dispelled when the flotilla reaches the starting point, and guns are fired for the commencement of the races. There are refreshment-booths erected in the Queen's Domain, and a Grand Stand, to which, at the conclusion of each race, the cockswain (generally a little fellow) is borne on men's shoulders to receive the prize, from some lady, according to previous arrangement, who gives it with complimentary remarks. There is great excitement over this ceremony and loud hurrahs.

Many people in Hobart Town keep tents to use on Regatta-day,

which they erect under the trees, and while they watch the races exchange visits with their friends, and partake of coffee or luncheon. The children swarm about on the grass, and get up little excitements by dipping into the sixpenny lucky-bags. Beyond this, there is no dissipation visible except a few parties which are generally given in honour of the competing crews from the other colonies, who are always received with much hospitality on these occasions.

For so young a Colony and so small an island, there are few places possessing so much history of a peculiar kind as Tasmania. Taking a day's drive in search of the picturesque, you invariably come upon some spot with a story attached to it. Either it is the spot to which Robinson brought the natives in such a year, or the scene of some hideous crime in the dark days, or a house which on one occasion received a visit from some escaped convicts, who found only two or three unarmed people on the premises, one of whom was an old woman, who went into a fit at the sight of them, and screamed incessantly so unnaturally loud and shrill that the men were unable to commit any violence, and tried to pacify her, saying "they only wanted food and would do her no harm if she would be quiet;" at this she screamed louder than ever, and went into an uncontrollable paroxysm of terror, and the men ran away without getting anything. After a time they were taken, and one of them said in his confessions, that that old woman's voice was more terrible than anything he ever encountered before or since. It answered the purpose, however.

There is another famous old lady living on a little island in the river, who tells her history with great gusto. Many years ago her family was attacked by ruffians; one of them had her husband down, and would have killed him, only for his daughter, a courageous girl, who rescued her father and secured the man. For this heroic deed, Government gave the family this island, where she still lives.

In travelling about the country, the names of some of the places seem odd to a stranger, as, for instance, "Plains of Jericho," "Paradise," "Valley of Bagdad," "River Jordan," &c., and you cannot help wondering why such names were fixed upon. The reason is easily explained. In the early days, the dwellers in a certain part of the island possessed only two books amongst them, the Bible and the Arabian Nights; from these they borrowed their ideas, so that you can visit "Bagdad" at the antipodes, and cross the River Jordan without being in the Holy Land.

Among places which a stranger stumbles upon during a morning's ramble there is one which excites the most lively curiosity,—Lady Franklin's Museum. It is a lonely building having the appearance of a Grecian Temple, standing in a secluded valley, and not visible on account of the surrounding trees until one is close upon it.

When Sir John Franklin, the great Arctic navigator, was Governor of Van Diemen's Land, he was very enthusiastic in endeavouring to elevate the people's tastes and encouraging the study of science, in which he was heartily assisted by his wife, who had a lively dis-

position and untiring energy. Being fond of natural history, she was in the habit of making long excursions into the country, and on one occasion took a fancy to this romantic valley, and at her own cost built a museum there, for the reception of specimens belonging to the various branches of science, for which purpose it was used for a length of time ; but the collection was afterwards brought to town, and is now in the New Museum in Macquarie-street.

Very dear to the Tasmanians is the memory of Lady Franklin ; and there are many colonists of the present day who remember her well, and frequently relate circumstances which occurred during her sojourn amongst them. Sometimes you hear of her travelling through the unexplored country with her husband, being carried through swamps by attendants ; at another time she had a road made in order to ascend Mount Wellington. The island was dangerously infested with poisonous snakes at that time ; to encourage the destruction of these, she gave a shilling for every one that was brought to her dead ; and in one year, for this purpose alone, she paid seven hundred pounds out of her own private purse.

She also took a lively interest in the affairs of the unfortunate aborigines, and a pretty story is told about her going to visit a fallen chief who was brought into town with some others. He had a little daughter six years of age, whom Lady Franklin took home with her, and treated with much affection. This child was seen dressed in a bright scarlet frock with bare arms and neck, dancing and skipping about Government-house, laughing and showing her white teeth, appearing quite happy. Her name was Mathinna (*Beautiful Valley*.) In course of time Sir John Franklin was ordered home, and as this child showed signs of consumption, as nearly all the natives did who were civilized, the doctors advised her benefactress against taking her to England on account of the climate ; so she was left behind, broken-hearted. She was educated, and grew up a tall graceful girl of a sensitive, haughty temperament, considering herself a princess. Her end was very sad, but this is not the place to relate the circumstances attending it.

In hearing so much about the various traits of Lady Franklin's character, all of which seem to have shadowed forth the affectionate solicitude, the sanguine, hopeful disposition, and the indomitable energy and perseverance which distinguished her in after-life, strangers in Tasmania naturally like to visit the scene of her labours, and we set out one morning in December last to make a pilgrimage thither. It was a sunny spot which she chose. All along the road from Hobart Town there are hedges and thickets of sweet-briar growing wild in profusion ; wherever the birds have carried the red-berries to eat, there the briar seems to have taken root, and perfumes the air as you pass through it. Then you come to other trees of various shades of green, and then a mountain stream rushing noisily along over craggy rocks and broken branches of trees, washed down from the forests above. Close by this stream, there is a Grecian façade

standing sharply white, amid green foliage. By this, we easily found the now dismantled building which is empty, with the exception of a few forms, used when Sunday-school is sometimes held there. In rear of the principal room, there is a small apartment, where Lady Franklin rested and took refreshment after her walk of some three or four miles from town. It bears the appearance of having been a kind of library, as there are marks of book-shelves still upon the walls, and there is a glass door opening towards the mountains. Here they brought to her the dead snakes; and many happy days she spent, arranging the contents of the museum and devoting herself generally to the interests of the people among whom her lot was cast.

Standing within these bare walls, which give sepulchral echo to the man's voice who keeps the key, and says a civil word or two, one's heart goes out towards this accomplished, loveable woman, who has left so many marks behind her; and the uppermost thought is a yearning wish, that those happy days had remained to her, instead of the weary years of fruitless waiting for her brave old husband, who was all the while wrapped in his Arctic shroud, having made another voyage of discovery to a new country, where neither she nor all the ships that sailed in search of him could penetrate.

The last you hear of her is in passing "Franklin Island," down the Derwent, which she presented to the Colony for acclimatization purposes only; a keeper lives upon it, rearing animals, birds, &c., for distribution on the mainland.

A fine old English gentleman who was intimate at Government-house during the Franklin era, and who still lives at Risdon, draws vivid pictures of those days, and describes minutely how they spent evenings discussing books and engravings of the period and talking of science and art. Not that this pleased everybody, however; the young ladies preferred the military band to the microscope, and liked dancing better than philosophizing,—so that there was plenty of grumbling, in spite of all the endeavours to do good.

This gentleman is too important a personage to be passed over without notice in a sketch of Tasmanian life (however feeble that sketch may be), for he has been associated with the island ever since 1821, when the ship *Emerald* brought thither the first British immigrants, he and his wife being passengers by that vessel. He inherited a fine patrimonial estate in Northumberland, which, however, was so greatly embarrassed when he came into possession that he became tired of it. Not being able to live like his ancestors, drinking claret at fourteen shillings a bottle and having other luxuries to which his family had been accustomed, he emigrated to Van Diemen's Land; and it is a rich treat to hear him relate his early experiences, how he and his delicate young lady-wife lived in a hut that was not weather-proof, and had to sit by a log fire (when it rained) holding an umbrella over the baby, being in dread all the time of vindictive aborigines and bush-rangers,—a striking contrast to the broad acres in Northumberland. The *Emerald* also took out

the Merediths, a prominent family in the Colony, whose name is familiar to the world from Mrs. Meredith's book, "My Home in Tasmania." A grim story is told concerning this vessel. Eleven wretched criminals had been condemned to death, but could not be hanged for the want of rope, stores of all kinds being so scarce in those days. As soon as the *Emerald* arrived, the necessary hemp was procured, and the sentence was carried into execution. An ill omen, truly, for a young settlement.

About the most favourite excursion in Tasmania is that to the top of Mount Wellington, where people generally go in large parties. Driving five or six miles along the Huon Road, you arrive at a place called Fern Tree Bower, where there are some rude benches under the tall tree ferns. Upon these, picnic parties spread out their breakfast, lit fires to boil the coffee, and then fell to with an appetite such as people have only in the mountains. After breakfast, the worst part of the ascent is commenced by following a path by the course of the stream, which leads you over fallen logs of timber up through a dark forest of myrtles sixty feet high, tall gum trees and tree ferns, so that you only get a glimpse of the sun occasionally. On the road up there are two waterfalls, and the spray from these falling upon the moss-covered logs renders them very slippery and the climb fatiguing; so that people are obliged to go up tandem style, dragging each other along over the fallen logs, which require a good effort in order to surmount them.

By-and-by, a cottage is reached in an open spot on the mountain side, where travellers halt again for rest and refreshment. This is called "The Springs," and commands a magnificent view of the Derwent, with all its islands dotted about in the shining water, and the town of Hobart distinctly visible in all its details from the clearness of the atmosphere. At this place, they bring to you the Visitors' Book to sign your name in, with any remarks you may wish to make. Some of these are very amusing, chiefly from their originality. We copied two or three.

"He who gets thus far, can comfortably stick;
The road higher up would kill Old Nick."

Underneath which two well-known surgeons from Melbourne had written:—"B. and T. being duly impressed with the poetical effusions of this volume, would fain attempt something in verse, but are quite unable to compete with the above, in which the word 'stick' rhymes so musically and well with 'Nick,' but being unwilling to leave this lovely spot without some record of their visit, they strictly confine themselves to prose, and beg to state, that although they have travelled in many lands, they never beheld a more beautiful landscape than the one now spread out before their eyes." On another page, after the signature of Anthony Trollope (who had just written his name a week or two before), there was an exquisite pen-and-ink sketch of a group of kangaroos, evidently from

the pen of a Tasmanian, who, feeling sore about the native game having been all ruthlessly cleared off the mountain, had taken this opportunity of easing his mind, and had written underneath the sketch these lines:—

“As they gazed upon the moonlight,
As they warmed in the sun,
As they fed upon the mountain,
Ere the *white savage* had come,
Alas! to hunt them down.”

But as the summer wanes, the pleasure excursions cease in Tasmania. Pouring rains sweep down the gloomy forests, making the ground too damp for picnics. Tourists must, like swallows, “homeward go,” and the steamers are crowded once again. It is in Tasmania, as elsewhere, “welcome the coming, speed the parting.” Still you linger, loathe to leave. But time and tide and the *Southern Cross* will not wait. The last bell rings. Dear friends embrace you in a hurry. The mooring rope is loosened and the vessel slowly moves, as if reluctant yet to leave a spot where life goes pleasantly; slow yet sure, she creeps from shore and bears you off. The wharf is crowded with the friends of those who crowd the ship; their numbers are so great, you cannot pick your own out at a little distance, but wave your hand, responsive to the handkerchiefs that wave to you. The land recedes—the vessel’s speed increases,—the handkerchiefs become a misty cloud of witnesses that loving hearts still think of you. The river’s bend, like serpent’s fold, marks out the vessel’s track, and hides the city from you very soon. Down goes your heart like heavy lead. In vain you strain your eyes; the rocky shores grow dim upon the horizon—and you have left behind you a Fairy Island in the Southern Seas.

Marjory's Quest.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

A DAY or two afterwards Mr. Lyndon came to know the success of my last interview with Mr. Bartell. He laughed at my stipulation as to a bank; but I didn’t know much about shares, and thought that at least a bank was safe. I said I should only remain in London until I heard from Mr. Bartell, that I was longing to go back to Devonshire. Talking over the past, there was one thing that puzzled us;—who was the boy that Mr. Bartell brought on board the steamer? for he certainly did bring two children. I asked little Ellen, but she persisted in saying that she came “with the gentle’m; nobody else.” “Did the gentleman carry a bag, Nelly?” She

thought a minute, and then began to laugh. "Lots of boys wanted to carry the bag with my best frock, but the gentle'm made them go away, and one leetle, leetle boy, not so big as me, he carry my bag."

"And did you wear your best frock on shore?"

"Dunno. I sleep, I tink."

So that was it: he must have designedly picked out a little boy to carry the carpet-bag. The mate thought he was one of the party. I suppose he managed to smuggle him off again when nobody was observing. A clever man is Mr. Walter Bartell.

The next day Mr. Lyndon brought Miss Barry. He only stayed a minute, as he had an appointment with his pupil, and would call for her again in an hour. "If you will let me stay so long," she said, with a winning smile. She is a lovely girl, with a bright, frank face and simple manners. I liked her directly I saw her. She brought a doll for Ellen, which she had dressed herself, and she and the child soon became good friends. She said she should very much like to take her home with her for a little while, but I told her that I had suffered so much anxiety about her that I could not spare her out of my sight.

"Of course you know all, Miss Rolston," she said.

"It must have been a great shock to you, Miss Barry."

"Of course it was; but what should I have done if I had known it all too late? And, do you know, I almost felt it a relief. I am afraid I allowed myself to be engaged to Mr. Bartell without feeling towards him as one ought to feel towards the man one is going to marry." She blushed as she said this, and looked down.

"Perhaps your father——"

"No, no; my dear father is generosity itself; he would never put the least constraint upon me. He only asks that the man I marry shall be a good man, and that he thought Mr. Bartell to be."

"You have not undeceived him?"

"No; it would give him too much pain. I only told him that the marriage could never take place, and begged him not to ask me any questions. He was disappointed, but he agreed. Poor papa! He thinks we have quarrelled."

I told her of my promise to Mr. Bartell.

"I don't know, Miss Rolston, if that was right," said she; "my feeling is that a man who acts as he has done ought to be outlawed. Now he will forget it all in a month, and begin scheming something else."

"If he schemes about Ellen, my promise fails; but I think you would have pitied him if you had seen him as I did in his humiliation."

She laughed a little light laugh, which convinced me more than any words that her heart had not been touched at all by Mr. Bartell.

"It was only disappointment at being balked in his schemes, and shame at being found out. I haven't a bit of pity for him, not a bit; don't let us say any more about him."

She began to question me about Mr. Lyndon,—how long had I known him, &c., and the interest she showed in my replies convinced me that she would be very well pleased if I only talked of Mr. Lyndon. She admired him very much : but girls often admire very clever men ; perhaps it was only that. Suddenly she said, “ But he is a very proud man.”

“ I never thought so.”

“ Ah, but he is, and hard and cruel ; he only thinks of himself.”

I stared at her in astonishment. Certainly, that is not the character I should have given to Mr. Lyndon.

Seeing my amazement she blushed again and laughed nervously.

“ I am unreasonable ; but an angry woman is always unreasonable, and I am angry with Mr. Lyndon.”

She did not look angry when he called for her just afterwards. I watched them as they drove away,—he sitting opposite, her brother by her side. She looked a little conscious ; there was a slight tremor on her lip when she first saw him, and her eyes seemed to shun his face, but there was not the slightest embarrassment in his manner. He smiled at her as he would have smiled at me. I began to fear that here, where I least expected it, there might be heartache for the dear girl.

In the evening I received a polite note from Mr. Bartell, telling me that he had taken the necessary steps for transferring “ Miss Bartell’s money,” and asking me what sum I thought suitable for her maintenance and education. I could not decide on a question like this, so I wrote to Mr. Lyndon, asking for his advice. He came the next morning, and, after some talk, asked me if two hundred a year was enough.

“ Enough !” I said, “ a great deal too much.”

“ I think not ; you must remember, Marjory, that you will have to engage a larger cottage than that in which you have been living, and in four or five years’ time you will have to pay a great deal for education.”

However, I gave my opinion, and it was agreed that I should ask for one hundred a year for four years, and then it was to be increased to two. I knew that I could earn, as I had for so many years, a decent maintenance for myself at lace-making. I confess that the money troubled me a good deal. I had thought so much of dear Ellen’s trust, and that I should be fulfilling her greatest wish to take care of the child, that I had not considered the responsibilities so much as I did now. I was afraid I might not be able to do the best for her. I was afraid that any one might think that I profited by my niece, but I did not let this last thought trouble me very much ; but could I, with my limited experience, bring her up as she ought to be ? I mentioned my fears to Mr. Lyndon.

“ If she is like her mother,” he said, “ there will be nothing wanting.”

Afterwards we spoke of Miss Barry. He was enthusiastic in

praise of her goodness and sweetness. "But there is a great change in her; she is sometimes a little irritable with me, which is so unlike her usual manner, and she is more silent and sad than she used to be. I hope she does not suffer through her affection for that fellow."

"She does not care about him in the least," said I with decision.

"How do you know? Did she say?"

"She had no need to say; I could see; and I also know who she does care for."

"There I think you are mistaken, Marjory; there is no one else."

"You must be very modest, or wilfully blind, Alfred Lyndon, not to see that she cares for you."

I really do not think the thought had occurred to him, he looked so startled.

"Nonsense, Marjory!"

"It's not nonsense at all. I am quite sure that she cares a great deal more for you than she ever did for Mr. Bartell, and she is just the sort of wife for you."

"Marjory, you are absurd!"

"Am I? I don't see it."

"You seem to forget that I am only a poor tutor, with just sufficient income to find myself in books and clothes; how am I to support a wife?"

"But in this case there would be no need of your support."

"Ah! and you would have me be a pensioner on my wife's bounty—never!"

"Miss Barry said you were proud and hard, and only thought of yourself."

"Did she say that? Oh, if she were but poor, or I rich, I would soon convince her that I was not that. But suppose what you say is true, how could I endure that any one should point at me as the fortune-hunter who took advantage of his position in Mr. Barry's house to—to win his daughter's affections; don't you see it is impossible?"

"No, to speak frankly, I don't see anything impossible in it. It seems to me that you set a great deal too much importance on wealth. Miss Barry seems to represent so much money to you, and unless you bring an equal quantity you cannot bargain for her."

"Oh, Marjory, how can you say such things! You know it is not the truth. But I don't know how we got into this discussion. You may be wrong, after all."

He soon left after this, but I was glad I had spoken. If two people love each other, why should they be prevented from marrying because one has money and the other none?

When we were all ready to start for Devonshire the next day, I took my little darling to say good-by to Miss Barry. We were shown into her own room,—a delightful little room, draped with a pretty light chintz. In one window was a stand of beautiful green

ferns, and in the other some lovely roses. Miss Barry was seated at a table engaged in flower-painting. She welcomed me in the kindest manner, and forthwith set the child down to a great Noah's Ark, which, with other toys, was to accompany her to her new home.

"Mr. Lyndon told me you were going back soon, and so I got them in readiness. He is very fond of little Ellen, is he not?"

"He was much attached to her mother," I said.

"Yes, so he told me."

She showed me some views of Devonshire, which place she admired very much and longed to visit, and suddenly drawing out a portrait from the pocket of the portfolio, asked me if it was like my sister. It was the likeness of a very beautiful woman, but the eyes alone were like Ellen's. I told her so, and asked her what made her think it was like.

She said that she had noticed Mr. Lyndon (always *Mr.* Lyndon) start and seem affected when he looked at it, and she thought it must be like some one he cared for.

"Look at the little one," I said; "she has the same dove-like eyes."

She looked at the child earnestly. Then, pursuing her own thoughts, said softly,

"I suppose he will never marry."

"No, I do not think he will," I said. "Not from his love to Ellen, for he has got over his grief for her loss, but because he is too poor."

"Oh, how I hate money!" said she with a little stamp; "don't you?"

"No, indeed, I think it's a very good thing, and impossible to be done without."

"Oh, I hate it! To hear people talk, one would think that money was everything: better than worth, better than nobleness of spirit, better even than love," said she, with a half sob. She recovered herself quickly, and, with a laugh that was rather tremulous, said,

"I ought to have been born a poor girl; I have no expensive tastes but flowers. I should like to live in a pretty little cottage like you, and make lace; I know I should make pretty lace."

She talked gaily now, and no more mention was made of Mr. Lyndon. She showed me her flowers and her paintings and her books, among which I saw some of my favourites, and we had an animated talk on their various merits. Her manner is very frank and kind. I thought I should not be able to see her often without loving her. She declared her intention of finding me out if ever she came to Devonshire.

I felt very sorrowful when I thought of her afterwards. Here were two people who evidently loved each other and would be happy together, separated just because one of them had not money enough.

Now, I had long seen that he loved her, although he would not allow himself to think so.

For some weeks after my return to Devonshire I was too busy to think much about them. I succeeded in getting a larger house. It was a delightful old house, irregularly built, with great patches of green moss over the thatch. The lattice windows peeped out from amidst the clustering roses, and the deep porch was covered with luxuriant honeysuckle and jessamine, which were in sad want of the scissors. There was a great straggling garden, full of flowers and venerable apple-trees. Inside, the house was wainscotted with oak; the old carved banisters were of oak, which shone like mahogany, and the quaint old parlour with its broad low lattice windows had a mantel-shelf which gave much delight to Ellen. It was made of blue and white tiles representing Scripture history.

There were more rooms than I absolutely wanted, for beside the parlour before mentioned and kitchen with its wide chimney, and the two bed-rooms for myself and my darling, and one above for Jane and the little maid who did the house-work, and who was very glad to see me back, there was a larger room, which looked newer than the rest of the house, and two smaller ones above it. For this house and garden, which grew abundance of vegetables and fruit, I gave the very small sum of twenty pounds a year. Ellen was very happy in her new home. She immediately took possession of a corner of the garden, which was to be her "darden." She spent a great deal of time in ornamenting and altering it. It was her delight to gather a handful of flowers and then stick them in all over her garden.

I had just got settled in my new house and had resumed my usual work, when I received a visit from Mr. Alfred Lyndon. I was very much surprised to see him, and said so, when he told me that he had left Mr. Barry.

"How?"

"After our talk I began to understand at least my feelings towards Miss Barry, and I saw that I ought not to remain. I was afraid of what I might say, if—if—in short, I made up my mind to leave and never see her again."

"Well!"

"I told Sir Charles, for I saw him oftener than Mr. Barry, and he has always been so very kind. I knew he would explain my motives to her father better than I could. I told him that it was necessary for my honour as well as my peace of mind that I should leave, for I might not be able to keep my secret if I stayed, and at present I was sure that she had no suspicion that I loved her."

"And why keep it a secret?" said the old gentleman gruffly; "why not tell my niece that you love her?"

"What would be the use of that, Sir Charles?" I said. "I am too poor to marry."

"Adelaide is not poor, and I don't think she hates you, Lyndon."

"‘I could never be a pensioner on my wife,’ said I hastily. Sir Charles did not reply, but he took a pinch of snuff in a very deliberate manner. He then said he should miss me very much. He was very kind; so were they all, poor George especially. I did not see Miss Barry again, except just for a moment as I was leaving, when she came out and shook hands and merely said ‘good-by.’”

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I shall stay with my father for a little while. I don't know yet what I shall do next."

He was quiet and looked graver and sadder than when I had seen him last. Unfortunate in his second love as he had been in his first, poor fellow! I was sorry for him. I suppose he detected my look of sympathy, for he said with a faint smile, though there was some bitterness in his words,

"You see it is not my fate to be happy. Never mind. I suppose I shall get over this as I did before; one can live even if one is disappointed."

He said he had felt inclined at first to go to America, but while his mind was wavering, the thought of Ellen decided him to remain; he wished always to be near enough to be able to come directly if I wanted him, for if Mr. Bartell knew that I was left alone he might begin to scheme something else.

I was not afraid of anything Mr. Bartell could do now. I knew too much, and he was well aware that an exposure of his nefarious practices would be ruin. I wonder if he ever found out how I got my information. I should not have hesitated to tell him if he had asked me, for, although in almost any other circumstance such conduct would be inexcusable, there was too much at stake for me to hesitate at the means.

Ellen and I lived very happily together. She was a most sweet-tempered and loving little child, and, like her mother, showed a great aptitude for learning. She could already read words of one and two syllables, and it was her delight to bring her little chair to my side as I sat at work and spell out the words to me from her little books, and be told over and over again all about the pictures in them. Mr. Lyndon came nearly every day to take her out for a walk, or sit in the garden and tell her stories, to which she would listen with her great earnest brown eyes fixed on his face, and which she would reproduce in her own quaint little way for my amusement.

One afternoon, instead of playing with Ellen as usual, he sent her into the garden, telling her he had a headache, and then sitting down by me, put a letter into my hand. He looked pale and suffering, but he said "it was only a headache," though when I had read the letter I thought he might have meant heartache. It was from George Barry, a kind and affectionate letter, very much regretting the loss of his tutor, but saying they were all in distress because of his sister's illness. "She is so changed, you would hardly know her, Mr. Lyndon," said the boy. "She is so pale and quiet, takes no

interest in anything. Papa says she does not eat enough to feed a sparrow, and he is so anxious about her health that he talks of taking her to Switzerland. I wish you were here to go with us, my dear Mr. Lyndon ; your talks with Uncle Charles might interest her as they used to do,—don't you remember ? I never could understand why it was all broken off with Mr. Bartell, and he was such a nice fellow too. I miss you very much, my dear sir. I wish you had not gone away. I don't understand that either. Everything seems to me to have gone wrong lately."

There was a little more of the same kind. He was disturbed about his sister and regretted his tutor. I gave back the letter without a word.

"Do you think it possible that, after all, she cared for Mr. Bartell?"

"I am sure she did not. I think also you must know that she did not. It is through you she suffers, poor girl!"

"And yet I would give my life for her."

He spoke with a repressed earnestness, but his voice and his eyes were intensely mournful.

"And yet you will not give your life to her. You have reason to believe that she loves you."

"I never said so, Marjory."

"Well, but she does all the same. Her uncle, at any rate, would offer no objection. It is not likely her father would, from what I have heard ; and yet——"

"Marjory, don't you see that there are some things a man *cannot* do?"

"Men less than you, or greater, would," I said, after a pause.

"Greater!" He spoke in a surprised tone. I believe he thought his pride was the perfection of manliness.

"Yes ; great enough to rise above considerations of money, and generous enough to accept a gift from the woman who loved him."

"From your point of view, then, I am neither great nor generous. Marjory, I cannot forget my poverty."

I said no more. What was the use ? Besides I was vexed with Alfred Lyndon. It seemed to me that he was sacrificing the happiness of two lives to a punctilio. He walked up and down the room, talking about her for an hour, I should think, at one time seeming to find comfort in the thought that she was young and naturally buoyant, and that new scenes and new characters would speedily make her forget her melancholy, and then going off in an exactly opposite direction to praise her constancy and strength of resolution, her simple tastes and superiority to the conventionalisms of society. I could not quite understand him, but I suppose while his reason convinced him that it would be better for her to forget him quickly, he loved her so well that he could not bear to think of her doing so. I could give him no comfort one way or the other. When I said that girls did not die for love, he said she was not like other girls. When I lamented that such a cloud should have fallen on her young

life, he replied that we might both be wrong and presumptuous; perhaps, after all, it might be some slight illness. Poor fellow! I was very sorry for him. I saw he was distracted and miserable. The best advice I gave him was to go to London and see her. He looked unutterable reproach at me for such a suggestion, and seizing his hat left me to my work and my meditations on the obstinacy of man.

I did not see him for a fortnight, and then he rushed in in an excited manner, out of breath with the haste he had made, and looking radiant and triumphant. This time also he put a letter into my hand, but it was a letter very different from the last; it was from Sir Charles Durant, Miss Barry's uncle, and ran thus:—

“MY DEAR LYNDON,—I have the pleasure of forwarding to you your appointment as Treasury Clerk. The salary is eight hundred a year. You need not be afraid that your acceptance of this post will lay you under any obligation to me. The appointment belongs to me, and I would rather confer it on you than on any other man, not only because I know you will fulfil the duties belonging to it properly, but also because I am selfish, and long for a continuance of those discussions where you were so obstinate and I so dogmatical.

“I think the sooner you can come up to town the better, as you can enter upon your duties at once.

“With every assurance of regard, I am, my dear Lyndon, faithfully yours,

“CHARLES DURANT.”

Of course I rejoiced with Mr. Lyndon. Of course I understood why Sir Charles had acted the good fairy, but I was discreet enough not to mention Miss Barry's name, although I knew well enough that the light in his eyes and the ring in his voice was due to the hopes of happiness which he might now venture to indulge.

Two months afterwards I received the following letter:—

From Adelaide Lyndon to Miss Rolston.

“MY DEAR MARJORY,—It is no use for me to try to call you ‘Miss Rolston;’ my husband always speaks of you as Marjory, and I must be allowed the same privilege. Besides, you seem like an old friend; whenever I think of you I hear in my mind the pleasant tones of your voice, and see your soft brown eyes looking at me with that calm friendly look of yours, that I feel we are friends already and must continue such. I told Alfred that he ought to write to you, but he said you would be best pleased if I did. I wonder if that is true.

“Now I must tell you all that has taken place lately. You know that my uncle procured a post in the Treasury for Mr. Lyndon; but he did not tell me anything about it, so that I was quite taken by surprise. I was sitting in my own room reading, or trying to read,

for I was not very well, and found it difficult even to read, when there came a knock at the door. I said 'Come in,' supposing it was a servant. The door opened, and fancy my surprise at seeing Mr. Lyndon; I thought he was in Devonshire. The book fell out of my hands; I rose to meet him. I suppose my face betrayed me; but, however it was I don't understand, the next minute I was crying in his arms. Now, Marjory, don't be shocked and think I was won too soon. My dear, I knew he loved me long ago, and he, I think, knew what was in my heart before I told him. But you know he left me in his pride some time ago when he understood his own feelings towards me, and thought he was too poor to ask me to marry him. I did not know how it was now, but I was sure it was all right, else he would not have come looking like that, and speaking as he did. I was very glad for his sake when he told me of my dear uncle's goodness. By the way, I do not understand how he came to have the right to dispose of such a post; but of course it would have made no difference to me whether Mr. Lyndon was poor or not. My dear father was a little surprised when Alfred spoke to him; he had not at all suspected how it was, but he was quite pleased, and the more so because Alfred agreed at once to come and live here after our marriage until our own house could be got ready.

"They did not give me much time. Alfred was so desirous that we should be married before he began his duties at the Treasury, because he said that immediately after the beginning he could not very well leave, and it was settled that we must have a month's trip. Papa and Uncle and George all helped him, so the end of it was that I was obliged to consent. We have been married nearly a month, returned from a delightful tour yesterday, and I am writing to you in my own old room, which you will remember. My husband has taken a pretty house not far from here. Uncle Charles has insisted that the furnishing is to be left to him, stipulating only that he is not to be hurried.

"Is there any need to tell you how happy I am? Knowing Alfred as well as you do, I think you will understand that. It is said that 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness;' it is also true that the heart knoweth its own gladness; joy may be too great for speech, as well as sorrow.

"There is one thing I want particularly to say to you, Marjory. You must sometimes let me have your dear Ellen. Alfred looks upon himself as guardian with you, and knowing how she has been plotted against and what her fate would have been without you, knowing, too, his feelings towards her mother, I feel as if I also had some share in the child, and I want her to love me too. When we are in our own house you must come and see us, and then we shall be able to talk about this. I should like you to come every year and pay us a visit, and I don't despair of winning your consent to this. And now here is this impatient husband of mine wanting me to finish my letter and come and talk to him,—he is such a tyrant. He sends kindest

regards. He says I am to tell you that he took your advice, and he thinks it was the best you ever gave. Good-by, dear Marjory ; kiss little Ellen for me, and believe me yours affectionately,

“ ADELAIDE LYNDON.”

So they are married, and I hope they will “live happily ever afterwards.” She is kind to think of Ellen, and I am glad that the darling should have such a friend ; certainly she shall go and see her. I foresee many advantages to the dear child in having such a house to go to, and I have this great comfort, that I am not the only friend she has. If I were to die (and one does not die a bit the quicker for thinking of it), she would find friends in Alfred and his wife able to protect her, but not to love her more than her Aunt Marjory.

THE END.

The Snow-white Lily.

A father had three daughters,
Three daughters, chaste and fair ;
His age's pride and comfort,
His jewels, rich and rare.

He called the eldest, Clara ;
Her eye was clear and bright,
And like a fawn's her footstep,
So airy and so light.

Black as the raven's plumage,
Her tresses, in their flow,
Half hid a neck and shoulders
White as the driven snow.

He called the second, Rosa ;
A merry, red-cheeked maid ;
Brown were the locks, and silken,
That with her roses played.

Her form was full and faultless ;
Her eye invited love ;
Her throat was smooth and comely
As throat of cooing dove.

His youngest he called Reta ;
A maiden, meek and pale,
Fair as the snow-white lily
That blossoms in the vale.

Her long and wavy tresses
Glowed with a golden sheen,
Like that of God's own angels
In heavenly places seen.

A soul, all pure and stainless,
Shone in her eyes of blue ;
Soft eyes that gave assurance
Of love both deep and true.

II.

One evening, after supper,
Knelt these three sisters fair ;
With folded hands, together
They said their fervent prayer.

“ O God ! ” cried gentle Reta,
“ This favour do Thou give ;
Let nothing ever part us
Long as on earth we live.

“ And when the time approaches
That one shall hear Thy call,
O God, grant us this mercy,
In that same hour take all.”

And these three loving sisters
Joined in the one request ;
Then cheerfully they laid them
Down on their couch to rest.

III.

Just six days passed, and Clara,
The eldest daughter, said :
“ I dreamed a sweet dream, sisters,
Last night upon my bed.

“ Count William, our rich neighbour,
Asked father for my hand :
We wedded and departed
To some far distant land.”

Her tale was scarcely ended,
 When, in his knightly pride,
 Count William sought the castle
 And wooed her for his bride.

And Clara's father gave him
 His daughter's virgin hand ;
 They wedded and departed
 To a far distant land.

Just six days passed, and Rosa,
 The second daughter, said :
 " I dreamed a strange dream, sister,
 Last night upon my bed.

" I dreamed the gallant Hendrik,
 A youth right fair to see,
 Rode through the castle gateway
 And told his love for me."

Scarce had the maiden ended,
 When lo ! the clang was heard,
 As of a fiery horseman
 Who o'er the drawbridge spurred.

And there stood noble Hendrik,
 Full in the morning sun ;
 For Rosa's hand he pleaded,—
 He wooed her and he won.

IV.

Sad was she now and lonely,
 The maiden meek and fair,
 And ever knelt devoutly,
 And, sighing, said this prayer :

" O God, Thou hast refuséd
 One half I asked of Thee ;
 But Thou art great in goodness,
 Thy will be done in me !"

Day followed day, and Reta
 Each day an age did deem,
 Till just six days were ended,
 When she too had a dream.

She told it to her father :
 " Methought above the sun,
I saw among the angels,
 The blessed Mary's Son.

" He brought a snow-white lily,
 And, standing by my side,
He gave it to me, saying,
 ' Reta, be thou my bride !'

" The angel choirs, enraptured,
 Sang their most joyful strain ;
And, borne on dazzling sunbeams,
 I came to earth again."

" My daughter," said the father,
 " My comfort is thy love ;
The path which thou hast chosen
 Will lead to joys above."

And from that moment Reta
 Became the bride of heaven :
Freed from all earthly longing,
 Her soul to God was given.

So to the holy maiden
 God did His grace reveal,
For every morning early,
 When she was wont to kneel,

There lay a snow-white lily,
 That, bright with pearly dew,
Shed fragrance through the castle—
 Of her an emblem true.

Her father died, and Reta,
 Though by the world forgot,
Spent all her days devoutly,
 Contented with her lot,

V.

At length the hour approachéd
 When Reta too must die,
And pass through death's dark valley
 To brighter worlds on high.

Upon her virgin pillow
She laid her head to rest,
And clasped the snow-white lily
Upon her panting breast.

There lay the saintly Reta,
With eye still upward raised,
While beams of heavenly glory
Shone round her as she gazed.

And suddenly, beside her,
Full in the wondrous light,
Two women were seen standing,
Arrayed in vesture white.

She saw and knew her sisters,
A smile lit up her face ;
She thanked God for His goodness
In granting her this grace.

The sisters bent down smiling
To catch her last faint sigh,
Stretched out their hands, and softly
Closed Reta's dying eye.

And in that selfsame moment
Was heard a gentle sound :
Three doves with spotless plumage,
Soared upwards from the ground.

Of those three doves, one only
A snow-white lily bore ;
Thus Reta sought her Bridegroom
Upon the heavenly shore.

—*From the Flemish.*

R.

Six Fellow Travellers

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

"DREADFUL old thing!" said Kate angrily, when the next morning the two ladies were discussing the *contretemps* of the previous night.

"But you should remember, my dear, that she is very deaf," observed the other.

"Then she should have new drums, or a tympanum, I think they call it. And she was so officious too! What could I want with all those recipes she gave me,—as if I were a cook in search of a situation, or a collector of 'things not generally known'! Ugh!"

It may be inferred from the above conversation that our hostess had bestowed upon Kate certain treasures of domestic value, which in the fullness of her heart she imagined would be highly acceptable to one as yet inexperienced in such weighty matters. As the information in question was extremely varied, ranging from a remedy for the whooping-cough to a recipe for pound-cake, it is possible the young lady too highly estimated these pearls and diamonds of housewifery lore.

"I don't think Mr. Knowsley observed it," continued her companion, "although your display of irritation was sufficient to attract any one's attention."

"Mr. Knowsley, as usual, seemed only to contemplate his boots, and I hope they nipped him. It would be some satisfaction to think I was not the only sufferer last night."

It was certainly true that Knowsley had appeared unusually pre-occupied and grave all the evening, and he afterwards defined it as a "trying time." Still waters, we are however told, run deep; and the particular depth exhibited by this gentleman even Miss Kate's penetration had been unable to fathom. After one of the old lady's most interesting sallies, when she had remarked, "Never harry your good gentleman, my dear, but twist him evenly like a piece of bobbin," he had languidly risen and expressed his intention of smoking a cigar. He then proceeded outside, where I accommodated him with a light, after which, with a curious grimace, he strolled away. A minute later and the sounds of a strong man convulsed with laughter were borne upon the air, and I intuitively surmised that our contemplative friend had, like the fat boy in *Pickwick* on the occasion of the spinster aunt's amenities with Mr. Tupman, "been awake—wide awake to what had been going forward."

About this time Kate appeared much engrossed with a diary, in which the chief occurrences of our daily life were duly noted. As no particular incident disturbed the even tenor of our course for the next few days, I cannot do better than briefly quote from the memoranda which subsequent events have placed at my disposal.

"*Thursday*.—The dear old Professor is evidently moulting. He started on our journey in most orthodox costume, and when we encamped at night wore so many additional wraps that he might have been mistaken for a pouter pigeon about to roost. He says now he's acclimatizing, and having discarded coat and waistcoat, is generally to be seen 'dusty and deliquescent' in red flannel shirt-sleeves *a la* Garibaldi. I must admit Mr. K. has more regard for appearances, and he has a great deal of taste. He says blue suits my complexion, as if that can matter to *him*. Yesterday we sketched Craig Kloof together, and he graciously remarked I had a very correct eye, and from the manner in which he stared at me (only I don't think he *meant* to be rude) he certainly ought to be a good judge. I have no patience with Mr. Rokeby. He tore his coat-sleeve after breakfast, and then said it didn't matter, as he'd a portable sewing-machine in the wagon. I naturally asked him where it was, and the creature pointed to his wife! If he had been my husband, wouldn't I—— (an erasure by the diarist here occurs, and the remainder of the sentence is unintelligible). The Professor caught quite a swarm of butterflies in the afternoon and appeared much delighted. Two of them he believes are new, and they are to be forwarded to a gentleman at the Cape. What a fuss men make about trifles! Mr. Knowsley went out shooting and brought back a buck, which the Professor said was quite a feather in his cap. K. replied that the feathers he most preferred were partridge's, and looked at me. Of course I knew what he *meant*, but was not quite such a goose as to let him see it.

"*Friday*.—We have been steadily trekking all day towards a sort of 'happy hunting-ground,' where the Professor is to catch all kinds of wonderful insects. I finished Craig Kloof, and Mr. K. asked me for the sketch, which, however, I didn't give him. I should certainly like to learn who worked that cigar-case, not that I am the *least* curious, but he has an ostentatious way of flourishing it in my face, as if he wished me to inquire; and if so, I shall disappoint him. Mr. Rokeby is an excessively rude man. Twice lately he has said the *most* impertinent things. Poor K. had left his smoking-cap upon the grass, and I happened to pick it up. 'Ah!' said Mr. R. as he met me carrying it to its owner, 'returning from the war-path with our victim's scalp.' He also saw me quite inadvertently looking at the cigar-case, which had been left in the wagon, and of course made it the subject of another of his horrid jokes. 'Never mind, Kate,' he said, 'do you work him a pair of slippers.' These things are *so* unpleasant. His wife says his bark is worse than his bite; but under any circumstances he'd be more acceptable with a muzzle.

"*Saturday*.—Three of our masculines were away shooting, and returned at night with plenty of game. The Professor pinned out butterflies and bored us dreadfully all the morning. We trekked through a veritable Sleepy Hollow of a place, consisting of seven houses and a disreputable-looking dog. Mr. Rip van Winkle was

probably fast asleep at the village inn, but we heard Mrs. Rip 'demonstrating' on the sole atom of liveliness, a squalling child, as we passed a cottage. I forgot, however; we did witness one deadly-lively sort of a performance. A woman appeared at a doorway and shouted to her neighbour, 'Your pig's among our mealies again, and you'd better get him out of that, or Jem 'll have to fetch his gun.' 'All right,' screamed the other; 'if I'd know'd you wanted a pig so much I'd have given you one.' So the principles of 'cut and thrust' are evidently understood at Sleepy Hollow. * * * It is a cousin, after all. He said quite coolly, 'Don't you admire that cigar case? One of my cousins worked it.' I suppose she's prim, pink, and prudish, and wears blue. *J'en suis bien-aise.*"

The "happy hunting-ground" above referred to had formed one of the chief objects of the Professor's journey. It was in this neighbourhood that certain varieties of a much-coveted butterfly were usually to be found; and if our entomological friend had any marked preference for a particular insect, it was undoubtedly the one in question—a white butterfly tipped with red. With respect to variation, the Professor was scientifically rabid, and already the pages of the *Entomologist* had been filled with lengthy dissertations on the subject. He held that apparently different butterflies of the genus in question were really one and the same, and that the divergence in colour and markings was solely attributable to local circumstances, and the conditions under which they had been born. The Professor's theory, however, had not been unassailed. Herr Grumbeck, a German naturalist, had rushed to the encounter, and the tilting match between these two ardent minds had been regarded, we may be sure, with no little interest by kindred and sympathizing spirits.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;"

and if the fray bore somewhat of a resemblance to a possible engagement between a heavily-armed monitor and an ironclad, the result was as futile in the one case as it might be indefinite in the other. Each combatant seemed to all appearances impregnable, and although there was much heavy pounding on both sides, at the close of the engagement the opposing forces remained stubbornly unshaken and evidently as hostile as they were before. It may be supposed, therefore, that Herr Grumbeck was seldom alluded to in the Professor's presence. Indeed, the slightest reference to that redoubtable Teuton was sufficient to disturb the equanimity of our friend, and had as irritating an effect as the *banderilla* on an Andalusian bull. Whenever this topic was introduced, the Professor's ordinary complaisance deserted him, and a Johnsonian brusqueness quickly altered the tone, if it enhanced the vigour, of his conversation. "Sir, the man, I tell you, is an ignoramus!" was the not unfrequent corollary to some highly suggestive remarks on the shortcomings and deficiencies of Herr Grumbeck.

At last one morning, when we had been some fourteen days upon the road, our enthusiastic friend announced that we had reached the much-desired locality, and the country around seemed certainly to favour the supposition that it was a chosen haunt with the insect world. On all sides a perpetual trill or endless buzz arose from the winged inhabitants of the bush ; and as we picked our way along the intricate windings of the path the Professor grew not only eloquent, but poetical as well.

"Here is realization," he said to Kate, "the El Dorado of one's dreams. There are men in Europe who would undergo the keenest privations to witness such a picture as this. See them hovering about,

"Insects swift and free,—
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour that pass
Athwart the gleam of the living grass." "

"With respect to the 'odour' of some of them," observed Rokeby, "I don't think Piesse and Lubin would exactly covet it. I squeezed one of your insects in my fingers the other day, and the result was anything but *esprit de bouquet*, I can assure you."

"You are an habitual growler," said the Professor, "a man with a mote in his eye, hypercritical, and censoriously morbid."

"That's delightful!" said Kate; "but he requires it stronger."

"You are unable to appreciate the niceties of nature."

"Such highly-flavoured 'niceties' I can very well dispense with," muttered Rokeby.

"And yet the odour so repugnant to you is as essential to the safety of the insect as the disguise I referred to the other day. There are some butterflies that possess no protective resemblance whatever, and are fully exposed to the attacks of their enemies. Nature has supplied these beautiful insects, however, with a strong pungent, semi-aromatic, or medicinal odour, which seems to pervade all the juices of their system. Whenever the entomologist squeezes one of these between his fingers in the manner you did, a yellow liquid exudes which stains the skin, and the smell of which can only be got rid of by time and repeated washings. Here is probably the cause of their immunity from attack; since there is evidence to show that insects possessing this—some of our *acraïdæ*, for instance—are so disgusting to birds that they will under no circumstances touch them."

"We might devise a new crest," said Knowsley, "an *acraea* argent, and the motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*."

"At any rate, you should be careful," said Rokeby, turning to the speaker, "whenever you handle the Professor's specimens, for if you squeeze any fingers besides your own, you'll undoubtedly impart not only the perfume but the stains as well. Dear me, Kate, what are you putting on gloves for?"

"I suppose I may wear gloves," she answered, colouring in a somewhat unaccountable manner at the same time.

"Of course you can, my dear, and Knowsley may catch *acræidæ*, and so the inference is interesting."

"How I should like to box that man's ears!" murmured Kate to the Professor.

"Box mine instead," said that gentleman good-humouredly; "there's nothing like action to relieve the feelings."

We had now reached a small stream on the opposite side of which the bush had to some extent been cleared away, and from the distance we could hear the sonorous splash of a waterfall which Kate and Mr. Knowsley had arranged to sketch. The Professor now unfolded his net and at once became absorbed in the occupation of chasing various alert insects as they skimmed lightly across the plain. As each capture was effected he carefully examined the specimen, and frequent ejaculations of an approving character testified from time to time that his expectations were in a fair way of being realized.

"I wonder," said Kate mischievously to Knowsley, who was following her with all the devotion of a *cavalier servante*, "whether we can cheat the Professor and manufacture a new discovery."

"That would be scarcely fair! Surely you are not in the habit of raising expectations only to destroy them."

"Oh, don't get sentimental, please. Remember I'm not your cousin."

"I can assure you——" commenced the gentleman with unnecessary vehemence, when his companion abruptly changed the topic by desiring him to hold a bottle which she produced from the pocket of her dress. Then peering among the leaves of the surrounding foliage, she commenced searching for the objects upon which she proposed to operate for the benefit of our unsuspecting *savant*.

"Here are some green beetles," she said, "and some brown ones, and a yellow one with whiskers (she probably meant *antennæ*); and now if we gum the head of the brown one to the body of the yellow creature, and give it a pair of green wings instead of those it has now, the result ought to be a curious instance of what the Professor calls the 'metamorphoses of insect life.'"

As a deplorable instance of the fleeting character of Mr. Knowsley's good intentions, it must be confessed that although he had deprecated the proceeding a minute previously, he now adroitly entered into the design with all the ardour of a joint conspirator.

"You must kill these beetles first, Mr. Knowsley, for although the Professor says insects feel no pain, I have no idea, if I can help it, of inflicting any."

"I hope you are as considerate to other victims as you are with these."

"Now, pray don't rehearse! All such speeches will keep, you know, for civilization and your relative."

After some little trouble the beetle selected was reduced to a state sufficiently inanimate to admit of the transformation it was destined to undergo. With the aid of the gum-bottle and Knowsley's pen-

knife, Kate skilfully effected the purpose she had in view, and if the result was somewhat incongruous, it was sufficiently remarkable to have astonished the merest tyro in entomology.

"I think that will do," she said; "and I wonder whether we shall be able to mystify him."

The Professor's efforts had by this time brought him apparently to the verge of incipient apoplexy, and as he rejoined us in an almost breathless state, with his features crimsoned by the violence of his exertions, it was some minutes before he could leisurely examine, by the aid of a pocket lens, the decided curiosity submitted for his inspection.

"Is it anything new?" said Kate.

"Well, my dear, I've never seen anything precisely like it before," he replied, smiling. "It's a bug."

"Really! And what kind of bug?"

"The commonest of all. It belongs to a class presented to our observation daily. The specimen you've brought me is a hum-bug."

"I believe you are a wizard," said Kate, laughing, "and that net is your divining rod."

"Then I shall assume the mantle of prophecy forthwith," answered the Professor, glancing at the two young people, "so prepare, Miss Kate, for the future to be unveiled, and learn whether the 'coming man' is dark or fair."

"I have no desire to learn anything of the kind; besides, you are losing time; and see," she continued, pointing to the grass, "you are dropping some specimens."

It was certainly evident that several dead butterflies were lying near the spot where the Professor had been standing; and as he picked them up and scrutinized them, an expression of surprise and irritation overspread his countenance. Then, for the circumstance deserves to be chronicled, he removed his spectacles, and after polishing them with as much severity as if they were the locks of a gun-barrel, upon the action of which some momentous issue might depend, he observed ominously, as he replaced them on his nose,

"Grumbeck has been here!"

The effect of this announcement upon the different members of our party was somewhat various. To Mrs. Rokeby, whose nervous system had possibly been shaken by the entomological horrors she had been associated with on the journey, the meeting portended a crisis of a hostile or alarming character, and in a feeble moment she communicated these apprehensions to her lord.

"I've no doubt," said that gentleman, "it's all a pre-arranged affair. Some years since a curious duel took place between two naturalists in America. Each had sworn to possess the body of the other and preserve it as a specimen. The encounter was perfectly unique, as they were careful to avoid, from scientific reasons, unnecessarily disfiguring each other. I understand now what that oblong box beneath the wagon means, and why hitherto it has been empty. Of course you see, my dear, it's intended to contain the German."

Whilst Rokeby, with much cheerfulness was imparting the above gratifying information to his wife, Kate was also expressing a hope that the "dear old thing would not lose his temper."

"Although he's so good-humoured," she observed with an air of penetration, "there's a substratum of pepper-box in his disposition; and, indeed, it always is so with your confirmed old bachelors."

"Then the remedy ought to be an easy one," said her companion laughing.

"That's one of the most insufferably conceited speeches you've yet made," said Kate turning upon him, "and only a new-comer dare have uttered it. If you consider the colony in this respect is like England, I'm afraid your self-esteem will experience a great many shocks before you ever find a 'remedy' of the kind."

The gentleman thus admonished made no further comment, but it was not altogether improbable he should infer that idiosyncracies of a "pepper-box" nature were scarcely restricted to confirmed old bachelors.

The sonorous roar of the waterfall, every moment becoming more audible as we advanced, now created a diversion, and led the conversation to those safer channels of the picturesque in which our young friends had the common interest which attaches to all possessors of a sketch-book and a taste for art. The Professor stepping warily forward, with his head erect and his collecting net aslant, seemed evidently suspicious and perturbed. Still there were no fresh indications of the presence of the enemy; and it was not until we had descended a steep hill, and with much difficulty scaled an embankment, which at once brought us to the foot of the cascade, that our doubts upon the subject were destined to be realized. Under the shadow of a huge rock, down either side of which a torrent of water poured, flecking the sunbeams with a sheen of spray and twisting fancifully "like a downward smoke" over the boulders of the ground below, sat a man whom we might almost have mistaken for a Triton or the Genius of the spot, if his remarkable costume had not precluded the possibility of any such resemblance to the ideal. This personage wore upon his head a high steeple-crowned hat, from the sides of which various leaves depended; indeed, we afterwards learnt that the hat in question served as a receptacle for ferns and other specimens of a botanical character. An enormous beard, peaked at the extremities, covered his chest, whilst a jacket of blue serge, and trowsers of the same material turned up at the knees, leaving the legs and feet bare, completed the attire of the stranger now presented to our notice. A large green collecting net resting by his side gave sufficient indication, had we needed any other, that we were in the presence of no less a celebrity than Herr Grumbeck.

"Der Teufel!" muttered this gentleman as our party drew near.

"Ha! Grumbeck, how d'ye do?" said the Professor loftily.

"How I do? Goot! I do much too well; ha!" responded the other with a derisive chuckle. Then with much deliberation he

produced from the pockets of his coat what might have been mistaken at first sight for a highly voluminous correspondence. The envelopes displayed, however, contained a number of carefully packed butterflies, and these he proceeded to deposit in a row upon the sand. Having at last arranged these apparently to his satisfaction, Herr Grumbeck folded his arms, glanced at the Professor, and laughed sardonically.

"I see," said the latter, "you've been collecting the *anthocharis*; and now you'll be in a position to verify the soundness of my views. Do you still maintain they are distinct forms when the variation is so gradual that it becomes impossible to draw the line and say, this is one species and that another?"

"You hear him," replied the other, addressing Kate, "how this goot shentleman now ride his leetle hobby, and he ride him so fast nobody catch him, and presently he stumble, and down he go, poof! into de mud, and everybody laugh."

"Natural facts are no stumbling-blocks to me, sir," answered the Professor, reddening, "and I've yet to learn that the pillagers of Alsace and Lorraine——"

"What you say?" demanded the German gentleman fiercely.

"Pray, let this gentleman explain it all to me," cried Kate, adroitly interposing.

"I shouldn't wonder," observed Rokeby apart to his wife, "if in five minutes more she hasn't established a flirtation with our friend of the bare legs."

"It's most indelicate, I think," responded that lady with a deprecativè shrug; but whether this opinion bore reference to the extremities of Herr Grumbeck or the anticipated impropriety on the part of Kate, it is impossible to say.

Kate now seated herself between the antagonists, and appeared to manifest an interest she had never evinced before in any explanations of the kind.

"You see it is dis," said the German naturalist, expanding a butterfly and exhibiting the wings, "dere are leetle marks here, von dark bar which goes across dis von, and I take anoder and de bar grows bigger, and it is so mit de next and de next; and our friend here he dinks dey are all von sort going drough vat he calls de 'stages of development;' but he is von obstinate old shentelman, and will not see de whole details do not correspond. So I will explain. You now have two eyes and two ears and von nose on your mooch charming face, and de oder lady she has two eyes and two ears and von nose, and you are de same genus and yet mooch unlike; mein Gott! I dink so, for you are a preety lady and de other is a plain von."

"My dear sir," said Rokeby, laughing, "you are a miracle of candour; let me introduce you to the 'plain one.'"

It was undoubtedly fortunate for Herr Grumbeck that his extremely frank avowal had been unnoticed by Mrs. Rokeby, and the confusion he exhibited when introduced was naturally attributed by the lady to

a consciousness that his attire was that of *deshabille*, and lacked the completeness demanded by the exigencies of the occasion.

"Pretend not to notice it, my dear," she whispered to Kate, "for, after all, he's no worse than a Highlander, and I can see he's dreadfully embarrassed, poor man!"

The butterflies were now restored to their respective envelopes; and Kate, bent on the introduction of the olive branch, inquired whether there was not a gentleman at Cape Town who could decide on the differences between them if he saw the insects.

"Dat is von goot idea!" said Herr Grumbeck, "and I will agree to it."

The Professor also signified his acquiescence, though less readily, as he had a profound belief in the accuracy of his own views.

At this moment the Gunner and two others became visible in the distance, bearing several substantial-looking hampers and baskets on their shoulders. The prospect thus afforded at once allayed any remaining signs of irritation, and as Herr Grumbeck agreed to join our party, a substantial lunch was soon prepared in one of the recesses of the rock near which the above colloquy had taken place. Everybody seemed disposed to cheerfulness, and even Mrs. Rokeby's sense of decorum was destined no longer to be shocked by the costume of our visitor, who reappeared after a temporary absence with his feet encased in a pair of *veldschoens*, and in all other respects perfectly *en regle*. The claret cup subsequently improvised by Kate proved so seductive and exhilarating a beverage that Herr Grumbeck, becoming musical, volunteered a song, and as he delivered with considerable effect "Die Wacht am Rhein," we all joined in the chorus until the surrounding rocks reverberated the strain. Then Knowsley, disdaining to be behindhand in loyal and patriotic sentiments, gave us "Rule Britannia," which also was an eminent success if combined effort and stentorian execution could in any way assure it.

Matters were thus satisfactorily progressing when a large butterfly suddenly darted in upon us, almost buffeting the Professor in the swiftness of its flight. In an instant our two naturalists were on their feet.

"It's a *charaxes*," shouted Herr Grumbeck, as he nimbly seized his net and sprang upon the ground.

"A variety of *Neleus*," said the Professor, as he followed the example of the other.

The incident in question had the speedy effect of revealing to us the marvellous agility of the two gentlemen, who skipped and ran with all the ease of dancing dervishes in their pursuit of the object of their wishes. At last the Professor, by a clever side-stroke, secured the insect, which proved to be a novelty, inasmuch that it possessed three spots upon its upper wings, which, according to all accepted traditions, ought not to have been there. This phenomenon gave rise to a lengthy and learned discussion between our two *savants*, and so long was the subject under consideration that the sun was fast

declining before any determination had apparently been arrived at on the point.

As we slowly retraced our steps homeward, the light of innumerable grass fires gave a vivid brilliancy to the landscape ; and later still, when darkness had fallen and we were making our preparations for the night, the neighbouring hills scintillating with bright jets of flame lighted up our encampment with a series of sharp contrasts and picturesque effects.

"I suppose there's no danger," said Knowsley, who was watching the conflagration in the distance.

"No," replied Rokeby, "there's a river between us ; and, besides, the wind is in the wrong direction."

"Nevertheless," said the Professor, "I prefer to have the Kafirs about us, and to-night they have all gone off to a dance at some kraal in the neighbourhood."

"My dear sir," said Rokeby, "we have our advanced guard in the wagon yonder. You may rest assured if the ladies find themselves slowly roasting, they'll promptly summon us. The sex may have a partiality for 'flames,' but still grass fires are scarcely within the category."

We then chatted sleepily over the incidents of the day, and the Professor informed us that he had made an appointment with Herr Grumbeck for the morning, and that they intended to collect the neighbourhood together. Soon afterwards we were all yielding to the embraces of the drowsy god, and several hours must have elapsed before our slumbers were to be rudely broken in an unexpected manner. My own dreams had not been of the pacific nature usually attributed to the sleep of the just. The warlike refrain we had been listening to possibly influenced the mind, and I found myself an imaginary participator in the conflict at Sedan. The cannonade was deafening, and the share I had borne in the engagement must have been considerable, for the affability of the illustrious Germans among whom I found myself was gratifying in the extreme. Prince Bismarck had just offered me his snuff-box and was politely explaining his schemes for the aggrandizement of the Empire when the turmoil redoubled, and I received a blow upon the body of so substantial a character that I instantly awoke. A furious wind had risen, and our tent-pegs giving way had precipitated the pole across my person ; in fact, we were all of us struggling like a capsized crew beneath the canvas covering which enveloped us. A more terrible sight, however, met our eyes as we emerged from the *debris* of the fallen tent. The fire, caught and carried by the wind, had spread beyond the intervening stream, and now a vast line of flame surged and roared like a stormy sea as wave on wave of glowing light advanced upon the plain. Our first thoughts were for the wagon, which a rapid glance revealed to us. Safe ! Yes it was safe, but a belt of flame coiling like a fiery serpent seemed, even as we looked, almost to enclose it in its folds. I heard behind me a hoarse exclaim-

ation, and two men dashed past, each carrying a blanket in his arms. Down into the smoke along a narrow strip of grass skirted by the bank of fire we watched these fleeting figures. Now the wind, hurling the ponderous clouds of vapour downward, obscured them from our vision, and again as the atmosphere momentarily cleared, we saw them visibly nearing the object of their quest, whilst the fire appeared to our horrified senses rapidly closing in. It was a race for life, and the chances seemed more than doubtful if, with the additional burdens they must carry back, they could traverse the yet unkindled patch of ground before the fiery circle was complete. Now they were at the wagon, and two other figures, mere animate bundles as they appeared in the distance, were received into their arms, and then a cloud of smoke once more shrouded them from our eyes.

"Thank God! Here they come! Here they come!" cried my companion. Yes, up the valley of flame and smoke they were speeding towards us, rushing on with a marvellous power of effort which a sense of imminent peril alone enabled them to sustain. The flames had by this time overlapped certain spots which had been free from the irruption when they started, but these portions were avoided by a slight detour, and by passing over the still reeking ground where the conflagration had expended itself, they were at last fairly out of danger and enabled to deposit their burdens in safety.

We now approached both the rescuers and rescued, and found that although half blinded and suffocated by the smoke, they had suffered no direct injuries from the fire itself. Somewhat to my surprise, I learnt that the lady so gallantly carried through the ordeal by our friend Knowsley was no other than Mrs. Rokeby, whilst Kate owed her safety to that lady's husband. As all danger was now over, we re-pitched the tent, and leaving the ladies to the care of Rokeby, I joined the Professor and Knowsley in paying a visit to the scene so nearly fraught with fatal consequences to our companions. We found the wagon still standing, but the tent and a portion of the contents had been entirely consumed. The Professor, searching eagerly for the drying-box which had contained his specimens, discovered to his intense chagrin that it had been destroyed.

"The wagon can be repaired," he said; "that is of no consequence and signifies little; but my *charaxes*,—the *charaxes* Grumbeck admitted to be new,—I may never catch another like it."

Knowsley, in his capacity of hero, seemed also strangely moody and depressed, and as I endeavoured to rouse him from this unnecessary dejection by eulogizing his intrepid conduct, he favoured me with the following confidential statement:—

"You see, I was at the wagon first, and couldn't well help it when she threw herself into my arms; but I'd rather, much rather, have brought away the other."

The Crucifix.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.]

O thou, received with her expiring breath,
Ta'en from a hand now cold beneath the sod,
With her last word, e'en in the gasp of death ;
Blest image of our God !

What tears have flowed those sacred feet upon
Since that sad hour when from the martyr's breast
Thou camest to these trembling hands, whereon
She sighed and sank to rest !

The sacred torches shone with flickering rays ;
The priest intoned in accents low and deep,
Like the soft notes in which a mother prays
Over her babe asleep.

A gleam of hope upon her brow was fixed ;
Strange loveliness spread over cheek and eye ;
The grace a transient pain had left was mixed
With death's sublimity.

The breeze that with her uncombed tresses played
Would now conceal and now her features show,
As o'er a marble tomb the cypress shade
Flits darkly to and fro.

One arm beside the couch hung stiff and cold ;
The other, folded lightly o'er her breast,
The image of her Saviour seemed to hold
Still to her fond lips pressed.

Once more to kiss it were her lips unlocked ;
Vain effort ! for therewith her soul had sped,
Like incense that devouring flames have mocked,—
One moment born and fled.

Hushed now and still the heaveless bosom's sigh,
No utterance her frozen lips revealed ;
The drooping lid hung o'er her sightless eye,
Half open, half concealed.

Then, as I gazed upon the work of death,
Strange awe upon my shrinking spirit came,
As though the silent power that drew her breath
Had sanctified her frame.

The priest my trembling hesitation espied,
And took the cross from out her grasp of stone :
" See here the token and the hope," he cried ;
" Take, keep it for thine own."

And thou art with me still, sad heritage ?
Above her tomb the lone memorial tree
Seven times hath borne and shed its foliage,
And thou art still with me.

Placed near my heart, where all else soon decays,
Undimmed by time thou hast her memory kept ;
Each drop the indented ivory betrays
Of all that I have wept.

O thou, the last associate of death,
Lie here, and to my eager heart respond :
What heard'st thou in that faintly whispered breath
That could not reach beyond ?

In that dread hour when the self-gathered soul
Withdraws behind the impenetrable veil,
And step by step recedes beyond the goal
Where loving words avail ;

In the dim interval 'twixt life and death,
When, as the fruit drops from the loaded tree,
The poisèd soul hangs trembling at each breath
O'er time's extremity ;

When, the tranced spirit failing to arrest,
Our sobs and hymns in idle discord blend ;
When in the death-throe to the cold lips pressed
Earth's last and dearest friend—

To cheer the gloomy path it must explore—
To lift once more to Heav'n its faltering ken—
Say, Comforter, whose image we adore,
What solace giv'st Thou then ?

Thou knowest how to die ! Tears shed by Thee
On the dread night Thou all in vain did'st pray
With copious streams bedewed the sacred tree
From eve till dawn of day,

When, facing the dread myst'ry on the cross,
Thou saw'st Thy mother weep, all nature mourn,—
Leaving, like us, earth's friends to wail Thy loss ;
Like us to burial borne.

Oh may my weakness on Thy breast recline
In that death's name with its expiring sigh ;
When my hour comes do Thou remember Thine,
Who knowest how to die !

I'll seek the abode where she with languid cheek
Her latest sigh upon Thy feet impressed ;
Guided by her my erring soul shall seek
Our common Saviour's breast.

Ah ! may some weeping form beside my bed
 Receive with placid mien and tearful eye,
 Like some sad spirit hovering o'er my head,
 The sacred legacy !

Thou pledge divine of love and hope, console
 Another's weakness, bless another's end ;
 In due succession from the parting soul
 Pass to the living friend.

Till at the last, thro' the grim halls of death,
 The sevenfold voice resounding from the sky
 Awake to life all those who sleep beneath
 The Cross of Calvary !

Rondebosch.

J. G.

Cape English.

AN article having appeared in the July number of this Magazine on "Cape Dutch," a few lines may not be inadmissible on the subject of "Cape English." The article closed with these words—"It may not be a long time hence that, having obtained our full share of conducting our own government, we shall form but one race and have but one language." What is this language to be ?

It is no doubt a matter of congratulation among many who have at heart the advancement of civilization and refinement in the land, that the knowledge and use of the English language has so much increased of late years. And there is the full expectation that the development of our educational system will aid in the spread of this as "the vulgar tongue" of future generations of Afrianders (using this term in no invidious sense). One would rejoice at such a result, not only from pardonable partiality for the language of the country to which we owe allegiance—which so many, who have never seen it, whose descent springs not from it, delight to call "home"—but also from an appreciation of the power and actual beauty and richness of the English language itself.

One cannot, however, hold much converse with those who have lived here for any length of time (particularly in the country districts), without finding many occasions for questioning whether the source of the language is "the pure well of English undefiled" that many fancy it to be. There are several words in common use which would be sought in vain in any English dictionary ; and there are many English words and phrases that are not used in the sense generally attributed to them by grammarians and lexicographers.

Not to speak of the almost invariable use of "will" and "would" for "shall" and "should," we often hear such expressions as "by the house," meaning "at home"—"throwing with a stone"—"under" (Dutch "onder") used instead of "among." This un-English phraseology forms the every-day speech of those who are gradually attaining to the foremost places among us. They are, it may be, not

yet found in our written tongue ; but one cannot open a newspaper without seeing, especially in the correspondence columns, many an idiom which smacks of something else than the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

A stranger, again, travelling through the land would hear continually expressions and words which he would require the aid of an interpreter to profit by. "Kloof," "krantz," "vley," and so forth, have all their English equivalents, but how very seldom it is that they are heard. So accustomed does one become to the colonial phraseology, that the present writer found some difficulty in using the correct English expressions for the description of a particular part of a journey then recently made ; as it was evident the local terminology would not be self-explanatory at the other end of the long separating interval between the writer and the English reader of the letter.

What, for instance, would our travelling stranger make of "drift ?" He has heard of a "snow-drift," or a "land-drift," or "a drift of wood," but to give that name to a "ford" will certainly be a new idea. "Pont" may express its own meaning ; though it is not the English word, which is lengthened by the addition of *oon*. Some people, perhaps, call the different parts of the vehicle, or the harness, by their ordinary English appellations ; but our traveller would often hear names and expressions that would puzzle him, however experienced he might be as a whip,—"*voorslag*," "*disselboom*," "*trektouw*," "*sjambok*," to mention no more. And the question must cross his mind, what mysterious operation is intended, when he hears that they will "outspan" in a few minutes more. Here is a decided gain to our future language, as "outspanning" and "in-spanning" include by one expression what an English groom would need two or three orders to perform, since harnessing the cattle does not necessarily imply attaching them to the vehicle they are intended to draw. A "*kraal*" this stranger would soon find to be the same as a "fold" for great or small cattle ; but he must rack his memory many times in vain for a good English equivalent for "*riem*," that most invaluable adjunct in every journey. And most certainly, when night came, far from any "place," he would be thankful for the comfort of a "*kaross*" or "*kombaars*," without troubling his sleepy senses about the meaning of the word.

Many other instances might be given of words that are in such constant use that there seems every reason to conclude they will hold their ground even among a people who profess to speak English. Will "cappy" ever be supplanted by "sun-bonnet," or even the shorter "hood" ? Perhaps it may not be without use to draw attention to such possibilities in our future language, that all intruders may be carefully watched before being admitted. It is one of the marks of a *living* language, that it assimilates to itself new and strange words, drawn from many opposite quarters. Let us see to it that we hand down the heritage of the language, at any rate not debased, but rather enriched by the alterations it may receive at our hands in the using.

Old Times at the Cape.

II.—A.D. 1737-1740.

AFTER the very conclusive manner in which the Attorney-General of that day disposed of Barbier's evidence against Herr Allemann, we need not be surprised to hear of the vagabond's escape from the Castle, with a view to hide himself in the country; but even here the restless spirit of the man again got him into trouble, and it was not long before he was caught and punished for his crimes.

Hark to the chronicler !

“ Barbier remained for a time secreted among his acquaintances on the Flats; but he could not long remain quiet, but went from one farmer to another, babbling about all sorts of things concerning the Government, and seeking to bring over these good people to his side. He also assured them that he had been entrusted with letters from the Senate or Council of Seventeen Commanders of the East India Company, on the showing of which no one could do him harm; but all in vain. A few simpletons, it is true, listened to him for a time, but the more reasonable soon turned away from him. Intelligence of this very soon came to the ears of the Governor and Senate. The Landdrost received an order to send out his deputy with some troopers to search for Barbier, arrest him, and deliver him up at the Castle. Some months elapsed before they could catch him, as he seldom stayed longer than one night in any place, and made himself scarce in the day. But at last the measure of his sins was full. A farmer gave information of his whereabouts to the Under-Landdrost, whereby in the middle of the night the house was surrounded and Barbier taken out of his bed, a prisoner. He was then placed upon a horse and his feet fastened under the animal's belly. In this position the Under-Landdrost brought him to Cape Town and handed him over to the guard outside the Castle. He then betook himself to the Independent Fiscaal and reported what he had done. The Fiscaal would not receive or take over Barbier as a soldier, so sent the Landdrost to the Governor, who at once gave orders to have the prisoner confined in the Black Hole. Up to this time Barbier was of good courage. He laughed and jested over his captivity, and gave every one clearly to understand that he carried about him a document, upon the showing of which he would be immediately freed from arrest, and Herr Allemann put in his place. Barbier was made to dismount from his horse and enter the Castle on foot. As he passed through the gate and came before the sergeant's guard-house, he wanted to go in, thinking it was due to his rank as a sergeant that he should pass his period of detention there; but the cry was: ‘*Quick with you! Further on!*’ He was then conducted to the dark hole or dungeon. As soon as he was convinced that his imprisonment here was finally fixed upon, he became at once downcast and low-spirited and began to weep, for he was already aware that no one was herein

confined but those who had incurred punishment by death. It is true that sometimes one corporal or another was shut up for the night or for twenty-four hours, by way of punishment, in this place; but with the Real Inquisition things were quite different, as then prisoners were placed with their feet in the stocks, or chained by an iron chain, and obliged in this way to await their further punishment. One had to keep the stubborn criminals at the Cape in this gloomy cellar for four, five, or six weeks before they underwent their preliminary trial or first examination. This often had an excellent effect—they became through it so docile and so mild that they confessed all that was in their hearts at the first inquiry, in order to come soon into the world again. Just so was it with Barbier. To all the questions put to him he gave true answers: knew of no document, denied no charge, and begged only for a merciful punishment. His trial was soon over. After two or three examinations the sentence was drawn up, was made known to him on a Friday, and on the following day the execution took place. In consequence of this, after a short prayer from the Reformed Church minister, he was stripped naked on the place of execution by the executioner's assistant, and bound upon a double wooden cross, used also for those who were condemned to be broken upon the wheel. First, his right hand was struck off with an axe, then his head, and afterwards he was drawn and quartered. The entrails were buried under the gallows. The head and hand were nailed upon a pole, and this was placed upon the highway leading from the Castle to the Plattelands. The four quarters were sent far into the inhabited districts, and there securely nailed and placed upon posts in four separate divisions. This was the melancholy end of a turbulent fellow, who, as sergeant on an easy station, received monthly twenty guilders, and as 'kost-geld' eight florins and eight stivers, wood free, besides the services of all prisoners, and could have lived in quiet and enjoyable repose. He had nothing else to do, or business to perform, beyond having morning and evening to hear the prisoners' roll read over by the corporal on duty—to take over in the evening the key of the prison, and to give it out again in the morning. The chief part of his duty was to report every Saturday to the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Fiscaal, and Captain whether all the prisoners were there, and whether they were sick or well. But when the whole garrison were under arms and paraded with colours, notice was given to him, and then he was obliged to appear as a sergeant; but this seldom happened more than twice, or at most three times, a year. Thus he had very little to trouble him whilst in the service; and under the administration of the East India Company, his further advancement would also have been certain, as there was but one engineer at the Cape. This was the first lieutenant, named Cochius, an old gentleman. When he died, as happened soon afterwards, Barbier would certainly have been installed in his place, if not as an officer, at least as an engineer. I could not get near enough, through the press, to hear his sentence and the list of his crimes and offences read through before his execu-

tion, but I was told that he was charged with having cast longing eyes on the Government—wishing to usurp the head of it, and for this purpose did he try to raise up the inhabitants of the Plattelands. The then reigning Director of the Senate of Justice—Herr Grand-prée, who had passed the sentence, was truly a Frenchman by birth, but understood the Dutch language thoroughly—yet he pronounced the words with a very French accent, so that one could not always understand him. However, he explained to me that Barbier had often been called by the term ‘traitor to his country.’ After this mournful and tragical spectacle all was again peaceful and quiet through the whole Cape of Good Hope, and with truth one could say that no one in this place found his happiness in looking forward to better times, but rather possessed it in a peaceful enjoyable present.”

Turning now more directly to the fortunes of Herr Allemann, his biographer bewails the unfortunate relations existing between that rising youth and the *parvenu* Governor, and throws a flood of light on the diplomatic courtesies in which they habitually indulged towards each other. As far as their different stations would allow them, they were always remarkably civil to each other, but neither trusted the other, so that no true friendship could really exist between them.

“Herr Allemann on every occasion showed to the Governor the respect due to him in every possible way, and performed his duties with the greatest possible zeal, as indeed was his duty. But the oftener that the Governor failed in courtesy to him, the more forbearing he became, and tried to keep away from him as much as possible, seeking frequently the society of the Independent Fiscaal. The Governor, on the contrary, always cherished a grudge in his heart against him, but Herr Allemann made as if he did not notice it; but, in truth, Herr Allemann was in the matter of learning, wisdom, and understanding far above him. He possessed a natural gift of judgment and discretion and a readiness of wit which were very striking, and if he had speech with the Governor, scarcely was a question addressed to him before his answer was ready. But if Herr Allemann had any scheme to propose to the Governor, he deliberated over it for some time, and would not come to a fitting decision by himself, but always first asked the advice of his father-in-law, or some other member of the Government. Herr Allemann, who had already for many years studied the weaknesses of the Governor, knew that with the exception of a short trip to Batavia and back, he had never been out of Africa, and that in no single branch of education was he solidly grounded. He also could not reconcile it to his own heart to be on familiar terms with a superior whom he knew would willingly overthrow him if he could only find an opportunity to prove facts against him. It also seemed to him that never again could Herod and Pilate have been good friends. But time and circumstances brought about quite another view of things, as human understanding might anticipate.”

The fourteenth chapter treats of the promotion of Herr Allemann and the various consequences springing out of his good fortunes, and

contains a capital account of a shipwreck off Green Point and Three-Anchor Bay, of which more anon. Meanwhile, his senior officers were dying off, or otherwise preparing the road for his advancement.

"The Herr Captain Rhenius had by this time reached a good old age; his otherwise good constitution was becoming weaker, he longed for rest, and he had sufficient means for living independently. For this purpose he appeared before the Governor and Senate with his application, and entreated them to apply to the Council of Seventeen Commanders for his dismissal, and the nomination of a successor. The Governor was loth to entertain this application, and tried to dissuade him from urging it forward.

"Now Herr Rhenius was an excellent officer,—little in person but great in understanding, courageous, of sedate ways, yet still agreeable in society; beloved by his fellow-men, looked up to as a father by his inferiors, as well as by his family. He had two sons; one was an assistant in the Secretary's office, the other was in the Treasury. Three of his brothers had he sent for to Holstein and provided for—one was the true image of the Captain, and was garrison clerk and overlooker of the workpeople at the armoury. The second was ensign; and the third as yet only a sergeant. These two last were quite different from their two elder brothers, being perverse and uncourteous. The Captain, on the contrary, was no one's enemy, but, instead, the friend of everybody. He was beloved by upright people, but feared by naughty ones, as he never permitted a deliberate fault to pass unpunished. The noble East India Company were formerly wont to send out the governors and also the captains direct from Holland; but since the death of Governor Van Noot they had ceased to do so—some said because of the expense, but the true reason might well be this, that the Company had seen for themselves that it was not fitting that a foreigner, to whom the whole country, its arrangements, dispositions, and customs were unknown, should be entrusted with the government. In the year 1739 Herr Captain Rhenius sent in his resignation, and in 1740 arrived the Company's answer, to this effect, that he might retire, and 'in the place of Captain Rhenius let the oldest lieutenant be appointed.' By this it was intended that the before-mentioned lieutenant and engineer, Herr Cochius, should be the man; but he was an old man of nearly seventy, and when the tardy decision arrived at the Cape, he had already been fourteen days in his grave! The Governor and the Court of Policy summoned Herr Allemann before the General Assembly, and then the Governor asked him 'if he was not the senior lieutenant since the death of Cochius.' Herr Allemann answered that 'he, after the death of Cochius was, to the best of his knowledge, the oldest, the first, and the only lieutenant in the garrison at the Cape.' 'Well,' said the Governor, 'then I have orders from the East India Company to install you as Captain, head of the Garrison, and Commandant of the Castle. I congratulate you upon it; and beg of you, for the future, your friendship, besides your good advice and assistance during my government.'

"Herr Allermann rendered to him his obedient thanks, and recom-

mended himself to the favour of the Governor. The chief gentlemen of the Court also stood forward and congratulated Allemann in these words, partly perhaps out of a good heart and partly from pomposity of manner:—"If the Herr Lieutenant-Governor Tulbagh, who had married a sister of the present noble Governor's wife, could have seen this, as well as the Independent Fiscaal Van der Heughel, they would have rejoiced with heartfelt joy over this announcement." The noble Governor then spoke again and besought Captain Allemann, that as his cousin the ensign had at present only a very inferior lodging, he would be so good, as soon as Rhenius had left his quarters, to take possession of them, and then Ensign Muys could occupy Allemann's previous dwelling. But Allemann deprecated this, and put forward the excuse, that he could not take possession of the Captain's rooms until his installation should have arrived from Holland; besides which, he pleaded that he had only been appointed in general terms, and had not truly been made Captain yet. But Mynheer De Tweede, the Heer Fiscaal, and the Chief Assessor of the Senate begged him to oblige the Governor in this matter, on their assurance that they would so draw up their report to the Directors of the East India Company that it would be impossible that the appointment should not be confirmed. To these gentlemen Allemann could give no refusal, and he also consented to the Governor's request. Now he had gone in to Government House and to the Assembly of the Senate as Lieutenant, and he came out again as Captain of the Militia, Chief of the Garrison, and Commandant of the Fortress, also with the rank of Head Merchant, President of Justice, and Assessor of the Council of Policy. To the officer of the guard orders had already been quietly sent out that when Herr Allemann came out of Government House, the honours of a Captain were to be shown to him. As soon as Allemann stepped out of the assembly-room into the hall, the sentry before Government House, according to custom, lowered his musket, and saluted. So then the officer on duty turned out the whole guard, who also presented arms and saluted. From this it was immediately known through the whole Castle that Herr Allemann had been made Captain, whereat the whole garrison rejoiced with a great joy."

Herr Allemann soon proved that he was quite equal to his good fortune, and was determined to make everybody respect him, and render that deference which was due to his many important offices. Accordingly, he commenced with the Governor, who again on his part was not slow to take the hint, as clearly follows from the text.

"How soon, now, could the noble Lord Governor alter his behaviour towards Herr Allemann! If the Governor at the Cape had not the three Head Merchants, the Vice-Governor, the Independent Fiscaal, and the Commandant of the Garrison as his friends,—any three of these persons, if they combined together against the Governor, could make his life very bitter to him; and the Captain besides, who had most to say in military matters, could vex him in a hundred ways. It is different if the Governor is a despot, as was Van Noot, who esteemed *no* man, who listened to *no* reason,

and loosened *no* knots, but with the sword of Alexander cut them all asunder. But, as sometimes the Governor is weak, and, as one may say, has had no experience, so must he be very yielding and compliant, or it goes with him as formerly with Governor Adrian Van der Stell, who was reprimanded by the Government in Holland, superseded by Governor Van Asseburg, and called to account. As soon as Herr Allemann was placed in charge of the garrison as Captain, and also had been inducted into the Council of Justice and of Policy, he was at liberty to have his opinion, and say his say, as wisely as he could, upon whatever turned up in the course of business, and now he also changed his behaviour to the noble Lord Governor. He understood quite well how to give honour to him to whom it was due, but at the same time maintained the respect due to himself; and it is certainly not a matter for merriment when those of the highest rank make themselves contemptible to each other. For this reason the High Senate always continued in peace, and of one mind in all their undertakings; consequently, they were respected. When any matter came before them for debate, they disputed over the matter itself, and not over personal qualities, or particular doings or actions!"

We now arrive at a graphic account of a shipwreck near the present flash lighthouse, and we are fortunately in a position to verify many of the incidents herein related by reference to a very old painting in the Cape Town Library, formerly in the possession of the Van der Poel family, and still in capital preservation. It hangs over the entrance to the Library from the public walk, and is well worth a careful inspection as well from the quaintness of the costumes, as for the curious ideas of dress entertained by the leaders of Cape fashions in 1740. In the foreground struts the noble Lord Governor, dressed in black velvet, and with a long porcelain pipe in his right hand, while the group of ladies on the right and the peculiar breed of horses being led about near the tents on the left are alike amusing from their grotesque shapes and evident truth to nature. But to our tale.

"In the year 1740 a ship arrived from Holland named the *Fish*. This ship took the risk of disobeying the order against entering Table Bay by night, and cast anchor in the open roadstead, but a light on the land misled the officers of this vessel, so that they steered wrongly. The captain and the steersman knew as yet nothing of the little mud fort (near Three-Anchor Bay, we presume) of which I have written in the twelfth chapter as having been erected by the soldier Barbier. They were of opinion that this said light came from the island to be found in the bay called Robben Island, and steered towards it. A moment after the sailor on watch cried out "Brand!" (or breakers ahead)—which does not mean fire, but that they are so close to the shore, that the foaming and breaking of the waves as they strike, which is called "branding," can be perceived. "Where is the brand?" cried the Steersman! "Right under the bows!" was the answer; and at the same moment the ship was fast between the rocks. This was at once made known to the main watch from the little battery of Barbier's, and as soon as it was day the noble

Lord Governor, besides some of the principal gentry, hastened to the spot. The Harbour-master with his boatmen, and also the Quartermaster and his sailors and the Company's slaves, all must be there, at least to save the crew and the chests of money, of which every ship bound from Holland to India had ten or twelve. But no boat, large or small, could get to the ship between the rocks and stones; consequently the people on board must make their own preparation for landing safely.

"After some failures, they fastened a thin weak line to an empty cask and threw it into the sea, and the waves drove the cask so far over the rocks towards the shore that a sailor ventured out to it, and was able to bring the one end of the line to the shore, whilst the other end was secured to the ship. Now for the first time was the matter pretty well hit upon. The Cape sailors drew this line quite on to the shore, and then soon there followed it a strong rope and as thick as an arm, besides another thin cord, both of which the ship's crew had fastened on the first. Their meaning was soon understood, and a post was driven into the earth, to which the large cable was secured, whilst some sailors held the thin rope in their hands. The great copper cauldron in which the food for the ship's crew was daily cooked was then swung by its two iron rings upon this strong rope, and the other end of the cable was fastened in the vessel. In this manner, the cauldron could be drawn backwards and forwards on the cable by means of thin ropes fastened to the rings. Every time two men got into the cauldron and were drawn safely to shore by the Cape sailors, and when they had got out, the cauldron was pulled back to the ship. Over a hundred and fifty men were already saved in this way and lodged in the hospital, when the steward and his assistant got into the cauldron, taking with them a young lad. The steward had some money, and had his pockets so filled and overweighted with ducats that they made him as heavy again as the little boy with them. This load was too great. One of the iron rings broke off the cauldron, and the three people fell into the sea. The rope was at once slackened, by which means the assistant steward and the boy kept themselves above water and were saved, but the steward with all his money sank like a stone and was drowned. His riches became his misfortune!

"For the sake of looking on at this miserable and melancholy wreck, over a thousand persons had walked and ridden out to the spot. Amongst them was the orphan daughter of the deceased Governor Von Kerwel, already mentioned. Now the noble Governor Schwellengrebel had a painter in his train, small in person but clever in his art, and an extraordinarily excellent draughtsman. He had formerly learnt engraving on copper, and it helped him in etching, but afterwards he devoted himself to portrait-painting, in which art he far excelled an ordinary picture-maker, which astonished one the more, inasmuch as when you spoke to him he seemed to have one eye looking towards the west, while the other regarded the east, so dreadfully did he squint. This painter also arrived on the scene,

bringing with him a sheet of paper and a drawing board. He sat down on the ground and sketched off the wreck as well as the country, the multitude of people, the tents there pitched, and whatever else was present, roughly. He chose for his subject the exact time that the ring broke and the men fell into the sea. He afterwards made from this rough sketch a finished painting about two and a half feet long and two feet high, and one can well imagine that some of the figures in it could not well be larger than one inch high. Besides, as all present had their faces turned towards the ship, and the painter himself sat somewhat distant upon a hill, he could only see the backs of the assembled folks, and thus could only paint them backwards on the canvas. Nevertheless, he had depicted Miss Von Kerwel, as she stood with her back to him, in his own adroit manner, so true to nature and so excellently, that every one who came to see the picture said at once, ‘*This is the “jonge-jufvrouw,”*’ which title was only given to the daughters of Governors, and meant the same in Dutch as the term ‘*Fraulein*’ does in German. Everybody admired the painter’s skill, but chiefly was this lady’s beautiful figure the cause of it.”

We may here remark that the writer has evidently exaggerated the charms of this damsel, for in this very picture now to be seen in the Library there is not the slightest trace of beauty, and her feet, especially, are perfect beetle-crushers. She is there figured with a striped brocaded dress distended over a monstrous hoop, and exacting homage from a crowd of admirers, who are taking off their hats to her and proving their devotion. A slave is shading her fair face from the sun with an enormous red umbrella, and a group of ladies on the right are glancing superciliously at her costume. The ship, by the way, has her sails still set, and the waves are foaming in the most alarming manner at her stern and bows. The best figures, undoubtedly, are the soldiers on guard on the beach. These are capitally drawn, and look full of importance. But to come back to the stranded ship.

“Upon this vessel was a person who was styled the ship’s corporal, and who must be either a smith or a blacksmith by profession. He had a little workshop between decks, fully equipped, and it was his duty to attend to all matters where anything of malleability had to be accomplished. This man now as quickly as possible must re-fasten the ring on to the cauldron, which, though it would take at least a couple of hours to do, would be able to convey on shore during the same day the whole of the crew, from the captain to the steersman. But these two, besides a couple of sailors, were obliged to remain on board, because the money chests, on account of their great weight, had not yet been brought on shore. They were too heavy to be brought over in the cauldron, and, besides, it was too dangerous to attempt such means. Neither with a large or a small boat could one approach the ship, as it lay *outside the bay, on the extreme point of Africa, towards the open sea*, which on this day was stormy and disturbed.”

The lines italicized by us clearly point to the neighbourhood of

Three-Anchor Bay, where the *Enchantress* and dozens of fine vessels have since gone to pieces on the rocks !

“On the following day the weather cleared up ; and the sea was quite quiet. The noble Governor, by way of reward, promised to give a handsome *douceur* out of his own pocket to a Cape Quarter-master and some sailors who volunteered to row off to the ship and to fetch out the money chests. But the ship lay so close into the shore that they were obliged to row a long way round the coast in order to get at it, *for the ground there made with the bay a right angle*, so they must go out of the bay into the open sea before they could reach the stranded bark. It was not possible to approach the ship with a cargo-boat, as it was too large, and went too deep, and it was also impossible to drag it over the rocks. An ordinary ‘*schuit*’ was again too small and could not hold more than two chests, and when empty she might be upset in the open sea. The stimulus of a reward, however, overcame all difficulties, so the Quarter-master got into a cutter or cargo-boat with his sailors, and fastened a little skiff behind it. Then he sailed out of the bay into the open sea, dragging it after them.”

To cut a long story short, they secured the bigger boat to the ship, and managed by means of the smaller one to tranship the boxes of treasure from the ship to the cutter, and at last the captain and the mate were taken into the boat and brought safely on shore. Thus everything of value was saved.

“It was high time, for the following night the tide raised the vessel high up, and at the ebb she was so severely bumped upon the rocks that she was split lengthwise and across, so that one side of the ship was thrown over the other, and it was far easier to get at it over the rocks, by wading in as far as the knees ; but there was little or nothing left to save. Had the sailors at once chopped down the masts the ship would have been lighter, and would have held together longer, and one could still have saved many articles. But as the Company after the loss of a ship paid no further wages, so soon as a vessel struck all authority ceased, and then each seaman was like a wild, unmanageable horse. Wine, beer, brandy, &c., &c., all were seized upon and guzzled in excess. Chests and boxes, wherever the sailors could get at them, were broken open. The officers dared speak no word for fear of blows. In one word, it was with them as it is with soldiers when they have free permission to plunder. They dared not, however, seize upon the money chests, for behind *them* stood the gallows ! As for the rest, many stranded ships have been saved and again made seaworthy, but ‘*schiff verloren, alles verloren*,’ as the saying is. As was explained in the second chapter of this work, all debts are paid and also all transport expenses after the wreck of a ship, so if the seamen can only save their lives, they don’t stop to ask if the ship can be saved or not.”

With which sapient observation we must close this episode of the wreck and the foolish policy of the East India Company, so graphically described by our simple-minded author.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Sir Henry Lawrence.*

IT is a trite remark, that India has been called "the grave of talent and the cradle of heroes." The strong personal qualities required from all who seek a great career in that trying country are just such qualities as are inherent in the best specimens of Englishmen. Self-reliance, good temper, strict integrity, and a chivalrous sense of all that is involved in the term "good breeding," have ever distinguished the ablest men under the East India Company; but it remained for men like Outram, Havelock, and the Lawrences to show that one could be at the same time firm, yet compassionate, a great general and a good Christian. The great fault of our rule in the East has been a perfect contempt for our coloured subjects. Because the Chiefs and Rajahs have been a set of perfidious, blood-stained rascals, for ever jostling each other for power, and involved in intrigue, it has been too much taken for granted that the people themselves are void of any good social instincts. This contempt for native habits, customs, politics, and religion has been at the bottom of half our wars. It has involved us in intricate quarrels; and but for the truth of the old adage, that the fleas would pull any man out of his bed, *if they were but unanimous*, and that natives are so jealous of each other, the English must, in the natural course of things, have long been swept off and out of our Indian possessions. From the days of Clive we have been too much dazzled by bloody conquests and annexation of rebellious territories. It is due to statesmen like Canning and Lawrence that India at length is being ruled for the benefit, and mainly through the agency, of Indians themselves.

In the elaborate "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," just published in two volumes, we have only one fault to find, and that is, that the publishers have not enriched them by portraits of Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence. It is impossible to gallop through these pages without wishing for a glimpse of features that through life excited so much love and affection, and so satisfy ourselves that this brave, impetuous, benevolent, and most practically christian soldier, and his

* The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence, by the late Major-General Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and Herman Merivale, Esq., C.B.

high-souled, highly-gifted, and most charming helpmate did actually once exist in the flesh, and that they are not mere creatures of the imagination, viewed through a haze of biographical exaggeration and affectionate regrets. The story of their lives is so beautiful and so romantic,—husband and wife were so closely interwoven into each other's being,—and the character of the one had so blended and reacted on the character of the other,—that in the whole range of modern literature we know of no love-story so inexpressibly touching,—no tale of domestic happiness so perfectly idyllic. If it were in our power to do so, we should like to lay a copy of this book on the drawing-room table of every English household in this Colony. The book itself is so beautifully written, the historical episodes so graphically woven, that it is with the utmost difficulty we can decide upon the extracts we shall make from it; and we only refrain from lengthy quotations because our space will not admit of them.

Sir Henry Lawrence, as everyone knows, was killed at Lucknow on the 2nd July, 1857, having entered the Indian Service in February, 1822. During those thirty-four years, he served his Government in almost every capacity; and but for his letter offering to act at Lucknow for Outram while on furlough arriving too late, and the selection of Mr. Coverley Jackson to take temporary charge of that Residency, with its consequent train of evils, it was quite upon the cards that the Sepoys never would have mutinied if Sir Henry had been sooner translated from Rajpootana to Oude. His enormous influence among the natives was not the growth of a day. He had to work very hard and very patiently at all his grand and noble schemes for their amelioration, before he saw the fruits of his excessive zeal and energy in well-doing. But when that day came his reward was very great and glorious.

Take the following eloquent testimony to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence, from the pen of Mr. Raikes:—

In January, 1853, at Amritsur, when I first entered the Lahore Division as Commissioner, I had a good opportunity of observing the almost marvellous sway which Sir Henry exercised over classes of men widely differing in every feeling, save love to him. There were the conquerors and the conquered, the European officials and the Sikh Sirdars, some of the best specimens of English gentlemen and some of the roughest Asiatic Chiefs, all alike lamenting over the departure of the man who seemed to be the personal friend of each and all. It was impossible to mistake the feeling evinced on either side, or to say whether the natives or the Englishmen present were the most zealous to show their respect and love. * * * * In March, 1857, at Agra, when on his way to take charge of his new duties as Chief Commissioner of Oude, I had much daily and unreserved intercourse with Sir Henry Lawrence. I found him, as it were, ripening fast, alike for that goal of human glory,—which he was soon to attain,—and for that sublimer change which so quickly awaited him. His heart seemed overflowing with christian charity. For every child that he met in my own family, in the missionary or other public schools, he had a word of kindness or encouragement. Incidentally he told me that the secret of his ability to support these public institutions, with which his name will be for ever associated, was to be found in his abstinence to the utmost from all sorts of personal expense.

What was the secret, however, of the enormous influence here alluded to? It was due as much to personal qualities as to an absolute disregard of what money could do, except to relieve distress. It is surprising the very great sums given by this gentleman in charity; and if one could make a calculation of how much he spent in those years upon the furtherance of benevolent objects, the sum total would be astonishing. This charitable bent of mind he inherited from his father; and these volumes are full of proofs as to the very extraordinary abilities and characteristics of the Lawrence family, who all rose to such lofty stations in India.

Briefly stated, Henry Lawrence was the fourth son of Alexander Lawrence, of Coleraine, in the county of Derry, who served in India, and rose to be Colonel Commandant of the garrison at Ostend throughout the Waterloo campaign. His father was a disappointed man, and always nursed a grievance against the Government of that day, for not promoting him faster, in spite of his many wounds and long years of arduous service. One of his sons, in after years, looking back upon the past, speaks thus of his influence upon his own career:—

I should say that, on the whole, we derived most of our metal from our father. Both my father and mother possessed much character. She had great administrative qualities. She kept the family together, and brought us all up on very slender means. She kept the purse and managed all domestic matters. My father was a very remarkable man. He had left home at fourteen years of age, and had to struggle with the world from the beginning to the end. But he possessed great natural powers; ever foremost in the field, and somewhat restless in times of peace. He was a fine, stout, soldier-like looking fellow, a capital rider, a good sportsman, and a capital runner.

I have heard old military men, when I was a boy, say that he was one of the hardest and best officers they ever met, and that he only wanted the opportunity which rank gives to have done great things. I fancy he was rather headstrong and wayward, although much liked by his equals and inferiors, not disposed to submit readily to imbecility and incompetence in high places. When I was coming out to India my poor old mother made me a speech somewhat to the following effect:—"I know you don't like advice, so I will not give you much. But pray recollect two things. Don't marry a woman who had not a *good* mother; and don't be too ready to speak your mind. It was the rock on which your father shipwrecked his prospects."

Henry Montgomery Lawrence, into whose noble life we are now about to look, was born at Matura, in Ceylon, on the 28th June, 1806. He was educated at Foyle College, in Derry, under his uncle, the Rev. James Knox, and early resolved to enter the East India Service. He was sent to Addiscombe, where we get from his friends a clear and faithful picture of him as a cadet. Imagine, then, a rather tall, raw-boned youth of sixteen, with high cheek bones, small grey eyes, sunken cheeks, prominent brows, and long brown hair, inclined to wave—a very rough Irish lad, hard-bodied, iron-constitutioned, who could, when necessary, take or give a licking with a good grace, and as indifferent to dress then as he was after as a man,—imagine this frame full of life and energy, buoyant with spirits and

overflowing with goodness, yet quick of temper, stern of resolution, the champion of the oppressed, the determined foe of everything mean, bullying, or skulking, and you have before you Pat Lawrence the youth. He had a fiery temper, off in an instant at any reflection on Ireland, but full of good humour and easily made to laugh, always ready to side with the losing party or the weak. He was backward for his age in scholarship, and slow in acquisition, but making up for these deficiencies by laborious study and unflinching application. And as he was then, so was he always distinguished in after-life,—always striving to the utmost to keep his temper in subjection, to do justice to those who differed with him, and to increase his knowledge by reading and writing much.

No better instance recurs to us than his behaviour to Lord Dalhousie, when that somewhat imperious and hard-headed Scot promoted his brother John over his head in the Punjaub. His letters to the Governor-General show how well he had disciplined his mind to obey orders without a murmur; but it must have been a hard struggle to be thus snubbed by a superior new to India, and in every way his junior and inferior. As he grew older, he toned down very much in his outbursts of ire, and grew more and more humble-minded in the presence of difficulties not of his own making; but to the last he practised the virtue of self-denial, and never was happier than when relieving distress, soothing the injured, and practising forgiveness in its more christian sense.

On this point we could supply many eloquent testimonials from among the large circle of his brother officers, and especially of his younger friends in India. Take the following for one. Speaking of the times when he knew him as a hot, impetuous, somewhat irascible school-fellow, Major Abbott says of him :—

I know nothing more instructive than the comparison of what then he seemed to be in 1820, with that which afterwards he proved himself—the most enlightened ruler and statesman in India. A man whose nobleness of soul inspiring some of the most valuable endowments of mind, and some of the rarest and highest virtues that ever met together in the same breast, rendered him, in the eyes of those honoured with his intimate acquaintance, without a rival in the world.

There can be no doubt that had he been born thirty-five years later, he would have been ignominiously rejected by the examiners for cadetships in the Indian army—a fate which, under like circumstances, must have befallen Nelson himself, and about three fourths of the heroes to whom England owes her glory. The qualities which make the distinguished soldier or sailor are strong common sense, sagacity, personal and moral courage, self-confidence, fertility of resource: these are much oftener found in the possession of men who could never become scholars than of those who distinguish themselves at college.

One of the most marked features of character in Sir Henry Lawrence, says Mr. Herman Merivale, was his singular power of attaching to him those among whom he lived, and especially those whom he commanded. In the eyes of the natives, and in particular of his favourite Sikh Chiefs, he served as the impersonation of the conquering English race in its better aspect, while he was equally

successful in winning the affections of the Europeans with whom he was brought chiefly in contact.

He had a rough simplicity of manner, a disregard of form, and a frankly cordial demeanour, which in the opinion of many were carried to excess. He was too fond of ranging himself on the weaker side, even if that side were clearly in the wrong. His very love of fair play, his catholic justice, which extended to the meanest as to the highest, including even the enemies of society, led him to distrust his own bias in favour of the evidence of those whom he cared for, and to weigh it in even scales with that of persons unworthy of trust. The slightest symptom of prejudice on the part of one against the other enlisted his sympathies with that other, however unworthy he might be. It was in his eyes persecution, and he felt himself the constituted foe of all persecutors.

And so he went through life, in a teachable and teaching spirit—impressed with the necessity of knowledge, and thirsting both to get and to give it; first laboriously making up the leeway which he had lost in boyhood, and then genially looking round to see whom else he could help along the voyage. Most of his spare time seems to have been given to hard and regular reading, chiefly of historical works, including “*India and its Campaigns*” and the “*Universal History*.” His mind thus became well stored with facts and principles held available for active service.

The first piece of active service upon which he was engaged was in the Burmese war of 1824-5, when he picked up a fever that more or less bothered him all his life. The capture of Arracan is fully described in his journal, and so bad was the fever that for weeks together Lawrence and his Colonel were the only two artillery officers, out of a body of eighteen or twenty, who sat down together at the mess table. He was invalided home in 1827, and made the acquaintance of his cousin, Honoria Marshall, whom he subsequently married at Calcutta in 1837. “Most fair and loveable was this wild Irish cousin with the bright face and golden hair. Her home, since she was four years old, had been with her uncle and aunt at Fahan, and her childhood was passed on the lovely but lonely shore of the ‘Lake of Shadows.’ The open air, the sky, the fields, the sea, these were her play-fellows; and in after-life she used to say she got her schooling mostly from the pebbles on the beach. Truly here she learnt a deep love of nature, a high romance of feeling, a habit of self-communion, and a content with solitude which would have made poetry of any lot.” For nine years Lawrence had to wait before he could ask her to come out and marry him, and the love-making seems to have been chiefly carried out by his favourite sister Lettice. In the meantime, he gets appointed to the Revenue Survey, and in this work of assessing the value of the soil in Moradabad, Futteghurh, and Allahabad, first really learns to know the natives of India, and the best class of natives, the agricultural population. Instead of living in a European station, he pitched his tents among the people, under their trees and by their streams, for eight months out of the twelve. He saw them as military men seldom can see them, as all civilians ought to see them, and as the best do see them—in their

homes and daily life, and thus learnt to sympathize with them as a race, and to understand their wants. One of his biographers says that—

Another experience which he laid to heart when a surveyor, and gave vigorous effort to as a Governor, was the duty and policy of light assessments, the cruelty and desolation of heavy ones.

Another was the superiority of work done out of doors, surrounded by the people, to work done in court, surrounded by untrustworthy officials.

And another, which became a cardinal maxim in his mind, was this, *that roads were the first want of any country and any Government*. "Push on your roads," he used to say; "open out your district. The farmer, the soldier, the policeman, the traveller, the merchant—all want roads. Cut roads in every direction."

In a fine passage, Sir Herbert Edwardes observes that Time in those five years of surveying duties had subdued nothing in him. There he was, in the vigour of early manhood; self-taught, self-devoted, self-reliant, fiery of zeal to do the public work, hot of temper with reprobates and idlers, as hot to reward the diligent, impatient of contradiction, ignorant of the impossible, scorning compromise, resolute to do the thing or die; in short, rough hewn and angular and strong. Hundreds of mannikins, high and low, had yet to pick and peck at him through life with their little chisels and fret him smooth. The Suddar Board of Revenue report of him that "Captain Lawrence has conducted the complicated process of double survey more successfully perhaps than any other, and is prepared to guarantee, with the establishment stated, a complete survey of 3,000 square miles per annum, where the villages average one square mile each." So then this dull lad from Addiscombe has begun at thirty to excel his fellows! How has he done it? What is the secret? Seemingly the old secret, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

It would be impossible in this review of his life to glance at everything dealt with in these volumes, beyond stating generally that Lawrence gradually made his way to the front, and became a man of mark, of resistless energy, and always striving to advance the best interests of the Company, not by schemes of aggrandisement, but by suggesting the best modes of making the most of the people and the country. His head was always full of plans, and he spared neither health nor strength towards carrying them out. Always a man of action, he was also a man of thought, and soon acquired such great personal influence wherever he resided, that in after-life he had nothing to regret except the shortness of one's opportunities for doing good. In these benevolent projects he was well supported by his wife; and scarcely would it be possible for any union of imperfect human beings to be more complete and blessed in every way than that of Henry and Honoria Lawrence. Their first joint idea of establishing what are now called Lawrence Asylums seems to have arisen from a visit in Calcutta to see the orphan refuge of Mrs. Wilson; and their hearts being much affected by the probable fate

that would await the male and female children of soldiers brought up in the plains and in camp, they determined to collect the funds for providing suitable shelter and education at some healthy and central hill station. The warm interest which this visit to the orphan refuge created in their minds never died out. And while the school itself derived liberal aid from them, it was probably one out of the many links in their experience which led their own efforts at usefulness so much into educational channels. From the very first she threw her whole heart into her husband's lot, and sought her usefulness and happiness in being the tributary stream that swelled the volume of a noble river. Whatever his occupation was, she applied herself to understand and share it. If she could help it, she helped. If not, she sat by and sympathized. Those who have known her will bear witness that never had great public servant a help more meet for him.

It would be foreign to our purpose to follow step by step the public life of Sir Henry—for much of that belongs to the world's history already: but we are charmed with his private life and character, and for this we must be grateful to his loving wife who formed it and moulded it to the highest purposes. Can anything be more charming than the following extracts from a letter dated in 1838, in reply to an invitation to come and settle in Swan River territory in Western Australia?—

My heart so overflows with tenderness and thankfulness when I speak of my dear husband, that I am almost afraid to open the subject; but I know you will be interested in hearing of your old friend's happiness. * * *

I want all my friends to know my husband; he knows them and feels interested in them all. Henry is a Captain in the Bengal Artillery, and holds an appointment in the Survey which Government are taking of their dominions in this country. It is a busy and a wandering life; but we both like it. Except during the rainy season, when we are driven in, we live wholly in tents,—a week in one place, a month in another, a day in another. We rarely see a European face, or hear a word of English, and are in fact almost as much alone together as if we were in a desert land. We have, therefore, especial reason to be thankful that we can be thoroughly companions. * * * Were I not very happy, I should be very unhappy, at being entirely separated from all that I considered as home; but as it is, we carry home about with us. Still we cannot help feeling a pang when we think of the many whom we love, but may never see again in the flesh. These ought not to be mere barren thoughts; they are surely appointed to quicken us on our way, and give a greater reality to our anticipations of a future reunion; and meantime, what a blessing is the affection that can thrive alike in any climate, and bind us as members of one family, scattered though we be! I would alter one word of Cowper's, and say, "*Love* is the golden girdle of the globe." I do indeed wish that we could look to visiting the far-off East where you are. An emigrant to a partly civilized colony, under favourable circumstances of climate, &c., has always seemed to me one of the most desirable of positions. If people have children who grow up, this land entails inevitable separation, and in most instances home is very little better—families are there so scattered; but colonists have the prospect of keeping their own flock around them, and of their children dwelling where they have dwelt.

To give some idea of the pleasures of an Indian life, especially in

the merry month of May, take another extract from a letter to her cousin :—

Last night Henry brought me here from the Montgomerys, with whom I have been staying. The weather is hot. Oh! you cannot imagine the heat! When one lies down at night, the very sheets feel *roasting*. A stream of hot wind blows from the west between sunrise and sunset; and at night the breathless stillness is still worse, for then there is no help. During the day, by having wetted "*tatties*" to the west, the air of the room is cooler; but at night there is only the "*punkah*." The perpetual call to the servants is, "Throw water," "Pull the punkah," "Bring iced water!" Well, after all, you see we have the means of assuaging our evils, and it is certainly no worse to be awake from heat than from cold. The ice is a great luxury. During the cold weather it is collected, and for about £6 we get 16lb. daily throughout the hot season. In Calcutta they use ice brought from America.

The five years from 1833 to 1838, which Henry Lawrence passed in the Revenue Survey, were years of great mental activity and development of character. He now became his own master. He had time and scope for original thought. He had large establishments to look after, wide tracts of country to traverse, and varied races dependent on his judgment, and sound work for much of their future prospects. The vastness of the land, the density of its population, and the vital importance of the civil government now came home to him. Things he had read of, says Edwardes, all fitted themselves into their places, and he got glimpses into the thousand questions of our position in India which lie on the right hand and on the left of so many of our countrymen, without their ever knowing of their existence. Day by day he explored these by-ways of native society and British rule; and year after year found him more informed of existing conditions, more thoughtful of our mistakes, more earnest to correct them, more clear as to the directions that reform must take. In short, there were few subjects, civil or military, which concerned the English in India on which he had not now begun to have distinct ideas of his own; not flashes of genius, but painstaking conclusions, dug out of the facts by an observant eye and a truth-desiring mind, and then made original by force of thought and strong practical application. Thus at the age of thirty-one we find him sending valuable suggestions to one of the Secretaries of the Governor-General on the more efficient management of artillery in the field, in the event of a war with Burma or Nepal. He advocates a staff corps of trained observers to increase the value of the Quartermaster-General's department. He urges the extension of canals, roads, and railroads as the best means of getting for the English an imperishable name, strengthening our own hands, enriching the country, and paying ourselves almost immediately.

He soon made his pen also felt in the press, and became engaged in a paper quarrel with a contributor to the *East India United Service Journal* of 1837, about the merits of General Sir John Adams, K.C.B., then recently dead, and whom the writer compared in an exaggerated eulogy to Wellington. This Lawrence resented, and

in a caustic and convincing article, exposed the hollowness of these pretensions to equal the Iron Duke. To these criticisms, Adams' biographer made a coarse and violent reply, and amongst other things charged young Lawrence with "calumny" and "untruth." Our hero's hot Irish blood boiled in his veins, and he determined to challenge him. At that time duels were common enough. Henry Lawrence from childhood up had listened to his father's stories on this subject, and probably knew the history of a certain scar upon the old man's cheek. It is a fine tale, and is well told by Sir Herbert Edwardes :—

Going home one moonlight night from mess in India, with the Major of his corps, a dispute arose between them, and the Major, in a fit of passion, drew his sword and cut his companion down before he could stand on his defence. It was a fierce, bad deed, repented of as soon as done, and in an agony of remorse and sorrow the assailant helped home his desperately wounded friend. There was no concealing such a thing; and the Colonel of the regiment was determined to sift it to the bottom, and bring the Major to a court-martial. So soon as the wounded man could leave his bed the whole of the officers were assembled, and the Colonel solemnly called on Captain Lawrence to say if it were true that Major — had struck him a foul blow. Alexander Lawrence drew up his six feet of form and said, "Colonel, whatever took place was between Major — and myself—nobody else saw it. He's sorry for it; and not another word will I tell about it." Nor could any threats or persuasions move him from this generous resolve. Yet would he, as matter of soldier pride and honour, instil into his own boys to do the very opposite. "Now Master —," he would say, "you're going to school. Mind what I say,—keep your fists to yourself. Don't hit any boy first; but if any boy hits you, you're no son of mine if you don't hit him again!"

"The whole tone of the army thirty-three years ago," says Sir Herbert Edwardes, "was entirely in the same spirit; and if an officer's word were reflected on, the only satisfactory vindication of it was thought to be a challenge. Henry Lawrence, who at sixteen carried a bundle of old clothes through the London streets to give to one in need, at thirty-two must yield to a false code of honour! With hearty human sympathy, let us look this passage of Henry Lawrence's life in the face, and then be sorry for it." A wife can tell it best, and none can blame it more faithfully and tenderly than she accordingly does in a letter dated 26th September, 1832, and beginning thus :

MY HUSBAND,—You did to-day what you never did before,—when I came behind you, you snatched up what you were writing, that I might not see it. * * * * But, my own love, I cannot help surmising the subject of to-day's letter.—On the subject of duelling, I will not dwell on the *reason* of it—all *that* you admit: nor on the *heart-scald* I feel, and the injury this does to your wife: these are *woman's* feelings—men must act on a different view. No, my own most-beloved husband, I only put it on the ground of fearing God or fearing man. * * * * Do not imagine that I cannot enter into your feelings. Is your honour, your peace, your well-being, less dear to me than yourself?

And so she proceeds to argue in a closely-reasoned letter of many pages, but without avail. Happily, his brother officers in the artillery, through whom the challenge was sent, decided it was quite unneces-

sary to give the usual satisfaction, and that the best thing he could do was to drop the literary controversy which had led to his being so grossly insulted by a military snob.

And so the one only wilful and deliberate sin (humanly speaking), says his biographer and most intimate friend, that is known of his whole life, was mercifully not allowed to be accomplished. That it ever could have been meditated by such a man seems almost incredible now, when the whole state of public opinion on the subject has so utterly changed.

In this connection it may perhaps not be generally known that it is due in May, 1841, to the action of Sir Robert Inglis, M.P., and a number of generals and admirals, that pressure was brought to bear on Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, to induce the Queen to amend the articles of war, whereby any officer sending, accepting, or conveying a challenge was made liable, with his seconds, to be cashiered. This, combined with the ridiculous duel fought by two quarrelsome tailors on Hounslow Heath, and for many months unmercifully made fun of in the papers of the day, gave the death-blow to this absurd process of showing that "killing was no murder."

Soon after this his first child was born, and scarcely had his wife recovered, when he was ordered to leave Allahabad and subsequently to join the army of the Indus. When the Persians abandoned the siege of Herat, Lawrence sought and obtained the office of assistant to Sir George Clerk, the political agent at Loodiana, and took charge of the *civil* duties at Ferozepoor on the 21st January, 1839. His office was no bed of roses, but he threw himself into it with great energy. He rebuilt the town and surrounded it with a wall; undertook to be military as well as civil engineer, and patched up the defenceless fort; encouraged people to come and settle in his new city, and built long streets of shops for them, so that the inspecting engineers reported that "the town, when completed, will be as airy, convenient, and well built as any in Hindustan."

But the war going on in Cabul brought more work on him than his district. Troops were constantly passing up or down through Ferozepoor, and for these he had to provide money, carriage, and often commissariat. Nay, he had to turn his hand to a post office and, assisted by his wife, sit up often six, eight, or even ten hours, mostly at night, sorting the heaps of letters that went to and fro, because the Company were too stingy to provide a post-office clerk.

Amidst these manifold duties of magistrate, collector of revenue, engineer, commissariat officer, paymaster, and postmaster, Lawrence still found time to cultivate good-will with the independent chiefs around him on both sides of the Sutlej. Living much in the open air, and accessible at all hours to all people, he soon knew by name, character, and history, the leading chiefs of the Lahore Court, and day by day accumulated information of the Sikh country, its resources, its armies, and its politics, of which hereafter he was to make the most successful use.

In March, 1841, Henry Lawrence was so prostrated by fever that he was ordered off on sick leave to the hills, and joined his wife at Sabathoo on the 19th April. His wonderful constitution at once rallied, and ten days afterwards, to the astonishment of his old friend and superior, Sir George Clerk, volunteered for service in the Punjaub.

It is not our business to enter into the occult causes that led to the Cabul war. Any reader of Sir John Kayes' "History of the War in Afghanistan" can learn them there at length. We must hurry on, and pass over the incidents of the murder of Sir W. Macnaghten by Akbar Khan, and the imprisonment of his staff, &c., &c., in order to see Henry Lawrence at his best, and busied all day in measures calculated to hasten the progress of the troops marching to relieve our beleaguered countrymen in Jellalabad and retrieve the English name. It is a long story, but it is well told by Sir Herbert Edwardes, and this part of the life is very graphic indeed. What concerns us in this chapter of Lawrence's biography is to see how the rulers of British India met their reverses in Afghanistan; what measures they took to relieve the brave garrison of Candahar and Jellalabad; what efforts they made to rescue their captive countrymen and women from Afghan prisons; what to retrieve the military reputation of the English in Asia; and what share Henry Lawrence took in these events.

Who that knows the Punjaub (says Sir Herbert Edwardes) under British rule, its widespread cultivation, its irrigating canals, its registered proprietorship of every yard of land, its restored population, its system of good roads, and even railroads, and the busy traffic that pours itself along them in 1870, could recognize that picture of 1841? Little did Henry Lawrence think, as he marked the desolation through which he marched, that he was only making notes of evils which he himself would have to grapple with in four short years.

As the time drew nigh for the forcing of the Khyber Pass, through which alone it was possible to convey succour to the prisoners in Cabul, Lawrence, like a good soldier, put his house in order and settled his affairs. At the last moment he was nearly prevented from joining the relieving army by his senior, Major Mackeson, insisting on his right to go, and for Lawrence to stay behind; but so determined was he to form one of the force that he coaxed General Pollock somehow to wink at the irregularity.

The night of 4th April, 1842, was a feverish one in Pollock's camp at Jamrood. A long period of inactivity and depression was to be abruptly ended to-morrow by a general action. Great issues were at stake,—the rescue or abandonment of the garrison of Jellalabad, the retrieval or ruin of the reputation of the Sepoys, the loyalty or desertion of our Sikh allies, and the recovery of British prestige, not only in Afghanistan, but throughout the length and breadth of India. By four o'clock the force was moving down, with the hum of an armed multitude, the rattle of swords, the tramp of horses, and the crash of artillery wheels,—that cannot be hushed by the will of man,—through the two miles of stony hillocks, gradually swelling into hills, which screen the entrance to the Khyber Pass.

And what of the Sikhs? And what of Henry Lawrence, who was "not to go on?" Why at three o'clock he was found by Sir George Pollock deadly sick and vomiting, apparently attacked by cholera. When the General reached the front of the Pass later in the day, there was Lawrence with the guns, helping to get them into position, all bodily infirmities subdued by force of will and sense of duty.

We need not follow the slow and tedious progress of General Pollock's army through those eight and twenty fearful miles of the Khyber Pass.

Encumbered with valuable convoy, which he was determined not to lose, he moved inch by inch through the defile, and emerged from it only on the seventh day. On the 5th and 6th April he fought and won the championship of the Pass; and with a loss of only 14 killed, 104 wounded, and 15 missing, kept at bay, along a march of seven miles, 10,000 Afreedees, whose loss was estimated at 300 killed and 600 or 800 wounded, and made good his way to Ali Musjid.

The upshot of this great expedition was that the treacherous Akbar Khan having conveyed a false rumour to Sale's beleaguered garrison as to Pollock's defeat and retirement to Peshawur, drove them to such desperation that they determined to break out; and although numbering only 1,800 of all arms, moved down in three thin columns, led by Havelock, Dennie, and Monteath, upon the line of 6,000 Afghans, and beat them to fits. So when the relieving force, for which India and the Punjab had both been drained, had arrived at Jellalabad on the 16th April, the merry bands of the besieged met them on the road and played them into Jellalabad to the tune of "Oh, but ye've been lang a-comin'!" while cheers rang out from both the armies as they saluted each other's colours, tattered with equal victory.

It is unnecessary to explain what led to the frightful disasters in Cabul, when an army of 16,000 men perished miserably. Suffice it to know that in consequence of Lord Auckland supporting the claim of Shah Shoojah to the throne of Cabul, against Dost Mohammed, we became involved in a sea of troubles, all tending to put the wrong man in the right place. What a picture is this letter of the state of British India in the winter of 1841-2! How it links into the wars of 1857, and lays bare the sufferings of soldiers' wives!

The papers must have shown you the fearful reverses our arms have experienced in Afghanistan, how the whole country rose against us as one man, and the scenes of blood that have been enacted. Oh, if you could see the woe that prevails, the widows and fatherless, and those who daily expect to hear they are such; the sickening suspense when all communication is interrupted for days, and then the anguish when a brief despatch does arrive, enumerating the last victims * * * * * You cannot, in your land of peace, conceive the horrors of war. Here on the frontier, there is but one thought, and the daily passing of troops and ammunition, devising of plans, and trying to forecast the fate of those dear to us, is engrossing * * * * * I am unfit for writing, and have got a load of letters to answer, most of them inquiries about husbands, and brothers, and sons, of whom it is supposed Henry may know something, all to be answered with the same heart-withering intelligence. I feel as if I were shooting arrows in every direction.

Matters at last had come to this humiliating pass that, after three years of fighting, and early in 1842, the British army of occupation at Cabul had been driven out like sheep, and slaughtered between the capital and Jellalabad. The British General and a handful of officers, ladies, and children were prisoners in the hands of the Afghans. It was in marching to their relief that Henry Lawrence brought himself prominently into notice, and, as we have already seen, distinguished himself before General Pollock. But the political crisis was by no means over. Although Dost Mohammed was not accepted by the English as King, the Afghans would have nothing to do with Shah Shoojah, and so it became necessary to thrash them into submission. Passing over the incidents connected with forcing their way through the Khyber Pass, we next find Lawrence in charge of the Lahore contingent of Sikhs, and concerned in securing the liberation of his brother George from the hands of Akbar Khan. This performed, he joined the Army of Reserve gathered at Ferozepoor, and where miles of canvas camps had sprung up in the wilderness, and peopled it with English, Indians, and Afghans in motley costumes, and speaking many tongues. How picturesque is the following contrast made by Sir Herbert Edwardes:—

The tents of the Army of Reserve—fresh from Cantonments—are new and white, pitched rigidly in lines like soldiers on parade, but large, widespread, and traversed by broad streets, telling at once of pipe-clay discipline and the habitual ease and peace of Indian provinces. The camps of Nott, and Sale, and Pollock, how different they are! Long marches through mountain passes in an enemy's country, scant forage and dying camels have reduced their baggage to a minimum. Two or three officers are living together in each tent. The tents themselves are old and weather-beaten, as if blown down in many a storm and chafed over many a rock. What few there are of them are pitched in serried ranks, rope between rope, "locked up" like soldiers in a column. These camps have been moving castles in a land of foes.

So with their inmates. In the Army of Reserve the bugle sounds, or the drum beats, and out of those snowy tents the fair-faced British soldiers and the dark Indian Sepoys come swarming forth, all clad alike in the red uniform of England, bright and new, with belts of spotless white. They fall into their ranks and their brigades. No regiment there less than a thousand strong; and their colours (glorious in silk and gold device, and fresh embroidered names of by-gone battles) fly proudly out as they march by in faultless lines to the music of their bands. Compare the troops just come back from the war. Dwindled low in numbers, half-clothed in Afghan goat skins, and bronzed with a long campaign, their standards rent and smoked in many a fight, and nothing bright about them but their musket-locks and swords, the horse and foot of Pollock, Nott, and Sale take up their ground. No martinet would praise them as loosely and easily they jog along, like men who long ago have thrown their leather-stocks away at some mountain's foot. A few fifes, drums, and bugles are all the "band" that is left them. But they march with the habitual step of victory and endurance, and an irrepressible cheer bursts forth from their comrades of the Reserve as the arid plain resounds under their tread.

Together the two armies are a gallant sight—45,000 soldiers of all arms passing in review before the Chiefs of two great States. An embassy of nobles is there from the Sikh Court congratulating the English on the victories which have restored their prestige in India. The Commander-in-Chief is there with all his Staff, welcoming his generals back from wars which he disapproved. And high

above the brilliant throng, on a monster elephant of state, sits the new Governor-General of India, with a bearing not unworthy of the ruler of a fifth of the human race. It is his fortune to close in victory the war which his predecessor (Auckland) began in wrong and left in disaster; and, happier still, to release from captivity in India and restore to his country the master spirit of Central Asia (Dost Mohammed), on whose alienation and dethronement millions of money and thousands of brave lives had just before been lavished.

Fortunately for Henry Lawrence, though he bears the political brand, it has not eaten into his flesh. He only served with Pollock's avenging army, and has been as free with his sword as with his pen. His exertions to feed the army at Peshawur, his daily exposure in the Khyber, and his management of the Sikh Contingent, have been marked by Lord Ellenborough with unwonted approbation. And when it comes to the distribution of rewards, Henry Lawrence is appointed Superintendent of the Debra Doon.

Owing to some informality, this appointment was soon cancelled, and he was transferred to Umballa, with the reversion of the Simla Hill States, on the promotion of the incumbent. Of course, he was bitterly put out at this change of plans, and he was vexed, moreover, at being left out of the list of new C.B.s, to which he considered himself entitled. "For all these outside annoyances and cankers of public life (says Sir Herbert Edwardes), he had the unfailing compensation of a happy home. As in the survey, so in the civil administration, his wife thoroughly entered into all his work, and went with him everywhere; while his little son, Alec, desired no better play-room than the 'Cutcherry,' where he made cocked-hats of the police reports, and rode astride on the sword of a captured robber. There was no greater treat for the jaded magistrate than to find such lines as these laid upon his table by his wife, to draw him off from the burdens and remind him of the blessings of his lot:"—

THE LITTLE HAND.

That hand of thine, my precious child!

How oft its soft caress I woo,
And ask, with many a hope and fear,
What is that little hand to do?

Now ductile, soft, unworn by toil,

The ready instrument of play,
It executes the fancies quaint
That make thy life one holiday.

It rolls the ball, it guides the pen,
And ciphers strange can deftly trace,
And oft, with warm affection's gush,
It fondly strokes my careworn face.

Thy mimic arms it well can wield,
And rein thy small and steady steed;
And when we con the lettered page,
Points to the tiny words we read.

And in thy parent's hand 'tis clasped,
When night and morn our prayer is prayed;
And pillows oft thy rosy cheek
When slumber's spell is on thee laid.

'Twill not be always thus, my boy,
 For real life has other tasks—
What is that little hand to do?
 Once more thy yearning mother asks.

Is it to guide the seaman's helm?
 Or point the gun 'mid flashing swords?
 Or will it wield the student's pen,
 And clothe thy thoughts in living words?

Will it be hard and brown with toil?
 Or pale with sickness' livid hue?
 Oh! could thy mother's heart divine,
 What is that little hand to do?

But, might her fervent prayer prevail,
 Unsullied should that hand remain,
 Clean from corruption's filthy touch,
 And pure from every sinful stain;

Still ready for thy Master's work,
 The servant of a willing mind,
 More prompt to give than to receive,
 And grasped in many a greeting kind.

And may another hand be found
 To hold it in love's wedded grasp;
 And may the hands which God has joined
 Be one—till death shall loose their clasp!

Happy husband and happy wife, who could so readily soothe and
 assuage each other in troubles and difficulties!

(To be continued.)

Keiskamma.

Where the gorgeous aloes grow,
 There the hidden sources flow,
 Cold and pure as molten snow,
 Of the sweet Keiskamma.

Where the halcyon builds her nest
 Neath the fern tree's nodding crest,
 Kissed by breezes from the west,
 Flows the sweet Keiskamma.

Where the Amatolas stand,
Guardians grim of Kafirland,
Gurgling o'er its silver sand,
Flows the bright Keiskamma.

Winding 'mid mimosa glens,
Rocky banks and reedy fens,
By the tigers' hidden dens,
Glides the pure Keiskamma.

Where the furious torrents dash
O'er the rocks with deafening crash,
Ever onward, wild and rash,
Rolls the bright Keiskamma.

Where the willow branches bend,
And to earth their shadows lend,
Here its crystal waters wend—
Beautiful Keiskamma !

Through long valleys soft and green,
'Neath a cloudless heaven serene,
Glittering in its silver sheen,
Flows the clear Keiskamma.

Where the rugged rocks protrude,
And disturb its placid mood,
'Neath the shadowy yellow wood,
Breaks the pure Keiskamma.

Where the river horses splash,
And the foaming breakers dash
'Gainst the rocks with mighty crash,
Sweeps the bright Keiskamma.

Here, though sinking fast away,
For its waters may not stay,
Lovely as throughout its way
Is the bright Keiskamma.

Then at last its journey o'er,
Where it seeks the wild sea-shore,
'Midst the mighty ocean's roar,
Dies the sweet Keiskamma.

GEO. E. BULGER, Capt. 10th Regt.

The First Bishop of Cape Town.

To delineate the characteristics of the great man who has just passed away ; to probe the springs of his active mind, the impetuous fervour which animated his every action, the religious enthusiasm which gave buoyancy to his spirit and energy amid long and unsuccessful conflicts in courts of judicature ; the high disdain that spurned the erring Churchman, the mild loving nature that embraced the untutored savage and the misguided follower of an alien faith ; to analyse the combination of the highest ambition with the most generous warm-heartedness ; of the unbounded hospitality of the host and the refined courtesy of the Christian gentleman with the stern demands of an imperious zeal, exacting the utmost self-denial and devotion,—would require all the art of a practised and impartial pen. We are too near to the still vivid influences of the spiritual work of the Bishop, and the personal winning attributes of the Man to limn a faithful portrait. The deep sympathy which so unique a loss evokes from all classes, imparts a tremour to the hand that would pourtray his features on the canvas ; the language of affectionate and filial esteem comes more readily to the pen than the words of unimpassioned and judicious criticism.

It would ill befit these pages to erect a monument of hero-worship to the first Bishop of Cape Town ; but there are events in his long public career which suggest remarks that may find an opportune utterance in the interregnum, whilst the choice of a successor is yet to be made.

The elaborate Constitution of the Province of South Africa was the last and most significant result of the Bishop's labours. As long as there was a shadow of real authority in the Letters Patent, either of 25th September, 1847, by which the episcopal see was created, or of 8th December, 1852, which purported to convey to the Bishop of Cape Town full power and authority as Metropolitan in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope and its dependencies, the Bishop persistently struggled for the maintenance of his presumed "visitorial jurisdiction, power, and coercion."

It is scarcely necessary here to notice at length the peculiar and anomalous position in which the Bishop was placed by his resignation of the office created under the Letters Patent of 1847. The patent of 1847 virtually ceased ; and the second patent was issued at a time when the Crown had no longer the power to create any jurisdiction in the Cape Colony. Much confusion resulted. The Bishop appeared to consider himself as holding office under the later patent, and yet claimed all the jurisdiction which the former patent may have legally conferred, and which the later purported to create, but could not in a Colony then enjoying representative institutions.

The Bishop maintained in Long's case that he had jurisdiction over the clergy of his diocese, (1) by the laws of the Church, (2) by

the Queen's Letters Patent, (3) by contract and engagement—and in course of the argument combated the assumption that the first Letters Patent had been revoked or cancelled. After a tedious struggle, a gleam of light broke upon the case; and the jurisdiction of the Bishop over the diocesan clergy is now generally recognized to be based solely on the third position, laid down by the Bishop himself.

Another phase in the polemics of the South African Church was presented by the controversy with the Bishop of Natal. The Crown lawyers again entangled the Bishop in a labyrinth.

By Letters Patent 23rd November, 1853, creating the see of Natal, it was provided that the Bishop of Natal should be subject to the Bishop of Cape Town *in the same manner* as any Bishop of any see within the Province of Canterbury is under the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is pretty well understood that the Archbishop cannot summon a suffragan before his tribunal, nor, in fact, exercise jurisdiction over him.

A fortnight afterwards, the Letters Patent creating a Metropolitan, and purporting to give him jurisdiction over the Bishop of Natal, *inter alios*, were issued.

The result of the controversy is too well known; a spiritual severance of the Bishop of Natal from his co-suffragans and Metropolitan was effected, the legal status of Bishop Colenso being unaffected by the Metropolitan's sentence; and, at the same date, the three Bishops—of Cape Town, Graham's Town, and Orange Free State, in solemn Synod, 15th December, 1863, cut the temporal, if not the spiritual, cord which bound Churchmen to the Home Establishment, by resolving and declaring

(1) That the title designating the true position of the Church of this Province—"The Church of South Africa, in union and full communion with the United Church of England and Ireland"—be adopted.

(2) That the Church in this Province is not bound by any interpretations put upon the standards and formularies of the Church of England by existing ecclesiastical Courts in England or by the decision of such Courts in matters of faith.

The supremacy of the Crown being thus repudiated, and the way being cleared for voluntary and unrestricted action, the evolution of the scheme of provincial and diocesan organization occupied the latter years of the Prelate's laborious episcopate. And, whatever defects there may be in the cohesion of this great ecclesiastical association, there is a uniformity of plan, a masterly and systematic arrangement of detail, and a prudential regard for contingencies, which evince the guidance and personal influence of the Bishop of Cape Town throughout.

The whole scheme is based on a solemn contract, to be entered into by every person to be admitted to Holy Orders, and by all clergymen to be admitted to any office in the Church of the Pro-

vince—to the effect that the subscriber consents to be bound by all the laws of the Province, and undertakes to accept and immediately submit to any sentence depriving him of any or all the rights appertaining to his office, which may be passed upon him, in due form, by the tribunal authorized by the Provincial Synod. The Bishops also are similarly bound by a declaration to be made and subscribed by them on election.

The twenty-five years of a chequered official career have thus culminated in a grand and comprehensive association, regulated by its own laws, unfettered by the decisions of the ecclesiastical courts of England, and with sufficient elasticity to adapt itself to the requirements of an essentially missionary Church.

That the edifice is *tota, teres, atque rotunda* cannot be maintained: at least two congregations in the diocese of Cape Town, with their clergy, have stood aloof from all sympathy and co-operation with the action of Diocesan and Provincial Synods; and the Bishop of Natal, the clergy and their congregations under his episcopal control, have been altogether ignored as being out of communion with the Church of the Province. Whether the breach can be healed, now that the bitterness of controversy is past, must depend chiefly on the attitude of the new Metropolitan.

There is one great omission in the constitution and canons of this ecclesiastical association which requires to be noted. Does this Church of South Africa acknowledge the supremacy of the Crown in any sense? The Bishop of Cape Town, in the case of *Long vs. himself*, says publicly “that the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown is affirmed and defined by the Church in her canons and her articles. The thirty-sixth Canon and the thirty-seventh Article are, I believe, the documents which explain the light in which the Church regards the Royal supremacy in things spiritual. As long as these are adhered to, the supremacy will be regarded by the Church in the Colonies in the same light as by the Church at home.”

The fourth Synod of the Diocese of Cape Town, in 1870, records its earnest desire to abide by the Standards of Faith and Doctrines and the Formularies of the Church of England; and the Declaration of Fundamental Principles prefixed to the Constitution of the Provincial Synod sets forth “and we receive the Book of Common Prayer”

We must therefore infer that notwithstanding the Declaration of the three Bishops in December, 1863, the Church of the Province still holds the same view of the Queen's supremacy over matters ecclesiastical as is held by the Church of England, and set forth in Article 37, and in the Oath of Supremacy prescribed to be taken by Deacons, Priests, and Bishops; and this is an anomaly which to us is inexplicable. To a Voluntary Religious Association the Queen's Supremacy in spiritual things must be a figment; and if it has been retained as a salve to the susceptibilities of the weaker brethren, it must be regarded as an unpardonable compromise, inconsistent with

the whole tenor of the proceedings of the Church in South Africa, which distinctly repudiates the decisions of Her Majesty's courts in matters of faith.

It is not our intention to forecast the difficulties which beset the working of this system of Church government, now that the master-mind is withdrawn. In justice to the Bishop's memory, we must record his unsullied integrity of purpose and chivalrous self-devotion. Were he living, he might repeat that memorable peroration, which closed his forensic speech in the Supreme Court of the Colony—"Influenced by no personal considerations, acting in this matter simply as the responsibilities of my office have required me to act, I do not fear the result; I know that the issue will be for good; I am persuaded that what has happened will tend hereafter to the furtherance of God's glory, the strengthening of the Church, and the advancement of Christ's cause and kingdom in this land."

Δ.

*A Stethoscope.**

TO H. A. E.'S STETHOSCOPE.

I

This toy-like tube of simple wood
Interprets (rightly understood)
Thè tunes to which the pulses play,
And what the inmost heart-strings say.

2

It tells the fear-oppressed soul
"Hope on—thou yet may'st be made whole,"
Or warns the careless on his way,
"Thy soul may be required to-day."

3

Oh! for an instrument like this—
To read the inmost heart's abyss.
Oh! for a mental stethoscope
To bid the wounded spirit hope—
Or in the careless ear to ring,
God says that "*Sin's a fearful thing!*"

HONORIA.

Mount Aboo, 1854.

* The above pathetic lines were written by the wife of the late Sir H. M. Lawrence. They were found by her medical attendant, Dr. Henry Ebdon, attached to a stethoscope which he had inadvertently left behind him, after carefully sounding the chest of Honoria Lawrence during her last illness. The recipient of her gift prizes it highly, and so should we.

Reminiscences of the Army.

BY ONE OF THE RANK-AND-FILE.

I.

I ENLISTED into one of Her Majesty's foot regiments when the Duke of Wellington ruled at the Horse Guards, and when, because the British army had conquered in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, it was supposed to be perfect in its system, as well as invincible. I left the service after the Indian Mutiny, when certain events had taught the English nation that though its soldiers might march past "like a stone wall," other things were required to enable them to hold their own with the armies of the Continent. I merely mention this to indicate that I spent some time in the ranks. I am not ambitious to play the part of an Army Reformer, even if the attempt to be one in this part of the world were not one of the greatest of absurdities; and my object in writing these lines is merely to provide, if I can, something to interest and amuse the readers of this *Magazine*.

The regiment into which I enlisted was quartered at that time in the south of England, and I had not been many days at head-quarters before I learned that it had but recently returned from foreign service, where its ranks had been much thinned by disease and volunteering, and that, to bring it to the then regulation strength, about four hundred recruits had been induced to take the shilling. As may be supposed, with so many Johnny Raws to lick into shape, there were incessant drills of all kinds at that time practised by infantry. The last batch of victims to the recruiting sergeant went through their first lessons in "attention," three and occasionally four times a day, with two hours or more for each lesson. The drill-instructor whose duty it was to initiate this squad or class into the rudiments of military science was a character in his way; and when the agony caused by wearing a high, stiff leather stock—buckled so tight that it sent tears into the eyes—was got over, his peculiarities were the source of much amusement to those who could appreciate them. He was a short man, rather "bulbous" below the waist, with a pleasing countenance which he endeavoured, on parade, to make appear as stern as possible, but the sternness, as a rule, proved a failure. His voice was loud and clear, and though he prided himself on the correctness of his language, his speech to us was not at all times fitting for ears polite. He was an Irishman by birth, but he rather avoided any reference to the land of his nativity, and, it was said, passed himself off among civilians as an Englishman. He was a great authority in his barrack-room in grammatical disputes, and was called by the older soldiers "the little Cork grammarian." Like most half-educated men, he was fond of using fine words, and so great was his love for polysyllables that he would tell a squad composed of Somersetshire agricultural

labourers, Lancashire factory hands, and Irish navvies, "to place the convexity of their arms against the concavity of their bodies," when he meant them to put their elbows close to their sides. If an officer, or the sergeant-major, or any other of those mighty powers that rule the life of a private were standing near, the drill-instructor told us with a peculiar relish that in standing at attention we should close our heels and keep our feet at an angle of forty-five degrees. When it is remembered that perhaps not more than one in the squad knew what an angle was, and that some of them did not understand the English he was speaking—for their mother-tongue was one or other of the old Saxon dialects of the provinces—the absurdity of the situation may be conceived. I must add that he was a good teacher, with all his faults, for when his words were not understood he taught by practice.

The recruits who had joined before my batch were, of course, in higher squads, and our studies were being pushed on as rapidly as possible to enable us to take our places in the ranks. In addition to the natural desire every commanding officer has to see his regiment strong on parade, our Colonel had a special reason to have us dismissed recruits' drill. The Adjutant-General was expected down in a short time, and as his visit would be the first General's inspection after the return of the regiment from foreign service, the Colonel put forth all his efforts to have the ranks filled. In those days, an intelligent, active young man soon learned his duties as a soldier with ordinary attention. It was not expected at that time that every private, or in fact any private, or even officer, should trouble his head about "the line of fire." Trajectories and other scientific stuff of that kind, which I understand is taught to the rank-and-file now, would have been a nuisance in those good old days when, at 250 yards' distance, a man might stand the fire of a regiment with tolerable safety. Musketry instructors were an evil not at that time dreamt of, and the bayonet exercise had yet to find a place in the official drill-book. Light Infantry drill was not then, whatever it may be now, considered a part of a recruit's course, and a knowledge of the bugle calls belonging to that exercise was by no means common in my time, and I doubt whether it is at the present. As a consequence, it was not long before we were all enabled to fall in with our companies, to take part in the ordinary work of the regiment.

Ours was not by any means a "crack corps." On the contrary, it was one of those regiments that in those primitive days, when sent on foreign service, were sure of the Indies, East or West, as the case might be, while more favoured corps went to the Mediterranean first, to enjoy—of course I allude to the officers—pleasant trips to Greece, Asia Minor, or other places on its borders, and next to Canada, where excursions to New York and other cities of the States made up for the comparative monotony of Quebec and Montreal. To the rank-and-file it mattered little where a regiment was sent, provided the

climate was healthy, and there was a chance of having a better "clearance," which was what we used to call that fraction of our shilling per day that we had to spend as we pleased. But, as I was saying, our corps was by no means a crack one, and in spite of the beneficial operation of the yellow fever and other favourable incidents to the climate of the West Indies, promotion had been very slow among the officers. The Colonel had been in the Peninsula, and when I joined he had thirty-six years' service. He had had the command of the regiment for only two years, though he had purchased most of his "steps," and had got his last by the unexpected death of the previous commanding officer, who, having influential friends at court, was able by money and favour to command a regiment when only thirty years of age.

By way of digression, I may here mention that this aristocratic gentleman—he bore the name of a noble English family—was not only a martinet, but a bit of a wag, and how far his humour tended to benefit the discipline of the regiment may be a matter of opinion. A commanding officer sits daily in the Orderly-room, or Regimental-office, as a magistrate, for, among other purposes, the disposal of such offenders as may be brought before him. When each prisoner enters the Orderly-room he stands at "attention" opposite the commanding officer in the custody of an armed escort, and the charge against him is read by the Adjutant, who has a position on the right of the presiding officer. The Captain, or officer in charge of the prisoner's company, attends with the man's defaulter's sheet, that his record of crime, if he have one, may speak against him. It was the custom, the older soldiers who had served under him said, for this waggish Colonel, after hearing the evidence against the prisoner, to ask the Captain what was the man's character. If the reply was "good," he would turn on the prisoner, and ask what business he, a man of good character, had to come there, where only bad men should appear, and would end, for perhaps the first offence of a mild nature, with such a punishment as one hundred and sixty-eight hours' solitary confinement, or the lighter one of fourteen days' pack drill. If the Captain said the man's character was a bad one, the Colonel would address him as "Poor fellow! I see they're all down on you. Go away, and don't give them a chance again." And away the man went, free from all punishment; and I have been told some worthless, vicious ruffians escaped punishment for grave offences against discipline in this way, merely that the Colonel might enjoy his joke. The officers at last got into the habit, when asked for a prisoner's character, to put the man's defaulter's sheet before the wag, and allow it to speak for itself. But this Colonel's best joke was when he got a man before him for the fourth charge of drunkenness within twelve months, when the Articles of War gave a commanding officer a discretionary power to order the culprit to be tried by court-martial for habitual drunkenness. When such a prisoner came before him, this merry individual, after hearing the charge, addressed the man thus: "My friend, you have

just nicked it ; a court-martial." If, as was most frequently the case, the culprit would look queer at this, the humorous colonel, speaking to his staff, would say, "See how he looks !" The men of the regiment, for this habit, christened him. "See how he looks," and by that name he was always called in the barrack-rooms. His joke may be better appreciated when it is known that a common punishment for "habitual drunkenness" in those days was 150 lashes.

But soldiers can sometimes play at jokes as well as officers, and one of the men who had been made a butt by this Colonel determined to have his revenge. The officers' quarters in the place where the regiment was stationed at the time was a large house in the centre of the town, and there was a guard of six men under a corporal to take care of the premises. One of the two sentries supplied by this guard was stationed in the back-yard, and had orders to allow no one to enter that way but the officers and their servants. It so happened that this man was on sentry one evening near the officers' dinner hour, and the Colonel, who had been out somewhere, being rather late, intended going to his quarters through the back-gate as the shortest way. When he put his head within the gate the sentry yelled at him to be off out of that, or he would make him a prisoner. "See how he looks," supposing the man had made a mistake, called to him that he was the Colonel, when the sentry replied, that if he dared to say that again he would put his bayonet through him, using also language not at all flattering to the personal appearance of the person before him. The Colonel then put on all his airs of authority, and ordered the sentry to report himself as a prisoner to the non-commissioned officer in charge of the guard, but the sentry did not seem to see it in that light, and did his best to get the Colonel into the sentry-box, and to avoid a personal encounter the officer had to retire. All this occupied but a moment or two, and in a minute or so more the man found himself in the guard-room with his belts off, that is, a prisoner, having been brought there by the remainder of the guard not on sentry by order of "See how he looks." The following morning he was brought before the Colonel, charged with his most heinous offence, but he took the matter very coolly, denying that he had ever seen the commanding officer on the previous evening, but that some miserable-looking fellow—the Colonel was not an Adonis—like a bailiff, or something of that kind, wanted to pass himself off as the Colonel, but he wasn't such a fool as to be taken in that way. Probably "See how he looks" thought he would cut but a sorry figure among his friends if the affair got into the papers, as it was almost certain to do if the matter was reported to the General in command of the district, as a general court-martial would undoubtedly be called upon to order the shooting or the transportation of a private who had dared to play a practical joke on his humorous commanding officer.

It is needless to add that when "See how he looks" died, there was little regret in the barrack-rooms at his loss, and, as far as I can remember, his name was seldom mentioned without a curse. To

him succeeded, as I have said, the old officer I have mentioned, and who was called familiarly, and I may say affectionately, by the men "Old Beeswax."

This old gentleman was rather proud of his name, and delighted to overhear the rank-and-file call him by it, though, of course, no impious tongue dare say it to his face. On the march, as he would pass on his horse from front to rear of the column or from rear to front, many a voice in the ranks would say "There goes Old Beeswax," and a keen observer might notice that a flush of pleasure went over his face as he caught the sound of the words. But we had better evidence than mere supposition that our old Colonel was not ashamed of the nickname given to him by the rank-and-file. The senior lieutenant of the regiment was, like the majority of our officers, a poor man, and to his poverty he added the almost as great a sin of dullness. The Army List told us that he had been over twenty years in the service, all of which he had served in our regiment, while a few of our captains had not been half that length of time wearing a uniform, and had "purchased" over his head. This old and humble officer had been christened by the men "Daddy," I presume on account of his age and his mental peculiarities. Unlike "Old Beeswax," "Daddy" was not proud of the distinction conferred upon him, and one day had a man placed in confinement because he was overheard applying that venerable term towards our senior lieutenant. When the prisoner was brought before the Colonel, the Lieutenant got such a snubbing that he never ventured to do the like again. "Old Beeswax," when the man had been dismissed with a caution, turned on the officer, and wanted to know if the men called their commanding officer "Old Beeswax," why they shouldn't call a subaltern "Daddy" if they pleased. The Colonel was christened, I may mention, years before I joined the regiment, and, as far as I could learn, the name was applied to him when he was a captain from the anxiety he displayed to have his men's pouches properly beeswaxed, as was the custom of those times.

"Old Beeswax" was one of a class of officers common enough in the British army till the Crimean war sent them to their graves or on half-pay. He was a little over the middle height and inclined to be corpulent, trying by exercise to keep down the increasing burthen of the flesh; but a habit of free-living more than counteracted the effect of "constitutionals." Like most gentlemen of the old school, he was addicted to his port, and it was confidently believed in the regiment that when his wife was not at home to restrain him he went to bed gloriously drunk. Even in the presence of that lady, if the servants' talk was to be credited—and as they were soldiers sleeping in the barrack-rooms we heard their criticisms of their masters—"Old Beeswax" was up to any number of dodges to elude her vigilance. It was amusing to hear the waiters describe how anxious he was to have gentlemen to dinner, and how, when he got them there, he too frequently took wine with them in spite of the frowns

and winks, and sometimes kicks slyly delivered under the table, of his faithful spouse. Whether from exposure to the elements, or as a memento of his drinking bouts, the Colonel's face was more than ruddy, and when he was in a passion, which was very often, though it soon blew over, his countenance looked scarlet. His eyes were grey, and when he was angry they had a peculiar expression that frightened novices, but made no impression on the old hands, who seemed to look on it as a mere passing affair. His hair varied in colour. If seen early in the morning it was grey; but later in the day it was almost black, and in the barrack-rooms it was reported that no small quantity of black-lead was used to bring about the change. He was exceedingly kind-hearted when cool; but when contradicted or disobeyed he was apt to use rough language and do rough deeds. Some of the older soldiers who knew his weaknesses took advantage of them, and often escaped punishment, especially for drunkenness, when the inexperienced suffered. When the charge was read against a prisoner, "Old Beeswax's" first words were, "What have you to say for yourself?" If the prisoner remained silent or admitted his guilt, he was likely to be treated as the regulations of the army required; but if he spoke as if in a passion and said, "It's false, sir!" or "It's a lie, sir!" or anything of that kind, the Colonel would raise himself out of the chair and roar in a rage, "What do you mean, you d—d rascal! How dare you! Get away out of my sight, you blackguard!" at the same time throwing an ink-pot or ruler at him. Of course, the ingenious prisoner made himself scarce, and escaped punishment. On one occasion, however, that a man tried this trick and succeeded, "Old Beeswax," when he got cool, sent for him, and as the offence with which he was charged was a serious one, told him he would have to be punished. The man, who had known the Colonel for many years, told him in the demurest tones that if he were to be punished, he wished to be tried by a general court-martial, as he had already been released, and did not think he could be punished for the same offence now. If a court-martial were applied for, the Colonel knew he would get a rap over the knuckles for releasing the man, and got so enraged that besides hunting the man out of the room he chased him, ruler in hand, right out into the barrack-square. I feel quite sure that the man would have suffered any punishment rather than have a word said to "Old Beeswax," but he knew if the Colonel once got into a rage a chase would take place, and by that means he would escape.

As far as I knew or could discover—and before I was long in the regiment I had a pretty extensive acquaintance in every company—there was only one man who disliked "Old Beeswax," and he was a bugler of bad character as a soldier, and of far worse as a man. This person had great natural ability, a good presence, a fine voice, and had read a great deal. He could sing a good song, tell a good story, and swear magnificently. In barrack-rooms one meets with men who pride themselves on the quality of their oaths, but there was a spice

and an ability about that bugler's blasphemy that, I believe, was unique. His language was often so bad as to drive men by no means squeamish on those matters from the room in disgust. He was utterly devoid of principle, and there was no reason to believe from his language that he had ever known the sense of shame. He boasted that he was an atheist, and I honestly believe that he was, when I reflect upon what he did as well as what he said. I do not refer now to what is ordinarily called wickedness, but to his open defiance of the Supreme Power. With all his faults, he was a very temperate man, and it was one of his peculiar sayings that he always recognized a good Christian by the quantity of liquor he put under his skin. Something happened to our big-drummer, and this bugler was ordered by the drum-major to take the duties of that important office ; and he was the cleverest big-drummer I have ever seen. He used to throw the drum-sticks in the air, catch them in his mouth, snatch them from that position and hit some unfortunate drum-boy near him on the head or back, and then beat such a rat-a-tat-tat on the parchment as to excite the admiration of the spectators and the envy of the other drummers. When the regiment was marching through a town the windows would, as usual, be crowded with girls, and this gentleman amused himself by pointing at them with his sticks, making them retire, lest it should be thought they were acquaintances of that remarkable man. No small boy that ventured near him escaped a tap of the drum-stick, and if a crowd pressed, as was often the case, some adult was "accidentally" hit on the head, the big-drummer when such things happened invariably looking straight to his front, as if unconscious of the people about him. One morning it was discovered that this individual had disappeared during the previous night, and on an examination of his kit, his shako, dress-coat, sword, and belt were missing also. It is not usual for soldiers who desert to take such articles with them, and their absence created almost as much surprise as that of the man himself. We were not long, however, kept in suspense. Within a week the bugler appeared in "full dress" at the barrack-gate, bearing in his hand a letter from the Horse Guards addressed to the Colonel, in which it was stated that, pending an inquiry shortly to be instituted relative to complaints made by the bearer, he was to be allowed to return to his duty. It turned out that the impudent rascal had gone off to London by an early train, after breaking out of barracks, and that he had presented himself in full rig at the Horse Guards, where he requested to see the Duke of Wellington on important but secret business. The fellow's appearance and manner were so plausible that he gained admittance to the presence of the great Field-Marshal, and poured into the ear of that hero his story. The Duke, at first, declined to listen to him, stating that his complaints should be made through the proper channel, but the bugler was ready with a pretext for avoiding that mode of communication. The upshot of it was that a court of inquiry did sit to investigate certain charges made against "Old Beeswax," and these

were all found utterly false, and I believe they were false. Then came the turning of the tables. F. M. the Duke of Wellington was not a man to be trifled with in matters affecting military discipline, and his visitor was ordered to be tried by that species of tribunal called a district court-martial on a charge of absenting himself from his regiment without leave, and on the still graver one of preferring false and malicious charges against his commanding officer. The trial took place in due course, and the prisoner was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. It is the custom in the army for the results of courts-martial to be read at least to the prisoner's regiment, and at that time the practice in our corps was for the Adjutant to read the order for the assembly of the court, the charge against the prisoner, his defence (if he made any), the finding and sentence of the court, and finally the remarks of the revising officer. This man of whom I have been writing had handed in a written defence, almost every sentence of which contained some stinging insult to the Colonel. On the morning when the proceedings were read to us, the regiment was formed up so as to make three sides of square, the regimental guard with the prisoner standing in the middle of what ought to have been the fourth side. The Adjutant, like most officers in his position in those days, had a capital voice, and, besides that, he was an excellent reader. He did full elocutionary justice to the prisoner's defence, and at every word "Old Beeswax" fumed and fretted as if he were ready to fall upon the culprit and smite him to the earth at once. When the sentence and confirmation had been read, a most extraordinary scene took place. The Colonel, going towards the prisoner, shook his fist at him and said, "I'm told, sir, you are in the habit of using bad language in the barrack-room; and if I ever hear of your doing it again, I'll have you tried by a court-martial?" The prisoner, who was as cool as "Old Beeswax" was the reverse, bowed so low that his forehead almost touched his toes, and in a mock deprecatory tone of voice said, "Would you insult me, Colonel?" "Take him away!" shouted "Old Beeswax;" "remove the prisoner, sergeant of the guard." As the man turned to take his place in the centre of the front rank of the guard, and before putting on his shako—for on such occasions the prisoners were bare-headed—he gave "Old Beeswax" a look, and, with a manner that would have done credit to a great actor, said, "I'm ashamed of you, Colonel." "Take him away, sergeant, and be d—d to you," roared the old officer, by this time goaded into such a passion that the veins in his face swelled, and some of us thought he would burst a blood-vessel. The prisoner was, of course, removed, and for six months thereafter he was an inmate of a military prison.

I may here mention that this bugler left the regiment under peculiar circumstances, and in such a way as to sustain to the last the comical reputation he had gained. He played tolerably well on the

key-bugle, and I state this in connection with his disappearance. When the regiment was in Ireland, it was at one time very much scattered in detachments about the neighbourhood of the River Shannon. This man was with his company on one of these detachments, and certainly no body of soldiers could have better times than that particular company had then under an intelligent and considerate captain, who was one of those comparatively few gentlemen that could not be spoiled by the vicious system then existing in the British army. It was when he was apparently comfortable that this eccentric bugler took it into his head to desert; and desert he did, the last seen of him by any member of the regiment being on a certain morning when he went over a hill in the neighbourhood of his quarters, playing on his key-bugle "Over the hills and far away." As it was thought he had only gone for a stroll before breakfast, no particular attention was paid to this circumstance; but when he was absent from roll-call at breakfast and dinner, the tune he was last heard playing was thought to have had some significance. His departure was in almost every way a gain to the regiment, but he was long regretted by some of the men who had been amused by the quaintness and boldness of his sayings and by the rich store of old-fashioned tales he was ready to tell whenever his comrades asked him to do so.

And this reminds me that there were few places where lovers of folk-lore could be better satisfied than in a barrack-room in my time in the ranks; and when an indulgent sergeant permitted us to speak after tattoo I have listened to tales that a Sir Walter Scott would have made famous, if not immortal. Education, especially of the scientific kind, had not at that time, if it has now, gone down to the masses of the people; and the "stories" told as we lay in our beds, or as we sat round a guard-room fire, had all the richness which a simple faith in their truth could give them. And they were stories gathered from all parts of the United Kingdom; for in a mixed regiment such as ours was, in the one barrack-room would be found Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, comprising, perhaps, representatives from several counties in each of these countries. In such a society it would not have been very difficult for a competent workman to have found the material for a long series of novels. As for "ghost stories," they were innumerable; and so credulous were some of the men on this subject that I have known more than one case where an otherwise brave fellow—as more than one struggle in warfare proved—risked trial by court-martial rather than go on sentry on a post near a grave-yard. Indeed, instances occurred where men less frightened did, under the fear of punishment, go on such posts, but at the sight of what they took to be a ghost fled in terror to the guard-house or elsewhere. But such things are known to every one who served for any time in the ranks, before railways were so common as they are now in England, and when the fairies were more numerous than a sceptical world at present believes them to be. What fairy-stories I have heard! And, when as they were

told, a laugh of doubt would unconsciously break from some of the listeners, in what strong terms they would be abused "because they thought they knew everything!" But I must "advance," or this paper will be nothing but a series of flank movements.

"Old Beeswax" drilled us, or had us drilled, till we had a tolerable knowledge of the duties of the profession according to the ideas that then prevailed upon the subject, and everything would have gone smoothly but for one small drawback—so small, indeed, that it was thought unworthy of notice by F. M. the Duke of Wellington and the other wise men who in those days were the pride of the English army, and as a consequence stood at its head. I am almost ashamed to mention such a trifling matter,—for, after all, it was only that we did not get enough to eat. If I were disposed to write strongly on the subject, I should say that the generous British nation was actually starving us. Just let me state what was our daily food, always remembering that the vast majority were lads of from seventeen to twenty-three years of age, and requiring for their physical development good and substantial nourishment. We got a pint of coffee and a pound of what the contractor and the Quartermaster called bread at 8 a.m. At 1 o'clock we got two or three small potatoes, what was supposed to be a pound of beef or of mutton of the very fattest kind—(fed on the splendid pasture of the south of England)—but which in reality after boiling in the soup was only a few ounces, and a basin—say a pint—of soup with half an inch of fat on the top of it. There was no evening meal of any sort, and the rank and file had to fast from 1 o'clock, when they got what was called a dinner, till 8 o'clock the following morning, having to undergo in the meantime at least two hours drill in the afternoon and two hours in the morning, under the influence of the appetite-creating breezes from the English Channel. After drill in the afternoon I have seen, not one, but several of these lads put their heads under the bed-clothes and cry from hunger. Many of them, unable to stand this starvation, and without friends able to send them a little money wherewith to buy a pennyworth of bread in the evening, committed what the military law called desertion, but, in fact, the poor fellows only ran away to try to fill their bellies. We had at least two or three of these so-called desertions per night, and "Old Beeswax" could not tell what had come over the regiment that it was so disgracing itself, and that, too, when the Adjutant-General was expected down to inspect us. He made little speeches to us on parade; but it did not seem to strike him, nor any of the officers, except, perhaps, one,—of whom more hereafter,—that the cause was not far to seek. His remedy, like the remedy of some other rulers I have met in my time, was simply one of repression, and he threatened to make a terrible example of some one. Of course, very many of the "deserters" were caught, and, as a matter of course, were tried by a district court-martial, presided over by a field-officer, and, as a matter of course again, they were sent to a military prison

for various periods of imprisonment under six months, when they were initiated into all the stages of military crime, and finally returned to us to be the future "bad characters" of the regiment. All this physical suffering and moral evil would have been prevented had F. M. the Duke of Wellington and the other big-wigs in London seen that every soldier had an evening meal, consisting, say, of that extraordinary quantity of food called half a pound of bread and a basin of tea, which in after times we had for our supper. I may mention that at the time we were fed on the ascetical diet I have described, the "clearance" of a private, situated as most of us were, was one penny per day, and out of this magnificent sum we had to provide quite a museum of articles for cleaning our uniforms and accoutrements—such as that truly British institution, pipe-clay, in its dry state for use on the many yards of cotton lace on our dress-coats, and in its wet state for our belts; brass-ball; pumice-stone; oil; "hacklers," which were steel combs from the factories to do up our shoulder-knots; and a lot of others whose names I have almost forgotten.

For about three weeks or a month before the dreaded day arrived for the chief of the Horse Guards staff to make his appearance "Old Beeswax" practised us daily at the manœuvres he intended us to perform before that great god of war, and we repeated them so often that we might almost have gone through them without a word of command. A few days before the inspection, the captains or officers in charge of companies got neatly written cards from the Orderly Room containing the programme of the movements, which each of these gentlemen carried secreted in his sleeve or glove when the great event came off. How our hearts palpitated on that, to us, memorable morning! To describe all our preparations from day-light would occupy too much space; and here it is sufficient to say that when the General made his appearance, he found us in line ready to receive him. "General's salute!" roared "Old Beeswax" in his loudest voice, in which we detected a tone of excitement; "Present arms!" and down came the muskets of the regiment with such good time and precision that we felt we had made a good impression on the old warrior from London. When the salute had been returned "Old Beeswax" roared "Shoulder arms!" which movement was also done well, and the Colonel putting his purs to his horse went over to the General. After a moment's conversation, the Colonel faced us, put us into open column, right in front, and we went through that operation known as marching past, first in slow time, then in quick, and lastly at the double. Next followed in due course the manual and platoon exercises, and when they were concluded "Old Beeswax" commenced a series of strategic movements, not included in the programme, and having for their object the placing of the widest possible space between the General and himself. The Colonel was conscious that if not interrupted by the examining officer, he would get through the settled plan of the field-day with credit; but that if he were

directed to perform any manoeuvre not in the programme he would very likely get so flurried that he would make a fool of himself, and have some uncomplimentary comments made upon him in the "confidential report," if not even in the presence of the men. It was amusing to watch "Old Beeswax" when the General was going in his direction. He would detect something wrong with that part of the battalion farthest from the inspector and make off to the real or pretended culprits, admonishing them to be "steady there, men," or the like. General officers at that time were chiefly heroes of the Peninsula, and those of them employed on the staff were remarkable, as a class, for the absence of a leg or of an arm,—losses which, while proving their service to their country, did not improve their horsemanship, even if their venerable age permitted anything but the quietest equestrian exercise. This gave "Old Beeswax" an advantage which that good soldier availed himself of, and we were going through the programme steadily and well when a staff officer was sent after the Colonel to tell him to form open column, right in front, and let us stand at ease. "Old Beeswax" could not avoid an encounter now with the General; but when the inspector said he should like to see some of the junior officers drill the regiment, I have little doubt that at that intimation our gallant Colonel mentally exclaimed "Thank God!" One or two of the captains had tried their hands at us rather creditably, when, as ill-luck would have it, the General's notice was attracted to a peculiar looking lieutenant, who, though an excellent officer otherwise, stuttered dreadfully—as bad, I believe, as any man I have ever heard. It was utterly impossible for him to pronounce any word commencing with C, and when as orderly-officer he had to visit the barrack-rooms at meal times, instead of asking "Are there any complaints?" he would rush through the door after the sergeant called "attention" and say "Plaints." From this he was called by the men "Plates." The General directed the Colonel to call out "Plates" to drill us, and if "Plates" had an enemy he would have pitied him that day. Nervousness made his natural defect worse than usual, and he could not get the words of command out properly, and in some movements we were knocked into a crowd in consequence. The General swore, the Colonel was in a state of "funk," "Plates" trembled, and we were losing our heads as to wings, companies, subdivisions, and sections, when the poor "sub" was ordered to take his place with his company in very uncomplimentary language. However, the blessed field-day was over, and when, as usual, square was formed we got some "butter" for our efficiency considering the time the most of us had been in the ranks, but were pitched into for the number of desertions.

Shortly afterwards we were removed to the north of England, where the regiment was scattered in detachments among some of the manufacturing towns, and after a few more moves, we were sent to Ireland. Some time after going to that country "Old Beeswax"

exchanged into another regiment, his reason being, I believe, to get a few thousand pounds to enable him to lodge with the agents the necessary amount required to purchase some steps for his only son, who had recently joined the army. The old man published a farewell order, in which he spoke of his long connection with the regiment, of the pride he had taken in it, of his interest in the welfare of every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private, and of his hope that, whatever might happen, its reputation, in the garrison and in the field, would remain untarnished. In it, too, he gave a few words of advice to those men whose names appeared oftenest on the defaulters' list, and hoped that for the sake of their old Colonel they would not appear so frequently as prisoners before his successor. The order had a good effect on the men, at least for a time, and the remarks made in the barrack-room showed that the rank and file loved "Old Beeswax." By that kind of tacit conspiracy that I have seen more than once in more than one regiment, it was agreed among the men that a demonstration should be made when the Colonel was going away. There was no railway station in the town where we were quartered, and to get to one was a drive of about twenty miles. The men waited in their barrack-rooms when the hour came for the Colonel's departure, watching his quarters anxiously till the carriage came up that was to convey him to the railway station, and as he stepped into it the men poured into the barrack-square by hundreds. Before it reached the gate it was surrounded by the men, and in a minute the horses were taken out of it, and several sturdy volunteers took their place, the regiment cheering with all its might. "Old Beeswax" was speechless with emotion and shed tears like a woman. Thus drawn and escorted the barracks saw the last of the Colonel, and as he passed through the gate, even the regimental guard joined in the cheering. At a distance of about three miles from our quarters "Old Beeswax" rose in the carriage and called for silence, and there was a hush as if in a church. In a few words he thanked the men for their kindness, and asked as a personal favour that the horses might be put into the vehicle and that the men would return to their quarters, to which a ready assent was given to please the old man. When the carriage was ready to start, one of the so-called bad characters—a man whose only fault was that he would drink when he could get liquor—mounted on the coachman's seat, and called for three cheers for "Old Beeswax," which were given again and again, the Colonel meanwhile shaking hands with all around him. The bandsmen, who had brought their instruments, struck up "Auld lang syne," and with the blessings of the men he had so long commanded, "Old Beeswax" took his final departure.

I confess that in looking back at the character of my first Colonel, his figure does not strike me as that of a good officer, using the last word in its strictly professional sense, but he had that quality which, in my time, always made the rank-and-file love their officers. He was kind-hearted, and the men knew it; and however much he might

bully them or punish them, they were sure he was as sorry to have to do it as they were to suffer. The British soldier of that time was so wretchedly treated that a little kindness went a very long way with him.

Our new Colonel got six months' leave of absence before joining, and for that period we were commanded by the senior Major, who was called in the barrack-rooms "Bobby." He was considered an oddity, more, as I think now, because he had greater sense regarding the treatment of soldiers than his brother officers than for any other reason, though there is no denying that he was eccentric in his habits. He was a man of middle height, spare body, and grave face. It was said that he had never been seen to laugh, and he had been in the regiment well nigh forty years; not that he was devoid of either spirit or humour for he had both, but his humour was more of the American kind, and of the Western type. When seated on his horse he kept a straight back, and had his legs, which were rather long for his size, stuck out in front of him almost at right angles. As a disciplinarian he was very strict, but it always seemed to me that nature had intended him for the Commissariat department, if he was to be connected with the army at all. He worked us hard, but he did his best to feed us well. He attended the markets, where he was for a time mistaken for some English farmer who had come to settle in the neighbourhood, and he kept a vigilant eye on the contractors and the Quarter-Master. Before his time it was a dangerous thing for a complaint to be made regarding the quality of the rations, and pack drill, or worse, was the reward usually got for a complaint. It was very different when "Bobby" had command. He attended personally every morning when the bread and meat were distributed to the mess-orderlies of the various companies, inspected the vegetables, tasted the coffee, tea, and soup, and made himself familiar with every ingredient in the food of the men of the regiment. Courts of inquiry on rations offered for supply were a daily occurrence, till I believe we were fed better than any other regiment in the country. Another of "Bobby's" eccentricities was that the soldier should have as much of his shilling a day to himself as possible. When "Old Beeswax" left, a private's "clearance" was only 4½d. per day; "Bobby" in a short time brought it up to 6d., to the immense delight of the men. But if "Bobby" looked well after the interior economy of the regiment, he did not neglect its field work, and his parades were very heavy. He assumed command shortly before the winter season, and it was then the custom to have what was called route-marching during that period of the year. Each regiment was brought out into the country for a distance not less than, I think, three miles in heavy marching order once or twice a week, and on such occasions "Bobby" would take us over the most difficult roads, and a favourite amusement with him on the same occasions was to practise us at light infantry drill on the sides of stony hills. He invariably ordered his

bugler to sound the advance when it was next to a physical impossibility for us to advance over such difficult ground loaded as we were, and I have no doubt that as he sat bolt upright on his horse watching our exertions he was inwardly chuckling at the fun. After each of these route marches "Bobby" made every man show his kit in the barrack square, and woe betide the unfortunate fellow who had forgotten to put in a cloth-brush, a blacking-box, a razor, or even a sponge. Fourteen days' pack drill was the least he would get, and, if a corporal, he was sure of a court-martial. Sergeants did not carry kits in their packs in our regiment in those days, for "Old Beeswax" considered that when men were promoted to that rank they ought to be treated with every indulgence consistent with the maintenance of discipline, and I believe that during the whole time he was in command there was only one sergeant reduced to the ranks by court-martial. It was a saying among the men that a sergeant's stripes in our regiment were sewn on with wire; and one result of their appointment being so fixed was that they were treated with greater respect by the rank-and-file than I observed was usually the case in other regiments, and that they were, on the whole, far more efficient in the performance of their not very easy duties. I have seen commanding officers who made it a rule to try by court-martial every sergeant brought before them as a prisoner, and as in those days the discipline of the British army was chiefly maintained by its non-commissioned officers, the effect on the men may be imagined. Our sergeants, as I have stated, did not carry kits in their knapsacks, but to make the packs have a full appearance they put pillows into them. Of course it was a sham, but it was a very trifling sham compared to many others then existing in the army. Our sergeants lost this privilege some time afterwards in this way. There was a General's inspection, and the examining officer when looking at the several companies after the drill pointed out certain men whose kits he ordered to be laid out in the barrack square. When he came to the light company he most unexpectedly ordered a sergeant to fall out and show his kit, and this sergeant had, as usual, nothing but a pillow to show. My readers may not know that in those ancient days a light company was composed of the smartest men in a regiment, and a sergeant in a light company was supposed to be a very smart fellow indeed. Sergeant Smith, as I will call him, was not going to disgrace himself and bring disgrace on the corps by exhibiting a pillow as the sole contents of his knapsack, and as soon as the General turned his back, he went to the right-hand man of the rear rank of his company and said, "Williams, have you got a full kit in," "Yes," replied the private. "Then change packs, and be quick," said the sergeant, and in a minute these two smart Light Bobs had exchanged knapsacks. Going to the front of the column where the other men were who had been ordered to fall out for the same purpose, the sergeant laid out the kit, and in beautiful order it was. When the General came up he

asked the sergeant what his name was. "Williams, sir," replied the sergeant, as coolly as possible, to the amazement of the colonel who had known him as Smith. "Your kit reflects credit on you, sergeant," said the old General, and as he said it, the adjutant and the sergeant-major could scarcely keep from laughing outright at the sergeant's coolness, and as soon as the General left the spot, the adjutant, going to Smith, said, "Sergeant *Williams*, that was a smart trick, but I think the colonel will not run the chance again." "I did it to save the regiment, sir," said the sergeant. "And yourself," replied the adjutant. A few days afterwards a memorandum was issued to the effect that, in future, sergeants should carry kits in their knapsacks.

Returning to "Bobby," one of the most curious things he ever did, was on a route-marching day. It had rained early in the morning and continued showery till the hour for parade. It rained then, and we assembled in the barrack-rooms to be inspected. While assembled the sun shone out, and "Bobby" ordered us to be marched into the barrack-square, where we were formed up as usual. Fearful that it might rain the Major would not take us into the country, but he hit upon a most singular plan to carry out the route-marching. What that plan was, I will describe on some other occasion, for I find that I must "mark time" now.

Cape English.

THE interest of the above subject, briefly noticed as it was in the last issue of the *Magazine*, must be our excuse for again presenting it to our readers.

Whatever value we may set on the other institutions and traditions of the mother country, and however we may differ in our estimate of them, few Englishmen—certainly no educated Englishman—will repudiate the obligation of colonists to guard the common treasure of the language, and hand it down to posterity unimpaired. The performance of this duty will be affected very much by the actual circumstances of the several colonies, and we should ignore the facts of human nature if we doubted that circumstances "over which they have no control," such as the hard physical features of a country, new social conditions, &c., will introduce changes into a language. We shall see this at once, if we think only of the rich exuberance of metaphor—due in a measure to the many-sidedness of the national life and character—with which the English language is overlaid, and ask ourselves what chance there is of this quality surviving in countries where pursuits, associations, and even the very skies are changed. Talk to a Karroo farmer about a man's prospects being clouded over,

or his basking in the sunshine of prosperity ; or admonish him on the duty of laying by for a rainy day ;—will he understand you ? Will this child of the sun, who scarcely knows what it is to shiver, ever appreciate the full force of the words “ cosy,” “ snug,” or even “ comfortable.” What relish have such words as “ a genuine aristocrat,” “ a lordly bearing,” “ a courtier-like demeanour ” for a Yankee Down-easter ? Even the Australian boy of the future will have a difficulty in understanding many idioms, phrases, and allusions in English literature, and will find part of the old vocabulary out of harmony with his feelings and proclivities.

There is no doubt that altered conditions of life will exercise a modifying influence on the language as well as on the character of a people ; and where, as in this Colony, in addition to new surroundings, the language meets with a competitor claiming equal rights, some kind of compromise is nearly sure to follow. The two languages will live for a long time, we imagine, side by side, but occupying different spheres ; business, commerce, and fashion espousing the one, and agriculture and all connected with it monopolizing the other. Of anything like fusion we feel no apprehension—but that the dominant language will levy contributions on the other is certain ; and that in doing so it will lose something of its integrity is, to say the least, probable. It is bound to assert its vitality by growing, and its growth will be marked and regulated by the local influences brought to bear upon it. Annexing, adapting, modifying, and here and there, we fear, conceding something, it will advance and develop until it take on the new geographical type, as surely as the transplanted shrub. New features will present themselves ; but as long as the organic structure and substantial framework of the language remain, there need be no degeneracy. What we have to guard against, and may prevent, is corruption, not change. To check the one and regulate the other we must look to a diffused education bearing fruit in social refinement and critical taste. The claims of applicants for admission from the one language to the other must be strictly investigated, and the seal of authority should be jealously and scrupulously given. A certain process of incorporation has been going on for some time and we cannot say that any harm has been done as yet. Many words already adopted wear such a “ likely ” look, and bring such powerful credentials, that we are inclined to welcome them as a gain. Would any of us wish to get rid of the expressive “ disselboom ” and revert to the unsuggestive “ pole ? ” Can we do anything else than “ trek,” when we have packed our wagons, and made all “ klaar ” to start for the Diamond-fields ? What plight should we be in if we had no “ riems ” and “ voorkist ” and “ katel ? ” If “ veldt ” be taken from us, where shall we graze our oxen ? Shall we hesitate to shoot and eat the “ paauw,” the “ korhaan,” or the “ springbok ? ” Or shall we take offence if an English host urge us to qualify our water with a “ druppelje pontac,” or set before our craving appetites the savoury “ bobotie,” and the dainty though

untranslatable pumpkin "poffartjes?" For our own part, we will undertake never to turn sour at a dish of "hahnepote" or to carp at "biltong," or pull faces at "mos comfeit."

We shall be ready enough not only to "inspan" or "uitspan" according to circumstances, but we shall order our driver, when the horses are flagging and stomachs importunate, to look out for a nice "uitspan." We will lend a hand to drive out the "springhaane," but we shall resign ourselves to the irrepressible "voetgangers." "Dopper" we must put up with—as of the Cape, Capey—assured that it will only pass away with the thing it represents. "Cappy" we shall ever regard with respect, for its multifarious uses, for it is more than a sun-bonnet, being a sun-wind-dust-and-fly-screen all in one. And then, does it not sometimes guard the slumbers and share the dreams of our beloved "tantas"? We have consulted a married friend of ours on this subject, but his answer, we regret to say, was evasive. "Dam" we shall cherish as a fitter exponent of what it represents than the Frenchified and pretentious "reservoir." And now that we are on the "plaats," what are we to call the gudeman? Is he to be a "farmer," if he can be trusted to dine out without swallowing his knife and drinking the water out of his finger-glass? And shall "boer" describe the man who confounds the use of towel and pocket handkerchief, combs his head over the dinner-table, and dreads the contamination of English, as he does the pollution of soap?

Of all the "bywohners" hanging on to the skirts of the language there is only one to which we have a decided aversion—to wit, that symbol of Oily-Gammon-Iago-Judas-Isariotism, "slim."

We confess we hate the word, and the sooner it is got rid of, the sooner we shall cease to believe in that off-coloured cleverness, that masked fair-seeming roguery, which its glib snake-like sound so aptly represents. For many of the above—for all, in fact, which have a local impress and a special fitness—we would bespeak a kindly hearing, and we think such additions will be no disfigurement to our language. That they will be admitted in any formidable numbers, we have little fear. The area of selection is too limited, the ordinary Dutchman's philosophy being of that "concentrated essence" kind, that a very limited vocabulary satisfies it. And though English children take readily enough—almost too readily—to the Dutch, adults find too many stumbling-blocks in the gutturals, the strange diphthongs, and the coarse features it too frequently presents in unexpected quarters. We have known few English people acquire such a mastery over the language as to be thoroughly at home in a Dutch reunion. How carelessly it is "picked up," and how bunglingly it is handled by some of our too enterprising compatriots the following little story will exemplify. In a certain store in a certain inland town an English lady, addressing an Africander shop-boy, asked in Dutch (?) the cost of three yards and a half of a certain kind of dress stuff. The shop-boy blushed, looked confused, and begged her to repeat her question. The lady repeated it, the boy blushed deeper, and looked

more confused. A slight titter thrilled through the bystanders. Then the boy, leaning across the counter, whispered something to the lady, whereat she fled—fled

As the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon her heels.

We believe the unhappy lady has not got over her discomfiture yet—her horror can be better imagined than described, when she found that with the most solemn of countenances she had been asking that blushing youth the cost of three yards and a half of devil's tails!

The difficulty some of our countrymen have in assimilating Dutch was absurdly illustrated in the case of two Englishmen whom a friend of ours met on their way to the Diamond-fields. One of the two was a watchmaker, and our friend advised him, by way of economizing his expenses, to call at the farm-houses and offer to mend clocks and watches. With much pains our friend tried to inoculate them with a few serviceable Dutch words, but they proved such unapt scholars that at last it was determined they should try to make shift with two words, "horlose" and "recht maak." "Look here, Bill," said one to the other, "I can't carry all that lot—you take one, I'll take the other." It was agreed that one should be answerable for "horlose" and the other for "recht maak." A few days afterwards their guide, counsellor, and friend met them again, and inquired as to their success. "Deuce a bit," was the answer. "You see, Bill ain't no scholar, and at the first place we called at he clean forgot his part, and when I called out 'horlose,' he stuck fast, and there we stood like two fools, until at last the boer called us 'moll,' and shut the door in our faces. At the next place when I called out 'horlose,' Bill called out 'rook,' and they brought us a lighted stick. Bill thought they were 'chaffing,' and took on a bit. But the boer seemed civil enough, and called me Willem. But Bill ('t was blessed hot, mind you) he got cheeky, and then the boer told us to 'lope,' so we've had enough of that game."

In the last issue of this *Magazine* "Y" has pointed to certain Dutch idioms that are threatening to engraft themselves upon the speech of English colonists. One of the most pertinacious and troublesome to deal with is the use of the compound for the simple perfect. "I have been there yesterday," "he has died three years ago," and similar expressions are alarmingly prevalent amongst educated Africanders; and how many of them can be trusted to apply the first rule of the Eton Latin Grammar? "I am afraid it will lose" will be heard amongst them more frequently than "I am afraid it will be lost," and "I saw him *by* Mr. Smith's house" has a frightfully adhesive force.

But with every desire to resist the encroachments of unwelcome intruders, we would ask—Could any adopted Dutch word be half so offensive as some of our Cockney vulgarisms? There is a far greater danger, we fear, on this side, and unless the tendency of a population purely mercantile to lower the tone of a language be checked by

better influences we may follow the course of America and make the future language of the Cape as *slangy* as that of New York. Believing, as we do, that the degradation of a language involves decay in other things even more precious, we earnestly hope that the natural strongholds of the language—our teachers spiritual and temporal—may prove equal to their charge. There is danger from within the camp far more formidable than that from without. We are prepared to welcome many Dutch words already grown homelike and familiar, and think ourselves better off for the acquisition. We are almost inclined to give a special invitation to some of their diminutives, and treat them “as members of the family.” We certainly envy them that convenient little suffix, which is ever ready to qualify excess, and, like the soft pedal of a piano, to tone down the harsher notes of the language. If the whole of their diminutives are not taken over *en masse*, we confidentially predict that this handy little regulator will make its presence felt in the “Cape English” of the next century. Their amatory phrases and language of courtship we have a very different feeling about, and we have already warned our eldest-born that if ever we catch him comparing young ladies to stewed apples or pears we shall, for the first offence, stop his pocket money, and for the second, cut him off with a shilling. But after all and above all, we repeat it, the Cockney counter-jumper is our especial bugbear. What mischief he may work upon the mother tongue, if not counteracted, is grievous to contemplate. Thank heaven! he is not likely to be so *mischievous* in the future, when Mr. Forster’s education scheme begins to tell. But till that happy day what martyrdom will not that poor letter H endure; what “slap up swells” shall we not have to tolerate; what “cheek” shall we not be exposed to; and how often shall we not have to hear that this grammatical Thug “aint a bad sort after aull?” Were we invested with power over these South African regions proportionate to our horror of Cockaigne—and we really don’t see why we should not be—we should issue an ukase that every English immigrant into the Colony should be examined colloquially by the Board of Examiners, and that any one that was found to bear the mark of the Beast in the slightest degree should be offered the option of returning home again at his own expense, or of learning Dutch with the obligation of speaking it ever after, or of being handed over body and soul to the Superintendent-General of Education for his absolute disposal, until he could be trusted to recognize the constitutional rights of the letter H and the general claims of the language to equitable treatment.

The danger is not altogether imaginary. What kind of English are our Africander young ladies accustomed to listen to in up-country ball-rooms? Do they drink much from “the well of English undefiled?” Do they taste the pure element in the thick tongued utterances and washey tittle-tattle of the “Middeldorp Mercury,” or the “Frontier Blunderbuss?”

Fortunately, we are not without antidotes. Our libraries and

schools ought to do something for us, and as long as we have newspapers as well conducted and ably written as the *Argus* and *Journal*, no general debasement is possible. With respect to the rival language, "natural selection" will be busy for some time to come; and as intercourse grows, and the life of the Colony becomes more complicated, and speech itself develops new wants, new elements will be introduced; and so long as our literary priesthood guard the inner shrine of the temple from pollution, we trust our mother tongue will survive unimpaired, enriched though it may be, and invigorated by useful and picturesque additions.

Z.

New Year's Gifts in the Garret.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.)

1st January.—This date comes into my mind as soon as I awake. One more year which has been separated from the chain of ages to fall into the abyss of the past! But while all other men's looks are forward, mine are turned backward. The world smiles at the new queen, while I, in spite of myself, think of the one whom time has just wrapped in her shroud.

This last, at least, I know what she was and what she has given me, but the other comes surrounded by all the menaces of the unknown. What does she hide in the clouds which veil her? Is it storm or sunshine?

Providentially it is raining, and I feel my soul as dull as the horizon. I have a holiday to-day; but what am I to do on a rainy day? I roam about my garret in an ill humour and determine to light my fire. Unfortunately, the matches light badly, the chimney smokes, the wood goes out. I throw aside my bellows in vexation and let myself fall into my easy chair.

And truly, why should I rejoice at seeing the birth of another year? Those people that are already running about the streets with their holiday air, do they really understand what is making them joyful? Do they even know what this festival signifies and whence comes the custom of "New Year's Gifts?"

Here my mind pauses to assure itself of its superiority over the mind of the vulgar herd. I open a parenthesis, in my ill-temper, in favour of my vanity, and I set forth all the proofs of my superior knowledge.

(The first Romans divided the year into only ten months: it was Numa Pompilius who added to them January and February. The former derived its name from Janus, to whom it was consecrated. As it opened the new year, its commencement was surrounded by

happy omens, and thence came the custom of visits between neighbours, wishes of prosperity, and "New Year's Gifts." The presents in use among the Romans were symbolical. There were offerings of dried figs, dates, and honey, as emblems of "the sweetness of the auspices under which the year was about to commence its course," and a little coin called *stips*, which presaged riches.)

Here I close the parenthesis to revert to my bad temper. The little *speech* which I have thus addressed to myself has rendered me more satisfied with myself and more dissatisfied with everybody else. I shall breakfast well to divert my attention; but the woman has forgotten my morning's milk and the jam-pot is empty! Any one else would be put out by this: as for me, I affect a superb indifference. There remains a hard crust of bread, which I break by main force, and which I gnaw with an air of indifference, as a man above the vanities of the world and of fresh bread.

Nevertheless, I don't know how it is that my ideas become more melancholy by reason of the difficulty of mastication. I read once a story of an Englishman who hanged himself because they had given him his tea without sugar. There are hours in our life when the most trivial vexation assumes the proportions of a catastrophe. Our tempers resemble opera-glasses, which, according to the end for use, represent objects diminished or enlarged.

Generally speaking, the prospect from my window charms me. It is a kind of see-saw of roofs, the tops of which interlace, cross one another, and climb over each other, and over which high chimneys rear their peaks. Even yesterday I found an Alpine aspect in them, and I was waiting for the first snow in order to see the glaciers: to-day I see nothing but tiles and chimney-pots. The pigeons which assist in my rural illusions seem to me only wretched winged animals that have selected the roofs as their yard; the smoke which rises in light flakes, instead of making me think of the mountain of Vesuvius, reminds me only of cooking preparations and saucepan water; and, lastly, the telegraph-wire which I see far off on the old tower of Montmartre gives me the idea of an ignoble power whose arm is raised above the whole city. Thus wounded by everything that meets them, my looks are turned downwards to the mansion which faces my garret.

The influence of the first day of the year is visible enough there. The servants have an air of earnestness about them proportioned to the importance of the New Year's gifts received or to be received. I see the master of the house walking about the court-yard with the morose look caused by forced generosity, and visitors arriving in flocks, followed by messengers with flowers, drawings, and playthings. Suddenly the large carriage entrance is thrown open and a new chariot drawn by thoroughbred horses stops at the foot of the staircase. This is, doubtless, the New Year's gift presented by the master of the house to its mistress; she herself comes to examine the new equipage. She gets into it with a little girl *glittering* with lace, feathers, and velvet,

and loaded with presents which she is going to distribute as New Year's gifts. The gateway is closed, the glasses are pulled up, the carriage drives off.

Thus all the world is to-day making an exchange of good wishes and presents: I alone have nothing to give nor to receive. Poor solitary! I don't even know a being for whom in preference to others I care to form any wishes. Let my wishes for a happy year then seek out all those unknown friends lost amid the multitude which is roaring at my feet. First of all you, hermits of cities, for whom death and poverty have made a solitude in the midst of a crowd! melancholy labourers, condemned to eat, in silence and neglect, the daily-earned bread, and whom God has severed from the intoxicating delights of love and friendship.

Then you, excited dreamers, who pass through life your eyes ever turned towards some polar-star, treading with indifference over the rich harvests of reality!

You, too, brave fathers, who prolong the night toil to support a family; poor widows weeping and working beside a cradle; young men, toiling to open a road in life sufficiently broad to let you conduct thither some loved woman; you—all valiant soldiers of work and sacrifice! You, finally, whatever be your titles or your names, who love what is beautiful, who have pity on whatever suffers, and who walk through the world like the symbolical Virgin of Byzantium, with both arms open to the whole human race.

* * * Here I am suddenly interrupted by chirrupings becoming every moment louder and more frequent. I look round me: my window is surrounded by sparrows which are pecking at the crumbs of bread which, during my wandering reflections, I have been scattering on the roof. At this sight a gleam of light flashes across my sorrowful spirit. I was mistaken just now in complaining that I had nothing to give; thanks to me, the sparrows of the neighbourhood will have their "New Year's gifts!"

Midday.—Some one knocks at my door. A poor girl enters and addresses me by name. I do not recognize her at first sight; but she looks at me and smiles.—Ah! it is Paulette! But for nearly a year I have not seen her, and Paulette is no longer the same; the other day she was a child, now she is almost a young woman.

Paulette is thin, pale, miserably clad; but there is still the same open frank eye looking straight before her, the same mouth smiling at each word as if to solicit your good-will, the same voice, somewhat timid, yet still caressing. Paulette is not at all pretty,—she is even considered ugly; I myself find her charming. Perhaps this is not on account of what she really is, but on account of myself. Paulette appears to me through one of my most pleasing reminiscences.

It was the evening of a public holiday. The illuminations stretched their long traceries of fire over all our public buildings; a thousand banners were waving in the air; fireworks threw their brilliant jets of flame over the Champ de Mars. Suddenly one of those inexpli-

cable alarms which strike large crowds with madness ran through the dense multitude ; there is a cry and a rush ; the weakest are thrown down and the maddened crowd crushes them under foot. Escaping by a miracle from the midst, I prepare to get away from the crowd when the cries of a child at the point of death restrain me ; I re-enter the human chaos, and after unheard-of efforts, I rescue Paulette at the peril of my life.

It is two years since then ; I have only seen the child at long intervals, and I had almost forgotten her, but Paulette has the memory of the good-hearted ; she comes at the beginning of the New Year to offer me her wishes for my happiness. She brings me, besides, a pot of violets in flower ; she herself has planted and cultivated them ; it is a bit of property which belongs to her entirely, for she has acquired it by her care, her will, and her patience.

The violet plant had blossomed in a large pot, and Paulette, who is a pasteboard-maker, had enveloped it in a cover of varnished paper embellished with drawings. The ornaments might have been in better taste, but it was easy to recognize in them the good intention of the artist.

This unexpected present, the modest blush of the young girl, and her hesitated compliment dissipated, like a ray of the sun, the kind of fog in which my heart had been wrapped ; my thoughts changed quickly from the leaden tints of the evening to the rosy ones of the morning ; I made Paulette sit down and began to question her merrily.

The young girl at first answered in monosyllables, but our characters were soon changed, and it was I who had to interrupt, by short ejaculations, her long confiding story. The poor child was passing a life of difficulty. For a long time an orphan, she had remained with her brother and sister under the care of an old grandmother who had "rescued them from misery," as she was accustomed to say. However, Paulette was now working in the manufacture of cardboard, her little sister Perrine was beginning needlework, and Henri was apprenticed to a printer. Everything would have gone on well enough except for losses and stoppages of work, except for clothes wearing out, except for growing appetites, except for winter which forces one "to buy one's sun." Paulette complained that candles last too short a time and that wood is too dear. The chimney of their garret is so large that a faggot is like a mere match in it ; it is so near the roof that the wind sends the rain down it and one is frozen on the very hearth in winter—so they have been obliged to give it up. Everything now has to be limited to a little charcoal pan on the ground on which the meals are cooked. The grandmother had spoken of buying a stove of a second-hand dealer on the ground floor, but he wanted seven francs for it, and times were too hard for such an expense ; the family, consequently, had to resign themselves to the cold for economy's sake !

As Paulette goes on talking I feel that I am gradually emerging from my ill-humoured depression. The first revelations of the little

cardboard-maker have excited in me a wish which has ripened into a project. I question her as to her engagements to-day, and she tells me that on leaving me she must visit, with her sister, her brother, and her grandmother the different shops to which they owe their livelihood. My plan is already fixed. I tell the child that I shall call upon her in the evening, and I bid her good-bye, thanking her afresh.

The violet plant is placed in the open window, where a sunbeam welcomes it; the birds are twittering round it, the horizon has cleared, and the day, which promised to be so gloomy, has become bright. I walk up and down my room singing, dress myself hastily and go out.

Three o'clock.—Everything is arranged with my neighbour, the stove-mender. He is to repair the stove, which I have purchased from him, and to make it as good as new. At five o'clock we are to go and fix it in the room of Paulette's grandmother.

Midnight.—All has gone off well. At the appointed hour I was in the room of the old cardboard-maker, still absent. My friend fixed the stove whilst I packed in the great chimney a dozen of good faggots taken from my winter's store. I shall make up for the loss by warming myself with a walk or going earlier to bed. At each step, which was heard on the staircase, I had a beating of the heart; I trembled lest I should be interrupted in my preparations, and the surprise I was planning be thus spoilt. But no, everything was in its place; the lighted stove burnt well; the lamp shone on the table, and the cruse of oil has been placed on the shelf. The stove-maker has gone away. Now my fear lest they should arrive is changed into a fear lest they should *not* arrive. At last I hear the voices of children—here they are—they push open the door and rush in, but they all stop short with cries of surprise! At sight of the lamp, of the stove, of the visitor who is standing like a magician in the midst of these wonders, they draw back almost frightened. Paulette is the first to understand it all. The arrival of the grandmother, who has come up more slowly, completes the explanation, emotion, transports of delight, gratitude.

But the surprises are not yet over. The young sister opens the oven and discovers some chesnuts which are just roasted; the grandmother has just laid her hands upon some bottles of cider which furnish the shelf, and I draw from a basket, which I have hidden, a spiced tongue, a pat of butter, and some fresh bread. This time surprise becomes admiration; the little family has never partaken of such a feast. The cloth is laid, they sit down, they eat; it is a complete festival to them all, and each contributes his part to it. I had only brought the supper; the cardboard-maker and her children supply the delight. What shouts of laughter without reason! What a confusion of questions that don't wait for answers, and of answers that don't correspond to any questions! The old woman herself shares in the wild gaiety of the children. I have always been struck with the facility with which the poor forget their misery. Accustomed to live for the present, they profit by pleasure the moment it shows

itself. The rich, satiated by constant enjoyment, allow themselves to be excited less readily ; they must have the proper time and all their comforts before they will consent to be happy.

The evening passed away like a moment. The old lady told me her life, sometimes smiling, sometimes drying a tear. Perrine sang an old song with her fresh young voice. Henri, who carries proofs to the celebrated writers of the day, told us what he knew of them. At last we were obliged to separate, not without renewed protestations of gratitude from the happy family.

I returned home slowly, enjoying with all my heart the pure reminiscences of this evening. It had been to me a great consolation and a great lesson. Now the years may come round again. I know that no one is so miserable as to have nothing to receive, nothing to give.

As I was entering, I met the new carriage of the rich lady, my neighbour. She, who was also returning from an evening party, crossed the pavement with feverish impatience, and I heard her mutter—" *At last !*"

On leaving the family of Paulette, I had said—" *Already ?*"

A. W. C.

Science Primers.

It is no longer considered necessary that elementary books should be written by men of an inferior stamp. The services of the ablest men are now engaged in the preparation of books for primary schools.

We have recently seen copies of two little volumes that have been published under the name of " *Science Primers*,"* in which the object of the authors has been to state the fundamental principles of their respective sciences in a manner suited to the capabilities of pupils of an early age.

The course consists of three books,—the first, " *The Introductory Primer*," by Professor Huxley, which has not yet come out ; the second on " *Chemistry*," by Professor Roscoe ; and the third on " *Physics*," by Professor Balfour Stewart. The names of these authors are a sufficient guarantee that the books are worth reading. They seem just the books for elementary schools in this Colony ; indeed, some of our higher schools would do well to adopt them for the junior classes.

Roscoe's " *Chemistry* " treats of fire, air, water, earth, non-metallic elements, metals, and chemical combinations. Every chapter is written in an easy style, and the whole is quite within the comprehension of a child. Still we should advise any teacher who wishes to use it in his school to make himself thoroughly conversant with the whole *modus operandi* of each experiment before he attempts to teach it to his pupils.

* Copies of these are lodged in the Educational Museum.

Balfour Stewart's "Physics," after defining the terms "physics," "motion," "force," "gravity," "cohesion," "chemical attraction," &c., describes some of the properties of solids, liquids, and gases. The writer then gives an account of moving, vibrating, heated, and electrified bodies.

Under each head sufficient information is furnished to give children a fair idea of the physical forces by which they are surrounded, and to inspire a wish to know more about them.

Mr. Stewart says in regard to positive and negative electricity: "We may suppose that every substance has in it a quantity of these two kinds of electricity mixed together, and that what we do in rubbing is merely to separate the two electricities from one another." If we accept this statement, we shall have to lay stress on the words "we may suppose," and, in explaining it to their pupils, teachers will do well to bear in mind what Tyndall says of a sister subject:—"Still, while you use this theory of magnetic fluids to track out the phenomena and link them together, be sure to tell your pupils that it is to be regarded as a symbol merely, a symbol, moreover, which is incompetent to cover all the facts, but which does good practical service whilst we are waiting for the actual truth."

There are one or two inelegancies which will doubtless be corrected in revised editions. Thus Roscoe says, "it will at once go red," and again "it goes black." Prof. Stewart actually falls into a grammatical error. He says, "tin or lead require to be heated 200 or 300 degrees before they will melt." But it is easy to pick holes in almost any book.

The cost of the apparatus needed for the experiments described in the Chemistry Primer is stated to be £5 10s. in England; and that needed to illustrate the "Physics," £19 3s. 8d. The cost in this Colony would probably be from 25 to 50 per cent. more than the sums mentioned.

Many would object to elementary books on scientific subjects on the ground that a little knowledge is dangerous. The object, however, of such books is not to make a boy think that by reading them he has made himself master of the subject, but simply to give him a taste for scientific study and pursuits. We therefore gladly welcome any well-written books that will implant and foster such a taste.

X.

Aphorism.

Joy and Temperance and Repose—
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

LONGFELLOW.

Si tibi sint comites Jocus et Pax, cum Lare parco,
Intranti medico, nec mora, claude fores.

Our Wants.

THAT man wants little here below is true only of nature's unadorned savage. There is no end to the variety and quantity of the wants of civilized man, and it is grateful to our vanity to know that our many and increasing wants betoken a rise in the scale of civilization.

We want self-government, or separation, or federation, or, at all events, some political machinery that we have not yet got; we want quicker transport and wire-speaking intercourse; we want investments for much idle capital; we want a better supply in the labour market as well as a cheaper purveyance of meat and bread; we want clean crossings and well-laid pavements in the streets of the metropolis; we want some wholesome public amusements for our young people in the winter, and pleasant out-door recreation for all in the summer; we want some more satisfactory topics for morning chit-chat and "across the walnuts and the wine" than the dust or the mud, the wind or the heat. And I, too, wanted a hero—an uncommon want—as the subject for this paper; but I have lighted on heroines only.

It is a remarkable feature in the efforts made to advance education in this Colony that the peculiar needs of young women of the higher and middle classes of society have been altogether overlooked. Scholarships and prizes attest not only the large-hearted benevolence of the founders; but, what is more important, the awakening of the conviction that it is necessary to secure to our youth the very highest advantages which colonial or European institutions can give. It was thought fit, some fourteen years ago, to make by law the necessary arrangements for conferring on colonial students such distinctions as are wont to be given elsewhere for acquirements in the various departments of learning. But, if the equilibrium of society is to be maintained, it is time to adjust this weight of educational distinctions and endowments, which is so manifestly in favour of young men.

The position of young women is somewhat different from that of young men. What young women require is not so much the distinctions of merit or the opportunities of gaining scholarships with the view of completing a course of study in Europe, as the means of attaining, in the Colony, a high standard of qualifications in certain departments of literature and science and art, and especially of having their qualifications tested and certified by a competent authority.

The general course of study in the superior girls' schools is so clipped and curtailed by the claims of accessory subjects which are more showy and attractive, that few young women leave school with that thorough knowledge of the English language and its literature which would put them on a par with well-educated men; and in regard to continental languages, it is acknowledged that the school-course requires to be supplemented and completed. The deficiencies in arithmetic, physical geography, and other subjects of a strictly elementary course are more marked and general.

The object of a ladies' college would be to give young women who have completed the ordinary school-course an opportunity to continue their studies in various departments of knowledge, under the best masters, and to enable them at the termination of the course to obtain an authoritative certificate of qualification in any subjects which they may have chosen. Such an institution would try to remedy any defects which are seen to exist in the present routine of a girl's education ; and, in lieu of what is now acknowledged to be fragmentary and superficial, to introduce a plan of education, sound, thorough, and systematic. There would be no antagonism between such a college and the existing schools. There would be, probably, a fixed limit of age, say fifteen years, thereby excluding mere school-girls ; and an entrance examination or some evidence of the student's status would be required. The examination for certificates might also, after a time, be extended to out-college students.

The only permanent officer would be a lady superintendent, and a suitable suite of rooms for lectures and for preparation of studies would have to be provided.

The specific subjects which the first course should include, are :—

1. The English language, with special regard to English composition.
2. English literature.
3. Continental languages and literature.
4. Modern history and geography.
5. Elementary mathematics, including higher arithmetic.
6. Outlines of physical sciences.
7. The science of harmony.
8. Drawing.

It must be allowed that when a girl leaves school there is in the Colony little external help towards self-culture ; there is no systematic course of public lectures either in literature or science, and on the far horizon a gallery of art is only beginning to dawn. Many daughters of old colonial families of good repute could remedy the difficulties of the *res angusta domi*, their straitened circumstances, if they could qualify themselves for the posts of schoolmistresses and governesses by a complete course of study in the necessary branches, and by obtaining an authoritative certificate of their acquirements.

General and important objects, such as these, are altogether beyond the compass of any private ladies' school, and can be carried out only by a public institution ; and these hints are intended to stimulate any desire which may be latent for the establishment of a ladies' college in Cape Town, which may enable young women thoroughly to master and excel in any one or more departments of learning for which they have a bias or talent, and to earn a certificate of acknowledged value.

Dr. Livingstone's Letters to Sir Thomas Maclear.

By the last mail from England Sir Thomas Maclear received a batch of letters from Dr. Livingstone, which he has been good enough to place at our disposal; and a large number of astronomical observations for geographical positions, and measures for elevations—all in the original, as noted from time to time by the Doctor, and which will occupy many months to reduce. These observations and the results obtained from them shall of course be reserved for Dr. Livingstone's own disposal when, as may fervently be hoped, he will emerge from the inner darkness of Ethiopia to publish directly the marvellous tale of his great discoveries. We may remark, however, in passing, that nothing could be more elaborate and careful of their kind than these observations even long after "the chronometers were dead." Dr. Livingstone was as much the devoted workman when watching the midnight sky as when clambering his way through forests or paddling through marshes on his weary "eighteen hundred miles' tramp." Accompanying the observations there is a rough sketch map of the country westward of Tanganyika, indicating the positions of the five great lakes, and the strange network of river systems by which they are connected with each other. In addition to the two long letters subjoined, we give the following extracts from others extending down to March last. In one he says:—

"Here I take care to keep my own counsel. I think that Cazembe is near 27 E., but will be glad to hear better about it from you. Banguelo may be about 28 E. The Portuguese' guides showed skill in leading them to a narrow part of the Chambeze to cross over, but it is a wonder they did not speak of Banguelo. The Cazembe of their day, too, was east of the present man. They took Chambeze to be our Zambezi, and so did I, and lost a great deal of time thereby. Zambezi is not the name of the southern river at all. We took the name from the Portuguese corruption; the real name is Dombazi, and I ought not to have been misled as I was to think Chambeze the same river."

In another note he says:—

"My despatches will give you an idea of what I have been doing, but I am not yet satisfied with my discoveries. When I am I shall go home and satisfy others; but I must, if possible, rediscover the ancient fountains as soon as Mr. Stanley sends me fifty free men from the coast. I have, through the pluck and the great generosity of James Gordon Bennet, of New York, abundant supplies of all I need. My agent at the coast failed me by unwittingly employing slaves and slave-dealers to forward stores to me. This has caused me the loss of two years' time and 1,800 miles of useless tramping, and how much money I cannot say; but all will come right at last. It has brought me face to face with the slave trade carried on by our

Banian fellow-subjects, and if my discoveries help towards its suppression, I will not grudge the trouble and toil it has caused."

We now subjoin the following :—

Manyema, November, 1870.

TO SIR THOMAS MACLEAR.

I have no paper in Manyema, so cut a leaf out of my cheque-book to add that west of the Lualaba there are two others of the same name ; these unite and form a lake, which I shall call Lake Lincoln, in honour of the man, who, by passing the amendment to the United States constitution, gave freedom to four millions of slaves. The united river out of Lake Lincoln, this Lualaba, and Tanganyika form three great arms. Ptolemy has but two. The sources of these western Lualabas are at a remarkable mound, which gives forth on its north two gushing full-grown streams that become great rivers. On its south it gives out other two fountains, one at which a man cannot be seen across ; it is the fountain of the Leeambye, or upper Zambezi ; the other, called Lunga, is further down Luengye Kafugi, or Kafue ; these are probably the Nile fountains mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais, in which he said "half the water went to Egypt, the other to inner Ethiopia." I heard of this famous mound and fountains 200 miles off the south-west ; again on the south-east 150 miles distant ; again on the east and north-east, 180 miles distant ; and here, north-north-east. Many intelligent Arabs who have visited the spot, and had their wonder excited as much as that of the natives, give substantially the same account. I feel so certain on the matter, that I have given English names to the fountains by anticipation. Mr. Oswell and I never told positively at Linyanti that the Liambai and Luenge or Kafue, came from the same spot ; and this information culled so far off turns out to be quite true. This Lualaba is a mighty stream. Poor Speke's little river from Victoria Nyanza is 80 or 90 yards broad. Had he come west into the trough of the great valley of the Nile, he would have found this far south of his, as he called it WHITE NILE, from 4,000 to 8,000 yards wide, and always deep. Then another west of it again and equally large proportions. The watershed from which the springs of the river of Egypt do unquestionably arise is in 10° to 12° south, and between 700 and 800 miles long from west to east. I feel a little thankful to Old Nile for so hiding his big head as to leave all the theoretical discoverers out in the rain. I have been sorely baffled in Manyema, chiefly by water, and by cowardly, lying, stealing, unclean liberated slaves as attendants. My Johanna men fled in sheer terror of the Mazetu or Batula, and were excusable ; the rest had all been slaves and of the criminal class in their own country, and remained with me only from fear of being caught and made to work again. Elsewhere I was in a measure independent, for the country people carried from village to village. Here nothing will induce Manyema to go into the next district for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten. I was thus at the mercy of the slavelings, who being fed and lodged by slave women, whose husbands were away for ivory, would do nothing but flaunt about in the gaudy

gear and clothes I had bought them. Some to ingratiate themselves with the Arabs became eager slave-hunters, and I have to wait for other men from the coast. The Manyema country is, I should think, incomprehensible to your farmers in the dry south. I crossed fourteen rivulets in one day, each from knee to thigh deep. A party of my friend Muhamad Bogharib was five hours in a river in flood, with a man in a small canoe sounding among the trees for parts only breast deep; in another river they were two hours in crossing, and all from breast to neck deep; the mud mire or "glaur" is grievous. The forest impenetrable even to the fierce vertical sun—one does not see it except at the clearances round each village. If I had men who could work a canoe, four or five months would finish all I have to do. The traders cannot spare their people, for ivory collecting is like gold digging. No trader ever came here before, and the tusks were left in the terrible forests where the animals were killed. The people, if treated civilly, readily go and bring the precious teeth, some half rotten or gnawed by the teeth of a rodent called "Dezi." I think that mad naturalists name it *Aulocaudatus Swindernianus*, or some equally wise agglomeration of syllables. Food is very abundant and very cheap. Hundreds of canoes come over the broad river if not windy, and hold market for flour, cassava, beans, ground nuts, oil, fish, goats, pigs, sheep, any slaves, grass-cloth, and utensils of iron.

My chronometers are all dead. I hope my old watch was sent to Zanzibar, but I have got no letters for years save some three-year-olds at Ujiji. I have an intense and sore longing to finish and retire, and trust that the Almighty may permit me to go home.

I have had no medicine; some detained at Unyanyembe near Kazeh unaccountably, though sent for twice with goods to pay the carriers. My love to all at the Observatory.

Affectionately,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Ujiji, 17th November, 1871.

Sir THOMAS MACLEAR and Mr. MANN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—When I came here in 1869, I was excessively weak from a severe attack of pneumonia, brought on by getting drenched to the skin once too often in Marungu. I was like one far gone in consumption, with a frightful cough, not quite a walking skeleton, for I could not go fifty yards; but I copied all my astronomical observations from the coast onwards, and made sketch maps on tracing paper for you and home, wrote about forty letters, watched for three months the majestic flow of the Tanganyika to the north by means of miles of *confervæ* and other aquatic plants, by the waters of inflowing rivers being at once bent away in the same direction, by the water of shut-in bays having a river at their ends being distinctly brackish while out in the stream it is quite sweet, by the wear of the banks on the east side, which is common to all rivers in this region in north and south reaches.

Ujiji, for instance, is a full mile east of where it stood in the memory of persons still living, and by the stumps of trees as of the palm,—oil palm,—standing many yards from the present shore, where, had there been water formerly, they could not have grown. These and other points led me to conclude that it was a riverine lake, or if not hideously pedantic, say a lacustrine river. I was going to explore it, but had been robbed of most of the goods I had sent to be placed in dépôt here, and I found that the Ujijians meant to plunder me as they seem to have done Burton and Speke, and therefore concluded that it would be best to spend what few goods I had in following the central line of drainage of the great Nile valley down, and leave Tanganyika for an upward or southern return. The packet of forty letters, observations, and maps was never more heard of. The robbery of my goods was the work of a slave of the Governor of Unyanyembe (near to Speke's Kazé), and uncharitable people think that its loss was connected with his wish to prevent evidence going to the coast. He has kept a long box of mine by him since 1868, though I sent for it twice, and sent forty-eight yards of calico to prepay carriers. The detention may not be caused by a desire to fall heir to two English guns in it. I wished the medicines therein chiefly, for I have long been without anv. Well, away I went about north-west from the islet Kasenge, and two hours a day were all I could accomplish, but by persevering I gained strength to enter the country of the cannibals, who are called Manyema, but by Arabs Manyema. I now found myself in the first large bend which the great Lualaba makes to the west. The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. High mountains rise on all hands and are covered with mantles of different shades of green from the woody vegetation up to their tops; the forests are primeval, and the sun, though right overhead can penetrate only at midday by sending thin pencils of rays down into the gloom. If one of the giant trees falls across a path, it forms a wall neck high, to be climbed over; so many climbers come down with it, you cannot go round about, or indeed anywhere but in the old path. The grasses in the clearest spaces are of the *Megatherium* species; through them nothing but elephants can walk, and we worm our way along elephants' walks alone. It is clear day around villages alone. Nothing is more surprising than the great numbers of running rills, rivulets, and rivers, and the great size of the lakes. The mud from the rich clayey soil in Manyema is terrible; one crosses every now and then a broad patch of slough; one in a valley taken possession of by the Muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass cloth is made, is very grievous and groan-compelling, because all passage is blocked up by the leaf-stalks as thick as a strong man's arm falling off and leaving a path traversed by elephants and buffaloes, as well as by men. You splash along, thinking it all about calf-deep, but at points the subsoil has given way under the enormous weight of the elephant, the mire has filled all to one level, and instead of going in calf-deep, it is thigh deep, and you flop on to a seat soft enough, but not luxurious.

No traders had ever come into Manyema before; and now the half-caste Arabs, who are just facsimiles of Griquas or other half-Dutch folk, get into a sort of

frenzy on finding that all the ivory which has fallen for ages just lay in the dense forests where the animals had been slain; and if the people were civilly treated, they brought the precious tusks to them for a few thick copper bracelets. One trading party I met had 18,000 lb. weight of ivory; another I came part of the way out with had 35,000 lb. of it: none came empty home. But they found, also, that the Manyema, who are really terrible fellows among themselves, with their big spears and large wooden shields, were terrified by the report of guns; and when they fled in fear, the gallant blackguards, like our friends further south, captured the women and children in crowds to be carried to the coast. The women are so much prettier than the Zanzibar slaves that all were eager to obtain the really pretty light-coloured Manyema women; and I was compelled to witness scenes I wish I had never seen. They all treat me with respect, and are very much afraid of being "written against." But they consider the sources of the Nile to be a sham; the true object of my being sent is to see their odious system of slaving; and if, indeed, my disclosures should lead to the suppression of the East Coast slave trade, I would esteem that as a far greater feat than the discovery of all the sources together. It is awful; but I cannot speak of the slaving—it is not trading—it is murdering for captives to be made into slaves—for fear of appearing guilty of exaggeration. I made three exploring trips in different directions in Manyema. Nobody knew where the great river Webb's Lualaba ran. When I went west to buy a canoe, I found myself among people who had been cruelly treated by the slavers, and was obliged to return; then north, and could not find *the* river there nor could I learn anything about it, for the Manyema never travel to the next district, for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten. I had to give up the northern road by the rains and fear of another pneumonia, which is worse than ten fevers—treated by my medicine, and not by the diet given to Bishop Mackenzie with the same name. When the rain ceased I went north-west, not knowing that the river there ran west-north-west, and might be the Congo,—a mare's nest I had no wish to find.

Here my feet, which never failed me before, gave in, and when torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly as heretofore, irritable eating ulcers cased both feet, and I had to limp back to Bambarre, which, though the very Tipperary of Manyema, has a sensible chief, where I was laid up for many months. The packet mentioned contained cheques for money and requests for other men and means. It never reached; but a note given to a buffalo driver was secreted on his person, because he knew that on its production his wages depended. This alone of all my Ujijian letters of May, 1869, reached the coast. Unfortunately, some £500 worth of goods were committed to a rich Banian at Zanzibar, who gave his own slaves instead of men, and at 60 dolls. a year, while the wages of freemen there are only 25 dolls. per annum. He placed the caravan under a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who at once got soap, brandy, opium, and gunpowder for retail on the journey, all the expenses being paid out of my stores, and when he came to Ujiji his own private speculation was finished, and he would go no fur-

ther. He had spent fourteen months in the way, though the distance could easily have been accomplished in three; and here my drunken Mohammedan smouse lay intoxicated for a month at a time, the palm toddy and pombe all bought with my beads. He then wrote to the Governor of Unyanyembe (though called a governor, he is only a Banian trade agent), stating that he had sent slaves to Manyema, who had returned and said that I was dead. He, however, knew perfectly that I was near, alive and well, and waiting for him, from men who passed me from a camp beyond Bambarre, where I had previously wintered, and he begged permission to sell off all my remaining goods. But he divined on the Koran, and found that I was really dead and gone, and forthwith sold off all, and I returned to find all my £500 or £600 worth of goods away for slaves and ivory to Shereef,—so my man was called,—and I had not a single yard of calico or string of my fine beads left. It was a mercy he left me a little coffee and sugar, and some few unsaleable beads, evidently exchanged for my fine dear ones, and then the moral idiot came forward to shake hands with me. * * * I shall be blamed, too, for Shereef's vileness, though the voice of the blamers is to me only that of the penny trumpet. But seven of the slaves came up to me at Bambarre, and glad I was to see them; but Shereef would not allow them to bring my own goods. They at once refused to go any further—swore so positively by Muhamed Razule that the Consul had ordered them not to follow, but force me back, that I had to read over the Consul's orders, to be sure that my eyes did not deceive me. I forced them on by fear of pistol-shot, but it was against the grain; and they at last plotted my destruction, and spoke so loudly that my friends dissuaded me from going further than Nyangwe, in lat. 4 deg. 10 sec., down Luabala. I was near a further great lake on this central line, and only eighty miles from Lake Lincoln on our west—in fact, almost in sight of the geographical end of my mission,—when I was forced to return between 400 and 500 miles. In getting to Nyangwe I went west, and, like the river, made some twenty or thirty miles of southing. A sore heart, made still sorer by the sad scenes I had seen of man's inhumanity to man, made this march a terrible tramp; the sun vertical and the sore heart reacting on the physical frame, I was in pain nearly every step of the way, and arrived a mere ruckle of bones to find myself destitute. I felt as if dying on my feet, and lost spirit. I wrote that I was like the man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho, but no good Samaritan would come the Ujijian way. When just as my thoughts got to the lowest verge, a caravan was reported, and one of my men ran in breathless haste, gasping out "An Englishman coming!" and back he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told of the stranger's nationality. It was Henry M. Stanley, travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by the son of the editor, James Gordon Bennett, jun., to find out where your servant was, if alive, and if dead, to bring home my bones. With characteristic American generosity I was free to all the goods he had brought at an expense of £4,000! I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are reputed to be, but this kindness was overwhelming. Here was the good Samaritan, and no mistake.

Never was I more hard pressed—never was help more welcome ; my appetite returned—I ate four meals a day, instead of the miserable, scanty two daily repasts I forced on myself, and in a week felt getting strong again.

Mr. Stanley having men and means, we at once went down Tanganyika, as I learned from him that this was an object esteemed important by geographers. We have found no outlet. The Lusize River flows in, not out, and except the small lagoon called Kivo, which too, with the river of Luanda, gives its water into Lusize, the natives know of no large lake. A waterfall was reported to me as existing between Tanganyika and another lake north of it; but here, in lat. 3deg. 18m. 49s., in the delta of Lusize, none is known, nor do the people of Luanda know Baker's Lake. It cannot be so near this as he thought. Why this is so fresh and water flowing in from many salt marshes, and has done for ages, I cannot conceive if no outlet exists ; but we cannot find it. It is very deep, 354 fathoms, but the line broke in coming up, and the rest was stolen by night, so I am lineless now. All the chronometers are dead ; no accident happened to any of my instruments, but the climate of Manyema was fatal. If Speke's longitude of Ujiji is correct, and my reckoning of Lualaba not very far wrong, the great river is some 5 deg. west of Tanganyika, or in 24 deg. to 25 deg. But I have been trying to puzzle Mr. Mann and you by placing the weight of a conical bullet on the key, and thus making the chronometer go. Then ⊙ Alt. and |⊙ and |⊔ distance, then ⊙ Alt. again in succession a number of times, in the belief that the first and last ⊙ Altitudes will give the error in the rate of going for the local times of the distances. If you cannot manage to squeeze a longitude out of these, no one else will. I have one set far down Lualaba and one at the lower end of Tanganyika, in the delta of Lusize, which is near the longitude of Ujiji. This is the only thing I can think of doing should it please the Almighty to help me to the ancient fountains mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais, in Egypt. I have better reason to believe in their existence than in the outflow of Tanganyika. I have been told of four fountains which issue from beneath an earthen mound, and flow two north and two south, not once but many times over—on south-west 200 miles off ; on south-east as far away ; on the east 150 miles distant, and again on north-north-east ; and cannot doubt their existence. But I do not put it stronger than conjecture, though I remain for a trip there, and have an intense desire to return home. Lualaba, or Webb's Lualaba, is a mighty stream from two to three miles broad, and never can be waded at any point or at any time of the year. The population in many parts is prodigiously large. Men undoubtedly cannibals, but not ostentatiously so. Women never partake of human flesh, nor of the Soko, as the gorilla is there called. I could not admire him. He is sometimes seen in the forest walking upright, with his hands on his head as if to steady his loins, but on sight of man takes to all fours. He is not handsome : a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-browed villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him ; but he has a good character from the natives. The Bakuss, west of Lualaba, cultivate coffee and drink it after meals highly scented with vanilla. I

have to go to Unyanyembe for goods and men. A second set of goods, value £500, was again committed to slaves, and they lay at Bagamoro feasting for three months and a half at least—they say four—then came on to Unyanyembe, near Speke's Kazeh, and a war occurred, which gave them good excuse to lie there still, so I go back about a month, to prevent the loss of all again. Some simple people believe that Mohammedans don't drink spirits or fuddle like Christians. My experience has shown me that drunkenness and worse vices are more common among them than among Christians; and during all their long intercourse with the Africans here, not one attempt has ever been made to proselytize.

With kind salutations to all yours, I am affectionately yours,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE NILE SOURCES.*

ACCORDING TO HERODOTUS.

I SEND you a literal translation of the passage in the *Father of History* (whose ordinary fame is that of a collector of old wives' tales) which bears on the discoveries on which Livingstone is now engaged. Herodotus was out in his geographical reckoning; but the story of the bottomless springs, half of whose waters flowed northward, half southward, is too near truth to be a mere guess. The passage must have been written about 400 years before Christ. It is galling to the pride of the nineteenth century A.D. to be re-discovering what an Egyptian King knew two thousand six hundred years ago; there was evidently no *Monthly* published in Africa at that date, to record the revelations of science.

Yours truly,

L. D.

Herodotus, Euterpe, c. 28.—* * * * Of the sources of the Nile, no one, either of Egyptians, Libyans, or Hellenes, who conversed with me, professed to know, except the Scribe (steward) of the sacred property of Athena at the city of Sais in Egypt; and to me he seemed to be joking, when he said that he knew for certain. Now he said as follows:—There are two mountains whose summits run to a peak, situated between the city of Syene in Thebais and Elephantine; and the names of these mountains are, of the one, Krophî; of the other, Mophî. From the midst of these mountains, the sources of the Nile, which are bottomless, rise; and the one half of the water flows towards Egypt and the north, the other half towards Ethiopia and the south. And, that the sources (springs) are bottomless, he said Psammitichus, King of Egypt, proved by experiment.

* In reference to the allusions so frequently made in Dr. Livingstone's letters to the sources of the Nile as indicated by Herodotus, we have been favoured with the above from Dr. Dale.—Ed. "C.M.M."

Modern Egypt.

FOR some years Egypt has been in a state of transition. During the present century, until very recently, its chief interest, apart from its being traversed by the overland route to India, lay in its many associations with remote ages. Its pyramids seemed to be the bridge which connected antiquity with our own age.

The opening of the Suez Canal is only one of many signs of internal progress. Indeed, the Khedive seems to be emulating the rulers of other nations in undertaking extensive works for the development of the resources of Egypt, for the extension of her commercial relations with foreign countries, and the general amelioration of the condition of her inhabitants.

A Blue-book is generally dry reading; but we confess that we have read with considerable interest Consul Stanley's report on the navigation, trade, and commerce of Alexandria during 1871, which was laid before the Imperial Parliament in June last. A fair amount of English grumbling is provoked every now and then by Egyptian proclivities and customs; but an axe has been laid at the root of many of those customs, and ere long, if we mistake not, Egypt will be completely modernized.

The present pilotage system is a source of complaint to English navigators. The service remains in the hands of a guild, consisting of a set of ignorant and incapable men, whose influence is still sufficiently great to check the attempts that have been made to inaugurate a new system.

The Government seems to have little control over the foreign shipping in the harbour; but it is hoped, by persons interested, that this evil will soon be remedied.

The export trade, of which cotton is now one of the principal articles, is increasing steadily. The cultivation of cotton has received a fresh impetus: the crop of 1870-'71 was about 1,800,000 cantars, and there is a prospect of an increase in the supply of this article, although not proportionate to the increase which has taken place of late years. The following extracts from Mr. Stanley's report may interest some of our cotton-growers:—

“In 1871 a description of seed was very generally used which has succeeded in most districts. * * * It is called ‘Ashmouni,’ from the name of the property where it had long been grown, and the soil of which is favourable to its improvement. It is reported that it ripens more rapidly than other cottons, but possibly the weather in the months of September and October was more than usually favourable to the plants. * * * The Khedive has cultivated this last year nearly 100,000 acres, and has already sold by auction, in Alexandria, 20,000 cantars of cotton.” He “is building a spacious cotton-market, where all the business will be transacted.
* * * The Viceroy has made a trial on rather a large scale

of cotton cultivation near Suakim on the Red Sea, 700 miles south of Suez, and contemplates extensive works and a short railway for the development of this industry."

The cultivation of silk has commenced in good earnest, the Viceroy having given up 1,000 acres for this purpose. The whole extent has been planted with mulberry trees; roads have been made, and canals laid down: there are now above 140,000 trees. The enterprise promises well, for the climate is proving most favourable to the mulberry trees.

Railways, canals, harbour works, telegraphs, and other improvements mark the growing prosperity of the country. "Every town and village of importance in Lower Egypt has a telegraph station."

The harbour works of Alexandria are being carried on energetically on an extensive scale. The breakwater, in course of construction, will be 2,550 yards long. We extract the following remarks from the Chief Engineer's report:—

"The character of the breakwater works is peculiar. * * * They consist of large blocks of concrete deposited pell-mell on the sea side, of small rubble stones in the interior to fill the interstices between the blocks, and of large rubble stones, each weighing from two to ten tons, on the harbour side."

Twenty thousand concrete blocks will be required, each block being eleven feet in length, six feet and seven inches in breadth, and four feet eleven inches in height. Three months of the Egyptian sun are necessary to dry these huge masses of concrete. Forty blocks are made per diem, and the account given by the Chief Engineer of the whole process and method of depositing the blocks is most instructive.

Egypt being a Mohammedan country, it appears strange that vaccination should now be compulsory; but such is the case. Each district has its centre, where medical practitioners, approved by Government, vaccinate gratis. "The Bedouins have the same foolish prejudice against it that is held by a few in Europe, and they flee before the operator, striking their tents and retreating to the desert."

The circumstances of Modern Egypt, as briefly portrayed in this sketch, are not wholly dissimilar to those of South Africa. Harbour works, railways, telegraphs, the cultivation of cotton, and the production of silk have all occupied prominent positions in the history of the Cape Colony during the last few years. We dare not project our souls into futurity and predict the unification of all African countries; but who can tell what results identity of interests and pursuits may succeed in effecting?

Albany Natural History Society.

DR. ATHERSTONE, PRESIDENT, IN THE CHAIR.—SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

THE President exhibited a collection of fossils from the Devonian strata in the neighbourhood of the Cedarberg, presented to the Museum by His Excellency the Governor. He described them as follows :—There were three heads of a small species of *Homalonotus*, a characteristic trilobite of these strata. They are similar to some already in the collection, but one of them shows the apiculus better than any specimens we had previously obtained.

This trilobite differs from *H. herschellii* in its smaller size, which in itself would not be an important difference. We see, however, that the cheeks are not so tumid, the head is more depressed, that there is but a very faint trace of the oval depression in the cheeks, at their inner margin near the base of the glabella, that the apiculus is smaller, and that the furrow separating the glabella from the neck margin is shallower. Altogether, we may consider it very likely that this little *Homalonotus* is distinct from *H. herschellii*, and most probably is an undescribed species. The next is a body and tail of *H. herschellii*, consisting of seven rings in the body and eleven in the tail. Three tails of the same trilobite, a body and tail of *Phacops africanus*, and a small fragment of the body of another *Phacops*, conclude the list of trilobites.

Of Mollusca there are two specimens of *Cleidophorus*, one, a very small one, beautifully preserved, is *C. africanus*, Sharpe. The other is a cast of *C. abbreviatus*, Sharpe, in which, by the displacement of the valves, the hinge teeth of the left valve are shown. The other Mollusca consist of two specimens of *Orthis palmata*, and one of that ancient periwinkle, *Littorina bainii*. The collection was one of the most interesting additions the Museum had received for a long time in its paleontological department, and the Society would no doubt be gratified at this mark of the interest taken in the Museum by His Excellency the Governor.

Dr. Atherstone also exhibited a small collection of bird skins, some from the Diamond-fields, by Dr. Ed. Atherstone and Mr. T. Holden Bowker, and, from the Kleinmond, by Mr. T. H. Bowker's son. They were accompanied by some few remarks by Dr. Edwin Atherstone.

1. *Saxicola* — sp. ? Male.

2. *Alauda ferruginea* ♀ ? This lark, he says, was shot at Pniel in June. It soars in the air, giving out a prolonged whistle ; at other times it whistles beautifully, sitting on a rock.

Mr. Bowker sent a specimen of *Vidua regia*, L. Layard in his work says that he had received it from Damaraland only. We may be now satisfied that it is to be found all across the continent, from west to east, a little to the north of the Colony.

The birds sent from Thorfield by Master Bowker were the comparatively rare *Megalæma barbatula*, Temm., and *Vidua ardens*, Bodd.

Dr. Atherstone also described a small lot of fossils from the tertiary beds of Olifantshoek. They occur at Roodewal and underlie beds of clay known as Olifantshoek clay, of from 80 to 100 feet thick. This clay is the most recent of our geological deposits, and is probably the equivalent of the pampas mud deposits of South America, in which so many of the fossil animals belonging to that region have been found.

The fossils obtained from the tertiary beds underlying this clay are a *Spatangus*, showing the ambulacral surface only, holes in double rows very near *S. purpureus*, by Captain Gibbon, Alexandria; some *Turritellas* and *Pectens*, all occurring in limestone similar to that which prevails at Bathurst, found and presented by Dr. Atherstone's daughter, Mrs. T. Dillon.

In addition to all these, Dr. Atherstone presented a cast of a stem of apparently a large reed from a quarry in the Graham's Town hills in the carboniferous sandstone. The cast shows a regular longitudinal fluting.

Mr. B. Glanville said that with regard to the *Saxicola* sent by Dr. E. Atherstone from the Diamond-fields, one bird of the same species had already been received from Mr. James, but in too bad a condition for setting up. "At the time I considered the bird to be a young *Saxicola monticola*, Viell., as it agreed with the rather meagre description of that species by Layard in everything but the grey colour of the head, and that might be accounted for by the fact that the young is said to be cinerous instead of black. It is just possible that this view of the case is correct still; but the occurrence of another bird with a grey head, coupled with the very little said about *S. monticola*, and the fact that no one in this part of the Colony has seen the bird described as *S. monticola*, all tend to make me cautious in concluding that this is the bird. However, if it be not that bird, it is an undescribed species; and we shall not be far wrong in saying that this bird has the top of the head and back of the neck dark grey, the throat, breast, upper part of belly, back, and four middle feathers of tail black; shoulders, upper tail coverts and outer tail feathers white, the latter being somewhat dashed with black on the inner webs. With regard to the bird marked by Dr. E. Atherstone as *Alauda ferruginea* with a ?, it will be seen by reference to the figure given by Dr. Smith of that bird, that the specimen before us cannot be the same. Indeed, this bird differs from all the South African *Alaudas* in the size and shape of the bill, which is slender and not arched, except at the tip. The figure of Dr. Smith shows a robust conical bill, and indeed he refers to the bird as one of the *thick-billed larks*, in a foot-note. The bird before us is one inch less in length than the dimensions given by Dr. Smith for *A. ferruginea*, while its bill is appreciably longer than that of Dr. Smith's *A. ferruginea*, which is described by him as strong, conical, and pointed. In addition to the difference exhibited by the bill, the colour of the under part is not "dull white." The chin only is dirty white, with brown dashes; the flanks and belly are light rufous, while the breast is light rufous spotted with brown. This bird comes nearest to the description given of *Certhilauda semitorquata*, Sm., but it differs from that bird in size as well as in the

very faint marking of the semi-colour. Whether it be this bird or not, it must, I think, be put amongst the *Certhilaudas*, because, first, the nostrils are not covered by the frontal plumes, but by a scale; secondly, the second, third, and fourth quill feathers are the longest, and the second is nearly as long as the third and fourth, which are the longest; and, thirdly, because the proportion of length of wing to length of body is more nearly that of the average of *Certhilauda* than of *Alauda*. It is just possible that this bird is a small specimen of *G. semitorquata* with a faint nacrour mark, the result of sex. The measurements are: length, 6.75 in.; wing, 3.75 in.; tail, 2.7 in.; length of bill from gape, .875 in."

Dr. Edwin Atherstone sent also a field-mouse, *Mus colonus*, Smith, obtained at the Diamond-fields.

Mr. Gardiner had presented a fine skin of the new *Zorilla*, which, till it is shown that it is already described, I propose to call *Zorilla leucocephala*, from the very distinctive white head of this animal. This specimen was found on the ground, but, on being attacked by dogs, it retreated to the hole of a hollow tree, from whence it was drawn and killed. This animal is still in the hands of the taxidermist.

Chrysochloris holosericea, Lich. A mottled variety of this mole has been received from Graham's Town, the usual colour being diversified by large irregular spots of white.

Mr. Bruce exhibited to the Society a snake which Dr. Atherstone had received from Captain Swiney. It was thought to be a "night adder." It turned out to be no adder at all, but *Ablabes rufulus*, one of the coroneted. Teeth very minute and all equal. A very harmless snake.

It may be worth while to note that all adders have the top of the head covered with overlapping small scales. Other snakes have the head covered with plates, the edges of which simply touch one another. Most of the snakes with plate-covered heads are harmless. Those with scaly heads are all more or less poisonous. Some of the former are also very poisonous, as the Cobra, *Cyrtophis*, and *Causus*, but the great bulk are harmless. The "night adder" is a name freely used in all parts of the Colony, it is believed, for almost any sort of snake that is found active at night. Snakes sent to the Museum under this name have hitherto always turned out to be some well-known form, such as the young puff-adder, the young ringhals, and now the harmless *Ablabes*. The Curator of the Albany Museum and he (Mr. Bruce) would be glad to receive snakes known popularly as "night adder" from any part of the Colony, in order, if possible, to settle the question whether there is any "night adder" distinct from all others or no.

Life's Progress.

BY W. L. SAMMONS.

To some and to most—

A BUNCH OF BITTERS.

Bitter is the biting blast when blustering Boreas blows,
 And bitter is the kind of frost that icicles the nose ;
 Bitter are the farmers' looks when wheat has had a fall,
 And bitter is the welcome when the landlord makes a call ;
 Bitter do the moments prove, when Hope gives way to fear,
 And bitter is the chorus where the singers have no *ear*.
 Bitter is the prospect where the income is but small,
 And the family increases fast though scanty is the stall ;
 Bitter is the letter with friend "Solomon's respects,
 And begs to state the Draft on Snooks was *noted no effects !*"
 Bitter is repentance after Folly drains the cup ;
 Bitter is the breakfast though 'tis honey while you sup ;
 Bitter is a scolding wife that makes you feel her wrath,
 (Better be a little dog and lap up scalding broth ;)
 Bitter is the bolus that goes against the will,
 No matter what the magnitude or nature of the pill ;
 Bitter is a splendid room without a spark of fire,
 (When clouds discharge their water pots and soak a country squire.)
 Bitter is a Lawyer's bill without the means to pay,
 And bitter the necessity that makes you run away ;
 Bitter is the dirty walk when shoes let in the clay ;
 Bitter is the comfort that arrives a day too late,
 Bitter *entertainments* where there 's nothing on the plate.
 Bitter to the back-bone is the "cat" with many tails,
 Bitter is the prospect when a ship has lost her sails ;
 Bitter to the infant is a "*wet-nurse*" that is *dry*,
 And bitter are the drops that fall when *anger* makes you cry ;
 Bitter is *dependence* when *attendance* is the price,
 And bitter is the pudding when you cannot get a slice ;
 Bitter is the sermon that extends beyond the hour,
 And bitter is exertion when the nerve has lost its power.
 Bitter is the marriage when the *couple* 's not a *pair*,
 Bitter are reflections when they seem to want an heir ;
 Bitter are the torments that the conscience can inflict,
 And bitters bite the timid more than language can depict ;
 Bitter is the satire that will cause your friend a tear,
 Bitter is a bullock's gall and bitter Bass's beer.

To a few and the happy—

A BUNDLE OF SWEETS.

"Sweet is the breath of morn"—and sweet the hum
 Of busy insects, when all Nature's gay;
 And sweet the sound of distant fife and drum
 Where cannons roar, if innocent the fray.

Sweet is an infant on its mother's knee,
 And sweet a cabbage as an early sprout—
 So says the tailor—but alas! for me
 I've no affection that can dream it out.

Sweet is a parson when he speaks the truth,
 Or touches scandal with a careful hand;
 And sweet the glowing ecstasies of youth,
 Ere Care has chill'd the prospect Hope has planned.

Sweet is the rose, and sweet a lady's lip—
 But this depends so much on private taste,
 And state of mouth, the Muse perchance may slip
 In judging rashly upon themes so chaste.

Sweet in the dog days is a shower of rain,
 And sweet to lovers is a heart that's true;
 Sweet is all pleasure when it follows pain,
 As is a slipper from a pinching shoe.

Sweet is nobility exempt from pride,
 And sweet our country and the *native* spot.
 Sweet is the virtue that a fault can hide,
 And sweet a cup of Hyson smoking hot.

Sweet is religion when its base is love,
 And sweet the pleasure we derive from hope;
 Sweet is the lark whilst carolling above,
 And sweet a benediction from the Pope.

Sweet is a pinch of mixture in a crowd,
 And sweet is tippling to a thirsty soul;
 Sweet is devotion when it's not too loud,
 And sweet is travelling when you pay no toll.

Sweet is Old Winter when he blows his worst—
 Whilst boasting friendship and the fire-side—
 Sweet with contentment is a mouldy crust,
 And sweet a "*grunter*" when you've smoked his hide.

Sweet are the tinges that bedeck the sky,
 When Sol is seated in his throne—the west;
 Sweet the expression of Eliza's eye,
 And sweet the lassie that you love the best,

Sweet is a lump of sugar in your tea,
 But sweeter treacle to a school-boy's mind;
 Yet sweeter still, if such a thing can be,
 To live in charity with all mankind.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Canoeing in South Africa.

THE BERG RIVER AGAIN.

HAVING seen the Berg River in winter only, I was rather anxious to try it under different circumstances, when there would be less water and the trees would have on their spring foliage. So a party having been made up for duck-shooting on Vogel-vlei, I decided to take my canoe down the river, if possible as far as the hotel on Koopmans River, where we proposed staying.

This part of the river had on the former occasion presented not nearly so many difficulties as that for some fifty miles below Koopmans River; so that, provided there were water enough, one might hope to get safely down.

About the last week in September I started by the early train for Wellington, wheeled the canoe direct from the station to the river, into which I entered at eleven a.m., and found that though there was much less water than before, yet the current was generally stronger, the channel being more confined. As most of my baggage had gone by cart, the canoe was 40 lb. lighter than on the first occasion, and in two hours we accomplished what had then taken nearly three; but we had come along in rather a reckless manner, for I was, perhaps, over-confident that the *Zephyr* could not come to grief, and this in spite of signs in the general state of the river that one might expect some awkward places.

I had brought my gun with me in the hope of getting some duck, and it was secured by a stout woven cord, three or four feet long, so as to give ample play in using it.

Soon after one p.m., on turning sharply round a corner, I remarked, "Oh, here we are again!" as one of the difficult places in the former trip met my view. Here the river rushed along in a deep narrow channel, having a bank of palmiet on one side and a dense growth of overhanging trees on the other; while a short distance down, the course was obstructed by a tree which now very nearly blocked it up. On my first trip I had grasped the palmiet, pressing the canoe firmly against it, and so letting her down cautiously, had

passed through the obstruction. Now, however, I caught hold of the bough of a tree (as was often necessary in order to stop our way), and instantly the current swung the stern round. I thought there would be room for us to swing, but there was not. The stern hung on the palmiet, and in a second the water rushed into the canoe and turned her over, shooting me into the stream; after which, though full of water, she righted, and I seized her, whereupon, as she was floating broadside to the current, and the gun was dragging overboard, over she went again, and my hold had to be shifted to the keel. I was just beginning to think this to be by no means a bad mode of locomotion when we were dashed into *that* tree. The poor *Zephyr*, like myself, fought hard to keep her nose above water, but down she was driven, making much noise below me as she continued her course through the branches under water. In about twenty seconds she reappeared like a cork, owing to the bladders in her, and then was whirled out of sight again. I had grasped a bough, but in consequence of the current pouring over my shoulders, and the fact that my legs had become somewhat entangled, it required a strong effort to drag myself on to the tree, from which position I was able to secure the paddle and then scramble ashore, where I found myself the possessor of a tattered shirt, of a hat and pair of trowsers in a dilapidated condition, and with but the very faintest chance of seeing anything more of all that valuable property floating down the river. Nothing was to be gained by thinking about matters; the only thing to be done was to get on quickly—but how to do this? The branches were so close together that it seemed hopeless work, especially as I was barefooted. I dragged myself along by the boughs, half in and half out of the river, for a bit, then threw myself into the bushes to make a hole the length of my body, and repeated this manœuvre until the water was reached again, and I found this to be an island. Having explored a little further, and having settled the canoe could not be in that channel, I worked back till a bit of the stream was found sufficiently clear and straight to give me a fair chance of swimming across. Although only ten or twelve yards wide at this point, the stream did not look inviting to me encumbered by the paddle; and, as might have been expected, directly I entered the water the paddle was twisted about unpleasantly, and there was a risk of me being hurried down stream beyond the proposed landing-place. This was, however, reached, and I pushed along till the sight of the canoe hung in some branches at the head of another small island greeted my view. The paddle was now useful, for by means of it a bearing was got across the branches, and thus a firm hold obtained for the hands in crossing the two narrow intervening channels. It was difficult to get near the canoe, for she lay out of my depth in a strong stream, being anchored partly by the gun, the breach of which had opened and held a strong twig. As soon as she was clear, she proved very hard to hold while being brought into a better position for baling; and in the meanwhile the

boat-hook and one wheel floated out of the hatchway down stream. There was no shore on which to drag her ; so having made her fast by stem and stern ropes, I proceeded to bale with my hat till that was reduced to pulp—then with a boot, and finally with a sponge, by which time my back ached considerably, and the melancholy conclusion was forced upon me that no more of my missing property was hiding among the bladders.

My money and sundry little things in the cartridge pouch were safe, this having been strapped in ; my coat and boots the same. The waistcoat and gold watch which had been stowed away tolerably securely, were gone, also the waterproof cape enclosing some linen, and which I had used as a cushion. The gun was hauled up in a curious condition : the hammers had been driven down from half-cock, the nose of the sear in each lock having been broken off, the cartridges had therefore been exploded, and one barrel had burst ; both barrels were bent, cut and scratched all over, one hammer was gone, and the pin of the cartridge shorn off flush with the barrel, as if by a blow from a chisel. The blows received against trees and submerged rocks must have been most heavy, and the marvel is that the canoe was not in pieces. As it was, she appeared absolutely uninjured, and I got in again, more satisfied with her than ever.

It was an awkward place to start from, and the chances of a capsizing at any moment were only less than before, because I was now keenly on the watch against such an occurrence : the paddle would be, perhaps, dropped for an instant and boughs seized ; then a strong stroke or two being hurriedly given, the paddle and head would be kept low, and we would shoot through a narrow opening in the trees in what would be called very lucky style.

Soon this channel dived into trees and bushes so completely that even those independent voyagers, the wheel and the bamboo boat-hook, had also come to the end of their journey, and were waiting to be taken on board again. Now we had to get back again by hauling away on the branches, and another channel was explored, which also proved impracticable. Eventually, an insignificant dribble was found to lead to the shore, where was a shallow stream, going down which we bumped a dozen times, and which led into the main one again about 400 yards lower. So it went on for the next three hours, hardly a moment's repose for mind or body, the water whirling along amongst trees and rocks and round the most uncomfortably sharp corners. Down one of these narrow channels I once went to work bravely with my invaluable knife, but had to give it up, and turning myself round in the canoe, had to cut my way back, stern foremost. Getting back from these situations was disagreeable. The current was invariably too strong or too confined for the paddle to be of much use ; all the boughs, brambles, and snags were, of course, directed down stream against us ; and by hauling on to the boughs, especially round corners, one ran risk of a capsizing in so strong a stream.

Down one heavy rapid, where the river was studded thick with rocks, a clear course could not be steered for very long, and driving hard on to one rock we were instantly swung across another, but were not capsized, as we were firmly lodged. I jumped out, succeeded with difficulty in getting to shore, and having got in again, went down the tail of the rapid and successfully negotiated the usual abominable corner at the bottom, where the chances always appeared in favour of the canoe driving her nose into a tree, or swinging broadside on to something else and being swamped.

Soon after this I came to a spot which was recognized. A certain narrow opening in palmiet had to be entered, and then one would see what was to be seen: something not very pleasant, perhaps, this time, judging from what it had been the former time. There was a little calm water above, and I lay and soliloquised, as is my wont:—"You old idiot!"—(I always address myself in affectionate terms on these occasions, it is reassuring)—"You old idiot! You *would* come down this curious old river a second time, in spite of the warnings of kind friends, who are sure to say, 'I told you so!' and now you are in a funk! You know you are—aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I confessed that such a state of things was disgraceful; and entered the opening.

Below, the waves were leaping and dancing in fine style, and the *Zephyr* leaped and danced too, grinding over one ledge of rock where was a little fall of two or three feet, and flying down to the foot of the rapid at an astonishing rate. Here I rested a few minutes, there being a small farm-house close by, whose inhabitants (Dutchmen) expressed unbounded astonishment; but did not, however, as far as could be judged, pronounce me to be "the River Bull," as did certain boys on my first trip, who fled in terror, declaring they had seen the River Bull, whatever that creature may be supposed to be; nor did they do as some native women at a mission station, who rushed into the house, crying out "Master! Master! the Devil is coming out of the palmiet!" They simply gaped and chorussed "*Almachtig!*" as one fact after another in connection with myself and canoe dawned upon them. I then went in amongst the trees again, but soon found myself blocked in on all sides. All attempts at getting on proved useless; those at getting back nearly equally so. I managed to get back as far as the entrance to the channel, and here hung on to a tree in mid-stream—the last tree available.

The plan was to haul the canoe up steadily as far as possible, then with a strong pull, drive her ahead of the tree a bit, drop the bough, seize the paddle, and *work*. Yes, work one's very best to get her only two yards round the corner. Not once only, but four or five times, was I driven back, having to drop the paddle again, seize the last bough of the tree, wait two or three seconds, and then start afresh, for the men on the bank were powerless to assist me. At last the corner was turned, the shore reached, the last drop of sherry drank, the river left, and the canoe put on her wheels. A portage

would be necessary at this point, and another, longer and more difficult, was in prospect some miles on; so that it was not worth attempting to stick to the river. My appearance was probably striking: hat, shapeless; shirt, in rags; trowsers, decidedly "gone;" feet and hands, scratched and cut; arms, ditto. General reflections: Never do it again; at flood times, the upper part of the Berg River is just practicable for a strong, buoyant, steady, and handy canoe—at other times, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*; the lower part of the river, however, from the bridge might be practicable nearly all the year round.

Most of my luncheon had disappeared, but not in the way I had hoped and intended it should,—so some milk at this farm-house proved very acceptable; after which a man assisted in wheeling the canoe about a mile to another farm, where I was persuaded (not very unwillingly) to stay the night.

Next morning, off at five a.m. with a somewhat weak and lame black boy, to assist in dragging the canoe five miles over a heavy sandy road to Vleesbank, which we reached after two and a quarter hours' collar work, having seen on the way several steinbok, which crossed the road in front of us. After breakfast, I was driven to Koopmans River where I borrowed a gun from the hotel-keeper, and then with the rest of the party, who had arrived, we drove to Vogel-vlei. Here we were disappointed to find comparatively few ducks, very few geese, and no flamingoes; then, again, our party was too small, for though we mustered about twelve guns, two boats, and one canoe, yet from the great size of the water these were not enough to work it properly. The plan was to post some guns on rocks in the middle of the vley, while one boat and the canoe went up to the far end in order to drive the birds down. The vley being nearly three miles long, it took some time to get from end to end, but it was very satisfactory to be driving a black line of birds the whole width of the water in front of one. These birds were, however, for the most part coots, which were there in thousands.

We found that the gun in the canoe got by far the most sport, and as a shooting boat she leaves nothing to be desired. One ought to practise shooting from either shoulder alike, as do many of the farmers from horseback, otherwise many shots will, of course, prove very awkward, which would be easy from the left shoulder.

We stayed at the hotel three days, were well fed and housed, and had a pleasant time of it, in spite of the scarcity of birds and the fact that in the heat of the day life on one of those rocks must have been hot and slightly monotonous, even though the views from the water up and down the range of mountains were very pretty. A tall figure might be seen suddenly to arise from a small rock in the vley, shake its head in a sorrowfully resigned manner, and then begin to pace the length of its prison, five yards up and five yards down. On paddling near to inquire the cause of this unrest, the reply was:—"Must do it, to prevent getting too hot. Bring me something to

drink, like a good fellow." Sherry and soda-water brought—tall figure thoroughly resigned.

We drove back, quite a cavalcade, to Wellington ; and when the *Zephyr* arrived again in the Castle she was, as before, perfectly watertight, although her bottom was scratched and cut by having driven some scores of times on to the sharp clay-slate rocks in Vogelvllei. These cuts and scratches are of small importance, and have been repaired with a solution of India-rubber ; so that the conclusion one arrives at is, that it is probable no construction can excel hers nor the combination of strength with absolute freedom from leakage under all conditions.

R.E.

Cape Town, 5th October, 1872.

In connection with the previous sketch of our Contributor on the Canoeing of the Berg River we have received the following amusing note from an esteemed magisterial friend in the country :—

"I was very much interested with the article in a late Magazine upon 'Canoeing.' Did it strike you that the plucky adventurer who escaped the palmiet so fortunately, may have got into the meshes of the law by shooting the pheasants he speaks of? He says he shot them for food. The question arises whether, if so, he required two for his consumption, or whether the second was not destroyed from love of sport. Again, on which bank of the river were they when shot? If on the northern side of the Great Berg River, he is not by law prohibited for the purpose he alleged ; but if on the Cape Town side, he is liable to the penalties of the law. The deed was done on a Sunday, and unless necessitated by the wants of a traveller, would subject the perpetrator to a fine of 100 Rds. for the first offence, and 300 Rds. for the second ; the law very quaintly forbidding the 'employment of the Sabbath day for the amusement of shooting, as a most immoral and profligate practice!'"

In the interests of justice, we have instituted inquiries into the facts and circumstances of our Contributor's alleged violation of the law, and have found that though two pheasants were killed, the duplex deed was done with one shot, while furthermore the birds came to ground on the north bank of the river. "R. E.," therefore, stands clearly acquitted of all transgression!

ED. "C. M. M."

Sir Henry Lawrence.*

SECOND NOTICE.

THROUGHOUT these interesting volumes, the joint authors have largely availed themselves of the many letters placed at their disposal by the intimate associates of the late Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence. The "Life" is thus much enriched by the opinions of living witnesses to the goodness, piety, benevolence, and large-heartedness of this very noble couple. Their own letters appear in the form of extracts, and are full of genuine feeling for the beauties of nature. Both wrote largely in Indian reviews, and thus much of their opinions on passing events are stamped with the mark of reality and of growing conviction. Scattered throughout their correspondence, we see many proofs of how deeply their hearts were set upon improving the social condition of the people over whom *he* was appointed to rule. With small means he effected much; but when Lord Ellenborough made him resident at Nepaul on a salary of £4,200 per annum, in September, 1843, he clearly recognizes the fact that the sun has broken out upon his lot at last, and that now he can safely carry out his many philanthropic views without injuring his family.

Before proceeding to Nepaul, he had been travelling through Cuthal, and had done his utmost there to effect a "*summary settlement*" of the land revenue of that province for a term of two or three years; "that is to say, a *pro tempore* assessment of the territory that had just lapsed to the British Government—*made as promptly as possible*, on the best data that the local records and the *coup d'œil* of the country afforded, so as not to leave the agriculturists in uncertainty as to their burdens, while affording time for a more deliberate assessment that should last for twenty or thirty years." As an illustration of the way in which estates had been year after year deteriorating in value, while much of the territory was in a fair way of becoming perfectly desolate under the grinding rule of native chiefs, he found the land revenue of the country farmed out to contractors, &c. His method of cure was prompt.

Lawrence's first labour was to get rid of these middle-men, and give the leases to the owners and cultivators of the soil—in itself a radical reform. Next, he abolished all cesses and extra charges, such as poll-tax, cattle-tax, presents to officials, supplies of grass and wood, and, above all, forced labour. In many cases he remitted the revenue altogether, *so as to give time for recovery*; "but in all these instances," he says, "I have bound down the *Zemindars* to dig and prepare new wells, or to repair old ones, and to bring in a certain number of ploughs before the expiration of the present lease. Indeed, what I held out to all

* The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence, by the late Major-General Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and Herman Merivale, Esq., C.B. In two volumes. Smith, Elder & Co., London.

was the improvement of their lands as the price of their present moderate assessment." In the same spirit he "endeavoured by all means to encourage the growth of potatoes, sugar, cotton, and useful trees." The latter were very scarce; and while thousands of acres were overrun with small jungle, there was "not a timber tree in the district." He himself "planted some miles of road with trees, and gave out large quantities of seed for plantation." Measures like these soon bear their fruit in India; * * * * * immigrants came in from the surrounding States, while for parallel reasons, scoundrels who loved unsettled lands moved off.

Henry Lawrence reached Katmandoo, the capital of Nepaul, on the 30th November, and received charge of the Residency next day from his predecessor, Mr. Hodgson, of the Civil Service. For some days he said nothing about his wish that his wife might come to Nepaul, lest the Court should regard it as a great favour, but as soon as the Rajah found out that he had an honest man to deal with, who would represent the English Government without meddling with his own, he had no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission.

Great indeed was her delight at the decision, and at the prospect which now lay before them. Hitherto, since they had been married, she had always seen her husband toiling like a slave. Now he had got a post which demanded great qualities rather than great work; and she exults in the respite and the leisure it will bring. "How delightfully snug we shall be! How much we shall read and write and talk and think!" she writes to him from Lucknow. "How regular will be our life, and how strong we shall become! How we shall teach Jim, and get wise and good ourselves! May these visions be realized; and oh! when they are, may we in our new walk of life have 'the blessing of God that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it.'"

The history of Nepaul and its turbulent people is admirably described by Sir Herbert Edwardes. It is a history of murders, assassinations, and affrays between the native chiefs struggling for power and the wily ministers who trafficked in the corruptions of the Court. Of these Matabur Sing was the most notable, and he gave the new Resident a great deal of trouble throughout his stay in Nepaul. At length he was murdered by order of his own puppet, Raj Indur Bikram Sah, in 1845, and here is our author's commentary upon the passages detailing the process:—

This slow State murder of the Minister, though but an episode in the barbarous history of the Goorkha Court, was the main epic of the period of Henry Lawrence's Residency. It took, as we have seen, two long years. The victim was in exile and had to be enticed. He was a Goorkha, and his suspicious nature had to be lulled. He was ambitious, and he had to be fooled with power. He had an uncle to revenge, and he must be fed with human blood. He was as brave as a lion, and he had to be killed by cowards. These things take time. They are not to be done in a day, or in a gust of passion with a kitchen poker after the coarse fashion of the West. They require much coolness and consideration; considerable command of countenance, and an almost tedious amount of insincerity. In short, they were crimes *sui generis*, and can only be done artistically in Asia; and in Asia they seem best done in Nepaul.

It is rather hard for an English gentleman to have to look on at them from day to day, as Henry Lawrence did, without any power to render efficient help; but there had been heretofore too much meddling with the dirty politics of this independent State, and Lord Ellenborough had sent Lawrence up to introduce a new

régime of scrupulous non-interference with internal affairs; so all he could do was to drop an occasional word of warning to the vain and infatuated Minister, and dissuade him from hastening his fate by wholesale executions of his enemies. Poor Matabur! Perhaps *his* reflections as he gave up such designs to please the benevolent Englishman were much of this sort:—"These Feringhees don't understand chess. If I don't kill my enemies, my enemies will certainly kill *me*. It is a mere question of first move."

These revelations of the barbarisms of the Nepaul Court, at once childish and ferocious, prepare us for two final memoranda, in October, 1845, when the threatened invasion of British India by the intoxicated Sikh Army seemed deferred only from day to day, and Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough were straining every nerve to meet it.

October 2nd.—The King has ordered all the Pundits to examine their books, and inform him whether the British will be victorious. * * *

October 20th.—Much anxiety is expressed as to the expected fall of Lahore, when Nepaul will be the last free State in India. * * *

Upon these extracts Sir Herbert comments that the "fall of Lahore" saved the life of the Nepaul State, by ending its intrigues against the English. It was then that the Goorkhas sent Jung Bahadoor (the nephew of the murdered Prime Minister, Matabur Sing) to London to explore the secret of our power; and it was Jung Bahadoor who, in the darkest hour of 1857, taught them to side with us and get fresh territory as a reward.

During these two years of forced inactivity, Lawrence made the best use of his leisure. He read hard and studied hard, and wrote a good deal about what he read and thought. As his friend Edwardes says, he could not read systematically any more than he could do anything else systematically, but he read omnivorously, and always with a purpose. India was his sphere, and to it and the many classes of his fellow-creatures who were in it, black or white, he gave his thoughts; so that whatever book he took up hap-hazard and devoured, it was always with this reflection, "How does this bear upon our position in India—upon the government of subject races—upon a mercenary army—upon barrack life and soldiers' wives and children—upon the treatment of prisoners in gaol—and upon our relations with native States?" Coming thus to conclusions on large questions, he made copious notes, and the notes expanded into articles were thrown red-hot into the press at every juncture that arose; so that public opinion found itself informed and impressed by some earnest and honest thinker, who was conjectured to be behind the scenes, and was not very long unknown by name.

Some of his articles in the *Calcutta Review* attracted the attention of Lord Hardinge. He read them with great interest and attention, and longed for an opportunity to know the author and put him to the test. When the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, and put the whole of our frontier into peril, Lawrence's "paper" on "The Sikhs and their Country" induced the Governor-General to select

him as the diplomatic officer best fitted to reside with the wily Runjet Sing, in the place of Broadfoot and Nicholson killed. He was thus present at the battle of Sobraon, which terminated the war, and he contributed largely to a peaceful settlement of our differences and troubles in the Punjaub with the Sikhs. In the same year he visited Cashmere—the country of Goolab Sing,—and by his great personal influence he induced the great Hindoo chief, says Kaye, to abolish suttee, female infanticide, and slavery throughout his dominions. And he so interested the Rajah in his cherished project of hill asylums for soldiers' children, that he offered to support them largely and bring them to perfection. The offer was refused at the time, but on Sir Henry Lawrence leaving the Punjaub, Maharajah Goolab Sing, instead of joining the testimonial to him, sent 25,000 rupees to his successor for the asylums. This occurred two or three months after his departure for England, and is a striking proof of his influence over natives.

Mr. Herman Merivale says but little on this subject, but Mr. Kaye gives a very good account of their origin and necessity:—

The state of the children of the European soldiers was, indeed, such as to move the compassion of all who had eyes to see and faculties to comprehend. Even under the happiest circumstances, with all the appliances which wealth could furnish for the mitigation of the exhausting effects of the climate, European children in India were at best sickly exotics. They pined and languished, with pale faces, weakly frames, and fretful tempers. Not easily preserved were the lives of these little ones, though tenderly nurtured and jealously protected against all adverse influences; amidst the dragging-up of the barracks it was a mercy and a miracle if any were preserved at all. The mortality among the children of the European soldiery was statistically "*frightful*;" but more frightful, perhaps, the life of the few who were rescued from death. The moral atmosphere of the barrack-square was not less enervating and destroying than the physical; for the children saw or heard there what should not have been revealed to their young senses, and the freshness and beauty of innocence were utterly unknown among them. Seeing this, and thinking over it very wisely and compassionately, Henry Lawrence, while yet a young man, conceived the idea of rescuing these poor children, body and soul, from the polluting atmosphere of the barracks, and he ardently longed for the time when, out of the abundance of his own store, he might provide healthy and happy homes for these poor neglected little ones. To transport them from the plains to the hills, to place them under proper guardianship, to give them suitable instruction and ample means of innocent recreation,—these were his cherished projects. He saw how easily it could be done—how great a blessing it would be when done; and he determined that should God ever grant to him worldly wealth, he would consecrate a portion of it to the rescue of the children. No man could have found a fitter helpmate than Henry Lawrence found in his cousin Honoria Marshall.

By her assistance the Lawrence Asylums were chiefly carried into execution. Content to spend but little upon themselves, Lawrence and his wife gave away largely in charity; and it is touching in reading this portion of their joint lives to see how eager they both were to forestall the wishes of each other towards doing a good action. And to show how easy it would be for a philanthropist of means to save a large portion of our coloured community from the sins and social offences of the Cape colonists, and to prevent that frightful

waste of moral and physical strength now only too common to South Africa and her slave-begotten children, we need only point to these creations of Lawrence's brain and benevolent heart, and ask some of our leading people to follow in his footsteps. If all the little neglected children that swarm in the slums of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth could be caught up when young and placed in an educational establishment, where they could be taught trades, decent demeanour, and some knowledge of God and virtue, now unfortunately so little obtainable amid their immediate filthy surroundings, we should be doing more for our posterity than at present we imagine. For this we do not require Government aid—we want private exertion. It needs no Act of Parliament to persuade parents to give up their dusky brats to those who will feed, clothe, lodge, and respectably bring them up towards earning an honest independence hereafter. We want the will, the feeling, the Christian sympathies and charities involved in such a project. It is not so much an affair of money as of heart! But then, who cares for such things?

Commencing with small beginnings, Sir Henry put by £200 a year out of his salary of £800, as an annual donation to his pet project; and persuaded his immediate friends to help him. Thus the Lawrence Asylum of Kussowlie near Simla was started in 1847, after a public meeting held in Head-quarters Camp at Lahore in 1846, and its success was soon followed by the establishment of others. As his income enlarged he increased his subscriptions, and he must have spent a good deal upon these industrial homes. Mainly through his exertions the Aboo Lawrence School for soldiers' children (says the first annual report, now before us) was opened in December, 1854, by some ladies and gentlemen, friends of the founder. It commenced with eight children. In 1855 it had twenty; in 1866 forty-five pupils. During the year of the Mutiny (1857) there were twenty boys and nineteen girls cared for and educated. The death of the charitable and noble-hearted founder deprived the institution not only of its best and warmest friend, but also of his liberal *annual* subscription of £200.

In their third annual report, the managers "trust that in memory of Sir Henry Lawrence, ever so true a friend of the homeless and the widow, the school founded by him at Aboo in Rajpootana will never be allowed by the friends and well-wishers of our soldiers' children all over India, and in Bombay particularly, to lack the means necessary to enable it to educate and rear in life all of the fifty-six children that the school premises can now accommodate. The object of these institutions (now in full operation at Murrie in the Punjab, and at the Nilgherries, Madras, at Mount Aboo, Sanáwur, Kussowlie, and Ootacamund, and where full five hundred boys and girls are getting a good training in a fine climate, and altogether promising to turn out useful members of society), is to provide for the orphans and other children of soldiers serving or having served in Rajpootana and Western India, a refuge from the debilitating

effects of a tropical climate, and the demoralizing influence of barrack life." In this object they have been eminently successful, and the Lawrence Asylums have proved an untold blessing to the British soldier's orphan in India. Sir Henry, however, had great trouble in starting them. All sorts of objections were raised, and even Lord Hardinge did not see the good of them and foresaw much evil from them. But Sir Henry took great pains in the matter, and persevered, and when in July, 1858, the Supreme Government wrote to Brigadier-General Lawrence, asking for information as to the working of the institution, and whether any change was advisable, General Lawrence's answer was a short history of the school, and the concluding paragraph was as follows:—"As yet no difficulty whatever has occurred in carrying on the management of the school according to the founder's original plan. Under the able superintendence of the late secretary, Dr. Henry Ebdon, who was indefatigable in his exertions for the well-being of the school, the plan has hitherto worked most smoothly and satisfactorily, nor do the committee anticipate any difficulty on this head."

We have dwelt at some length upon these schools, because it is by these "Lawrence Asylums" that the name of Sir Henry will for all time be thoroughly remembered in India. They have certainly supplied a great want, and demonstrated to a nicety that European children can be reared in India, if only removed to the hills in time, with perfect safety to health.

To show a strongly marked feature in Sir Henry's character, we subjoin a letter from Mr. Marshman to Mr. Merivale, in explanation of a memo. found by his literary executors among his papers, of the amount of subscriptions which he gave in three years to certain Calcutta charities, and of course undated and unsigned:—

The memo. is one that I sent him. He was one of the largest-hearted men it has been my happiness to know. When he was appointed Resident at Khamandoo he immediately wrote to me to say that he was in the receipt of a larger income than he had ever enjoyed (I almost think his previous allowances in the military service had never exceeded 800 rupees a month), and that he considered it his first duty to do as much good with it as possible; and he asked me to become his almoner to the various Christian and benevolent agencies in and around Calcutta. At the same time he promised to send me 1,000 rupees (£100) every quarter to be distributed among them; and he continued the remittance without interruption until he accompanied Lord Hardinge to England. The memo. is a portion of my periodical report to him of the various institutions which had benefited by his liberality.

Before entering upon his subsequent services with the Sikhs, and the annexation of Sindh (a matter which was very repugnant to his feelings, as opposed alike to sound policy and expediency), we are tempted to make some extracts from the Indian journal kept by his wife, as illustrative of certain physical peculiarities of the people and scenery of the Himalayas. They remind us of much of our own beautiful scenic effects about Worcester and Bain's Kloof and are as graphic as anything written by the ubiquitous "Mrs. B." of the Cape.

I have not noticed anything like a rosy tint on the hills at sunrise ; *then* they are of something like a French grey, with the edges of a dazzling silver, that gradually overspreads the whole surface as the sun rises higher. Then, too, the sky is of a deep, deep blue, from which they stand out. As the day advances, the tint of the sky becomes paler, and of the hills deeper, so that they do not show very distinctly, except in the salient angles that throw back the light. As the sun approaches the western horizon, the sky again deepens to intense, transparent blue, and a deeper shadow falls on all except the western faces of the pinnacles. At this time, sometimes it would be difficult to believe we were looking at a snowy surface, for, except the glittering profiles of the crags, all is of a deep neutral tint. But when the sun has sunk below the near ridge of western hills (half-an-hour, I fancy, before it sets on the plain), the whole snowy range glows, almost *burns*, with a coppery light, as if from burnished metal, varying sometimes to a semi-transparent tinge like the opal ; and, as the sun departs, assuming a perfect rose-coloured blush, until the last ray is gone, and then there comes a deadly paleness over all. Last night was full moon, and I have only two or three times in my life witnessed anything that gave me so much the idea of another world ; of scenery belonging altogether to some different class of existence. I had sat in the little balcony, gazing at such a sunset as I have tried to describe, until the stars to the west and north shone forth, and then I turned east and saw the round yellow moon just rising above the low swelling hills, and lighting up the valley of Nepaul. As it rose higher, it assumed the silvery tint that it never has near the horizon ; the sky to the west became of a deep amethyst or sapphire colour, from which the silvery range of snow stood out, glittering and sparkling in parts, yet with a general tender, subdued, nun-like aspect that I cannot describe. The scene called up the same feelings that I have had at sea, when

“The moon did with delight

“Look round her, when the heavens were bare.”

Further on in her journal she betrays the same lively interest and powers of acute observation as to the habits and customs of the Nepalese, and presents an amusing picture of their lazy ways :—

Cleanliness is a prevailing feature of many Nepaul customs ; others are unspeakably filthy. Even the cleanest and most luxurious native here, or, I fancy, anywhere in India, has no idea of cleanliness in the clothes that touch the skin ; and bed linen is a thing unknown. Once, in a bed made up for me at the Putilah Rajah's garden house at Pinjore, there was a sheet tied with silk cord and tassels for me to lie on. But at Lucknow I saw his Oudh Majesty's bed, which seemed just as he left it that morning, with nothing but silk mattress, pillows, and “*resai* ;” and this, I believe, is the usual way, from the bearer, who rolls round him the coarse chintz-wadded coverlids, to the king, whose “*resai*” is of Benares kinkab. So with under-clothes. During the hot season all classes wear white, and the “*muslined millions*” look elegantly clean ; but during the cold season I never saw a symptom of anything washable under the wadded, woollen, or silken warm clothes. Matabar Sing used to wear a brocade vest ; our servants wear their wadded clipkuns, sometimes putting a white muslin one over, by way of being clean. Luckily, the majority of natives crop or shave their heads, and in the plains they bathe where they can. But I dare not even imagine what may dwell within the long, flowing locks of the Pathans and the Sikhs. As to the hill people, they never wash, I believe. When they become the happy possessors of any piece of dress, they wear it till it drops off. Yet these people have their cooking-vessels polished and scrubbed in a way that few gentlemen's kitchens at home could match, clean their teeth diligently every morning, and never eat or smoke without washing hands and mouth before and after. Strange that a man who will sweep his house diligently, scrub and polish his hookah and talc till you might almost see your face therein, and wash his hands, does not mind living surrounded by filth and stench, and will contentedly lay his head on a pillow almost rotten with accumulated filth.

A pretty set of fellows, truly, to live with ! But, to return to the more immediate subject of this memoir. Henry Lawrence rapidly rose, in the estimation of Lord Hardinge, and, after the battle of Sobraon did good service to his Chief by his defence of the Governor-General in the pages of the *Calcutta Review* against the charges brought against his administration. He was a ready writer, and fully exposed all the falsehoods involved in the calumny that he had secretly bribed the leading Sikh chiefs to betray their countrymen to him at Sobraon, with its necessary consequence—the occupation of the Sikh capital, Lahore. In point of fact, he was opposed to the policy of annexation of territory ; but when the treasury of Runjeet Sing could not find means to pay the fine of one and a half crore of rupees levied on the Lahore State for invading our territory by crossing the Sutlej, Sir Henry determined to take over the province of Cashmere and the Jummoo Highlands in lieu of the fine. It had been always his view to “abstain from all enlargement of our limits not provoked by the absolute need of security ; to enforce on the natives of India, not by precept, but by practice, the duties of justice and forbearance ; to apply ourselves, as our special business, to the task of raising the moral character of the governing and aristocratic classes, or such relics of them as ages of political vicissitude have left, and thus enable new Indian sovereignties to grow up under British protection.” This was the key to the general tone of his advice as Resident of the Punjaub—a warlike country just subdued, agitated at once with internal dissension and distrust, and with fear of annexation by the conqueror. Accordingly, he makes no secret of his opinion that, from the beginning to the end, the Sikh Ameers have been treated harshly and unjustly in previous days ; in short, that we had no business in Sindh in 1838, and that the war of 1843 might have been avoided. He, however, had now the task of reconstituting the Sikh Government, and inducing these turbulent warriors to settle down, and submit to be well treated by us, and protected from their own army and chiefs by us, with due respect paid to the rights and even prejudices of all classes. To do this, he had the protection of a subsidiary British force by way of defending Lahore from the chiefs who had been overthrown ; and he handed over Cashmere to the iron grasp of Goolab Sing, stigmatized by Sir Herbert Edwardes as “a bad king, a miser and a liar, and the dirtiest fellow in all India.” In November, 1846, Sir Henry installed this sagacious chief on the throne of Cashmere, and made him promise to put down both infanticide and suttee in his dominions. He then, with his usual energy, returned at once to Lahore to bring Lal Sing to trial and exposure before all the Sikh chiefs, for his complicity with Immammoodeen in the treacherous opposition to Goolab Sing. This he most effectually did ; and the final result of these proceedings was, that the independence of the Punjaub was prolonged by the so-called treaty of Byrowal, signed by fifty-two chiefs, whereby Henry Lawrence was left “in all but name, the master—uncontrolled, save by the Supreme

Government at Calcutta—of the magnificent realm of the Five Rivers, the kingdom of Porus.” As British Resident, he had to protect the people from their own lords, and yet conciliate their goodwill and respect ; and he did it so well that his brother George is able to write to Henry’s wife, Honoria, then in England for her health, as follows :—

Henry is looking well, and I think is better than usual. The trip to Cashmere, he says, quite set him up ; and the Governor-General remarked lately that knocking about seemed to do him good. It was very gratifying to me to see the high estimation in which he is evidently held by the chiefs, and indeed by all parties. I have never yet heard one dissenting voice as to his being the very man for his present berth. I was much struck with the peace and confidence which pervades all ranks, both in city and country, and could not have believed that one short year would have done so much. The officers freely admit that it was entirely to Henry’s energy and promptitude in repairing in person to Cashmere that matters there were brought to an amicable adjustment.

It must be added, however, that it required 50,000 men and 60 guns to keep the Sikhs quiet. With these, the beginning of 1847 found Lawrence in peaceful possession of viceregal authority over this beautiful province. He had a splendid staff of assistants under him, viz., George Lawrence, MacGregor, James Abbot, Herbert Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pollock, Bowring, Henry Coxe, and Melville ; but his chief help was his brother John, now Lord Lawrence. As Resident at Lahore, he had a pretty quiet time of it, and when he found his health suffering from his previous exertions, he decided to go to England with Lord Hardinge, who had been superseded by Lord Dalhousie. He had been scarcely a year in England when the Punjaub was again in a blaze. Two brave officers, Van Agnew and Anderson, had been murdered at Mooltan, and, weak and ill as he was, Lawrence at once volunteered to return to India. Before he could start, post after post brought news of further disaffections, in spite of Sir Herbert Edwardes’s gallant stand on the Indus ; and it appears now quite clear that “the absence of Lawrence himself, who had already obtained an extraordinary influence over the Sikh mind, was operating most injuriously.” Accordingly, urged thereto by pressing letters from Lord Dalhousie, Hardinge, the Duke of Wellington, and others, he and his wife left England in November, 1848, never to return. Lady Lawrence’s journal of this voyage, in letters addressed to her son Alexander (who remained at home), is a record of impressions of pleasure. As Mr. Merivale remarks,—

Her husband was with her, and all her own ; she carried out, also, her second boy, born in Nepaul. Her health was for the time re-established ; she was enjoying all the buoyancy of heart to which recovery gives birth, when we feel as if rendered young again in the midway of our fatiguing pilgrimage ; and all the romance of her temperament, her passionate love of natural beauties, her religious enthusiasm, her vehement participation in her husband’s opinions and controversies, come to the surface in these careless utterances, penned to satisfy her own emotions, rather than for the sake of a child too young to appreciate them.

Take the following description of a sunset in the Egyptian desert, not traversed as yet by rail ; it is fervid with feeling :—

At length the sun declined, almost due behind us, and the western sky began to glow with colours which made the desert itself seem a part of Heaven. Not above two or three times in my life, on the broad sea, or among the Himalayas, have I ever seen an aspect of the sky that seemed like this ; it might belong to some world different from ours. Clouds like masses of rough gold, brilliant rose tints, and near the horizon a band of pale green, all of a jewelled splendour that is never seen in more northerly latitudes. So sank the sun ; and then the sky took an appearance of red flame with dark smoke, like vapour also, such as I think must have appeared over Mount Sinai, and which brought very solemn thoughts of that cloud of flame in which our Lord will at last descend. The lower mountains, now almost opposite the setting sun, had, till he sank, shone with rosy light here and there, and the rest had a rich neutral tint ; but now the range stood forth so close and forbidding that they seemed to me like those to which the impenitent will cry when they say to the mountains, “Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us.” It was a scene of such solemnity as I hope never to forget.

Be sure the hand that penned these lines belonged to no commonplace woman. And further on she tells her boy of their meeting Colonel Outram, and how much she esteemed him because he refused to enrich himself by ill-gotten gains, after the conquest of Sindh by Sir Charles Napier ; and how “Colonel Outram, though a very poor man, would not take money (prize) which he did not think rightfully his, and distributed all his share in charity, giving £800 to the Hill Asylum at Kussowlee. I was glad, even in the dark, to shake hands with one whom I esteemed so highly.”

They reached Bombay in December, whence they proceeded to Lahore ; the first news which greeted his arrival being that of the capture and imprisonment of his brother, Colonel George Lawrence, and his wife, by the Affghans, after weeks of almost desperate tenacity of resistance at Peshawur. He just arrived in time to see that he ought never to have left India at all ; that his absence had set loose a number of disturbing elements to the peace of the country ; and that from henceforward he had to serve a very different master in Lord Dalhousie to what he had secured in his warm-hearted old friend, Lord Hardinge. This portion of his life was, indeed, a very unhappy one, but his high sense of duty sustained him under its manifold trials of temper and patience. Contrasting his position when he left to what he found it on his return, Mr. Herman Merivale very truly observes :—

Loved at once, and respected by his own subordinates ; all but worshipped, after their Oriental fashion, by the natives, with whose speech, habits, and thoughts he was familiar to a degree very rarely equalled by official Englishmen, he was, perhaps, in as enviable a position as the noble service to which he belongs afforded ; while, as yet, envy had scarcely begun to make its discordant notes heard amidst the general chorus of voices raised in his honour. He was now to return to the scenes of his labours and deepest interests, to the country which he had known for more than twenty years, and with which he had made himself thoroughly familiar, and that under circumstances the most flattering to one covetous of renown, for he had been almost recalled by the public voice as the one man necessary for the occasion. * * * His departure had been the signal of

revolt; his return, it might be hoped or feared, would be the signal of reconciliation or re-conquest.

Such was the outward promise of events, and yet—such was the bitter irony of fortune—this very epoch of dawning prosperity proved the turning point of his life in the other direction. * * * He was to witness the seeds of successful administration, painfully sown by himself, ripening into a harvest to be reaped by others. He was to see projects of policy, matured by himself in the fulness of knowledge and experience, neglected or set aside, or altered and transformed by new masters, the successors of those under whom he had grown up, and whose counsels had been matured along with his own. He was to see himself, not, indeed, treated otherwise than with the personal regard which was due to him, but “shunted” aside, in what he deemed his mid-course of usefulness, into a quiet nook by the wayside, there to repose until he and those who ruled over him could set their horses, in popular phrase, “better together.”

It is too early a day now to settle who was right and who was wrong in these matters; but it undoubtedly was a sore point with Henry Lawrence that the new Governor-General was disposed to pooh-pooh him in favour of others who were more pliant to his will. At all times a vehement lover and a good hater, he soon had abundant cause to feel the great change in his destiny, now that Hardinge, and not Dalhousie, was his master. The self-reliant, imperious, strong-willed, autocratic young Viceroy of 42 was no respecter of persons, and, though perfectly gentlemanly in his manner, would stand no nonsense or fancied dictation from his older and more experienced subordinates. When, therefore, after the siege of Mooltan, and the battles of Chillian-Wallah and Goojerat, the second Sikh war was ended, and the Khālsa army finally crushed, it became necessary to issue a proclamation inviting the Sikhs to lay down their arms, and Lord Dalhousie gave him a tremendous wiggling for showing in its terms too much consideration and tenderness for the misled, and too much kind personal feeling towards the leaders of a warlike race, with which he had so long dealt in amity. He tells him plainly of this proclamation that

It is objectionable in matter, because, from the terms in which it is worded, it is calculated to convey to those who are engaged in this shameful war an expectation of much more favourable terms, much more extended immunity from punishment than I consider myself justified in granting them. It is objectionable in manner, because (unintentionally, no doubt) its whole tone substitutes you personally, as the Resident at Lahore, for the Government which you represent. It is calculated to raise the inference that a new state of things is arising; that the fact of your arrival with a desire to bring peace to the Punjab is likely to affect the warlike measures of the Government; and that you are come as a peace-maker for the Sikhs, as standing between them and the Government. *This cannot be.* * * * I am very willing that a proclamation should be issued by you, but bearing evidence that it proceeds from Government. It may notify that no terms can be given, but unconditional submission; yet that, on submission being immediately made, no man's life shall be forfeited for the part he has taken in hostilities against the British Government, &c.

He accordingly has to submit, and subsequently to find his brother John, the present Lord Lawrence, preferred by the Governor-General, as a more suitable instrument for carrying out his annexation policy. John Lawrence had no scruples in this matter, and

accepted the task of informing the Punjaub tribes that they were no longer free, but would be annexed to the English Crown. Sir Henry sent in his resignation, but Lord Dalhousie would not accept it, as he did not wish to come to a rupture with one so eminently qualified to hold the first place of Government in his new conquest. He, however, devised a Board of Administration of three commissioners for the Punjaub, of which Lawrence was to be the President, and John Lawrence and Mr. Mansell to be the members. It was not found to answer, although Sir Henry succeeded in the re-organization, so far as deemed safe and practicable, of the disbanded fragments of the Sikh army. "We have raised," he says, "five regiments of as fine cavalry as any in India, and as many corps of splendid infantry," the nucleus hereafter of that magnificent Punjaub corps to be formed under the management of Lord Lawrence, and which was to descend triumphantly on Delhi at the most critical moment of our Indian history.

What the watch-maker is to the watch (says Major Abbott) that was Sir Henry Lawrence to the Punjaub. His assistants fashioned wheels, pivots, spring, and balance; but it was his great mind which attributed to each his work, which laid down the dimensions of every circle, the power of every spring, the length of every lever, and which combined the whole into one of the greatest triumphs of modern polity. All caught from him the sacred fire; his presence seemed all-pervading, for the interests of the meanest were dear to him as those of the most powerful; and goodness and greatness were so natural wherever he came that other fruits seemed strange and impossible.

To give some idea of his personal activity, spite of years and bad health, he writes to his friend Mr. Kaye :

Each year I have travelled three or four months; each day riding usually thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and sometimes for days with none at all. The last cold weather I rode close round all the frontier, visiting every point of interest, and all our posts, small and great, and riding through most of the passes down to the Sikh border. At stations, or where anything was going on, we halted one, two, or three days, visiting the public offices, gaols, bazaars, and receiving visitors of all ranks, and inspecting the Punjaub regiments and police, and receiving petitions, which latter were a daily occurrence, sometimes a couple of hundred coming in. * * *

Not so bad this for an old man! But our space warns us to draw this brief review of a noble life to a close. The years 1852 and 1853 were busy years for him; and from his known inclination towards the so-called aristocratic view of land rights in the Punjaub, while his brother John had a bias in the opposite direction, when the Board had to report upon the best means of raising the revenue from the Sikhs, it was inevitable that there should be a rupture among the members. The subject in dispute is too intricate for these pages, but it is well and clearly explained by Mr. Merivale and Sir Henry Maine. The brothers referred their quarrel to Sir Robert Montgomery, who half-jestingly complains, in the course of the correspondence, that he served as "a regular buffer between two high-pressure engines." Sir Henry, says one of his critics, regarded the balancing

of the income and expenditure of the province as altogether a secondary consideration. The support of the great freeholders, in their untaxed condition, and even the increase of their possessions by lands free from taxation, being the first, both being in accordance with the custom of Sikh rule. But John Lawrence argued that the resources available from taxation would not allow us to maintain a Native system of Government together with the extensive English system which we had introduced. The chiefs could afford to pay their share of the revenues, or, should they object to that, to relinquish lands granted (by Native Governments) for service no longer necessary to be done. With these views, so diametrically opposed, both brothers felt that their continuance in office together could only embarrass the Government under which they served. When, therefore, the important Residency of Hyderabad fell vacant, both applied for the place ; but Lord Dalhousie would not part with John, and gave the appointment to Henry. He was deeply grieved at the decision of the Governor-General, and left the Punjaub a disappointed and injured man. A shower of letters descended upon him from all parts of India, condoling with him upon his deposition from his high place, and bearing abundant testimony to the remarkable estimation in public opinion which he held in 1852. His new duties in Rajpootana were entered upon with zest, and, by his thorough kindness and sympathetic character, he soon became as popular there with the native chiefs as he had been in the Punjaub. "But the three years which he passed in Rajpootana," observes Mr. Merivale, "were of course quite insufficient to ripen such seed as he may perchance have sown ; he could only add one more name to those of our many able administrators from whom the Indian public has drawn comparatively little advantage, on account of the rapidity of their transfer from one great province to another."

Here he, however, learned to make a conquest over himself, for, further on in this work, and speaking of Sir Henry Lawrence's characteristic of personal amiability being not altogether a gift of nature, Mr. Merivale points out that "his temper was naturally hot and impetuous ; it was by self-discipline and constant watchfulness that he kept it in subjection ; and the original man came to the surface to the last." Mr. Kavanagh, who was a clerk in his office, and daily saw him in 1841, says :

He was then an impetuous and indefatigable officer, and so wholly absorbed by public duties that he neglected his person, and left himself scarcely any time for recreation. He had little of that gentleness of temper which afterwards grew upon him, and although very accessible, was not always agreeable to natives. He was rather impatient, and not so practical a philanthropist as he afterwards became. A good, straightforward native gentleman was sure to be treated with courtesy and with a cordiality that filled him with pleasure, but woe to the intriguer or deceiver. These Captain Lawrence met with a stern aspect and sent sneaking away with fear and trembling. His brusque manners, grotesque appearance, and shrewd sharp look, attracted the notice of strangers at once, who always left him impressed with the feeling that he was no ordinary man. His mind and body were always in a state of tension, and both alike were denied proper rest.

We have already shown how much good he did in the matter of "Lawrence Asylums" for soldiers' children ; but the fact is somehow omitted to be mentioned by Merivale, that Sir Henry also did an immense deal of good in gaol reforms. He visited native prisons, showed the evils of their barbarous arrangements, and made the chiefs build new gaols and look after their inmates more humanely. He also helped to found large dispensaries in Rajpootana, that now relieve 72,000 sick poor every year. From an article in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for 1860 by Dr. Ebdon (who was his personal medical attendant), we learn

Gaol reform and healthy prison discipline were among Sir Henry's many sensible hobbies. He accordingly lost no time in addressing all the Rajahs and Raos of Rajwara on this all-important subject after a careful inspection of many of the caves, dens, and wells in which their prisoners were usually confined. A few strong and terse letters from him soon brought about the most wholesome and useful reforms ; and by 1857 the Raj gaol at every large town in Rajpootana was a clean, airy place, and all its prisoners were fed with plain, wholesome food, were clad in decent native attire, and had blankets at night. With Sir Henry's hearty aid and cordial co-operation, the surgeon to the Rajpootana Political Agency succeeded in getting nine dispensaries established at some of the Rajah's chief towns, and these institutions were relieving in 1858 as many as 6,000 sick paupers every month.

But while he was thus wearing himself out in public life, he had to undergo a great trial in the death of his wife. She had long been ailing, and the story of her death is thus pathetically conveyed to his children by the heart-broken father and lover :

Mount Aboo, January 15, 1854.

MY DEAR SONS,—By the side of the remains of what, five hours ago, was your fond mother, I sit down to write to you in the hope that, weak as may be my words, you will both of you, Alick and Harry, remember them as the dying message of your mother, who never passed a day, indeed an hour, without thinking of you, and the happiness of whose life was the fortnightly letters telling her that you were good, well, and happy. Two hours after her death, which occurred at twenty minutes to twelve to-day, your letters of December reached me. She had been looking out for them, as she was accustomed to do from the earliest date of their being due ; and her pleasure, nay delight, was always great when all was well, and her sons seemed to be trying to do their duty. Her daily prayer was that you might be good boys and live to be good men—honest and straightforward in word and deed, kind and affectionate, and considerate to all around you, thoughtful and pitiful for the poor and the weak and those who have no friends. * * *

Half-an-hour before I began to write on these two sides of this sheet, I had taken my last earthly look at my wife and your mother. Corruption was gaining on her. I had slept on the verandah, as near as the doctor would permit me. * * * So I went and took my last look of her dear, sweet face, and prayed for the last time by her side—prayed that what I had neglected to do during her life I might now do after her death, prayed that her pure spirit might be around you and me, and guide us to good and shield us from evil. * * *

Mamma said little to me during her last illness. She knew I weakly feared to part with her. She welcomed Mr. Hill as having come to see her die ; and about midnight told me she would not be alive twelve hours. Again I say, my boys, remember with love, and show your love by your acts ; few boys ever had such a mother.

So passed away as high-minded, noble-hearted a woman as was

ever allotted for a life's companion to one called to accomplish a laborious and honourable career.

Sir Henry found relief, says Mr. Merivale, where most men so circumstanced and so qualified as himself usually find it, in additional devotion to the work which he had to do. He returned to his old pursuits with even increased zeal, and resumed his habits of correspondence, both with the reviews and the press, with much energy. He had three and a half years more to live, and he crowded those years with excessive labours. It is impossible here to specify all that he did before the fatal siege of Lucknow, where he lost his life; but the final incidents of his closing days are now matter of history. His connection with Lord Canning and the annexation of Oude were full of interest. He wished to start for England on sick leave in 1857, but he was induced to accept the onerous appointment of Resident in Lucknow in succession to Mr. Coverly Jackson. Mr. Raikes says:

He went to Oude not without feelings of ambition, but principally from a high sense of duty, whilst he had the strongest medical opinion (Dr. Edden and Dr. Lowndes) of the necessity of an immediate change to Europe, and when suffering as he told me, "from a dozen different complaints."

Arrived at Lucknow in March, 1857, he promptly set to work to undo the mischief caused by his predecessor Jackson, and to appease the wide-spread disaffection created by that obstinate and high-handed official on the Native Court pensioners. But, alas! he was too late. The Sepoy Rebellion was too well concocted by these villains, and we all know how he prepared for the coming storm, and after the mutiny had burst out in Bengal and at Delhi, made preparations for holding out in Lucknow. The tale has so often been told, and well, that we shall content ourselves by saying nothing about the progress or causes of the rebellion. Throughout the whole of it, Sir Henry Lawrence and his brother John were the two leading Englishmen who gave indisputable proof of their common origin and genius while directing the fortunes of a great empire at a great crisis. The one found a glorious grave; the other a still more glorious opportunity for carrying out his dead brother's views; but both were thought eminent enough to be selected as Governors-General, and certainly achieved imperishable renown. Let us draw a veil over the fall of Delhi, the horrors of Cawnpore, and the atrocities of Nana Sahib. What man could do and dare was done by the Lawrences. Both Henry and John kept up their courage to the last; and when that fatal day arrived when, on the 2nd July, 1857, a bursting shell tore off Henry's left thigh, and marked his doom, how noble is the nature of the man as he asks forgiveness from his weeping friends, and begs them to kiss him before he dies, while his last words are uttered with a soldier's pride,—"*Let every man die at his post; but never make terms! God help the poor women and children!*"

The whole story of the investment and defence of Lucknow is very worthily told by Mr. Merivale; and special prominence is given to the extraordinary incidents connected with the preparations for

meeting the mutineers in force at the very outset of the rebellion. The matter is well handled, and clearly shows that the only occasion upon which Sir Henry Lawrence suffered a defeat was in the memorable attack upon the insurgent Sepoys at Chinhut; and this seems to have been entirely caused by direct disobedience of his orders as to the due provisioning of his soldiers before fighting a pitched battle. The story is fairly told as under, and is an instructive commentary on the art of war,—and the value of trifles :—

On the 26th June Cawnpore was still holding out gallantly, and all the information from the country tended to show that the mutinous troops were fearful to approach us. Several regiments had gone to Delhi; one had gone off to Cawnpore, and the continued defence made by the weak garrison there, with the exaggerated reports of our preparations and our strength at Lucknow, deterred the local corps with the few other old regiments that remained in Oude from approaching to try conclusions with us. * * * On the 28th the enemy concentrated at Nawaubgunge, and sent on an advanced guard to Chinhut (six miles on the road out of Lucknow). On the 29th they were seen by our advanced reconnoitering parties of cavalry; and Sir Henry prepared for action. He evacuated the cantonments, and directed that a force should be prepared at the iron bridge at daybreak to march against the enemy at Chinhut. Sir Henry took to himself the task of planning the operations, and gave directions that the troops should thus assemble and march at *daybreak*; that coffee, biscuits, and rum should accompany the troops, and be distributed to them on the halt, *prior to the final* advance against the enemy. It was not till the sun was well above the horizon that the troops started for the iron bridge, and when they halted at the Kokrail nullah, before going into action, *the provisions were not served out to them*. When, consequently, the troops made their advance, the Europeans were perfectly exhausted, and hardly fit to move, much less fight.

The consequences may easily be imagined. Our hungry and tired troops were out-marched and out-flanked by the enemy, and disgracefully beaten. This, moreover, is the account of it given by Sir Henry himself to General Havelock :—

June 30.

MY DEAR HAVELock,—This morning we went out eight miles to Chinhut to meet the enemy, and we were defeated, and lost five guns through the misconduct chiefly of our native artillery, many of whom deserted. The enemy have followed us up, and we have now been besieged for four hours, and shall probably to-night be surrounded. The enemy are very bold, and our Europeans very low. I look on our position now as ten times as bad as it was yesterday; indeed it is very critical. We shall be obliged to concentrate *if we are able*. We shall have to abandon much supplies, and to blow up much powder. Unless we are relieved quickly, say in ten or fifteen days, we shall hardly be able to maintain our position.

From a manuscript account furnished him by Colonel Wilson, who was on Lawrence's staff, Mr. Merivale gives us some further particulars, and describes the unfaltering courage with which Sir Henry covered the last retreat, and the effect which his personal daring had in inspiring his men :—

The retreat was a trying operation. The enemy's positions and subsequent manœuvres were admirable, and displayed generalship worthy of a better cause. Had the leader commanding the rebel army been obeyed to the letter, and had he had under his command men of ordinary valour instead of a cowardly mass of

native soldiers, distrustful of their own powers, not one man of our little force would have reached Lucknow to tell the tale of our disaster. Sir Henry Lawrence was seen in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from one part of it to another amidst a terrific fire of grape, round shot, and musketry, which made us lose men at every step. When near the Kokrail Bridge he wrung his hands in the greatest agony of mind, and, forgetful of himself, thought only of his poor soldiers. "My God! my God!" he was heard to say, "and I brought them to this." One hundred and eighteen European officers and men were missed—all slain in fight or massacred in this unfortunate sally.

Sir Henry Lawrence has been blamed for this misfortune; and as he commanded, the responsibility must rest upon him. But none but those who were in his immediate confidence are aware of all the difficulties of his position. The whole city of Lucknow was wavering; hourly reports were brought in of the intended defection of our few native adherents. It was well known that the Cawnpore garrison had been destroyed. All the out-stations in Oude were gone. Our servants were deserting. Sir Henry felt that he must endeavour to take the initiative; and yet he was afraid to weaken the garrison too much, or venture too far away, lest he should endanger one or both of the positions we were holding. * * Throughout that terrible day, during the conflict, and when all was lost, and retreat became all but a rout, and men were falling fast, he displayed the utmost calmness and decision; and as with his hat off, he sat on his horse on the Kokrail Bridge, rallying our men for a last stand, himself a distinct mark for the enemy's skirmishers, he seemed to bear a charmed life.

Whatever error of judgment he may have displayed on this day, in venturing to cope with thousands of rebels, he nobly retrieved his reputation by his subsequent defence of Lucknow amid appalling difficulties. He fell a victim to his contempt for danger, but not before his courageous example had inspired all his followers to exhibit similar nerve and pluck throughout that terrible siege, and make the world ring with praises of their valour and endurance. He died, as he lived, a Christian hero, and the noblest of men.

And now that we have traced the career of this great man from his cradle to the grave, we can deliberately state that these volumes of biography are thoroughly well written. There is not an ounce of ill-nature in the whole of the fascinating story. The authors have supplemented each other in their labour of love, and borne testimony to the thoroughness of each other's work. We can, therefore, cordially endorse the opinion of the English press, and hope that the book may be extensively read, studied, and treasured by the more thoughtful and generous of our colonial youths. As for ourselves, we have been delighted with our self-imposed task, and have not scrupled to borrow largely from writers who have shown their fitness for biographical work by their generous enthusiasm and historical accuracy. Would that more such books could be written—and read!

W. H. R.

Harold's Grief.

A silent man was Harold, given much
To solitary walks and musings long ;
Not churlish ; prompt to act in any need,
But grave and joyless, as if some great grief
Had touched his life, and struck the soul away ;
And once unto the friend he trusted most
He told that sorrow something in this wise :

How still the night is ! Not a shadow stirs
Under my feet, as slowly on I pass
Between the long rows of the sombre firs,
My nightly walk ; and, looking out beyond,
I see the broad, white moonlight silent lie
Upon the sleeping world : a hint of rest
It gives unto the weary. When I die,
So will my heart lie quiet in the smile
Of Him who gives the sorrow and the cure.
Not yet, not yet ; I still have work to do,
Still must live on, remember, and endure.
I passed the churchyard as I hither came,
And saw a man beside a new-made grave,
His head bent down upon it, and his frame
Shaken with sobs. I envied him his tears.
What is his grief to mine ! 'Tis hard to part,
But there are sorrows worse to bear than death,
Which at one blow crush from the stricken heart
All hope and faith, and whatsoever gave
Gladness or grace to life.

If she had died

When most I loved her, what a power to save
From evil thoughts her memory had been,
And a fond hope beside of life to come !

How beautiful she was ! How like a saint !
Her eyes and pure pale forehead struck me dumb !
I gazed and worshipped, was content to stand
And drink in all her beauty with mine eyes,
And dared not touch my idol. If her hand
Met mine a moment, how my heart would beat,
And all my pulses leap with sudden joy.

But when my boyish worship gathered heat,
And grew to man's strong love, what burning words
I poured into her ear, and she replied.
Her tender heart was touched ; she bent her head

Upon my breast. Oh ! would that I had died
Then, when I heard that whisper soft and low,
"Harold, I love you." There was nothing more ;
My heart had all it wanted ; she was mine,
And all the world beside was weak and poor.

I had to leave her for a little while,
Only a year, a little year, and then
I was to come and take my bride away.
I went about among my fellow-men,
And did the work I had to do like one
In blissful trance, so full my happy soul
Of the glad future that awaited me.

The day came in that was to end the whole ;
I thought my waiting only then would cease ;
But all was ended, all, the love and joy.
Did I say love ? I wonder even now
If that which nothing else could e'er destroy
Was buried with the rest amid the wreck !

How swift my eager footsteps sought her door !
My breath came thick and fast ; I was aflame
To clasp her to my panting heart once more,
And call her mine for ever. Wide I threw
The garden-gate, and rushed the path along ;
Saw, but scarce noted, that the lilies tall,
She loved so much to tend, now drooping hung,
Neglected on their stalks ; and the white rose
We both had planted withered lay, and dead.
Her mother met me, caught my outstretched hand :
I looked not at her, looked beyond, and said,
"Where is my darling ?" Then I heard a sob,
And saw her drooping face. What was to learn
Methought I knew, and groaned, "When did she die ?"
Then answered me her father, white and stern,—
"Aye, she is dead to you, to all of us."
What might such answer mean, how *could* I know ?
Her mother's face was buried in her hands.
But when with parched lips I whispered slow,
"Then, I have lost my love, and she is wed !"
She lifted up her face of agony,
And cried aloud a miserable cry,
"Yes, she is lost ? my only child is lost,
And I shall never bless her ere I die."

Straight to the earth I fell, as if a sword
Had pierced me to the heart ; nor ever knew

How long I lay in blest unconsciousness ;
 But when time passed, and I had struggled through
 The fever of the brain, and woke to life,
 I heard the story which I cannot tell ;
 I do not comprehend the mystery ;
 The bitter truth alone I knew : she fell.
 Who her destroyer was, they would not say ;
 And well I knew it not, for, in mad rage,
 I should have torn his selfish life away.

Her mother died. I strove to find again
 Some hope or purpose in my ruined life ;
 But I could not forget, and all I touched
 Seemed turned to ashes ; love and hate at strife
 Kept my soul ever in a fierce unrest.
 Never for her the hate ; I tried to scorn,
 But scorning turned to pity, and at last
 The pity grew within my heart forlorn
 To be what love had been, the ruling power.
 It filled my days and nights with haunting fear,
 That would not let me rest ; I never heard
 The night-wind shriek, but to my startled ear
 Her voice was blended with it ; and at eve,
 If some slight form, with tresses flowing free,
 Passed shrinking by, my very heart stood still,
 And my brain whirled in dread lest it might be
 Her form, her hair. I could not bear my life
 Without a hope or purpose ; so at last
 I went to seek and save her from the world—
 The cruel world, that all its scorn would cast
 On her, and pardon the destroyer ; save her, too,
 From unknown depths which yawned before her feet.
 Oh ! how I wandered ! How I sought, with heart
 That almost failed sometimes, but swift to meet
 The shadow of a hope to guide my search !

Years passed before I found her ; but one day
 I stood before a monster building, when
 A crowd of busy women, on the way
 To their day's work, went quickly through the gate.
 One walked alone, and, with a gentle grace,
 Drew back to let another pass her by.
 I saw the gesture, saw the pallid face,
 And knew my Magdalen ! Tears long unknown
 Rushed to mine eyes, thanksgiving to my heart.
 I learnt that she had been there long ; none knew
 Whence she had come ; she lived a life apart,
 Was sad and silent, and for aye alone.

I sent a friend, who used her father's name,
And brought her here, for I had hoped that he
Would have received her when she weeping came
To beg for his forgiveness ; and he would,
If he had longer lived. They met no more ;
He died asleep, a smile upon his face,
And left his pardon and his worldly store
To his one child whene'er she should repent.

“ Repent ! ” What hath she done but that for years ?
I know the angel nature in her mourns,
I know her eyes are dim with bitter tears,
And her cheeks wan and white with deep regrets.

In these my nightly walks I see the place
Where she abides, but never pass it near ;
I could not bear to see her altered face,
Or hear her voice again ; and if by chance
She met and knew me, she of shame would die.
They say she has not many months to live ;
And I wait on for that. When death is nigh,
I can again stand by her side, and take
Her wasted hand in mine, and tell her,—“ Love,
I too forgive thee ; go and wait for me.”

W. G.

Graham's Town.

Writings of the Day.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

AMONG the many productions of the joint pens of Erckmann-Chatrian which illustrate the latent causes of the recent troubles of their country, there is one which has not appeared in English ; and, so far as I am aware, has attracted little attention—*L'Histoire d'un Sous-Maître*.

What the gist of the story is may be gathered from an introductory remark :—“ The instruction of the people is of the greatest importance, especially in a country with universal suffrage, where the voice of the lowest cobbler is worth as much as that of a member of the Institute. * * * All the bad elections, all the evil *plébiscites*, of which we are bearing the terrible consequences, proceed from the ignorance of the peasantry ; * * * and this abominable ignorance,

to speak frankly, is the greatest crime of all the kings who have governed us since the Revolution."

"I rang the bell; I swept the church; I assisted M. Guillaume as clerk at the Sunday services; I helped the priest to robe and unrobe in the vestry; it was my business also to light and extinguish the wax candles: in fact, I performed the duties of an under-master. M. Guillaume (the head-master) had the profits from attendance at funerals; and he received ten pence monthly for each pupil, except from the very poor, whom the Municipal Council exempted from fees:" thus runs the simple and ironical narrative of the under-master, who entered on the duties of his first post with free board and lodging and washing, and a salary of a hundred *sous* monthly, at Chêne-Fendu, Lorraine.

A visit to the neighbouring apothecary led to his getting a loan of books to read, and awakened his mind to the political aspects of Ignorance and Knowledge. It is on the ignorance of the people, says his friend M. Régoine, that despotism is erected. "Bonaparte knew it: he never gave a *centime* for elementary instruction. As to the Bourbons, they adopted another course; they passed decrees; published circulars in the Gazette; organized committees to overlook and encourage the instruction of the people; in short, they inked a good deal of paper and made a great noise. All that signified nothing; to organize a system of primary schools, we want money; but unfortunately" (continues the political apothecary) "kings, priests, and nobles do not wish the mass of the people to use their reasoning powers; they know that to instruct the people is to help on the republic, and that is why they, these rulers, amuse us, with fine circulars which do not put a penny into the schoolmaster's pocket, and with their famous committees, full of Jesuits. It is all a mere sham!"

In due time, the under-master presents himself for his examination. I entered. The Inspector, the parish-ministers of Voyer and Saint Quirin, and ours, were seated at a table, taking coffee. "It is the under-master," said our minister. "You have written some specimen copies?" said the Inspector. I handed to him my copy-book: he turned over the leaves slowly, whilst I trembled like a leaf. "You wrote this, with your own hand?" "Yes, sir." After raising the cup to his lips and replenishing it with sugar, he said, "Take a seat at the desk, and write;" and proceeded to dictate the history of Joseph and his brethren. At the end of a few lines, the Inspector took my dictation and comparing it with the copies, said, "It is the same writing; let us see the spelling! well, no great mistakes!" And raising his eyes he asked me, "What is the subject of the exercise?" "The history of Joseph sold by his brethren." "Well, * * * relate the story." And I, pale with fear, related the jealousy of Joseph's brethren, their resolution to sell him, &c.; the seasons of abundance and famine in Egypt; Jacob sending his sons to buy corn, &c. * * * I had read a hundred times this story, the most touching in the Bible; and each time as I came to the passage where Joseph cries "I am Joseph,

your brother ! * * * Our father Jacob, * * * is he yet alive ?” I never could refrain from weeping. Thus in the state of anxiety in which I was, when I said aloud these words, which are nature’s own cry, I stopped as one choked and could not restrain my tears. “Well! my friend,” said the Inspector, “compose yourself : this comes from a good feeling.” His voice was gentle, and I slowly recovered myself. “Do you know musical notation?” said he. “Yes,” tolerably well. “And arithmetic !” “Yes.” “Well, explain the decimal system.” I explained as well as I could : he seemed satisfied, and emptying his cup, said “That’s enough.” “Yes,” said the others, that’s very good. In a few days, you will receive your certificate of the second class.”

Encouraged by his success, and with the concurrence of M. Guillaume, our hero opens an evening school for adults, and his reflections on the absolutely blank minds of the young women are too incisive for fiction. “The greater part of the old scholars, returning from seven or eight years’ military service, had clumsy hands ; but still they could form the letters and erred only in spelling : as for the young women, they were all at the same standard, that is, they knew nothing at all,—the dear Sisters had taught them only to sing canticles and to repeat the catechism. This profound ignorance astonished me ; I could not believe it, especially as the women did not want spirit or common sense ; and to hear them speak, you would have thought them better instructed than the men. Alas ! for fifty years I have had the same spectacle before my eyes : I know how far to rely on the instruction which the Sisters give, and others know it too. All progress is checked by the ignorance of the women who leave their schools. In spite of the pain which it costs me to own it, the Lutherans and the Jews bring up their children much better : they pay more attention to their education and devote a portion of their income to it. Pass, for instance, through Alsace or Lorraine ; if you come upon a well-to-do village, lands well cultivated, the people sedate and of robust health, the children well dressed summer and winter, the first man you meet will tell you ‘This is a Lutheran village!’ If on Saturday the people are promenading slowly down the streets, dressed in silks and coats of good black cloth, with velvet waistcoats and gold chain, you will be told “This is a Jewish village !” If the houses are dilapidated, the windows broken and stopped up with paper, the streets encumbered with dung-heaps, the people pitiable,—if the children run after you, barefoot, their hair as rough as that of a savage, holding out to you their lean hands with a plaintive voice,—that’s a village of ignorance, fanaticism, and devoutness ! * * * And this state of things prevails not only from village to village, but from district to district. Look at the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, rich and industrious ; and the little Catholic cantons, backward and miserable ! look at Spain by the side of England, Mexico by the side of the United States ; everywhere, the same story.”

Zeal and honest intentions availed nothing against bigotry and prejudice. The keen spirit of emulation which the young women evinced for self-improvement awakened the opposition of the authorities to the night-school ; and finding Chêne-Fendu too hot to hold him, the under-master transferred his services to the bleak hamlet of Les Roches, exchanging places with Sister Eléonore, whose ideas of education had never ranged beyond the essentials of singing and catechism.

"This," said Eléonore, at the introduction of her successor, "is a list of the scholars : there are forty-two. It is the custom here for the teacher to go and take his meals with the parents of the scholars, in rotation. See, sir, you are at the eleventh, Jacques Laroche, with whom you will dine and sup to-day. To-morrow it will be the twelfth, Claude Fix."

Our poor schoolmaster felt the humiliating lot of his profession, and set himself to his rotatory meals. It was mid-day : he proceeded to the house of Jacques Laroche. "As I approached the hut," says he, "the huge Catherinette, a veritable she-wolf, was bringing her husband back from the public-house—he was a wood-cutter * * * they were quarrelling as they went—she called him a drunkard ; he smoked his pipe and said, winking with a wicked eye : Silence, Catherinette ! I was at the door : without paying any attention to me, knowing that I was to dine with them, these creatures continued to quarrel ; and all at once the husband dealt his wife two terrible slaps on the face. You may suppose what a howl she set up. 'Come in,' says the husband ; 'don't regard her.' Two children were seated at the table ; he took the elder by the ear and put him aside to make room for me. * * * His wife continued to cry ; and threatened to take up the hatchet. Jacques laid down his pipe and said calmly, 'Come, help yourself * * * this is nothing : you need not trouble yourself * * * Make yourself at home.'

"This is the kind of life that people lead at Les Roches. In the six weeks during which I passed from one home to another in turn, I saw almost everywhere the same thing : they squabbled and abused one another ; and the barefooted urchins ran about, laughing, without disturbing themselves. Smugglers, woodcutters, poachers, shoemakers, weavers,—they know no other manner of life."

After some experience of this rough life, he made the acquaintance of an Anabaptist family, of earnest and industrious habits, and engaged to receive the children as scholars, without trenching on their religious principles ; all goes on merrily until the parish-priest comes to inspect the school. "Renaud," said the priest, when we were alone, "I am satisfied with you. Providence has brought you to Les Roches to civilize these savages ; but you must complete your work ; you must profit by the presence of these little Anabaptists in your school, to deposit in their hearts the germs of our holy religion." I turned pale, and said, "What you ask of me is impossible !"

"Impossible? * * * and why?" "Because," said I timidly, "I have promised Father Jacob not to try to convert his grandchildren."

"I will not recount my thoughts of anger and revenge; that I could betray the confidence which Father Jacob reposed in me did not cross my mind. I thank God such a dishonest idea never entered my thoughts! I wished to quit the country. Where was I to go? What was I to do? How could I earn a living? * * * All at once when I reached the plateau of Les Roches, whence the eye discovers in the distance the valley of the Sarre and the white plains of Lorraine, the idea came into my mind to enlist. * * * At all events, I should have bread from day to day, and they would not require me to abuse the confidence of people by converting their children."

Thus ends the career of our schoolmaster. "I have not been a schoolmaster for nothing," he says. "Our rich people have their colleges and universities; our middle classes have risen more and more, and as they have risen, they have become alienated from the mass of the people, who remain below in ignorance; hence comes the antagonism of classes, as they call it. These ignoramuses vote for Pierre or Jacques, or for anybody else who is their master. We must have elementary instruction for all, and compulsory. It is true that some do not wish compulsory instruction; they talk of the *liberty* of the parents: but when they take our lads of twenty years to send them to the field of battle—they say nothing of the liberty of the subject! For myself, I am most interested in what the schoolmasters will teach. Sacred history and the catechism are not in the province of the schoolmaster. Let the parish-priest in his church, the pastor in his temple, teach these things; this is their right and their duty. Let our children learn the rights and duties of a French citizen; the history of the French nation, not of the *Kings of France*; what it endured ever since it was a nation. Let them hear of improvements and inventions; the progress of liberty, agriculture, commerce, industry. Engrave on their memory the history of the great men who have discovered or developed what tends to the amelioration and comfort of man. Moreover, what should hinder us from requiring our young men to undergo an examination before their names are inscribed on the roll of electors?"

△



Natural Resources.

"WE ought to develop the natural resources of the Colony." And who may say we don't? Let what follows shut the mouth of whoever has the temerity to say so. On a certain day—(to be really certain which it was we should have to look up our ticket; and where is that now?)—but on a certain day early in August in this year seventy-two of the nineteenth century, we started in "Cobb and Cole," after having, that we might make sure of a seat, slept one whole night, and as much more of the second as brought us up to half-past three o'clock; but this "up i' the morning's no for me!" Slept—where? At the Phoenix, to be sure; nowhere else. Well, four o'clock,—coach is in front, luggage all trundled out, passengers all as fussy and fidgetty as you like, everyone concerned lest anything of his be left behind. These tin boxes, &c., of our lady passengers,—no fear that they shall be left, if abundant concern can prevent it. Presume the contents to be wedding cake: heard of a young lady having her wedding cake sent from Port Elizabeth to the Diamond-fields, the carriage alone amounting to eighteen pounds, sterling money!

We are off; some of us not a little apprehensive of being in for a bout of sea-sickness before we get to Zwartkops, from that queer ship-like motion of "Cobb and Cole." But, no; no cause of complaint on that head. Really wish, however, we had, like our luggage, got weighed before going on board. Surely, our very bulky companion has not left us our just third of the—what is it?—pew in coach, as in church. Packing close in a cold morning like this has its advantages; but this,—call you this packing? To pack you must have space, which is just the very thing we have not got. Just a case for the thin end of the wedge here; but, unfortunately, man is not a wedge, and cannot well deport him as if he were. Sure we are of this,—every one is not getting his own here. This is not the two pounds sterling worth of accommodation in the coach for which we paid; certainly not! Wonder what is likely to be the effect of our ninety miles' ride in this fashion upon the lower spine, for that is not the cushion upon which we should be, but the wood or iron of the side of the coach, which forms more than half our—no, seat it is not. One consolation, we carry an experienced surgeon, and what science or skill can do for us will without doubt be done, in the event of breakage or dislocation resulting from any of these knocks—oh, so hard!

How is this? These bumps have either produced insensibility of the parts, or the coach has yielded to pressure, and made itself more roomy, or our rotund companion has contracted himself a bit, as, to keep a good conscience, he was bound to do. From one or other or all of these causes together, we seem to be getting a little more comfortable. This is something more like the cushion that we

have at length been shaken down so far as to reach, and to have a seat—though even yet jammed enough—upon.

But here, after something over two hours' ride, we have change of horses ; and breakfast here, too, do we ? Rather early ! " Yes, sir, but there is no other place." Ah, then, content ; that settles the question ; would not by any means like to have to ride on till three o'clock in the afternoon with an empty stomach, though surely the gentleman in the middle may do so without inconvenience : one would suppose he has reserve enough there ; but know very well, were we reduced to such necessity, a breach of the peace between us might be the possible result. A hungry man, with almost no effort of will at all, shades off into an angry man. Do hope, however, that three men, after having breakfasted, will not squeeze each other more, sitting in the same space, than they did having not breakfasted. Am not, however, over confident of this.

What is the etiquette of the thing ? When travelling, if one be the last to get into the coach in the morning when starting, must he be the last to get in on every occasion of stoppage all throughout the day ? Is he to be allowed to have none of the other seats than that which he took up then, even to the end of his journey ? Or, as it was in our own case, if he be kept out of a seat then, must he make a virtue of practising self-denial in such fashion until he reach his hotel in the evening ? But why insist upon information on this matter ? In our case, the thing is determined. In the morning when we started, we had only the light of the stars, and could not very well see who was who. Now, having learned who our companions are, both on the ground of social position and of juniority, we must give place. The first to step in is the Jewish Rabbi ; the second, our Falstaffian friend, enjoys the distinctive prefix " Hon." to his name. In such presences we stand with eyes bent to the ground.

But have now finished breakfast. With only what disappeared from the table during the quarter of an hour when eight of us sat round it, with only that to form a judgment from, can't say by how much the freight has been increased which the horses will have to take onwards. Have heard it asserted that a man really is lighter—that is, does not weigh so heavy—after a cheerful, hearty meal, as when hungry. Never heard it said, however, that he is then thinner, and that is the point of importance to us. The day is, however, all that one could desire ; it would be too much to say that of the roads ; our company cheerful, and things on the whole enjoyable.

After over five hours' ride, we pull up at Bushman's River. It is full ; has been so for some days. A road party at work at the drift assure us the river is going down. The coach cannot with safety be taken across with the full complement of passengers. The two ladies may remain in the coach ; the gentlemen must cross by the trees. The six gentlemen thus got out, and stood till they saw coach and ladies safe on the opposite bank. The overseer of the

road party bade us come along, and we followed him a hundred yards, less or more, down the bank of the river. After threading our way under branches, and over roots contorted and twisted in more directions than we were at pains to count, we came to the bottom of a large willow, around which were lapping the muddy waters of the river. And how did we cross? The tree inclined slightly, yet forming by no means an acute angle with the surface of the water; and in its trunk notches had been cut, to give toe-hold in climbing. Our guide was the first to mount, and we first to follow, not, we confess, with any definite notion of crossing the river, but rather to see and judge for ourselves of the practicability of the thing. Once up, however, among the branches, our leader struck out along one of the stoutest of these, right across the rolling flood. Well, where one man could go another could surely follow. More intent upon getting a sure grasp of the branches above with the hands than observing the guide, who had already reached a branch of another willow on the opposite side, we proceeded too far on the branch that served as roadway, not well seeing where we might be landed, or whether there were any likely prospect of coming to land at all by this way. The branch was becoming quite too pliant and yielding to minister much to one's confidence or sense of safety.

"You are wrong, sir; go back; come by the spars; swing your stick from you; you have enough to mind here without it." "Wrong!" Yes, were half convinced of that before we were told so. "Stick!"—really, what use for a stick here! We have neither a hand to hold it, nor is there ground to set it on, and it is not a convenient thing to carry in one's teeth; it might have gone with the ladies in the coach; and had all this been foreseen, it would have—

"Go back!" There is necessity for that; otherwise, our forward course will be short indeed; and, with as much agility as we are capable of exercising, we foot it and hand it backwards, careful, above everything, that we do not go downwards; but the position is one much fitter for a squirrel or a monkey than for a man. Having got back, the number of feet or yards we won't attempt to guess, and had little enough thought at the time of using a measuring tape to determine, found two spars about the thickness of a man's arm, laid across as the means of connecting the projecting branch of the tree on the one side with the like projecting branch of that on the other. Here the bridge, narrow though it was, afforded a sensibly firmer footing, and we were soon beside our guide, among the branches of another large willow. Having gained the sloping and somewhat hollow trunk, all further progress had to be made backwards; and as there were no trustworthy branches to hold on by, the latter part of our transition process was neither more comfortable nor more safe, nor was it at all so easily performed as when we could see where we were going. The story of long, long ago childhood, of how the sloth beats his retreat from a tree when he has stript it of all that he can

convert into food, came unbidden to recollection. Verily, we must have looked very awkward, and certainly our motion was very slow. *Terra firma* is, however, reached. One breathes somewhat more naturally, all safe there; and, moreover, one felt not indisposed to be satisfied with oneself after such a feat. Rabbi Rabinowitz next makes the passage all safe. He has had some interesting experience in crossing swollen rivers. Then another, and another, and yet another cross, and one only is now on the further side, and that is our ponderous friend. We all were ourselves now safe, but were far enough from feeling assured in regard to our fellow-traveller. He is a man whose muscular energy is not now what it has been. Three score will never again be the number by which to tell his years, and in his own person he weighs any two of us who have already crossed put together. These are conditions not all against the chance of a mishap, and every one of us felt it so. He has not yet ventured to put his foot into the first notch of the willow, although we fancied that we could observe him more than once make the attempt, and as often draw back. But now we are waiting for him, and he has too much manly feeling to keep us so. We shouted across to encourage him, though not without a measure of misgiving. When we at last saw our fellow-traveller begin hesitatingly to ascend the notched tree, not one of us but wished that he could have rendered some service to him; but two cannot climb a tree together, and not less awkward would it be for two to attempt to perform in company that tight-rope walk along those branches, which, when we saw he had reached, we every one almost held his very breath in intenseness of anxiety. The good Samaritan even, had he been with us, could not have here found occasion for any practical illustration of the benevolence of his heart, could have rendered no assistance. On neither the branches, nor on the spars connecting them, was there room for two people. In the grasp, too, of the branches overhead by the hands lay quite as much of the traveller's safety as in anything that he could do with his feet. The adhesion of the sole of a boot to a round pole or a willow branch is a thing not to be over-confidently trusted to, especially with a river rolling full like Bushman's, so many feet right beneath. Even had it been practicable to have offered the old gentleman a hand, that would have been in such a case only to double his danger, and, moreover, involve two in it; for in such circumstances, to have the grasp of the branch of a tree, even though a willow, inspires more confidence than to have hold of a man's hand whom you know to be in not less peril than yourself. But the descending tree is reached, where we can be of service in directing him where to put his feet so as to have the benefit of the notches; and we all breathe more freely when our hon. friend again forms one of our group, having performed the feat quite as manfully as any of us.

: Now, what country is to be compared to ours in its natural resources, forming natural bridges over its impassable rivers by the

trees which grow on their banks. What reiterated babbling about bridgeless rivers ! What squandering of money to build bridges ! Let us grow them ! Can man, with his stone and cement, iron and timber, cope with willow branches ! Where willows are, let them be turned to proper account. Where they are not, let them be planted. They grow quickly !

Reminiscences of the Army.

BY ONE OF THE RANK-AND-FILE.

II.

THE barracks in which we were then quartered were rather large, having been built to accommodate two battalions, or about 1,500 men, and the yard, or "square," as it was more commonly, though less correctly, called, covered a considerable area. When on the occasion to which I have referred the regiment was formed up, and the reports collected, "Bobby" ordered the Grenadier Company to form an advanced guard, and as the leading files moved off they went in the direction of the barrack gate, its captain naturally supposing that as an advanced-guard was thrown out the Major intended a march into the country. But such was not the design of the Commanding Officer. He directed the advanced guard to proceed round the "square," the main body of the regiment following, and the Light Company furnishing the rear-guard. When we were on the move to his satisfaction "Bobby" placed himself as nearly as possible in the centre of the "square," and for three hours watched us on the march as we went round and round the yard. The Major was on horseback, sitting, as usual, almost immovable, and as the weather was cold he must have felt considerably chilled. He showed no sign, however, of suffering in that way, but kept a vigilant eye upon the movements of those under his command. Whatever pleasure he derived from this peculiar march, the men in the ranks had none, for we were not allowed to march "at ease" as would have been the case had we gone into the country. The main body moved in a column of sections, and we had to preserve the whole time our "dressing" and the "touch" as accurately as if we were marching past. Neither had we, during the whole of the three hours, a single halt, but we went our weary round without a moment's respite. Besides the suffering inflicted by a weighty shako, cumbrous belts, a high stock, and a tight coat, we had applied another torture which many beside myself thought worse than all. The eminently practical minds at the Horse Guards

prescribed that broad, thick straps of leather should be the means of attaching the knapsack to the body of the soldier, and these straps passed from the top of the knapsack over the shoulders and were then brought under the arms till they could be hooked to the bottom of the pack. The consequence was that when we were at "attention" the straps sank deep into the flesh of the arms and chest, and after a time caused intense pain, which we did not always bear with Spartan fortitude. The curses were often deep, though not loud, on the knapsacks, for my swearing comrades attributed all the blame to them. I am morally certain that if "Bobby" had known the sufferings we were enduring he would not have kept the regiment marching at attention for such a length of time, for he was by no means of a cruel disposition; but, unfortunately, officers at that time as a class knew very little of what their men had to endure when dressed in the full panoply of war, and, in this respect, I do not think the Major was an exception. The agony to be endured at a heavy-marching order parade was bad enough under the most favourable circumstances; but as we marched that day it was much worse than usual, and our monotonous round presented nothing to call our minds to any other subject.

And here I may remark that in those good old times the British officer took very little thought to himself of the personal feelings and convenience of the rank-and-file. When I first went abroad on service in a colony with a coloured population, I was much struck with the similarity of the opinion entertained by the whites towards the blacks with those held by our officers towards the men in the ranks. In their eyes—of course, I speak of the class—we were not merely of an inferior caste, but only human machines with just sufficient mental power to obey orders. I have no wish to exaggerate, and thanks to the spread of education and to the lessons of the recent wars, the state of things I am describing is passing away if it is not already gone; but to show that I am not drawing conclusions from imaginary premises, I will relate only a few of the large number of examples of such things that occurred within my own knowledge. We had a colonel once in our regiment who ordered a colour-sergeant—a grade from which men sometimes get commissions—to do something. Between the time the order was given and it could be executed the circumstances had changed, and the sergeant obeyed his instructions in their spirit rather than in their letter, but so as to effectually perform the service. I happened to be present when the sergeant reported what had been done, and the colonel asked him why he had not acted exactly as he had been told. The sergeant explained, and said he thought he had complied with the order as the Colonel wished, considering the change of circumstances. To this the Colonel said, "Think! Sir; you have no business to think. You can't think. *God hasn't given you the power to think.*" The sergeant, of course, had to look pleasant and bear this. I may mention that that sergeant is now a major on half-pay, and was for some years an efficient staff-officer as such things

were until recently considered ; the Colonel has risen to the rank of General, but he has never been called to act in that capacity. The second instance I will mention occurred in another regiment. The non-commissioned officers were formed up on staff-parade, waiting for the arrival of the adjutant to inspect them. When that officer appeared the Sergeant-Major saluted and said " All present, sir."

Adjutant :—How many sergeants have you got on parade to-day, Sergeant-Major ?

Sergeant-Major :—Twenty-eight, sir.

Adjutant :—Twenty-eight ! What do you mean ? (Pointing to a certain sergeant), Do you call that fellow a sergeant ? He's only half a one ! You mean twenty-seven and a half, Sergeant-Major.

The Sergeant-Major knew his place too well to reply to this, and the sergeant thus insulted and degraded in the eyes of his inferiors—for the privates were standing in the back-ground—dare not say a word, because if he did he would have to spend months, if not years, in prison, and perhaps, in addition, get the lash for insubordination.

But, as far as the rank-and-file were concerned, the worst of this kind of thing was that it spread downwards, and, imitating their superiors, the sergeant-majors, as a rule, bullied and insulted the sergeants, the sergeants passed those favours on to the corporals, and the corporals to the privates, and at every step in the descending scale the insults were more coarse and brutal. I was once quartered in a large garrison, and a regiment there had a sergeant-major who was the queerest specimen of humanity, as far as appearances went, that I ever saw in a red-coat ; and remembering the popular ideas of what kind of looking man a soldier ought to be, it always surprised me how ever any recruiting-sergeant had offered him the shilling, and I have been more surprised still that he passed the usual medical inspection. I was told, however, that when he enlisted his regiment was in India, and that it had suffered so much in action and from sickness that anything in the shape of food for powder was accepted with thanks. This person, however, did not go to India. He remained at the regimental dépôt and devoted himself to the study of drill-books, and I have reason to know that he learnt more than one of those curious productions by heart. He soon acquired a thorough knowledge of infantry drill in theory ; but it was said by his contemporaries that as a recruit he never was out of the awkward squad from his inability to put into practice even the rudiments of drill. He was below the average size of men, very round-shouldered, knock-kneed, pigeon-breasted, and slight to a remarkable extent. It was said he could never shoulder-arms nor close his heels, and I have heard men of his regiment when drunk and going to the guard-room, on meeting him sing out, " Close your heels, sergeant-major ;" " Mark the sergeant-major for drill till he can shoulder arms properly." But if he could not take his place in the ranks with efficiency, he could teach drill as well as most men I have seen. I have referred to him, however, because of his bullying proclivities. I have heard him abuse colour-sergeants,

as well as sergeants, corporals, and privates, in such a way that I wondered how the men stood it. Our men used to say that if he spoke to them in that manner they would run a bayonet through him. But he was not quite so bad as another sergeant-major I knew. This individual not only abused the men themselves, but made reference on parade to their wives, and seemed to think that there was nothing extraordinary in it. I remember well one day watching his regiment at company's drill under non-commissioned officers. A sergeant drilling one of the companies was a married man, and his wife had the reputation of being a scold. The sergeant himself had a husky voice, and could not be heard at any distance with distinctness. As he was drilling the company, the Sergeant-Major came towards him, and in his ringing voice bellowed so that everyone on the parade heard it, "Louder, Sergeant Brown ; louder, sir ; and if you can't raise your voice, go in and fetch Nellie, and she's the girl will make us hear her." Of course, almost every drunken man that that sergeant placed in confinement thereafter reminded him of Nellie, and the sergeant consequently passed on the whole rather an unpleasant time of it. I heard another sergeant-major say, in the Crimea, to a sergeant at drill : "What are you about, Sergeant Smith ? You're a fool, sir, and if I had no more brains than you, I would go down to the trenches, put my head through an embrasure, and pray to the Lord to send a Russian ball to blow my head off." Sergeant Smith, I may remark, did trench duty and exposed his life every day ; the sergeant-major did neither. Sometimes an officer or a non-commissioned officer, to show his smartness, did other things for which there was not the slightest excuse or justification, and exceedingly irritable these were to the rank-and-file. I was attached to a regiment in India just after the mutiny, and the adjutant, a young lieutenant, almost junior of his grade, made it a point to turn away some men every morning at guard-mounting, for being what he was pleased to call "dirty." Guards in India usually mount, as it is called, shortly after morning gun-fire, which is at daylight, and they ordinarily parade for inspection when it is impossible to see whether the arms and accoutrements are clean or not. One dark morning this adjutant, from mere caprice, turned off a corporal for being dirty, and it so happened that this man had the well-deserved reputation of being the cleanest soldier in the regiment. He felt the disgrace keenly, and he determined not to let the matter rest. Fortunately, quick promotion had made a former captain of his company the then commanding officer, and the corporal resolved to see him on the subject. Waiting, dressed as he was on the parade-ground, till 7 a.m., at which hour the colonel attended the regimental office, the corporal obtained leave from his captain to see the commanding officer. When introduced to his former captain he told him that he had been turned off guard that morning for being dirty, and asked as a favour that he might then be inspected, stating at the same time that he had not touched any article on him since he

paraded before the adjutant. The colonel rose from his seat, and minutely examined the man from head to foot, and at the close of his inspection directed the sergeant-major to give the corporal credit for a guard on the roster as if he had done the duty, and told the man to go to his bungalow. When he left the office, that adjutant got such a wiggling that he was more cautious in the future how he turned men off guard. All soldiers were not like this corporal, conscious of a good reputation and of standing well in the opinion of the commanding officer, and had not, therefore, the moral courage to appeal from the adjutant, but submitted quietly to the disgrace and to the penalty of an extra guard. As to the sergeants, if they took a dislike to one of the rank-and-file, he was never sure of escaping punishment. On parade they marked him for extra drill for the slightest cause, and sometimes without any at all. In the barrack-room he was even more at their mercy. Perhaps a glance at a barrack-room at home, as it was in my time, may not be without interest, and may explain why, to get a little comfort, soldiers frequented tap-rooms, and other such places.

When the *reveillé* sounded or was played by the drums and fifes, all hands turned out of bed instantly. If a sluggard remained a minute longer between the sheets, a sergeant or corporal dashed a basin of water into his face, and if that didn't rouse him he was pulled out of bed by the legs. Then the bed-clothes were made up in a peculiar fashion and placed on the top of the straw mattress which was folded and kept in position by a strap, the iron cot being also doubled up. Shortly after *reveillé* all but the mess orderlies turned out for drill until breakfast time. During the time the remainder were at drill, the orderlies swept the room, drew the rations, and washed the tables. After breakfast all hands dry scrubbed the room, when it was swept again, and made ready for inspection by the officers. Everything was "dressed." The system in our regiment was that on the shelf above each man's bed should be placed his knapsack, having on it the great coat rolled and a tin vessel called a canteen. Beside the knapsack was placed the shako, and beside the shako a bible and prayer-book, and a knife, fork, and spoon. All the knapsacks on the same side of the room should be in line, "dressed" to a nicety, and as they were made to stand upright, the great coat and canteen, being at the top, sometimes changed their centre of gravity, and they came tumbling down by the run, to the great injury of the varnish on themselves and to the danger of any human heads that might be underneath. The shakos were also "dressed," and so were the bibles and prayer-books, and it really suggested serious thoughts when a man was told that his bible was too much forward and that he should move it back. However, if the knapsacks only stood, the shelves, when "dressed," had a neat appearance. Each man had three pegs above his cot. On No. 1 he hung his dress-coat; on No. 2 his shell-jacket; and on No. 3 his accoutrements and haversack. The muskets were kept in racks. All these were "dressed" too. Then

came the cots and beds. First the cots were "dressed" till they stood in line. Then the mattresses were pulled to the front and "dressed" till they also rivalled a stone wall. Then the bed-clothes were "dressed" till the blankets and sheets were in military array ready for the enemy. Each blanket had so many folds, and each sheet had so many folds, and blankets and sheets were bound up in the rug, which had so many folds to separate sheets from blankets. It was against the rules, however, to utilize these folds for any purpose except the nice baby-show they made. We were very properly not allowed to have much hair on our heads, but still there was sufficient to render the use of a comb necessary. Some of us wished to comb our hair more than once a day, and it was inconvenient, not to say dangerous, to have to take down one's knapsack every time the comb was required, but even that article was not allowed to be placed in the folds of the blankets. Shaving was then obligatory, moustaches and beards being considered as rather a hinderance to the efficiency of the British infantry soldier, and so strict was the rule about a smooth face observed that many men had to shave twice a day. But even a razor could not be put in the folds of the blankets. A few of the officers and several of the sergeants used to put their fingers through the folds to try if any articles were in them, and we had one brevet-major who had a great weakness for that kind of prying. When visiting the barrack-rooms he would put his sword through the mattresses to try if towels, &c., were not there, and he would, in perhaps one room out of three, put his fingers into the folds of some of the men's blankets and sheets. He did the latter once too often for himself, for he nearly lost the use of his right hand through it. In a spare bed in one of the rooms of his own company a man had placed an open razor in the hope that this brevet-major would come in contact with it when pursuing his researches, and sure enough he did. Drawing his right hand smartly through the fold where the razor was, it nearly cut his fingers off, and I cannot say that anybody in the ranks was very sorry for it. No one could tell who the guilty party was, because there was no man to the bed, and there was no name or number to the razor, and every man in the room denied any knowledge of the affair. There was a row of course, but, except for the unfortunate brevet-major himself, the thing ended in smoke. Having "dressed" the contents of the shelves, of the pegs, the cots, mattresses, and bed-clothes, the boots were also formed into line. Each man had two pair of boots, one on him, and the other under his cot. These latter should be shining, placed exactly under the centre of the cot, with the toes immediately under the front of the mattress. By this arrangement they were placed in the best position for receiving any dust caused by persons walking between the cots and the tables as well as a shove now and again from those passing too close to the beds, and as the slightest quantity of dust made the boots what was called "dirty," a man often found that he was sentenced to three days' confinement to barracks for

having dirty boots under his cot when he had left them in all the glories of Warren's best blacking. And this punishment was also not seldom inflicted on a man because his shako, or his bed, or his cot had been knocked out of line by some awkward or malicious person passing. But the great excellence of the whole arrangement was that, besides keeping us in constant fear of punishment for things of which we were innocent, it prevented any possibility of our falling into habits of indolence. From the time the room was cleaned in the morning until after tea, there was no sitting down in the barrack-room, excepting at meals. It was dangerous during those hours to go near the cots, and it was equally dangerous to go near the forms and tables, for they were "dressed" too. As the orderly-officers, the quarter-master, or an officer of the company might pop in at any moment, the forms and tables had to be kept in line ready to receive them, or every man in the room might be confined to barracks for a week for having a disorderly room, as I have seen done more than once. Our quarters, I unhesitatingly say, were as uncomfortable as generations of martinets could make them. Even our meals were made miserable. We had to sit down with our stocks on, buttoned up to the throat, and had to start to our feet when an orderly officer made his appearance, standing at attention during his presence. I have seen some amusing things in consequence of this. On one occasion a man had just put a hot potato into his mouth, when a non-commissioned officer called "attention," and we threw ourselves into that position, relinquishing our knives and forks, and making our little fingers touch the seams of our trowsers. The man with the hot potato in his mouth did not know what to do. If he moved his jaws he might be told to keep steady, and if he did not his mouth and tongue would not feel very comfortable. In his confusion, or from presence of mind, he opened his mouth and the potato fell out, whilst we endeavoured to preserve becoming gravity. On other occasions a man might have just taken a mouthful of hot coffee, &c., when "attention" rang in his ears, and it was not always the liquid went downwards. There is a certain regiment in the army that when I knew it made the rank-and-file parade for their meals in the barrack-square, and after being inspected as if for an ordinary parade the men were marched to their rooms where they found their food cold. At the dinner roll-call, each man of that regiment, in addition to having his knife, fork, and spoon in his hand, had to show his ramrod! Why or wherefore this was done I never could discover, but it certainly was a most singular arrangement. I believe some improvements have been made in late years in the matters I have been referring to, and also in the food and in the cooking, and the change was not made before it was necessary. Excepting in India and when we were on active service, the only dinner the rank-and-file ever got, except at Christmas and Easter, was composed of meat, soup, and potatoes, well enough, perhaps,

but rather monotonous when they were taken day after day for months and years. It used to be a joke in the barrack-rooms that a change was to be made in the bill of fare. Instead of having meat, soup, and potatoes, it was said we were to get potatoes, meat, and soup, or soup, potatoes, and meat. As for the cooking, it was sometimes good, but more frequently the reverse. I remember one whimsical fellow that acted as cook to a company that I belonged to, who held that in the making of soup, tea, or coffee the great thing was to know whether they were required "long" or "short." Every day for the month he was at the work he ran round the messes in the morning, calling out "long" or "short," and by some process only known to himself he got at the wish of the majority. In the matter of soup, for instance, if it was "short," we got a mess like thick porridge, but so little of it that it was difficult to apportion each man a share; if it were "long," a quart at least would fall to each individual. Remonstrance with the cook at this style of making soup was useless, for with a most serious countenance he would say it was our own fault, as he had asked us whether we wished it "long" or "short." He was such a general favourite that no one would complain about his culinary defects, and he used to say when his month was up that since he left the cook-house our food was spoiled.

From what I have already said it will be apparent that the duties of a non-commissioned officer were sometimes very unpleasant, and no one will wonder that some men refused to take the first step on the ladder of promotion. In every regiment that I met there were such men, and generally these were excellent soldiers, but they had a decided objection either to bully or to be bullied, and they preferred the comparative quiet of a private's life to the attractions of the chevrons. One of these men in our regiment was a rather remarkable person, whether considered as a man, a soldier, or a Christian. He was for some time in the same barrack-room as myself; and as every word or action of one man is there heard or seen by the remainder, I had a good opportunity of judging of his character. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, and was a Presbyterian in religion, but he had not a spark of the fanaticism that prevails so extensively in his native town. He was of a cheerful disposition, fond of a joke, and an inveterate smoker; and on certain occasions, rather than appear unsocial, he would take a glass of beer or spirits, though as a rule he avoided intoxicating drinks altogether. He was a deeply religious man, but it required some acquaintance with him before that was discovered, for his religion was not of the pharisaical kind, and his prayers were said when he supposed all around him were asleep. It was a habit of his, when off duty, to get out of bed at least an hour before *reveillé*, and that hour he spent in prayer or meditation, sitting on his cot or kneeling beside it. At night, after tattoo, when the lights were put out, and silence reigned through the room, any sleepless person might notice a figure leaning on this man's bed, motionless as if

absorbed in prayer, but no word escaped the kneeler's lips to call attention to him. On the contrary, everything was done to hide these exercises from his comrades. He made it a rule to read some portion of the Bible every day, but this he did usually of an evening when the room was almost empty, and when the feeble light of the regulation tallow candle scarcely enabled him and a few others to read or write. I don't know that he was very particular about attending church, and I am certain that in some of the places where we were quartered there was no Presbyterian house of worship; but, nevertheless, he had strong opinions about some theological views, though he never expressed them but to a few "chums" or personal friends. As a man, his influence for good in our small circle was very great. We had some blackguards amongst us, but there was not one of them that was not ashamed to say an indecent word in his presence, although he never was known to have made a remark about matters of that kind. He was simply a good man, and bad men involuntarily paid a tribute to his virtue. He was a friend of every one, and especially of those in trouble. If a soldier in our room were placed in confinement for drunkenness or any other cause, this man would attend to his uniform, arms, and accoutrements for him, and when released the prisoner found his things in as good if not better order than when he left them. If anyone got into debt, and it became known, this man would take a quiet opportunity of offering a loan. These and other things like them he did in such an unostentatious manner, that it was difficult at first to realize the large number of his kind friendly actions, small though the reader may think they were. As a soldier, he never missed a duty. In the Crimea he went to the trenches before Sebastopol with his feet swollen to twice their ordinary size, and having his boots tied on like sandals. In India he never lost his place in the ranks, no matter how long or how severe a march was, though stronger-built men fell out by scores. Under fire he was as calm as if he were in a barrack-room. He was just such a man as would have made a model non-commissioned officer, but he preferred to remain during the whole period of his service a full private. He obtained his discharge in Calcutta, where he got employment as a clerk in a merchant's counting-house, but of his subsequent career I am ignorant.

To return to "Bobby." We in the ranks got on with him pretty well for the six months he was in command, much better, I believe, than the officers did, for being very strict with them also, he had their dislike. However, we all looked with anxiety to the arrival of our new colonel, and hoped he would not be worse than "Old Beeswax." When he made his appearance and assumed command, there was much speculation as to the sort of commanding officer he was likely to make. There was a rumour that a recruiting party of our corps had been in a certain town of the North of Ireland where he had been in command of a detachment of his former regiment as Major,

and that he was said there to have been a tyrant. For a time he manifested no such disposition with us, but, on the contrary, was looked upon as a most kind-hearted gentleman. We were not long, however, in discovering the secret of his kindness. During the time he had been on leave, he had married a lady who was a member of an ancient family in North Britain, and this lady it seems was as good in nature as she was noble by birth. The story told in the barrack-rooms was that every morning as the colonel left his quarters his wife kissed him, and as she did so she begged of him to be kind to the poor soldiers who might be brought up for punishment. Whether this was true or not, his sentences for some time were looked upon as very light. But though in this respect the new colonel obtained the favour of the men, in every other he was looked upon as a "duffer." He had a poor voice, had a bad way of giving a word of command, and was almost entirely ignorant of drill. In our regiment the custom was to give the last syllable of a word of command short, so as to make the men better act together. Our new colonel, however, had a habit of drawling his words, which made it difficult to catch the last sound, and the consequence was that our sense of propriety was often shocked at the straggling, slovenly way the various movements were performed under him. But that we might have endured with some amount of patience. We could not, however, stand his ignorance of the most elementary matters of drill, and the glaring blunders he committed soon made him the laughing-stock of the regiment. His military knowledge, though he was a colonel, did not qualify him for the position of a lance-corporal, and he was so stupid that he never could remedy his deficiency. One morning when the non-commissioned officers were at staff-parade he went towards them, and addressing the sergeant-major said, there was not a man in the regiment who could shoulder arms properly, and taking a musket out of a man's hand he showed how it ought to be done, and he did it in this way: placing the musket at his *left* side he lifted it with his *left* hand, and threw it to his left shoulder. Of course, if we had shouldered arms in that way we would have been condemned to perpetual drill in the awkward squad. At battalion drill he sometimes got us into such confusion, that we had to break off, and fall in afresh. Of light infantry drill he was as innocent as the latest Johnny Raw added to the ranks and never tried his hand at it. But it was when brigading that we felt ourselves disgraced most. It is usual for brigadiers on parade to have an orderly officer, from each battalion in the brigade who acts as an aide-de-camp, carrying orders to the officer commanding the battalion. When our colonel could manage it, he had some captain put on this duty, who was up to the work of brigading, and when he brought the brigadier's orders he told the colonel what words of command to give to move the regiment. In any case, the sergeant-major took care to be as close as possible to the colonel and suggested the words of command. The thing was done in this way: supposing the brigade

was in line, the colonel would be some yards in front of the colours in the centre of the regiment, and the sergeant-major a few paces in rear of the colours. If the brigadier gave the word, "Form a line of contiguous columns at quarter distance, right in front, on the onety-oneth," the colonel would repeat that command, and the onety-oneth being on our right the sergeant-major would call out loud enough to be heard by his commanding officer, "Now, sir, form quarter distance column on the grenadier company." The colonel would then shout, "Twoty-twoth, form quarter distance column on the grenadier company." Sergeant-major, "Now, sir, by sections, right wheel, left shoulders forward." Colonel, "By sections, right wheel, left shoulders forward." Sergeant-major, "Quick-march." Colonel, "Quick-march." And in this fashion was one of Her Majesty's regiments of foot commanded not so very many years ago. It may be asked, had this gentleman no qualification for the responsible position he held in the British army? The reply to that is that he had the all-important qualification of £90,000 in the funds, but no other that I am aware of, for he had not even literary power sufficient to write any but the most ordinary form of official letters. Ignorant of everything necessary to his position and without much influence at the Horse Guards, his rise in the service had been singularly rapid for a commoner. The regiment to which he had originally belonged was in India when he joined it as an ensign, and he had only been gazetted as a lieutenant a month or two when he took ill and went on sick leave to Europe. He had hardly left India when a disastrous war for our arms took place, in which his regiment was almost totally destroyed, and barely an officer escaped. This made him a captain and pushed him high up on the list. A few years afterwards a second battalion was formed to his regiment, and he got his majority on the increase of the establishment. He purchased his lieutenant-colonelcy when he was only sixteen years in the service, and before he had attained his thirty-sixth year of age. Our second major—who had joined our regiment at the beginning of the century as a volunteer during one of the wars in the East—had been in the service years before the colonel was born, and even "Bobby," who was junior in length of service to his subordinate, had been in our corps before the colonel first saw the light. Both majors were good officers as things went, and some of us often speculated as to their feeling in being commanded by such a man when even we in the ranks were disgusted.

From the day the colonel joined there seemed to be ill-will between him and "Bobby," and it was not long before a scene took place that made the fact patent to all in the regiment. The colonel's wife was a very delicate woman, and had not been many months at headquarters when she was ordered to the sea-side. The colonel took a residence for her at a watering-place, and he occasionally went for a day or two to see her, but without obtaining leave of absence. The adjutant managed matters so that for some time

"Bobby" could not well take official notice of this, but an opportunity at last arose. We had at that time what was called commanding officer's parade twice a week, at which everybody not on duty or on leave was supposed to be present. It so happened that on one of those days the colonel was away, and by an oversight the adjutant had not made provision for that circumstance. We turned out as usual for parade, and were formed in open column right in front waiting for the colonel. "Bobby" took his place as senior major with his sword drawn, and for full twenty minutes or half an hour we stood at ease, wondering what was the matter. At last "Bobby" put his sword into his scabbard, and trotted to the place usually occupied by the colonel, and called us to attention. Then we fixed bayonets, shouldered and sloped arms, and the adjutant was directed to collect the reports. Galloping down the column, the reports were received from the officers in charge of companies, and riding up to "Bobby" the adjutant, saluting, said "All present, sir." "Where's the colonel?" roared the major. "I don't know, sir," replied the adjutant. "Then, why did you make a false report, sir, when the colonel is absent? Let the subaltern of the day come here." That officer went towards the major, who said to him, "Take the adjutant's sword from him, and march him to his quarters a prisoner for making a false report," and away the pair went as ordered. "Bobby" then proceeded to drill us for a couple of hours, and when parade was over the bugle sounded for "orders." A sergeant from each company attended to take the orders down, and they were read to us in our barrack-room at dinner time, to the following effect :

"*Morning orders by Major ———. In quarters at ———, County ———, Ireland, ———, 18—.*

"1. Lieut.-Colonel ——— having absented himself without leave, Major ———, as the next senior officer, assumes command of the regiment until further orders, and all reports are to be made to him accordingly.

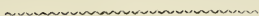
"2. Lieut. ——— is appointed to act as Adjutant *vice* Lieut. ——— placed in arrest.

"By order,

"———, Lieut. and Acting Adjutant."

Having issued these orders "Bobby" next sent off an official letter to the General Commanding the District reporting the circumstances.

What happened next, I must leave to another opportunity to tell.



The Birds of Damaraland.*

IN 1866, Charles John Andersson issued the prospectus of what was intended to be his *magnum opus*—"The Avi-fauna of South-west Africa." This work, the result of arduous personal research carried on for sixteen years, and the darling project of its author—though, at that time, far advanced towards completion—was destined never to appear. The intrepid explorer, weak and seriously crippled as he was, returned to the hardships and perils inseparable from life in the wild regions which he had done so much to make known; but his weakened frame could not, as of yore, respond to the call of the resolute will. On reaching the Cunéné River, about the middle of 1867, his health so completely failed that he decided on returning to Otjimbingue, but could proceed no further than the Wagaambi country in Ovampoland, where he died on the 5th July.

Thus, the projected "Avi-fauna," which, if completed and published, would have been so sumptuous and worthy an addition to African ornithology, and would so justly have established the already high reputation of its author, remained in its unfinished manuscript state; and there was great risk that the information so carefully and laboriously accumulated would be altogether lost to science. But, thanks to Mr. Gurney, the notes and observations of the lamented naturalist have not been allowed to lie unused. Access to the MSS. of the "Avi-fauna," and to Andersson's note-books, was readily accorded by his widow to his friend and correspondent; and in the volume that has just reached the Colony, Mr. Gurney has most efficiently discharged the trust reposed in him. Aided by several ornithologists who have bestowed special attention upon African birds (among whom may be mentioned Mr. E. L. Layard, the author of "The Birds of South Africa"), Mr. Gurney has published a complete catalogue of all the birds that have been observed in South-western Africa, including in that region not only Damaraland, but the country environing it, viz., "Ovampoland to the north, the district adjacent to Lake Ngami to the north-east, a portion of the Kalahari Desert to the south-east, Great and Little Namaqualand to the south, and the coast and adjacent islets of the Atlantic to the west."

Great care has been bestowed upon the nomenclature, which has been revised in accordance, for the most part, with the "Hand-list of Birds" recently compiled by the late Mr. G. R. Gray, the distinguished author of the magnificent "Genera of Birds."† In

* *Notes on the Birds of Damaraland and the adjacent Countries of South-west Africa.* By the late Charles John Andersson. Arranged and edited by John Henry Gurney. London: John Van Voorst, 1872.

† The Port Elizabeth Library is to be congratulated on possessing a copy of this noble work, which is still lacking in the South African Public Library.

dealing with the mass of MSS. accumulated for the purposes of the larger work that was projected, Mr. Gurney has shown a wise discrimination in selecting for publication those portions which appeared "to embody Mr. Andersson's personal and original observations." The verbal emendations occasionally required in the process of preparing these extracts for the press have, he assures us, been made with scrupulous care to avoid any expression which might alter the author's meaning.

The practice, which Mr. Gurney has adopted, of giving English names side by side with the ornithological ones is unobjectionable if limited to well-known and commonly-accepted appellations, and is often of considerable use to beginners in zoology; but to extend it to every bird, however rare, or previously unknown, from countries where scarcely an Englishman is to be found, can only be regarded as a piece of useless ingenuity. It is surely to no purpose to call *Eremomela usticollis* a "Brown-throated Bush-chirper," or *Crateropus bicolor* a "Southern Black-and-white Babbler;" and it is difficult to see what end is gained by simply translating *Hirundo monteiri* into "Monteiro's Swallow," or *Camaroptera olivacea* into "Olivaceous Camaroptera."

Though the editor does not profess to give descriptions of the birds noticed in the work, it is to be regretted that the few (fourteen only) which are transcribed from various sources were not increased in number, so as at least to include all the new species discovered by Andersson. There is, in fact, nothing but the occasional use of the specific name *Anderssoni*, or a chance remark here and there in the notes, to indicate any of the birds for the first knowledge of which science is indebted to the traveller's exertions, and of which it would have been a fitting tribute to his memory and services to have given accurate figures. Mr. Gurney observes in his preface (p. xxvii) that the introduction of descriptions is the less requisite because "a sufficient description of each species will readily be found" in Mr. Layard's catalogue; but no less than seventy-two of the four hundred and twenty-eight Damara birds enumerated, including many species which appear to be peculiar to the country, are not included in Mr. Layard's book (edit. 1867), and it would unquestionably have been of service to bring together the published descriptions of such species, scattered as they are through numerous British and Continental publications.*

The most valuable result of Andersson's ornithological researches was the discovery at Otjimbinque, in Damaraland, of a new species of the extraordinary Raptorial genus *Machæramphus*, previously represented only by the very rare *M. alcinus*, a native of Malacca. The Damara bird, which is only separable from the Malaccan species by the absence of a crest and some minor characters, was in 1865 laid before the Zoological Society of London by Mr.

* It is not improbable that the forthcoming second edition of Mr. Layard's work may include the species in question; but Mr. Gurney makes no statement to that effect.

Gurney, and described as possessing the general aspect of a Buzzard, but as "remarkable for its extremely wide gape, small bill destitute of a tooth, and the rudimentary pectination of the middle claw." It appears in many respects to hold a place intermediate between the diurnal and nocturnal birds of prey, and its habits are thus referred to in an interesting note by Andersson (p. 23):—

On the 10th March, 1865, I obtained one specimen, a female, of this singular bird at Otjimbinque, Damaraland; it was shot by my servant, who observed another, probably the male. I imagine that I have myself observed it once or twice in the neighbourhood of Otjimbinque, just before dusk. When brought to me, I instinctively suspected the bird to be a feeder at dusk, or at night, and called out, "Why, that fellow is likely to feed on bats!" And, truly enough, so it turned out; for, on dissection, an undigested bat was found in the stomach; and in another specimen, subsequently killed by Axel,* there were several bats in the stomach.

On the question which has been so much debated, viz., whether sight or smell is the main agent in guiding vultures to their food, Andersson has no doubt that both senses come into play, but gives the preference to *sight*. The instance which he adduces (p. 3) in support of his view confirms the opinion of many naturalists that vultures keep a keen look-out upon each other as well as upon the ground over which they circle, and that any direct movement of an individual bird is at once followed up by the one or more in view of it; these first followers being succeeded by others watching them, and so on. It can scarcely be doubted that this is the course followed in the wide, open regions over which vultures usually fly at great elevations; but it can readily be perceived how usefully the well-developed olfactory sense would serve in the case of carcasses decaying under cover of vegetation or overhanging rocks, whenever a bird chanced to be within range of the odour.

During the rainy season in Damaraland, the *Termites*, or "white ants," issue in countless swarms from their nests, and crowd the air with their winged myriads. This demonstration is hailed by many animals, but especially by birds, many of which seem to prefer these insects to any other food. No less than seven species of falcons, hobbies, kites, and kestrels condescend to partake with greediness of the feast of white ants, and the numbers of them which assemble are thus described by Andersson in a note on *Erythropus vesperinus* (p. 16):—

During these annual visits it is exceedingly abundant, and may be counted by hundreds and by thousands; nay, their numbers at times exceed all belief. On one particular occasion, a friend of mine and myself attempted to form a rough approximation to the number of these birds actually within sight, and of the black and yellow-billed kites with which they appeared to be mixed up in about equal proportions. Taking a small section of the sky, we came to the conclusion that there were at least ten thousand individuals; and as the heavens above and all around us appeared to be darkened by a living mass of kites and hawks, we set down the aggregate number immediately within our view at fifty thousand, feeling at the same time that we were probably below the mark.

* Axel Ericsson, Andersson's friend and companion, who was with him at the last, and discharged the sad duties of burial.

One of the most singular of the Damara birds is the Goatsucker, or Night-jar, named *Cosmetornis vexillarius*, which presents a pair of very long wing-feathers, extending far beyond the rest. The appearance of this bird when flying at dusk is observed by the author to give "the idea of a huge double-winged bat."

People who entertain the notion that South African birds, particularly if of showy colours, "don't sing," will perhaps be surprised at the enthusiastic manner in which Andersson describes the song of *Cinnyris talatala*, one of the most beautiful of the "Sugar Birds," (p. 72):—

This sun-bird is exceedingly lively in its habits, and at the approach of the pairing season it becomes inspired with the most lovely and exquisite melodies; in fact, its voice is then enchanting beyond description, being a concentration of the most thrilling and melodious notes.

Mr. Gurney, in 1868, separated the South African from the North African Ostrich under the name of *Struthio australis*, and in his note on the bird in the present volume (p. 256) observes that he "cannot doubt" that it "differs from the true *Struthio camelus*." It appears questionable, nevertheless, whether the small points of difference noted are constant, and, if so, whether they can be held sufficient to constitute a distinct species. They amount to three (the first and second being observations on living birds, by Mr. Bartlett, the Zoological Society's Superintendent), viz.: (1) the bare skin on the thighs and other parts is invariably blueish in the southern ostrich, but flesh-coloured in the northern bird—(this remark does not apply to the cere, the angle of the gape, or the scutellations of the tarsi and feet, which are alike flesh-coloured in both birds); (2) the average height of the southern is, in Mr. Bartlett's opinion, "somewhat greater" than that of the northern ostrich; and (3) the black portions of the plumage are darker in the southern than in the northern male. These slight differences are supplemented by the circumstance that the egg-shells of the northern bird are free from the punctures more or less well marked in those of the southern; but this is certainly a variable character as regards the southern ostrich, though the writer of this notice cannot say that any "quite smooth" southern eggs ever came under his notice. The size of the eggs, which is also alluded to, is a most unstable character, a marked range in that particular being noticeable in the southern ones.

Andersson offers no opinion on the question of distinctness of the southern from the northern ostrich; but he makes (pp. 251-2) a very decided statement of a circumstance that will be new to most people, viz., that there are two distinct kinds of ostrich in Damaraland. It is well in this case to give his own words, which are as follows:—

The first species is that which is so well known throughout Southern Africa, in which the male bird is black with white tail and wings, while the female is of a greyish colour. Of the second species, which is quite new to science, I have not an entire specimen by me so as to enable me to produce an accurate description of the whole bird: still I possess sufficient data to be able to vouch for the correctness of my statement; for as I write three skins (or rather portions of

skins) are lying before me, consisting of two adults, male and female, and a young bird, apparently about half-grown. The male bird does not appear to differ from the well-known South African species except in size, being larger; but the greatest specific difference lies with the female and young, and more especially with the former, *which is jet black like the cock bird*. The young is of a sooty-brown, the feathers, which are narrow and come to an acute point, being tipped with light-brown; the tail similar, but interspersed with a few grey or greyish-white feathers; the wings like the tail, but of a softer texture; the thighs and neck white. The egg of this species is said to be larger than that of the ordinary one. This bird seems to be pretty commonly distributed over the boundless wastes and plains of both Great Namaqua and Damaraland, and herds with the common species as well as in separate flocks.

The author goes on to mention that a *third kind* is spoken of by native hunters, in which both sexes are grey; but as he expresses no belief in this, it is unnecessary to notice it more fully. As regards, however, the second species, in whose existence such confidence is expressed, it may perhaps be worth while to suggest that *melanism* might explain the presence of black plumage in a hen ostrich, and that, apart from that affection, there are instances on record of the old hens of certain birds assuming the plumage proper to the cock. It should also be borne in mind that it is not impossible that the female may naturally present two forms as regards plumage, the darker being very much the rarer of the two. Now that ostrich-breeding is so successful an industry in many parts of the Colony, it may be hoped that these and kindred questions of interest may be decided.*

The interest attaching to the notes drawn up by Andersson on the birds which came under his notice may be gathered from the extracts given above, and their accuracy may be relied on. To all who collect or study South African birds the book is indispensable, and, indeed should be in the hands of all lovers of nature who reside at the Cape or in Natal.

In addition to a systematic list of the Damara birds, and an excellent Index, Mr. Gurney has given three lithographs (from drawings of Andersson's) of anatomical details in the remarkable *Machærhamphus Anderssoni* referred to above, and a scale of inches and lines for the aid of Continental naturalists unused to the English measurements adopted by the author in recording the dimensions of freshly-killed birds. A serviceable map of the countries traversed by Andersson faces the title-page; but there is a notable error in that part of it which represents the north-western districts of the Cape Colony, where the Kamiesberg (which is situated in the division of Namaqualand—the "Little Namaqualand" of the map), is placed in the same latitude as, and about seventy miles west of Beaufort, and made continuous with the Nieuweveld Mountains.

R. T.

* A service to zoological research would be rendered by any ostrich-breeder who could furnish a series (half-a-dozen would suffice) of the eggs of the ostrich at progressive stages of development of the chick; as there is every probability, in the opinion of eminent physiologists, that many obscure points in the relations *inter se* and probable origin of several of the chief vertebrate types would be elucidated by a careful study of the embryonic characters of the *Struthionide*. Any gentleman who may be disposed to render assistance in this matter is requested to communicate with Mr. R. Trimen, of the Colonial Office, Cape Town.

Uncle Maurice.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.)

7th June, four o'clock in the morning.—I am not astonished, when I awake, to hear the birds singing so joyously round my window. One must live, as I and they do, on the top story to know how early the morning becomes lively on the tiles. It is there that the sun sends his first rays, that the breeze comes with the scent of gardens and of woods,—there that a wandering butterfly ventures earliest across the flowers of the garret, and that the songs of the diligent seamstress salute the break of day. The lower stories are still buried in sleep, silence, and shade, whilst here already reign work, light, and song.

What life around me ! See the swallow returning with food, her beak full of insects for her little ones ; the sparrows shake their wings wet with dew, while chasing one another in the rays of the sun ; my fair neighbours half open their windows and their cheerful faces salute the morn. Sweet hour of awakening, when everything resumes sensation and motion, when the first light strikes creation to make it revive, as the magic wand struck the palace of the sleeping beauty in the wood. There is then a moment of rest for all pain : the sufferings of the sick abate and a breath of hope glides into the most depressed of hearts. But it is, alas ! only a brief respite : everything will soon resume its onward march : the great human machine will soon be in motion with its long-drawn breaths, its half-stifled groans, its friction, and its ruins.

The calm of this first hour recalls to me that of our first years. The sun then shines gaily, the breeze perfumes, and all the illusions—those birds of the morning of life—flutter around us. Why do they fly away later on ? Whence come this sadness and this solitude that insensibly creep over us ? The progress of life seems to be the same with individuals and with society : they start with a facile happiness and the enchantment of novelty to reach only disillusion and bitterness. The road, began amidst the hawthorns and the primroses, soon branches off to deserts and precipices. Why so much confidence at first, so much doubt afterwards ? Is knowledge of life, then, destined only to render us unfit for happiness ? Must we be condemned to ignorance if we would preserve hope ? In a word, must the world and the individual find rest only in an eternal infancy ?

How often have I asked myself these questions ! Solitude has this advantage, or this danger,—that of making one for ever dive more and more into the same ideas. Without any other interlocutor than one's self, the conversation always takes the same turn ; we do not let it stray aside either by the preoccupation of another mind or the caprices of a different state of feeling ; we incessantly return, by an involuntary propensity, to knock at the same gate.

I interrupted these reflections to put my garret in order. I hate the appearance of disorder because it indicates either a contempt for

details or an unfitness for home life. To class the different objects among which we have to live is to establish between them and ourselves ties of appropriation and comfort ; it is to form habits without which man tends to become a savage. What, in effect, is social organization but a series of habits settled in accordance with our natural inclinations ? I distrust the minds and the morals of those to whom disorder occasions no shock, and who could live at their ease in the Augean stable. What surrounds us always reflects more or less our inner nature. The soul resembles those veiled lamps which, in spite of everything, throw out a softened light. If the tastes did not betray the character, they would no longer be tastes, but instincts.

Whilst arranging everything in my garret my eyes are arrested by the almanac suspended over my fire-place. I wished to make sure of the date, and I read, written in large letters, *Fête Dieu !* (The Festival of God.)

It is to-day ! Nothing recalls it now in our great city, where religion has no longer any public solemnity ; but it is nevertheless the period so happily chosen by the Primitive Church. "The Festival of the Creator," says Chateaubriand, "comes at a time when earth and heaven declare His power, when the woods and the fields teem with new generations ; everything is united by the sweetest of ties ; there is not even a single widowed plant remaining in the plains." What memories these words recall to me ! I leave off what I was about ; I lean my elbows on the window, and with my head supported by my two hands, I return in thought to the little town where my early childhood was passed.

The *Fête Dieu* was then one of the great events of my life. To have the privilege of taking part in it I had for a long time before it to be industrious and obedient. I still recollect with what excitement of hope I used to rise on that day. A holy lightness was in the air. Our neighbours, who had risen earlier than usual, stretched along the whole street flags intermingled with bouquets of flowers, or tapestry with figures of men upon it. I went from one to the other, admiring, in turns, the scenes of holiness depicted in the middle ages, the mythological compositions of the "renaissance" period, the battles of antiquity arranged in the Louis Quatorze style, and the shepherdesses of Madame de Pompadour. All this world of phantoms seemed to rise from the ashes of the past and come to assist me, motionless and silent, at the sacred ceremony. I gazed, in alternate fear and wonder, at those terrible warriors with their cimetars for ever raised, those beautiful huntresses discharging an arrow which never went off, and those guardians of sheep in satin small-clothes, for ever busy in playing the flute at the feet of shepherdesses eternally smiling. At times, when the wind was blowing behind these movable pictures it seemed to me that the people in them moved, and I almost expected to see them detach themselves from the wall and take their place among the crowd. But these impressions were vague and fugitive. That which prevailed over all others was a feeling of joy, expanding

yet temperate. In the midst of these floating draperies, these bursting flowers, these cries of young maidens, and this gaiety which exhaled as it were like a perfume on all sides, one felt elevated in spite of one's self. The noises of the *fête* resounded in the heart with a thousand melodious echoes. One felt more indulgent, more devoted, more loving. God was not manifested outwardly alone, but inwardly in ourselves.

* * * * *

Strange association of ideas ! A date has just recalled my childhood, and at once all my reminiscences bloom around me. Whence comes the fulness of happiness of these early periods of life ? Looking closely at it, nothing is sensibly changed in my condition. I possess, as then, health and my daily bread ; I have only responsibility in addition. As a child, I took life as it was made for me—another had the care of providing for it. At peace with myself, provided I had performed all immediate duties, I left the future to the prudence of my father. My fate was like a ship of which I had not the pilotage, and on which I allowed myself to be carried as a mere passenger. There was the whole secret of my joyful security. Since then human wisdom has taken possession of me. Having the sole charge of my own fate I have tried to be the master of it by means of a deep foresight ; I have spoilt the present by my preoccupation with the future ; I have put my judgment in the place of Providence, and the happy child is transformed into the care-worn man.

Sad progress, and, perchance, great lesson ! Who knows if more self-abandonment towards Him who rules the world might not have spared me all this anguish ? Is not happiness, perhaps, only possible here on condition of living like a child, given up to the duties of each day, and trusting for the rest to the goodness of our heavenly Father ?

This recalls to me Uncle Maurice. Whenever I wish to strengthen myself in what is good I turn my thoughts to him. I see him again with his sweet expression, half-smiling, half-sorrowful ; I hear his voice, always gentle and caressing like a summer breeze. His memory guards and enlightens my life. He, too, has been a saint and a martyr here below. Others have shown the ways of heaven ; he has pointed out the footpaths of earth. But, save the angels who record unknown devotion and secret virtue, who has ever heard my Uncle Maurice spoken of ? I alone, perhaps, have retained his name, and I still recall his history.

Well, I shall write it—not for others, but for myself. It is said that in sight of the Apollo Belvidere the body readjusts itself and assumes a more graceful attitude. In the memory of a beautiful life, the soul ought likewise to feel itself elevated and ennobled.

A ray of the rising sun lights up the little table on which I am writing : the breeze brings me the scent of residas, the swallows are whirling with joyous cries around my window. The image of my Uncle Maurice will here be in its place among songs, light, and perfume.

Seven o'clock.—It is with destinies as with mornings. Some rise glittering with a thousand lights, others darkened with sombre clouds. That of my Uncle Maurice belonged to these latter. He came into the world so miserable a child that they thought him doomed to death ; but in spite of these predictions, which might almost be called hopes, he continued to live suffering and deformed. His childhood, destitute of all its graces, was equally so of all its joys. Tyrannized over on account of his weakness, and laughed at for his ugliness, the little hunchback in vain opened his arms to the world which passed him by, pointing mockingly at him. Still, his mother remained to him, and it was to her that the child carried the outbursts of his oppressed heart. Happy in this refuge he attained the age when man takes his own place in life and had to content himself with whatever others despised. His education might have opened new careers to him ; but he became a clerk in one of the little offices for the collection of town-dues which guarded the entrance of his native place. Shut up in this office of a few feet square, he had no other recreation, between his writings and his figures, than reading, and his mother's visits. In the fine summer days she used to come and work at the door of his cottage under the shadow of some vines planted by Maurice. Even when she kept silence her presence was a relief to the little cripple ; he listened to the clicking of her long knitting-needles, he watched her sweet and sad profile which recalled so many trials bravely borne ; he could from time to time rest a caressing hand on those bent shoulders, and exchange a smile.

This consolation was soon to be taken from him. The old mother fell ill, and in a few days her condition was hopeless. Maurice, scared at the idea of a separation which would leave him henceforth alone on the earth, abandoned himself to boundless grief. On his knees, by the bed of the dying one, he called her by the most endearing names, and pressed her in his arms as if he could have held her to life. The mother tried to return his caresses and to answer him, but her hands were frozen, her voice already extinct. She could only bring her lips to her son's forehead, utter one sigh, and close her eyes for ever.

They wished to carry Maurice away, but he resisted, leaning over this already motionless form. "Dead !" he cried : "dead—she who has never left me, she who alone in the world loved me—you, my mother ! What is now left to me on earth ?"

A half-smothered voice replied, "God !"

Maurice sprung up frightened. Was it a last sigh of the dead one, or his own conscience which had answered him ? He never sought to discover ; but he had understood the response, and he accepted it.

It was then that I began to know him. I often went to see him at the little toll-house. He lent himself to all my childish games, told me his best stories, and let me gather his flowers. Deprived of all the graces which attract men, he was ever indulgent to those who came to see him.

No other *employé* showed so much honesty, zeal, and intelligence ; but those who should have known the value of his services felt themselves repelled by his deformity. Destitute of patrons, he saw his rights always neglected. Those who knew how to please were preferred over him, and in leaving him the humble employment which just enabled him to live, they seemed to be doing him a favour. Uncle Maurice bore injustice as he had borne disdain ; despised by men, he raised his eyes higher, and trusted in the judgment of Him who cannot be deceived.

He dwelt in an old house in the outskirts of the town, in which there lodged working-people as poor as he, but less abandoned by the world. One only of his fellow-lodgers lived without any family, in a little garret into which the wind and the rain found entrance. This was a young girl, pale, silent, without beauty, and with nothing to attract notice about her save her resignation to misery. She was never seen to speak to any other woman ; no song ever cheered her garret. Wrapt in a kind of gloomy depression as in a sort of shroud, she worked without enthusiasm and without relaxation. Her langour had touched Maurice ; he tried to speak to her : she replied with gentleness, but briefly. It was easy to see that her silence and her solitude were dearer to her than the kindness of the little cripple ; he understood it and remained silent.

But Toinette's needle scarcely supported her ; soon work failed her. Maurice found out that the young girl was in want of everything, and that the shopkeepers refused to give her credit. He hastened to them at once, and promised to pay them secretly for whatever they supplied to Toinette. Things went on thus for many months. The want of work continued to the young girl, who, in the end became frightened at the obligations she had incurred to the shopkeepers. She determined to have an explanation with them, and in this explanation all was discovered.

Her first impulse was to rush to Uncle Maurice and thank him on her knees. Her usual coldness had given place to an irrepressible gentleness ; it seemed as if gratitude had thawed all the ice around this benumbed heart.

Henceforth free from the embarrassment of his secret, the little cripple was able to make his kindness more efficacious. Toinette became in his eyes a sister over whose wants he had to watch. Since the death of his mother it was the first time that he could associate any other being with his own life. The young girl received all his care with a reserved sensibility. All the efforts of Maurice were insufficient to chase away her depth of sadness ; she always expressed herself to him with the warmth of gratitude, but her confidences went no further. Gazing upon this sealed heart the little cripple could read nothing within it. In truth, he tried but little ; giving himself up to the happiness of being no longer alone in the world, he accepted Toinette just as her long trials had made her ; he loved her thus, and wished for nothing but to preserve her companion-

ship. Insensibly this idea occupied his mind to the exclusion of everything else. The young girl was, like himself, without relatives; use had softened in her eyes the ugliness of the cripple; she seemed to look at him with a pitying affection. What more could he expect? Till that moment the hope of inducing any one to accept him as a companion for life had been scouted by Maurice as a dream; but chance seemed to have so worked as to make it a reality. After much hesitation, he gathered courage and determined to speak to her.

It was evening, and the little cripple directed his steps to the garret of the seamstress. As he was on the point of entering he seemed to hear a strange voice uttering the name of the young girl. He quickly thrust the door half open and saw Toinette, who was in tears, leaning on the shoulder of a young man who wore the dress of a sailor. At sight of my Uncle she hurriedly disengaged herself, ran to him, and cried out—"Oh come, come! it is he whom I thought dead—it is Julien, my affianced husband!"

Maurice staggered back. He understood all in an instant.

It seemed to him that the earth reeled and that his heart was bursting; but the same voice that he had heard by the death-bed of his mother resounded in his ear, and he recovered himself reanimated—God remained to him still!

He himself accompanied the newly-married ones on their road when they took their departure, and after having wished them all the happiness which had been denied to him, he returned in resignation to the old house in the suburbs. It was there that he finished his days, abandoned by men, but not, he said, by *the Father which is in Heaven*. Throughout he felt His presence, and it supplied the place of all else. When he died, it was smiling, and like an exile who is re-embarking for his native land. He who had consoled him for indigence and infirmities, injustice and desolation, had known how to make death a blessing to him.

Eight o'clock.—All that I have just written has troubled me. Until now I have sought for teachings for life in life itself. Can it be true that human principles cannot always suffice?—that beyond kindness, prudence, moderation, humility, devotion itself, there is a grand idea which can alone make head against misfortune, and that if man has need of his virtue for others, he has need of the religious sentiment for himself?

When, according to the expression of Scripture "the wine of youth intoxicates," we hope to suffice for ourselves; strong, happy, and loved, we believe, like Ajax, that we shall be able to escape all storms *in spite of the gods*; but, later on, the shoulders stoop, happiness disappears, the affections are extinguished, and then, terrified at the void and the obscurity, we stretch forth our arms, like a child overtaken by darkness, and call for the help of Him who is everywhere.

I was asked this morning why everything grew confused with

society and with individuals? Human reason in vain lights, from time to time, some new torch upon our way; the night grows ever darker. Is it not because we let the light of our souls, God, get further and further from us?

But what matters to the world these reveries of a solitary? For the greater part of man the tumults without stifle the tumults within; life leaves them no leisure for self-questioning. Have they time to know what they are and what they must become—they, who are preoccupied with the next lease or the latest price of stocks? Heaven is too high, and the wise ones look only at the Earth.

But I, a poor savage in the midst of civilization, who seek neither power nor riches, and who have set my life on the ideal, I can return with impunity to these recollections of childhood; and if God has no longer a festival in our great city, I will try to preserve one for him in my own heart.

A. W. C.

Albany Natural History Society.

MR. J. B. GLANVILLE IN THE CHAIR — 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1872.

MR. WRIGHT exhibited specimens of Prehnite and of a mineral that he could not name, from Balfour, and also some fossils from the same neighbourhood, obtained by Rev. W. R. Thomson and himself from the Dicynodon strata. They consisted of some masses of small river shells and two vertebræ, doubtless reptilian. The two vertebræ were united in one piece. One end showed the usual concavity of Dicynodon vertebræ; the other was much distorted and broken, so that nothing can be made of it. The height of these vertebræ is 1.875 in., the breadth 1.3 in.

Mr. J. B. Glanville said that since Mr. Wright had placed these fossils in his hands, he had discovered that there were associated with the larger shells certain very small ones. The larger were *Iridinæ ovata*, the smaller *Ætheria minuta*. The occurrence of these two fossil shells in or upon the Dicynodon beds have now been noted at Graaff-Reinet, at Bloemhoff, Cradock, and Balfour. They are both African shells of the present day, although they have not been noted as present in any of the rivers of this Colony. Their present distribution is confined to Africa, and the rivers named as their habitat are the Nile and Senegal and Limpopo. It is not to be imagined, however, that they are confined to these rivers, and it is within the bounds of probability that they may be found in some of the Cape rivers yet.

The interest which attaches to their presence in a fossil state in the Dicynodon beds arises out of the distinction which must exist between the respective geological horizons of the beds in which these river *Unionidæ* are found and the

Dicynodon beds they traverse. Judging from the identity, almost, if not quite, complete between the *Iridinae* of to-day and some of the fossils, it is hardly to be thought that the beds in which they occur can be more ancient than recent tertiary, in which case they will have no nearer relation to the Dicynodon beds than have the beds of rivers that pass over that formation at the present time. It would be a very interesting and important service to the geology of the Colony to carefully examine the *Iridinae* beds wherever they occur, with the view of finding any other fluviatile remains that they may contain, and, if possible, of determining the course of the streams of which they are undoubtedly the beds.

SOUTH AFRICAN COAL.

Mr. Buckley exhibited three specimens of coal from as many different seams that occur at Bushman's Hoek, on the Stormberg. He stated that Bushman's Hoek was about ten or twelve miles from the farm of Mr. Vice, from which coal of the best quality has been obtained, and that the seams from which his present specimens came were several hundred feet lower than those of Mr. Vice's. He laid before the Society a plan, showing the position of the various seams, and said there were other places where indications of coal were to be found; and a fossil plant that he had carried on horseback from Bushman's Hoek to the Winterberg had the depressions on its surface filled with coal. He also laid on the table specimens of the overlying and underlying rocks, as well as a piece of igneous rock that he said penetrated the hill on the spur of which the coal seams were situated.

Mr. Glanville said that he had examined the specimens of coal to a certain extent, and that he found they were not bituminous. They gave no flame before the blow-pipe, and the ash remaining after combustion was of the same size and shape as the apparent coal. This ash was almost pure silica, and he believed that in all the coal that exists in South Africa it will be found that silica will form the great bulk of its ash. The union of carbon with silica in the curious float stones that are to be found in all the upper coal-fields of the Colony is a matter that remains to be explained. The occurrence of anthracitic coal only in the lower coal-fields of the Eastern Province, and its appearance again in this instance on the *lower* seams of the Stormberg field, is an important, and, he was sorry to think, not an encouraging fact. It might be that the coal now before the Society was converted into anthracite by the dyke that Mr. Buckley spoke of as passing near his seams; but if not, then the change could be due to the heat to which it had been exposed on account of the low position it holds in the series of strata. Mr. Buckley had informed him that the strata were very nearly horizontal, that such also was the case in the Winterberg; and Baines' sections show how little out of the horizontal lie all the strata from the Zuurberg to the Orange River. The coal-field of Albany is a part of the carboniferous system extending over Albany and Uitenhage. This is the lowest part of the carboniferous system in South Africa. It rests immediately on the Devonian at the Gamtoos River, and

is succeeded generally by the Dicynodon beds that run westward from the coast of British Kaffraria, and north to an unknown extent. The Stormbergen are simply a set of strata piled conformably on the Dicynodon beds. These mountains, as well as the lower range of the Winterberg, owe their elevation above the intervening country to denudation. In like manner, most of the valleys that occur in these mountains are the result of denudation. There was a time when the tops of these mountains represented the general level of the land; and when that was the case, no doubt the coal plants that have furnished the coal of the Stormberg were much more widely diffused than they are now found to be; but the denudation that washed out the valleys of these mountains and reduced the level of the ground successively to that of the plateau between the Stormberg and the Winterberg, and then between that mountain and the coast, has clearly been in operation over this coal-field, and carried away the enormous stores of coal that were once no doubt to be found there, leaving only the chance of meeting, high up in the Stormberg, comparatively small fields of coal that have retained their bituminous properties. The immense difference between the two coal-fields, that on the coast and that on the Stormberg, is clearly shown by the difference of their plant fossils. The Albany coal-field gives us *Knorrhia*, *Ulodendron*, and *Lepidodendron*, and the absence of ferns is very general. Near the Fish River, however, ferns are to be sparsely obtained; but in every case that has yet been seen, the fossil fern of this neighbourhood has turned out to be *Glossopteris*. The opposite of this is the case in the Stormberg, where ferns are plentiful and in great variety, *Pecopteris* and *Neuropteris* being the prevailing forms, and in addition large *Calamites* are found, that do not occur in the lower field. As yet, also, neither *Lepidodendron*, *Ulodendron*, nor their allies seem to be obtained from the Stormberg.

HONOURABLE D. H. KENNELLY IN THE CHAIR.—19TH OCTOBER, 1872.

SOUTH AFRICAN COAL (CONTINUED).

Mr. J. B. Glanville said that Mr. Hellier and himself had been engaged for some time in the examination of specimens of coal from various parts of the Colony. First, James Ayliff, Esq., C.C. of Dordrecht, had forwarded to the Museum, through Dr. Atherstone, specimens of coal, together with overlying and intervening rocks, from a place near Dordrecht. The coal is non-bituminous and occurs in two beds. The first seam is about a foot in thickness, and the specimens are formed of numerous thin laminæ of a highly polished non-bituminous coal, alternating with shale charged with carbon. This, if no better can be obtained, is of not much account. This seam is overlaid by a grey sandstone containing layers of shining non-bituminous coal. It is underlaid by carbon-bearing shale, below which comes the second seam, which is said to be eight or nine inches thick. The specimen sent consists, first, of a layer of coal half an inch thick, below which comes a succession of layers of shale and coal alternately, the coal becoming less and less in thickness. The coal, separated from the shale,

was found to be non-bituminous, but was very pure, burning easily and yielding but ten per cent. of ash.

Secondly, Mr. A. Buckley presented a fine series of fossil plants from Bushman's Hoek, Stormberg. They consist of the impressions of stems of plants very distinctly shown, and in some cases where the interior of the stem is exposed the internal structure is in a measure shown. It consisted of a mass of large cells, which, when first exposed, are filled with coal. The stems, although in one instance eleven inches long, show no sign of nodes as in *Calamites*, but are broadly fluted longitudinally. There are no marks of leaf bores anywhere on the stems, and they vary in breadth from half an inch to four inches. Together with these fossils, he furnished the Museum with large specimens of coal from Radford's, about three miles from Vice's, where the principal seam of bituminous coal is to be found, and also from Bushman's Hoek, about ten miles from Vice's. The difference in the two specimens is very manifest—the Bushman's Hoek coal being non-bituminous, while that from Radford's is so. As taken out of the pit, this coal consists of alternate layers of true coal and coaly shale. The coal is of a fine glossy lustre, while the shale is of a dull black, and the value of the coal will be determined by the proportion of these two constituents. Vice's coal—that is, the best specimens—have these shaly bands reduced almost, if not quite, to nothing. On examination of Radford's coal, it was found that it was bituminous in only a low degree. Thus the examinations showed that of this coal and shale, taken together as they come from the pit, there was, per cent. :—

Moisture.	Volatile Matter.	Ash.	Carbon.
2'08	12'5	38'75	46'67

Comparing this with the result of an analysis by Mr. Hellier of Vice's coal in 1870, we see that it is less bituminous and has more ash. That analysis shows Vice's coal to have, per cent. :—

Volatile Matter, including Moisture.	Carbon.	Ash.
18'6	57'1	24'3

This is a condition which is the lowest in bitumen, for the production of gas, but both would be valuable as a steam coal, in the absence of better. Radford's coal, three miles away from Vice's, is shown thus to be less bituminous. Bushman's Hoek coal, ten miles away, has lost all its bitumen. This is a local result, however, as the continuation of the Stormberg in Cradock known as Kneehalter Neck furnishes another source of bituminous coal, which may very possibly be of equal if not superior quality to Vice's.

This last remark is made on a piece of coal of very small size forwarded in a letter to Mr. Hellier by Dr. Grey, which has been ascertained to be highly bituminous, and, if it is to be found in any quantity, will prove of immense importance to this part of the Colony.

South African Museum.

31ST OCTOBER, 1872.

The following is a list of contributions to this Museum since the 31st of December, 1871 :—

A white partridge from Mr. Steytler, shot by him at Banghoek.

Mr. Ortlepp presented two small diamonds from the Vaal district, together with specimens of the material in which they were found.

A hawk from Mr. Knight.

Mr. John Noble has presented a specimen of boart with a diamond embedded in it, together with specimens of the substance containing the gems.

A fine live puff-adder, from Mr. A. L. Du Toit, Rondebosch.

Mr. Dunn has contributed a series of rock specimens from Namaqualand and intermediate districts.

Mr. C. A. Fairbridge sent in a specimen of the calcareous matter from the Diggings, showing the impression of a diamond.

The Hon. R. Southey presented a curious specimen of iron pyrites from Mr. Jackson, Border Magistrate, and some pebbles of agate, &c., from Clanwilliam district, from Mr. Werff.

Mr. John Noble—specimen of concrete, Du Toit's Pan, with garnet.

From Captain Tom Boyce—sea-birds' eggs from Ichaboe.

Mr. John Noble—specimens of ferruginous gold quartz from Marabastadt.

From Mr. Commaille—some rounded jaspers and chalcedony from the Middelburg district.

From Mr. A. Albrecht, of the *Bismarck*—a rare fish caught at Natal.

From Archdeacon Kitton, King William's Town—stone implements from Free State.

From Mr. Michael King—a hawk from Koeberg.

From Mr. C. A. Fairbridge—a dace, "*Cyprius leuciscus*."

From Mr. Wm. Anderson—an owl, "*Stryx afinis*."

Captain Angel, of the ship *Collingrove*, presented a perfect specimen of the *Molock horridus* from North Australia.

From Mr. Krynauw, found near Saldanha Bay, a variety of fossil bones, consisting of vertebrae and teeth of large antelope and zebra.

From Mr. P. D. Martin—stone implements and native pottery from kitchen middens.

Three Swedish swords from Mr. Vylder.

From Mr. J. F. Davies—a beautiful specimen of krokidolite, or yellow asbestos, from Orange River.

Dr. White presented a toad in the act of swallowing a rock salamander or lizard, of which the legs only are visible.

From Captain T. Boyce—birds' eggs.

From Mr. A. Forssman, Potchefstroom—rich specimens of ferruginous gold quartz, from Marabastadt.

From Mr. Wood, Roeland-street—a female golden pheasant.

A good specimen of iguana and small lantern fish from Mr. Fairbridge.

The Hon. R. Southey—a black rabbit from Robben Island. A spotted male partridge from Middelburg.

From Mr. J. F. Hofmeyr—a beautiful parrot.

From Dr. Simmons, Gordon's Bay—a pair of kingfishers

Mr. J. W. Steensma—a lynx cat.

Mr. Hemming—a water-hen.

Lieut. Goldsworthy—striped hyena.

Mr. P. D. Martin—additional stone implements.

Dr. Dieperink, of Somerset West, has presented from Mr. J. Brink a piece of baked earthen water or drain pipe, sixteen inches circumference, dug up by him thirty feet below the surface at Colesberg Kopje.

From Mr. H. Adams—a rare fish on this coast, the Indian "Remora," having a sucker on the back of the head, found near Salt River.

Mr. Brodrick—specimen of calc-spar from New Rush.

Mr. J. S. Wright—specimen of architectural moulding in hard cement from Vaal River, three hours' ride from Bloemhof.

Mr. H. Cairncross, Mossel Bay—a water wag-tail, having a white spot on crown of head.

Mr. F. Duckitt—eight mountain swallows or bee-eaters, "*Merops apiaster*;" a spreuw, "*Dilophus carunculatus*;" an owl, "*Stryx afinis*;" and a fink, "*Ploceus capensis*."

A puff-adder from Mr. Pybus.

Specimens of galena from Mr. Forssman, from Morika and from Pretoria.

Mr. G. Herhold—a lobster-like crustacean from Mouille Point.

From the Rev. Mr. Leibbrandt—a thigh-bone, from Victoria West, supposed to be that of a rhinoceros.

From Mr. Fairbridge—a pair of black cobras.

From Mr. S. Probart, Graaff-Reinet—a rare bird there, "*Recurvirostra avocetta*."

Mr. J. L. Truter, of De Beer's New Rush, sent in from Mr. J. Brink, some well-preserved architectural mouldings found at the depth of two feet beneath the surface in the Transvaal.

Mr. P. D. Martin, of Simon's Town—a box of stone implements.

From Mr. A. B. Du Toit, Klein Drakenstein—a perfectly white mole.

HENRY W. PIERS, Acting Curator.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Griquas and their Exodus.

VARIOUS circumstances have of late years called attention to the Griquas and their country. About ten years ago the Griquas under their Chief Adam Kok sold their farms and "trekked" eastward over the Drakensbergen to Nomansland, the country lying between the upper branches of the Umzimkooloo and Umzimvooboo Rivers, and now called Griqualand East. Later still attention was directed to Griqualand West by a proclamation of the Chief Waterboer, offering to colonists on easy terms, farms in that portions of his country lying between the Orange, the Vaal, and the Riet Rivers, then for the first time called Albania. These made but a small noise in the public ear, and would soon have been forgotten, except by the few specially interested in them, when with fairy-like rapidity that dry and sandy, hot and dreary country became wonderfully attractive to farmers and merchants, clerks and professional men, artisans and labourers; its sparse population was increased to thousands; its products affected not only the markets of the Colony, but of England, the Continent, America, India, and Brazil; and its ownership became suddenly of such importance as to give rise to bitter wrangling between neighbouring Governments, and to disputes which are not yet settled. Whence this change? Diamonds were found there in quantities far exceeding the yield of any other diamond-field in the world; exaggerated ideas of their value and of the wealth of the fortunate finders took the public mind by storm, and thousands saw fortune and wealth gilding their future, which while some few realized, to the many was a hope-brightened promise which was never fulfilled.

Dr. Atherstone and other writers have amused and instructed the readers of this serial with lively descriptions of life and work at the Diamond-fields, and in the August number there appeared a learned paper by Mr. G. Stow on the geological features of Griqualand West. As far as a journey through a large part of that country, thirteen years ago, enabled me to judge, his descriptions of the physical features of the country are correct, and will prove useful. His remarks about the low state of civilization in which most of the Griquas and Korannas are living are too true, though he may often have mistaken Korannas for Griquas. But how is it that so often

the men who lay claim to careful investigation in pursuit of their favourite sciences generally jump to hasty conclusions in matters concerned with religion, and with greater dogmatism than any they ever condemn lay down their dicta as to the causes of certain facts? Does it not often lead us smaller folk to console ourselves with the words of Elihu, "Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Harken to me; I also will show mine opinion?" The spiritual nature and power, motives and truths of Christianity must be deeply felt and gloried in by all the best judges of those who are wholly influenced by them in their attempts to further the best interests of others.

In his paper, Mr. Stow asserts:—"A more humiliating picture of a waste of energy and total failure of missionary enterprise could not be found than that shown in the present state of the Griqua people. The folly of teaching a barbarian race confused ideas of equality and Christianity, without impressing upon its members *the necessity* of cultivating habits of industry and the arts of civilization, was never more strongly marked than in the present condition of these Griquas. Missionaries of acknowledged ability have been established here from the early years of the present century. Missionary funds have been expended upon them for half a century; and with what result, now that they have been reported so thoroughly christianized that the missionaries have been withdrawn and the supply of funds has ceased?"

With some measure of truth there is here mixed a greater share of unwarranted assumption. A question suggested by each of the above clauses may lead us to see the injustice of these assumptions. From what time in the history of these Griquas are we to date this waste of energy and total failure of missionary enterprise? What possible proof has Mr. Stow for his prejudicial statement that the missionaries while teaching Christianity did not impress upon the Griquas *the necessity* of cultivating habits of industry and the arts of civilization? Who have reported the Griquas so thoroughly christianized that the missionaries have been withdrawn? To what probable causes may the present lamentable condition of those Griquas in the West be attributed?

From what time in the history of these Griquas are we to date this waste of energy and total failure of missionary enterprise? One would conclude from the above statement that the Griquas had been found by the missionaries in a partially civilized state, and under their energy and enterprise had fallen into their present lamentable condition. Instead of this, seventy years ago the missionaries found this people very much like the ancient tribes of Britain, a wandering, naked, painted, thievish, sensual, murderous horde, bringing ruin and desolation and death to tribes weaker than themselves, living upon plunder, game, and the produce of their herds of cattle.

"In 1800, when Mr. Anderson went among the Griquas, they were a horde of wandering and naked savages, subsisting by

plunder and the chase. Their bodies were daubed with red paint, their heads loaded with grease and shining powder, with no covering but the filthy kaross over their shoulders, without any traces of civilization ; they were wholly abandoned to witchcraft, drunkenness, licentiousness, and all the consequences which arise from the unchecked growth of these vices. With the exception of a rag possessed by one woman they had not a thread of European clothing among them ; they lived in the habit of plundering each other, and violent deaths were common."

That they ever settled down and left off their murderous raids was due wholly and solely to the missionary energy and enterprise called a failure.

What possible proof has Mr. Stow for his prejudicial statement that the missionaries, while teaching Christianity, did not impress upon the Griquas *the necessity* (italicised by himself) of cultivating habits of industry and arts of civilization ? No statement could have been more untruthful, no assertion more unwarranted,—their constant endeavour was to arouse in this people habits of industry and to lead them on in civilization ; the Christianity they taught was that of the Apostle Paul, "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." When this marauding tribe refused to settle down, for five years the missionaries travelled about with them, exposed to the greatest discomfort and privations ; "they had indeed to exercise fortitude, forbearance, and patience, being at times in great personal danger, and having to remove with their people when they shifted for the sake of pasture. Agriculture was entirely unknown among them." They several times planned the murder of their missionaries.

At length these missionaries, Messrs. Anderson and Kramer, succeeded in gaining over the two chiefs and a few of the principal men, and induced them to settle at Klaarwater (afterwards called Griqua Town) and its neighbourhood, where in 1813 there were about 1,700 Griquas and 1,700 Korannas. Surely these missionaries deserve great credit for their patience, self-denial, and success. In 1813, the Griquas possessed twenty-four second-hand wagons purchased from the Boers ; several could work at smith's work and wagon-making, several were masons, building houses for themselves and others, and were, therefore, not, as Mr. Stow states, dependent upon the missionaries to build their houses for them ; they had also adopted a short code of very just laws. The different devoted missionaries who have succeeded each other in that field have invariably by exhortation and by example inculcated the necessity and the principles of industry and the art of civilization. Already in 1813, though hundreds of miles from the nearest colonial town, many were dressed in European clothing. In 1819, they had so far advanced in civilization from naked savages that at the first Beaufort fair the business done by that people amounted to 27,000 rix-dollars, and on most of the goods sold to them the colonists had a profit of from 200

to 500 per cent. In 1820, they attended the second Beaufort fair, which terminated as successfully as the first; for they had with them twenty-seven wagons loaded with elephants' tusks, salt, skins of all sorts, wheat, honey, and various curiosities, and driving before them upwards of 700 oxen. In 1825, they were still progressing so much in wealth that they were eagerly visited by traders with clothing, gun-powder, fire-arms, and brandy. The capabilities of their country as to the population it can support are almost entirely dependent upon the means of irrigation. The Griquas cultivated as much ground as they could irrigate, but the springs were not sufficient to provide the means of subsistence for an increasing population and the people were obliged to spread themselves abroad and settle where they could find water. A traveller in 1825 writes:—"The country possessed by this people is not so favourable to agriculture as many districts in the Colony, and in its present state it is not in a condition to support its increasing population by the cultivation of the earth alone. I did not see in my late journey a single fountain in the whole of this country unoccupied." About this time one part of the tribe moved southward towards Philippolis. Through the influence of the missionaries, in thirty years the condition of this people as to intelligence and education was but little behind that of the peasantry of England, with their hundreds of years of civilizing influences around them. Just before their separation, the Griquas under the three chiefs—Waterboer, Berends, and the Koks—amounted to about 2,000 souls, and the Korannas under their influence to as many more. They were possessed of fire-arms and did great service in checking and utterly routing the Mantatees, who had destroyed one after another of the smaller Bechuana tribes. The very houses and gardens and ruins of Upper Campbell and of Lower Campbell and of Griqua Town point to past industry, even though now they are too miserably poor and too disunited to repair the ruins. Where the efforts to obtain sufficient water for irrigation were successful with their limited means, there they prospered and obtained a position superior to the natives around them. It is cruelly false to attribute the present deplorable state of many of the Griquas in Griqualand West to the want of wisdom and earnestness in urging on the Griquas *the necessity of industry*, while these very missionaries have experienced their greatest grief from the pride, carelessness, improvidence, and indolence of those who, like many others, *hear but do not*.

But who have reported the Griquas so thoroughly christianized that in consequence the missionaries have been withdrawn? For, says Mr. Stow, "Missionary funds have been expended upon them for half a century; and with what result, now that they have been reported so thoroughly christianized that the missionaries have been withdrawn and the supply of funds has ceased?" Now, *who* reported this? Certainly not one of the missionaries nor any of those connected with them, and I will challenge the author to prove it. This, however, was done: the Society represented to the people that after so many

years' instruction they ought to bear the greater part of the expenses of their missionary, and this they have neglected to do. That they are now without a missionary to succeed the late Rev. J. Hughes is owing to the difficulty the Missionary Committee have in sparing a man for Griqua Town, while the more populous tribes of Bechuanas further north need more teachers than can be supplied. Let Mr. Stow be just and impartial, and he must admit that the Batlapin, whom he praises so highly for their industry in contrast with the Griquas, have all along been instructed and encouraged through *the very same* Christianity and *by the very same missionaries* who have instructed and encouraged the Griquas. The cause of the failure of that part of the mission in Griqualand must therefore be attributed to something else than the subject-matter of the Christianity taught by the missionaries to the Griquas, or the manner of that teaching, or what Mr. Stow is pleased to call "the folly of teaching confused ideas of equality and Christianity, without impressing upon them the necessity of cultivating habits of industry and the arts of civilization."

To what causes may the present condition of the Griquas in Griqualand West be attributed? Several may be suggested. One who always took a broad and philosophical view of missions said:—"The Griquas are obliged to spread themselves abroad and locate themselves where they can find water. This is one of the greatest disadvantages the missionaries have to encounter in the attempt to evangelize and civilize the wandering tribes of South Africa. The eye and the presence of the Christian pastor is necessary to reclaim the wandering savage, to fix the forming habits, whilst the principles of religion are yet in an incipient state, and to conduct the process of instruction among the rising generation; and these duties can be but imperfectly performed in circumstances where the sphere of one man's labour must be extended over a large tract of country."

Though not pure Hottentots, Korannas, nor Bushmen, the Griquas seem to be subject to the same melting away of the race which is so often observed among the aborigines of a country. As you inquire for family after family, all you can hear is of the death of most and the dispersion of the rest. Most of the Korannas finding their former patrons too poor to help them, consider themselves independent of them. The Griquas were first called Bastards: they inherited more of the physiological features of their Hottentot mother in colour, form, and hair than of their Boer ancestors whose names they bear. Their country was also called Bastardland. In 1813 they adopted the name of Griqua, and the name Bastard afterwards distinguished those whose physiological features for several generations partook more of the white Boer than of the coloured mother, and they inherited a lighter colour, cheek-bones more depressed, a more respectable nose, and long or curly hair, and were, therefore, not considered of the aristocracy, even though in some cases wealthier.

Another cause is that they never were an agricultural people, like the Bechuanas, but a pastoral people like the Arabs. They were the

chief hunters among all those tribes, and sold to the traders ivory, karosses, and ostrich feathers. They had large herds of cattle, and lived chiefly on milk and meat. We know how difficult it is to get a gipsy tribe to settle down; how soon they get tired of the works connected with civilized life, and how easily they neglect them. This oftentimes inherent unsettled disposition suggests another cause, while the game they hunted are no longer to be found in their neighbourhood.

One of the principal causes, if not the chief one, is that fact observed by former travellers and confirmed by later ones, viz., the gradual and general desiccation of the land. Mr. Stow refers to it as characteristic of the whole country, and any traveller can see or hear that where there were formerly strong springs of water, and water-courses were cut to convey it to the lands, very little water is now found. For instance, at Griqua Town there was so strong a stream of water that miles of cultivated land were waving with corn, whereas now for years the lands have been utterly useless, the gardens have been destroyed, the beautiful willow-trees have fallen into decay, and the few families there barely get sufficient water for household purposes out of a hole some eight or ten feet below the surface, the only water which remains to tell of their mighty spring Klaarwater. Now, while throughout the whole country, more or less, this has occurred, can we wonder that the people are discouraged? In Mr. Stow's paper we meet constantly with such descriptions of the country north of the Vaal where the Griquas chiefly resided:—"The whole of the soil in this part of the country is exceedingly shallow and covered with scant herbage,"—"here a slight accumulation of soil of about an inch or two deep,"—"the vegetation growing scant and scrubby, the grass growing in separate tufts,"—"near the Langeberg a number of spots fitted for homesteads, could springs be found to supply the necessary wants of farm life,—but not a spring is to be found along the whole face of the range,"—"water is at present very scarce,"—"the ever-recurring difficulty, scarcity of water,"—"we travelled two days through this portion of the country, without water either for our oxen or our horses," and such like statements; pointing to the land generally as a land of drought, gravel, sand, and scanty herbage. Mr. S. is indignant because no artesian wells are to be met with in the country,—but there are other places beside Griqualand West, within a few miles of our chief towns, where he will probably find "boring instruments rusting away, unappreciated and unused," certainly where boring for artesian wells has not answered, and has long since been discontinued. The idea of large dams for irrigation has only of late years been adopted, and that but partially,—while to make them efficient for the irrigation of land in that dry country involves a greater outlay than the poverty-stricken Griquas can command, and in many parts the soil would be quite unsuitable. Several attempts, at an expense of hundreds of pounds, have been made to

raise the water of the Vaal River for irrigation, and to increase the supply of water at different places, but they have all failed ; and these losses and failures have damped the energy of the present rulers.

Another cause of retrogression was the loss of thousands of cattle by lung-sickness, which deprived them of their wealth and many of their means of support, and these thought nothing of attaching themselves like leeches to their wealthier friends, drawing from them food and support. This sort of hospitality, kind though it may seem, proves itself most injurious, and, as we know, only fosters indolence.

Another cause is the fact that the country belonged to the Chief and his Government ; no one had any individual right to claim any portion of land, no farms were marked and given out,—and, therefore, after a man had improved his land he had no guarantee that he would not be turned out for some other, and his improvements be given to benefit some favourite of the Chief : we all know how the fear of such treatment will check all energy in improvements.

Add to these the want of forethought and of providing for the future, so characteristic of the Hottentot races ; and, above all, the brandy and intoxicating drinks which their more christian and civilized white neighbours encourage them to take, and then sell to them at great profit,—and which these weak-minded, self-indulgent people cannot resist, but which makes them more indolent, more insolent, more licentious, and more debased,—then we have some causes for the deplorable state of many of the Griquas, which, to a just and impartial man, will seem far more truthful and probable than the Christianity taught, or the mode of teaching Christianity adopted by those “missionaries of acknowledged ability and zeal” who have so long laboured among them, and who now grieve over their fall. Those who most freely condemn missionaries have seldom or ever given a pound to increase the scanty supply of funds, nor a word of encouragement to the solitary and self-sacrificing labourer, nor a heartfelt prayer for his success to that Master whose standing orders are : “Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost ; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you ; and lo ! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.”

In 1820, the Griquas were governed by the Chiefs or Captains Cornelius Kok, sen., Adam Kok, sen., and Berend Berends, assisted by their chief men as councillors. Early in 1822, Mr. Melvill proceeded to Griqua Town as Agent of the Colonial Government. He then succeeded in partially undermining the influence of Adam Kok, and in having Andries Waterboer chosen as Chief at Griqua Town. In consequence, many of the Griquas left. A year or two afterwards we find the respective positions of these Chiefs thus : Berend at Daniel’s Kuil, whence he afterwards removed still further north, to Bootschap, Waterboer at Griqua Town, Cornelius Kok at Campbell, and Adam Kok, sen., between the Vaal and Riet Rivers. Many of the Griquas were at that time suspicious of the evil intentions of the

Colonial Government,—for, though so far beyond the Colony, a demand had been made by the Colonial Government in 1814 that the Griquas should furnish a contingent of men for the Cape Corps, which being refused greatly incensed Lord Charles Somerset against them. In 1820, instructions were given to seize those Griquas who were expected to visit the large fair at Beaufort. This plan was, however, thwarted, and it is not therefore surprising that after that they looked upon any of the Agents of the Colonial Government amongst them with suspicion. There were not wanting evil men to assert that the missionaries themselves were plotting with the Colonial Government to bring them into slavery. Some thirty or forty Griquas had at an earlier period joined a renegade Boer, an outlaw, Coenraad Buys, who were not at all particular as to the rights of *meum* and *tuum* with the petty tribes around. When Mr. Melvill was appointed Government Agent, a small party disclaimed the authority of the Agent, and removed from the district governed by the Griqua Chiefs. This small party was soon joined by some Korannas and others of a more dangerous character, and taking up their quarters in the mountains nearer the Colony were called Bergenaars. Their camp was visited by numbers of colonists, with their wagons loaded with British and Colonial produce, with brandy, guns, and gunpowder, which were exchanged for plunder, cattle, and slaves, seized in their murderous raids on Basutos and Bechuanas,—hundreds of whom they murdered, while they reduced thousands to want and misery. In 1823, the late Sir A. Stockenstrom, then landdrost of Graaff-Reinet, extended the boundary of the Colony to the Orange River, while he, with the Rev. Dr. A. Faure, removed the Bushmen near the present site of Colesberg to a valley about fifteen miles beyond the Orange River, and called the village Philippolis. In 1825, these Bergenaars were shown the wickedness and danger of their murderous deeds, and after several days' discussion of the matter they agreed to settle down peaceably. In May, 1826, the Rev. P. Wright and Mr. Clark met Adam Kok with a number of Griquas and Bergenaars down the Riet River, and tried to persuade them to go to Griqua Town under Waterboer. This they refused to do, but were willing to settle down at Philippolis. At the end of that same month, twenty-four Bushmen and three Colonial Natives were murdered on a farm near Philippolis by some Kafirs or Basutos. The few Bastards at Philippolis succeeded in recovering the stolen cattle, but were afraid to remain, because the Kafirs had threatened to bring a commando to destroy them. A messenger was sent off immediately to Adam Kok, urging him to come, and on the 20th June, 1826, Adam Kok and the Griquas came to Philippolis. A few months after, most of the Bergenaars, quarrelling with Adam Kok, left, and returned to their former haunts nearer the Vaal River. The Chief Adam Kok and those who remained with him soon found their numbers increased by additions from Namaqualand and from the borders of the Colony, and in a very short time the Griquas and the

Bastards occupied all the fountains in the Philippolis country, while from time to time other families of mixed or of slave extraction became Griqua subjects. In 1827, the Bergenaars, enraged at the execution of some of their number for the murder of some Korannas, subjects of Waterboer, attacked Griqua Town and took away a great deal of plunder, but on their second attack they were repulsed and no more troubled that station, which, under the efficient administration of the Rev. P. Wright, was very prosperous. The Bergenaars then threatened to attack Kuruman, and old Matibi, the Batlapi Chief, with all his people, left Kuruman, and settled in a part of Waterboer's district, in the Griqua mission.

Up to 1828, two years after the settlement of the Griquas in Philippolis, no Boer lived north of the Orange River, but in that year Oker Schalkwyk left his wife and family in the Colony and got permission from the Griquas to live among them; and during the same year the Rev. Mr. Kolbe and Mr. Clark commenced a mission station for the Bushmen at what is now Bethulie. The Government of Sir Lowry Cole is said to have acknowledged A. Kok and the Griquas as possessors of the Philippolis country; and while with the Chief Waterboer of Griqua Town in 1834, the first treaty was made between the Colonial Governor and a Native Chief. A year or two afterwards a similar treaty was made with the Chief Adam Kok, through the influence of Sir A. Stockenström.

The death of old Adam Kok awakened dissension in the tribe, and civil war. At last, Adam, the present Chief, overpowered his brother Abraham, and on the death of the latter, married his widow, and in a certain manner healed the breach in the tribe. The present Chief has no family, but the children of his deceased brother are looked upon as his own.

Gradually more Boers asked permission to move about the country with their flocks, and began to look upon the land as their home, and after the disastrous defeat of the Boers at Natal, many returned and settled down on the north and north-east of the country. As most of these were dissatisfied with the British Government, a *casus belli* was soon raised against the Griquas at Philippolis, and they, on the strength of their treaty, appealed to the British Government. Troops were sent, and evil-minded critics declared that while the enemies, Griquas and Boers, took up their position on opposite ridges and fired at each other, the springboks grazed on the plain between, quite heedless of their danger: but then some critics are malicious. At this time, 1842, the Government were fully aroused to the necessity of checking the further progress of the rebellious Boers at Port Natal, and then near Philippolis, and the subject became one of great interest to the Colony—calling forth several leading articles in the *S. A. Commercial Advertiser*. The Boers were checked and compelled to withdraw, and for a time Philippolis and the Griquas were left undisturbed. But again, early in 1845, the colonists learnt that a series of skirmishes had taken place between the Griquas of Philip-

polis and the lawless Boers near their territory, and a body of Her Majesty's troops were marched to the protection of the Griqua allies, who had been always looked upon, in railway parlance, as a buffer to receive the first shock of any attack from the north. It was well said then that "by decisive action the unhappy ambiguities in the relations between Native communities and British subjects may be cleared up and fixed in a clear light before the eyes of all men, to the unspeakable advantage of all parties immediately affected by them. All that is required in the case is the perpetual presence of the controlling authority of Great Britain. This would leave every tribe and every individual, Native and British, Boer or Bushman, to pursue his lawful avocations in peace and security. It would be the salvation of both the ascending savage and the descending Christian; and the Colony, as well as the people beyond it, will always revere the Governor, by whose justice and vigour this noble achievement shall be accomplished."

Through the slow action taken by the military authorities but a small number of troops encamped on the banks of the Orange River, and the Chief of Philippolis was advised to abandon his town and country and take refuge with all his people on the British side of the Orange River. But the Chief said "he had not wagons to bring away the women, children, and infirm people: the strong men would stand or fall where they were." At length the force under Lieut.-Colonel Richardson was so far increased that he advanced against the rebel Boers and soon vanquished them.

For specimens of vigorous and trenchant writing, let any one read the leading articles in the *S. A. Commercial Advertiser* for 1845 on Griqua affairs. The Governor, Sir P. Maitland, with the Attorney-General, Mr. Porter, proceeded to Philippolis, where they blamed the Chief A. Kok in respect to the late hostilities with the Boers on the ground that he had imprudently let or hired out portions of his territory to the Boers, who had thus secured a sort of legal footing in the country, where they were rapidly becoming too strong for him. This danger was long ago foreseen, and it would have been better for all parties had the Griquas refused to let their land, to these men, and had they been at the same time able to prevent them from entering their country or settling down in it if they refused to give allegiance to the Native Government. But they were not able to do this, because they believed that the Colonial Government would not approve of their resisting them by force. With reference to these Boers, three courses seemed open;—they might remain within the territory of the Native Chiefs on condition of perfect and peaceable submission to local sovereignty; or they might return to the Colony; or they might proceed to the British settlement of Natal. Any other course must end in the increase of Boers within or between their respective territories, to an extent that must, at no distant period, overwhelm the Natives.

It was foreseen "if the new treaties admitted of double jurisdiction

if the Boers are to remain intermingled with the Natives, but under separate magistrates and distinct laws, or if parties of Boers are to remain as distinct colonies in separate portions of territory or between the boundaries of Native Chiefs, then the peace now enforced is a mere delusion—a hollow truce, which not accident, nor the mere ebullitions of passion, nor the chance misconduct of individuals, but the unchangeable order of nature will utterly overthrow and abolish.”

Such treaties were made, and the wisdom of the above writer was proved in the complications of after times,—the battle of Boomplaats in 1848, the later proclamation of the Sovereignty in 1849, the cession of that Sovereignty to the Orange River Free State in 1854, the exodus of the Griquas from the Philippolis country in 1862, and lastly, the dispute as to the ownership of Griqualand West and the Diamond-fields twenty-five years afterwards.

By the Maitland Treaties, Adam Kok's country was divided into Alienable and Inalienable Territory. All Boers living in the Inalienable were, as their leases expired, to quit the country; those who had purchased their farms were to be considered as having a lease for forty years, and then to quit.

In the Alienable Territory the Boers held their leases under Adam Kok, who received one half of the quitrents, the other half being kept by Government to defray the expenses of British Residents, &c. The Boers again rebelled. In 1848, Sir Harry Smith, with his usual dispatch, proceeded with troops to the north of the Orange River, and falling upon the rebel Boers at Boomplaats, defeated and utterly dispersed them in a short action. Another arrangement was now entered into, by which Adam Kok gave up all claim to the Alienable Territory; and since, as far as I know, the subsequent change of Government by the withdrawal of British sovereignty and the establishment of the Orange Free State, did not overthrow this arrangement, I shall quote the text of it:—

Bloemfontein, 24th January, 1848.

In order amicably to settle on a permanent basis the relationship between Captain Adam Kok and the emigrant British subjects, His Excellency the High Commissioner proposes to Captain Adam Kok, that, in lieu of the half of the quitrents he now receives in virtue of the treaty of the 5th February, 1846, he shall receive two hundred a year, in half-yearly payments of one hundred pounds, and that his people, for the lands they have let, shall receive one hundred pounds per annum, in two payments of fifty pounds each.

That as the leases under which British subjects now hold land in the Inalienable Territory expire, all such subjects shall be bound and obliged to quit that territory on receiving payment from the Griquas of the value of the buildings and improvements made by them on such lands, according to a valuation which shall at once be made by a Commission, consisting of the British Resident, Capt. Warden, Captain Adam Kok's Secretary, Hendrik Hendricks, and one of the emigrant farmers, the vote of a majority of whom being decisive on any point on which all do not agree.

In the event of the Griquas being unable to pay the amount of the valuation aforesaid at the time of the expiry of the lease, the lessee shall be entitled to retain possession of the property at an annual rental to be fixed by the Commission aforesaid, or such other as may be agreed on, until the payment be made, or until the annual rental (which the lessee shall in that case be entitled to retain) shall amount to the valuation aforesaid.

The High Commissioner also proposes to Captain Adam Kok that the above sum of £300 a year shall be payable in perpetuity for the farms leased now only for forty years in the Alienable Territory; and which leases shall be in perpetuity for the consideration aforesaid, viz., £300 a year.

The above having been translated into the Dutch language, Captain Adam Kok declared to accede to the terms and conditions proposed.

Agreed on and given under our hands this 25th January, 1848.

(Signed) H. G. SMITH.
ADAM KOK.

Witnesses :

HENDRIK HENDRICKS,
SIBRE TASINS,
H. D. WARDEN,
R. SOUTHEY.

Captain A. Kok begs to add the arrangement as to the purchase of houses and leases in the Inalienable Territory is entirely his own.

(Signed) ADAM KOK.

In February, 1854, the Sovereignty was abandoned, and the Orange Free State was established; proposals were made by Sir George Clerk to the Griquas to permit the sale of farms in the Inalienable Territory on consideration of some small sum as compensation, but this the Griquas declined.

The illegal and at first unacknowledged sale of farms by these Griqua owners was secretly increased, for the farms in the Philippolis country were granted or sold to the people, and not kept, as in Griqualand West, the property of the Chief and State. As the power of the Free State was strengthened, and the number of farms purchased by Boers increased, all reserve was thrown off, the article of the Convention was acted upon which constituted as subjects of the Orange Free State all the white and European inhabitants who had resided six months north of the Orange River, the rights of the Griqua Government in the Inalienable Territory were quietly and speedily ignored, and on the 31st January, 1857, a Government proclamation was issued by the Free State Government, dividing the whole of that territory, including Philippolis itself, into field-cornetries of that Government, and every white person living within that Inalienable Territory was considered and treated as a subject of the Free State, was amenable to their laws, and was considered bound to engage in and provide for their wars. Another step in advance was taken when some Griqua subjects were seized on Griqua farms by Free State subjects, and by them confined in Free State prisons, instead of being

reported and handed over to the Griqua Government. A Free State subject induced a Griqua to sell his farm and to complete the sale before the Free State authorities at Fauresmith, instead of Philippolis. These farms thus sold, or even hired, were considered then the property of the Free State, and all control over that part of the territory, or over the persons residing on those farms, was usurped by the Free State Government.

When Sir George Grey visited Philippolis on the 16th August, 1858, the Griqua Government appealed to him to remove or to modify this anomalous state of affairs. Farms belonging to subjects of different Governments, bordering on each other throughout the whole territory, became the sources of constant disputes as to the boundaries of these farms, and each desired to appeal to its own Government. Two distinct Governments, each forming its own territorial divisions of the same tract of land, and each claiming as its subjects the persons living within that territory, gave rise to complications that would soon cause serious misunderstandings and endanger the safety of the weaker party.

Affairs could not long remain peaceably in this state. War was out of the question, and the British Government wanted no such complication with its ally, and if the Griquas could remain in quiet, their children could not purchase farms for themselves at the rate offered by the Boers or Englishmen.

The best solution of the problem seemed to be that those Griquas who still held farms should sell them, and all should move to some other part. A few suggested Namaqualand, a few more the Campbell Grounds, others suggested the eastern side of the Drakensberg, Nomansland. Sir George Grey warmly supported this proposal. Arrangements were made to visit that part, and if the report were favourable, the majority of the people would "trek" thither; and these were therefore the causes of the exodus of the Griquas from Philippolis to Nomansland.

Early in 1859 the exploring expedition, encouraged by Sir George Grey, left Philippolis with wagons and oxen, horses and guns; more than a hundred able-bodied men, with their wagon-drivers and leaders, started with their Chief Adam Kok. They crossed the Orange River and passed on in a south-east direction near the present site of Dordrecht till they reached Theodore's Rand, and then travelling in a north-easterly direction, passed the heads of the Tsomo and Gatberg, onward over the eastern spurs of the Drakensbergen and their intermediate plains and numerous streams, until they reached the country between the Umzimvooboo and Umzimcooloo Rivers. They found but very few inhabitants, and slaughtered quantities of game, and some of its destroyers, the lions. Here the majority remained while a portion visited Faku, the Chief of the Amapondas, and the towns of Natal, with the sugar and coffee plantations. Pleased with the capabilities of this Nomansland, and promising themselves unlimited supplies of coffee, sugar, and rice, which they were to raise

for themselves in this land of promise, they determined to return by a direct route across the lofty Drakensbergen; they crossed the Kniga and availed themselves of a footpath, which they widened for the wagons, and after a great deal of labour they reached the summit at a nek called by them Ongeluks Nek, because a man was shot accidentally while pulling a gun out of a wagon. The footpath descended on the western side along a ridge too narrow for a wagon, and they had therefore on the summit of the range to turn southwards for some miles, passing above a magnificent waterfall, and with a sweep towards the west began the descent. So steep was this in many parts, that beside locking three wheels, an oxhide was attached, on which several sat, that by their weight they might check the speed of the descent. The sliding down the highest part of the range took but a very short time in comparison with the making of a track across the spurs of the range to the deep kloofs near the Orange River until they passed Moiroos's kraal and the Tele River, and then passed by Hanglip and Smithfield on to Philippolis.

In January, 1860, the Chief Adam Kok called together his subjects, to set before them the report of the expedition, and to consult upon the expediency of trekking to Nomansland. I need hardly say there was a "power of talk" on the subject, but by far the majority agreed to move thither. This was much easier for some to do than for others. Some who had sold their farms for a mere trifle, and others who found themselves unequal to their paler brethren in making a bargain, had but little to do. The mats were rolled off the bows and stowed in the wagon, the bows were piled up and fastened alongside, the *katel* had its legs taken off and was again swung in the wagon, the wagon-chest, the box, the calabash, the bag of meal, the campstools; and sundry other smaller matters were packed inside; the solitary chair was hung outside; the few goats, sheep, and cows were driven on by the children; the oxen were spanned in and called to "trek," and their "trek" was off. But it was not so easy for many of them, and they needed months to carry it out. At that time nearly half a million of acres of land were in the possession of the Griquas and their Government; this had to be disposed of; purchasers had to be found for their farms in the country and their cottages in town; extra wagons and oxen were to be bought; supplies of clothing and groceries were to be laid up; and many other matters had to be attended to, which demanded time.

About the time this movement was necessitated, the people were in a prosperous state; they had their titles to their farms, on which they had built substantial cottages and out-buildings; orchards, stocked with good fruit trees, garden grounds and lands for cultivation, were in many cases enclosed with stone walls; good stone kraals and one or two dams were to be found on most farms; troops of from twenty to one hundred horses, about the same number of cattle, and hundreds of well-bred woolled sheep, were running on these farms, and many a man brought his ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five bales

of wool at once for sale; while the shopkeepers found them as good customers for clothing, groceries, guns, saddlery, carts, and furniture as any of the Boers. Of course there were many poor people, whose poverty was brought on by their own laziness, pride, and drunkenness.

They voluntarily contributed from £500 to £600 per annum for the support of religion and education amongst themselves, paying their own minister and head schoolmaster in Philippolis, and schoolmasters in the country. As a tree cannot be transplanted without being thrown back in growth, no people could enter upon such an exodus without being thrown back by unexpected sufferings and losses.

A few of the people prepared to move to Namaqualand and Griqualand West, the rest to Nomansland. The Chief had obtained permission from Moshesh, Bushuli, Moiroos, as well as from the British Government, to pass unmolested through portions of their territory. Great hopes were entertained that if the direct road was once made, it would be the shortest route from Natal and Griqualand East to the Colony and the Free State. The Chief and some of his councillors visited the Governor in Cape Town, and found how easily money could be spent there. They were very anxious to have a few pieces of cannon which the Governor warned them might do them more harm than their enemies; they purchased a few at exorbitant prices.

Fortunately for them, their farms being good commanded large prices, and the greater part of the first instalment was taken in wagons and oxen, mules and sheep; only two or three held a mortgage bond as security, the purchasers being indignant at the want of trustworthiness implied in it, and declining the purchase if the bond were insisted upon. Still very few of those who sold without a bond received the price agreed upon. Of course, when there was plenty of money it seemed inexhaustible to those who had handled but small sums, and there were not wanting pressing invitations to buy things which it was said they would be sure to need in the desert land they were going to; heavy stocks were laid in of necessary articles, which were not husbanded at first because of their quantity.

As the winter of 1860 passed away, some began to pack up and move from the farms they had sold to the neighbourhood of Hanglip, a mountain near the Orange River, and then just within the Basuto border.

On the road passing Smithfield might be met a single bullock wagon with its span of oxen, while before and behind small numbers of different kinds of stock were driven on; further on you would meet one household encamped, with tents, a large tent wagon, a good horse wagon, a buck wagon, a tent cart, and large quantities of stock, quite a patriarch moving with his children, at a greater distance you would meet two or three families moving onward together with their wagons and stock; vehicles of every description, shape, and age were pressed into the service, some forming a ludicrous contrast to the new brightly-painted wagons.

After the winter of 1861, the remainder of the people left

Philippolis for Hanglip. The Griqua Government purchased wagons and oxen for the conveyance of the poorest people; and as summer closed in 1862, it left the Griquas settled down within a radius of ten to fifteen miles from Hanglip, near which their temporary church had been erected for a twelvemonth. Bushuli and his Basutos had often visited and begged from them, but never molested them. But the year 1862 is remembered as one of intense drought, when draught oxen realized £12 to £14 each, and all supplies beyond the Orange River were at famine prices. This drought proved very disastrous to the Griquas; hundreds of cattle and horses, and thousands of sheep and goats, died in every direction; the air seemed tainted, and the vultures, numerous as they were, could not devour the carrion. The losses were especially great where a good many were encamped together, and not a blade of grass could be seen for miles round their camp. Many a man lost five hundred sheep, and was left with two or three score; many of them lost 900 out of 1,000, others 1,000, 1,200, and 1,500 sheep out of their flocks; the poor as well as the rich lost most or all of their milch cows, on which they depended so largely, and numbers of horses died. Added to this, Bushuli and his Basutos now seized all the cows and horses they could steal. About September and October, they left Hanglip, crossed the Orange River, then the Tele and the kraal of Moiroos, onward over roads which had to be repaired after every shower on account of the steep ascents, to the Witsemberg, near the foot of the lofty range of the Drakensbergen. There gradually most of them mustered, and working parties were told off to make the road up the steep face of the great range and along the summit to Ongeluk's Nek, where the descent was to commence. The hope expressed that this road would prove a highway into the Colony had soon to be abandoned, the difficulty of making it passable for wagons was very great, and the very uneven nature of the ground approaching the Drakensbergen, with the long and steep ascent and descent of the mountain range, rendered it impossible to maintain it in repair without very great expense. The wrecks of wagons were to be seen in different parts of the route, and some wagons were at first left for the want of oxen to draw them. On the summit of this lofty range, so circuitous a route was taken to avoid some deep valleys that it took them two days with the bullock-wagon to reach Ongeluk's Nek, whence they looked down on the silver thread of the Kniga; further on, Mount Currie, where the chief village is situated; beyond, the most distant Zuurberg range, while the prospect in that direction was bounded by the territory and mountains of Natal; to the north-east they looked along the tops of the range on which they were standing; to the north and north-west the mountains of Bassuto land looking, like angry billows petrified; to the west the Koesbergen and mountains beyond Smithfield; to the south-west the Kraaibergen near Aliwal, and beyond, the Praambergen and others; while south and east were the lofty spurs and deep valleys

and wild-looking country falling away from this mighty range of mountains. The panorama is there very grand, and worth the trouble of ascending the hill to the south of Ongeluku Nek. The steep descent was not made without some mishaps, but the beginning of February, 1863, saw them resting on the banks of the Kniga, whence they soon passed on to Berg Vijftig, which, under the name of Mount Currie, became the head-quarters of the tribe. Very much impoverished as they were, the remnant of their stock had to become accustomed to a new country, an ordeal under which thousands more of their sheep failed, so that many who were the wealthiest at Philippolis are among the poorest now; while in other cases care and time have so far improved the remnants of their flocks, that they are slowly but we believe steadily rising to a state which, though it never will be as prosperous as when they left Philippolis, will be a great advance upon their late condition. Their wool and other produce they now take to Natal; they have fixed on a more suitable site for their town; they have an energetic European minister and a faithful Native minister; they are gradually erecting homesteads and school-rooms; and if they have peace and are speedily brought under British rule, as they best desire, we may still rejoice in the prosperity of the Griquas and the successful issue of their exodus from Philippolis to Griqualand East.

Beauty.

When on far distant wood and hill
 A thousand different hues are bright;
 When all the wilder sounds are still,
 And earth lies bathed in perfect light;
 When all the dewy air is sweet
 With scent of many summer flowers;
 When nothing that the eye can greet
 Shall speak of aught but happy hours:
 O! then to die
 Into the beauty of the earth and sky!

When calm and soft on hill and lea,
 Untouched, unstained, the snow lies white;
 When all the tints that eye can see
 Shall speak of death to every sight;
 When on the wings of each soft wind
 A cold caress shall surely come,
 Which to sad heart and sadder mind
 Shall whisper of the last long home:
 O! then to die
 Into the beauty of the earth and sky!

Polity, not Party,

III.

THE political atmosphere has been cleared of some troublesome collateral questions, which only required an issue to let off crude and indigested opinions and prejudices and fictitious grievances: a stir among the dry bones has resulted in a healthier circulation of public sentiment; the frothy scum which had overspread the surface has been blown off; and the new batch of Ministers can enter on their functions with every favourable circumstance that could have been wished for;—a well-stored treasury; the agricultural and commercial interests prosperous and progressive; relations with the Natives, within and without the border, peaceful and honourable both to rulers and ruled; a growing desire for progress in education, railways, telegraphs, and other appliances of an improving people. At the dawn of this era of unprecedented prosperity, a new form of Government may well be looked upon with confidence, and yet with fear; with confidence, that the representative Ministers will guide rightly this tide in our affairs, which is leading on to a great and rapid development of the resources of the Colony; with fear, lest an impulsive and ill-considered policy should lead inexperienced Ministers into lavish and unproductive expenditure, without regard to that turn in the tide of prosperity which experience teaches us will recur.

The destructive plan of dividing the Colony, with a view ultimately of federal union, which was denounced in the first paper of this series, has been happily set aside by a settled conviction that the true federation to be looked for is one of a higher aim and is purely constructive. Public opinion and significant events point to an early solution of the mode of uniting the various States, colonial and independent, of Southern Africa.

The alternative question of separating this Colony into absolutely distinct Governments for the East and the West has been disposed of, at least for a time, by the attitude of the Border and Midland districts: some feel that division is not strength; others look to a representative Ministry as likely to give even the more remote districts an authoritative voice in the counsels of the Government.

It seems, therefore, opportune to map out the working of the new Administration. No one acquainted with the silent development of the British Constitution believes in a spick-and-span code, which looks charmingly simple, and as harmonious in shape and colouring as the toilet of a lady of taste. A general subdivision of departmental work must be sketched out, but there must be much paring and dovetailing, much oiling and furbishing, before the machine will work easily.

A coalition Ministry, such as the first will inevitably be, can have

no uniform set of political opinions : and the questions which have hitherto occupied Parliament are not such as to make a line of demarcation between party and party. The Voluntary Question, for instance, is, or ought to be, outside a political creed. The ultimate resolution into parties will probably give : (1.) The old Conservatives, clinging tenaciously to Imperial interests and connection, more or less supporters of ecclesiastical grants ; pursuing a native policy repressive rather than progressive ; more anxious for the maintenance of class distinctions than for the elevation of the mass—this is the British or Crown party, shading off into a narrow clique of Dutch Tories, whose watchwords are economy and stagnation. (2.) The Liberals, thoroughly colonial and local in their views and associations ; advocating universal progress and diffusion of knowledge ; relying on self-government and self-protection ; upholders of Colonial home rule, and sitting loose to the connection with Imperial policy and interests—in fact, the Colonial or South African party, shading off into a bigoted section tinged with the old slavery notions, and in unison with the Dutch Tory clique in their parsimonious policy and self-satisfied ignorance of the civilized world.

A Liberal-Conservative Administration is well known to be the best adapted to the circumstances of the country and most consistent with the characteristics of the Colonial people ; and any attempt of the Cabinet to signalize itself by bold and sudden innovations or by thrusting upon a simple population, slow to change, the institutions of a high and matured civilization, must result in failure. It would be especially dangerous if the Secretary for Native Affairs should be induced by excess of zeal to depart from the prudent system which has worked so well for some nineteen years. *Quia non movere*, “let sleeping dogs lie,” must be the motto of one who has experience in these matters. If he wishes to make his office notorious, he may stir up the muddy bottom of many a Kafir-kuil ; and when teeming kraals of natives are asking what do this and that mean, the fuel will be ready : a trivial cause may kindle what no Secretary can quench.

It is a weakness not peculiar to inexperienced Ministers of State to wish that their tenure of office may be notable. Caligula used to complain openly that his times were not remarkable for any unusual occurrence ; he wished therefore for a pestilence, for a second edition of the slaughter of Varus and his legions, for an earthquake or two, to diversify the monotony of his Imperial rule.

With this *Cave canem*, we may go on to see how the allocation of departments is probably to be made.

Premier, or Colonial Secretary :—matters political, ecclesiastical, educational, postal service, town and border police, gaols, convicts, hospitals, lunatic asylums, diplomatic correspondence, the budget, appointments, miscellaneous services.

Treasurer-General : revenue, expenditure, supervision over customs and all revenue offices.

Attorney-General : public prosecutions, legal advice on all questions before the Cabinet, drafting bills, matters judicial and magisterial.

Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works : administration of the leasing and sale of lands, general supervision over the survey and works department, railways, telegraphs, roads and bridges.

Secretary for Native Affairs : management of native tribes through the Government agents ; questions connected with missionary institutions ; intervention as referee in matters of dispute among aborigines within and beyond the boundaries of the Colony.

The crowding of the budget and all the miscellaneous services into the department of Premier must soon lead to an appointment of an additional Minister. The public will despair of any effective amelioration and extension of hospitals, lunatic and leper asylums, and of reformatory measures for juvenile offenders, unless a competent officer is charged with these specific duties. The intimate connection between convict discipline, juvenile reformatories, and elementary education, seems to indicate the need of a Minister who should specially represent those interests which concern the prevention of crime and the punishment or reformation of criminals : the department of Public Works is already overweighted ; otherwise, hospitals and convict establishments might be fitly entrusted to the new Commissioner.

That any officer who goes in and out with the change of Ministry, whose own tenure of power is dependent on the popular voice, should be charged with the duties of public prosecutor, is an anomaly which has been pointed out by men of experience, and will therefore find an early remedy. Cases must occur where the popular mind is agitated on matters coming under the decision of the public prosecutor, who will be too often in a dilemma, whether to do his duty fearlessly and incur public odium on the part of himself and his colleagues, and forfeit popular support, or to trim his sails to the popular breeze, put a convenient bandage over the eyes of Justice, and retain his political status at the expense of the morality of the country. Those who are competent to give an opinion maintain that if the Attorney-General is to be a political officer, he should be relieved of the functions of public prosecutor ; and thus, whilst the Minister of Justice has a seat in the Cabinet, the public prosecutors for the West and for the East, by whatever names they may be called, would be on the same permanent footing.

In New South Wales, both the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General are representative Ministers, but the functions of public prosecutors are discharged by permanent "Crown Prosecutors" in the various districts : a similar arrangement exists in Victoria, where the Solicitor-General is a member of the Ministry, and three Crown prosecutors hold permanent offices, with fixed emoluments.

With the appointment of an additional member of the executive Cabinet, and of a Crown prosecutor to take permanently this

branch of the duties of the Attorney-General, the machinery will appear complete in outline ; and it rests with the Premier to show that knowledge of human nature, tact, and conscientious discrimination between what is due to his own supporters, on the one hand, and to the general public interests, on the other, which will secure qualified agents for the respective offices, and command the confidence of the Parliament and the country.

The country has a right to expect that in the selection due regard will be paid to administrative ability, personal character, and the representation of the main interests of the three great sections of the Colony ; and for the successful evolutions of his measures, the Premier must feel that a fair amount of debating power in either House is essential to the maintenance of place and influence ; honest intentions are not of much avail ; everybody knows that "Hell is paved with good intentions ;" and the opposition, however meek and tender-hearted to the embryo Statesman, will stifle in the birth a weakly, puling, puking, bantling.

There is an insidious error abroad, that the Cabinet is to receive £6,000 per annum for the duty of driving the political locomotive. As Heads of Departments, they are bound in conscience, and by engagement, to give thorough and regular attention to the details of the Departments over which they preside, and not to delegate these duties to subordinate officers. It has ever been an anomaly in the Colonial Service, that the administration of some branches of the Service has gone on just as if the Head were but an ornamental coping-stone. If such a system is to become chronic under the new Government, it will demoralize the public service ; disgust efficient officers who now complain that those who are burdened with real work are worst paid ; and destroy the faith of the people in the principle of self-government.

In forecasting the career of the political ship, which has plunged down the Niagara without, after all, overstraining her timbers, the wise politician must needs look back to the past *régime* and satisfy himself of the causes of its ruin. The chief cause was the persistent clinging to a system of centralization of all governmental departments ; which was so rigid and inelastic, as not to yield to the changes demanded by the social and political growth of the Colony. A timely modification of that system in the direction of progress, instead of the retrograde scheme which was broached, might have made the absolute and sudden breaking up of the old executive *régime* unnecessary and undesirable ; and nothing illustrates more clearly the effeteness and narrow policy of that system, than the inability of its administrators to see what concessions were due to the changing circumstances of the country. They misapprehended the confidence which for years the colonists had reposed in the administration ; they interpreted the apathetic indifference as a testimony of popular acquiescence in an autocracy ; and when, under the influence of advancing education and material progress, this characteristic

indifference merged into subdued grumbling and ill-concealed restlessness, they could not read aright this sign of the times, until it was too late, and the demand for reform became loud, universal, and imperative. It is just this delicate adjustment of the claims of popular opinion and of party-policy which makes the career of a responsible Minister so arduous : he must at times step out of his groove to meet and guide the current of opinion, or else he will be dragged at the wheels of her car ; for public opinion in these days when concentrated on an object is rapid, decisive, and sweeping. Witness the disestablishment of the Irish Church ; by falling in with and guiding the popular voice, the Liberal Premier has kept the box-seat, and may yet have to sacrifice the State-Church connection in England to avoid the swelling tide of philosophic radicalism which finds even him to be too slow-going a leader.

Now that political life is awakened throughout the Colony, the strides of public opinion will be wide, quick, and probably of a destructive radical tendency. We have a right to expect that the new Ministry will watch its growth, guide it by their discretion, and overrule it for good by their promptness of action and singleness of purpose.

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Old Times at the Cape.

PART III.—A.D. 1739-42.

WE concluded our previous notice of the amusing memoir of Herr Allemann by giving extracts from the author's account of a shipwreck off the old lighthouse, and his sapient observations on the policy of the East India Company about losses incurred by disasters at sea. In the present notice we shall give his remarks on the land question, and the system on which the various farms were distributed among worthy colonists between Cape Town and the Twenty-four Rivers. But we shall not detain our readers by any further prefatory remarks, but at once plunge *in medias res*. He commences with an apology.

“The adventure of the stranded ship has led me somewhat away from my original subject, but it appeared to me too extraordinary an event to withhold from my readers ; so I again return to the biography of Herr Allemann and of all those interesting personages, amongst whom the noble Herr Governor Schwellengrebel is particularly to be held in consideration.

“This nobleman, however, possessed no learning, and had no extended views, for, as he was a Cape-born man, he had acquired, for want of schooling, little besides writing, reckoning, and book-

keeping, and gained little or no knowledge of higher studies. He was able, however, to acquire a knowledge of law, finance, and politics, and one cannot say anything against his goodness of heart. To tell the truth, it is but fair to say that he possessed a right inclination to do good if he was only well advised ; and this he could easily do, because he had ample means, and, though careful with his money, was not stingy. But he spoiled everything from the outset by preferring Colonial Dutchmen to the Germans, and promoting his Africander relations above all others ; for his father, as well as he himself, and also his brother-in-law, the Lieutenant-Governor Tulbagh, had married Afrianders ; so his friends and relations were very widely scattered throughout the Cape, and when he gained the power of promoting them, he added heaps of hangers-on to the vast connection, so that they daily increased in number. It is true that he allowed those (Deutschers) and others who were already in possession of appointments to quietly remain in them ; but as soon as any office in the Civil Service became vacant, an Africander cousin was sure to be popped in.

"The inhabitants saw all this very much against their will, for in the Cape there were no public schools conducted by competent teachers, and therefore these people could learn nothing properly ; and, if in time they advanced to a high place in the Council Chamber, one can easily form an idea how they seldom committed themselves beyond a stupid 'Ya, Herren!'

"In military matters this sort of thing didn't happen, for though Dutchmen are good mariners, they are bad soldiers ; and so Captain Allemann took care that the Germans were oftener promoted to the positions of trust than the Dutch.

"From a work called *The Newest History of the Cape of Good Hope*, I have also discovered that Herr Schwellengrebel laid out, or established, a new Colony ; and in its eleventh chapter I read it was expected that it would be called 'Schwellenberg,' but a foot-note appended in English supposes this name to have been in reality 'Swellendam.'

"At the commencement of his rule, and as soon as he was installed as Governor, he undertook a work which earned him great honour and thanks," [viz., the construction of the present Grand Parade.] "He had a great square levelled, which lay between the Castle and the Burghers' houses, and which was a quadrangle containing about a thousand square rods. This square consisted formerly of several hollow ways or swampy ravines, which extended in different directions, and in several places were so deep that no wagon could pass over them. When the moon did not shine clear, not one evening went by but sober as well as drunken people fell into these hollows, and seldom without hurting themselves. One can only wonder that this work was not undertaken before. But so much the more honour and thanks to Governor Schwellengrebel ; besides which, it cost not a farthing, for he ordered a certain number of

Burghers to give in rotation daily the services of one slave to do this work. This they did willingly and with great heartiness, so that by the time their turn had come round for the second or third time they saw already the hitherto unsightly square transformed into a beautiful smooth plane, which afterwards was covered with grass, and became a pleasant promenade.

“But, besides this public work, I am positively informed that he had still another good thing done, whereby he earned some further thanks from the public.

“Four-and-twenty or thirty miles from Cape Town were the country farm-houses. These lay from half a mile to an hour (four miles) distant from each other, and descended hereditarily to the owners. They could do with them as they liked, and he who cultivated and managed his farm the best had the greatest profit. But beyond the so-called ‘Twenty-four Rivers’ and the Little Berg River matters were different; for, although old Governor Wilhelm van der Stell (the father of Adrian van der Stell) had certainly parcelled out the lands out there in farms of half a mile in length and width, and the cultivator of these lands paid yearly a ground rent amounting to twenty-four specie dollars, yet could they not be inherited or willed away. The customary tribute of these farmers consisted in tithes of all grain cultivated by them. Now, a Dutch guilder or florin represented a cask or leaguer of wine; a guilder also was given for ten head of cattle or a hundred sheep. The Herr Governor Van der Stell sought through this ground rent, and by laying the farmers under tribute, to increase the revenues of the East India Company, and in that way he acted rightly; but he went quite against all the rules of the science of finance. It is the same sort of thing as goes on in many German provinces, in which the peasants live subject to, and hold their farms under, landlords who can turn one peasant out and put another in whenever he chooses. Every one of these occupants did not care, so long as they earned their livelihood, whether the land improved or was ruined, or if the dwelling-house and stabling were properly preserved or not. Even so went it with the farmers at the Cape of Good Hope beyond the Twenty-four Rivers and the Little Berg River, and as far as the country was inhabited by Christians! If one of the occupiers of these farms died, who was in the habit of paying ground-rent for his slice of land, it is true his heir could take over his cattle and movables, and could also dispose of the dwelling-house and stabling, or sell them to his successor; but land and sand belonged to the East India Company, and it depended entirely upon the Governor’s favour whether he would lease the land to the heir or next of kin, or to the purchaser of the buildings; and if no heir existed, or if the renter could not keep up the farm the same as before, it was put up to the highest bidder, who at the same time, if he was not properly secured beforehand, ran the chance of finding himself possessed only of the farm buildings. If the Governor was popular, this was always taken as a

fitting opportunity for sending him a present of a good and valuable milch cow; but if he was a cheat ('schiekaneur') like Governor Van Noot, he embraced every opportunity to turn out one farmer and put another on his place. All this sort of thing the noble Herr Governor Schwellengrebel now altered, and thereby certainly conferred a boon on his successors, for he had these farms sold for a fair price to their occupants, with power to bequeath them to their heirs. Not only did the possessors of these farms gladly and willingly pay the sums required, but they maintained the ground-rent besides of twenty-four rixdollars, built upon the land, laid out vineyards, and did away with the tithes and servitudes by which formerly they were only allowed to use enough grazing ground for their cattle, and hardly enough to cultivate the grain upon for their household use. Through these sales the East India Company received a very large amount of money into their chests, and the present possessors of the farms did their best to put them into the best condition for themselves and their heirs.

"I had known several of these formerly uncertain holders of such farms who at no time of the year tasted a morsel of bread. They killed an ox, salted in the meat, and afterwards hung it in the air to dry. This dried meat they smoked, and ate it cold, instead of bread or freshly-killed sheep's flesh. Laziness, of course, was most to blame for this, and if they were not to go out hunting sometimes, and kill a hart or rheebuck, or other sort of buck, they never would have any change from their constant diet of ox and sheep flesh. It was nothing unusual for the farmers of this district to wait till they had first four or five children before they took them to the church at Stellenbosch or the Drakenstein to be christened, and they would sometimes wait still longer if they did not happen to have a superfluity of butter, or were not in want of tobacco, tea, coffee, or sugar candy, or if they did not want to provide themselves with necessary clothing; but boots and shoes they did not wear at all. It is, however, an error on the part of the author of the previously quoted book, called *The Newest Account of the Cape of Good Hope*, to say that the inhabitants living far inland wear no boots. Probably the writer did not understand the word *veldschoen*, and therefore he mistranslated it as sandals. They are the so-called shoes for the *veldt* or grass lands, and were cut out of a piece of raw ox-hide, and stitched together quite neatly with strips of leather, which kept them firmly on the feet. When one is accustomed to wearing these shoes without heels, they are very easy and comfortable; otherwise they make the calves of the legs very sore, because of the sinews being so tightly stretched for want of heels. In Hungary, Siebenbergen, Moldavia, and Wallachia, these field-shoes are very commonly worn, and made in several different ways.

"Thus far and no further are known to me the particulars of the rule of the noble Herr Governor Von Schwellengrebel at the Cape of Good Hope. At the commencement of the year 1741 I left the

Cape for Europe, in the enjoyment of good health and sound reason, it is true, but all the same against my wish and will, all of which I will explain and set forth in the chapter following; but here I will only remark that Schwellengrebel could not long afterwards have continued his rule, as I find, from a passage in the book of Herr Von Justice K——, that Herr Governor Tulbagh, as his successor, had sent to the ducal garden in Brunswick the root of a beautiful flower, which, in honour of the Duke, had been named '*Brunswigia*,' and which also after some years had borne a flower. The Herr Von Justice K—— had this flower sketched and engraved on copper; but, judging from the plate, the flower was not so beautiful in Europe as when seen in its native soil. In Africa this flower was called by the natives, '*Koning's Kandelaar*,'—that is, the King's Chandelier, or the Candelabra plant.

"The cups are often as many as eighty to a hundred in number upon leaves extended apart from each other, and similar to the arms of a candelabra. They are plucked when in flower, and are hung in the rooms from the ceiling, where they remain for several days in full bloom. But if allowed to remain on the fields where they grow wild, the wind is apt to break them from off their short stalks; and then these flowers, forming a perfect circle, are blown away often for more than a mile, till they are rolled against a bush and there stick. The plant or bulb is magnificent, and the blossom is white, streaked with red. It yields no scent."

We believe that specimens of this beautiful Candelabra plant can still be gathered in the Goudini plains, and alongside of the road leading to Worcester from Darling Bridge. But perhaps Mr. McGibbon will kindly condescend to enlighten us upon this point in the next issue of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.

We now get a characteristic glimpse into Dutch interiors, and our author makes a statement which we can take for what it is worth, about Governor Tulbagh and his burghers.

"A certain French officer, who had made a voyage to the East Indies, and had visited Mauritius, now called Isle de France, wrote a history of his travels, where he also makes most honourable mention of Governor Tulbagh, and remarks that this Herr, without cutting any figure, sought only (as he himself had no children) with his great wealth to make the inhabitants of the place happy. This French officer (whose name has escaped me, for I only read this single passage in his book at the house of a friend who had borrowed the volume), also mentions that the Herr Governor Tulbagh (or as he is called in the French dialect, Tumback) was so much beloved and held in honour by the inhabitants, that no one passed before his dwelling-house without taking off their hats, even if the Governor was not within. But beloved as was Governor Tulbagh by the inhabitants, and right worthy to receive still greater honours, this officer must have been misinformed on this subject!

"The truth of the matter is, the Governor has a sentry before his

door, and the passers-by do not show the honour of taking off their hats to the dwelling of the Governor, but they are bound to do so at the Cape, as well as in the whole of the East Indies, out of respect to the noble East India Company, in whose name the sentry is posted there. Failing this duty, every sentinel had the power to strike a common man over the back with his musket or sword, but gentle people he only reminded of their duty. Many soldiers, who had happened on board ship to have been badly treated by any of the ship's officers, found through this rule sometimes an opportunity of taking their revenge on them. Governor Tulbagh's private property in Cape Town lies very pleasantly-situated on a canal which is planted on either side with large oak trees. Probably he only lived in it during the summer, for Government-house in the Castle is much more roomy, it is true, but then it is as gloomy as a monastery.* Now, as the Governor spent the winter season in the Castle, he had no sentry before his house in town, and, therefore, no person had need to take off his hat in passing."

Our author apologizes for all these criticisms, explanations, and digressions, and again begs to introduce his hero upon the scene. He says, "I've hitherto been obliged to put our hero"—Captain Allemann—"quite out of sight. Circumstances do not permit one to remain for ever upon one subject, and it is anything but easy to always keep certain subjects apart; but it is now time to return to him again and relate what laudable or remarkable actions he has performed as captain and commandant of the garrison. I lament very much that I have only very little to say about them that is interesting. But with his noble character he could not fail to do much good in these exalted stations, and his memory will ever remain green. I was not destined, however, to long enjoy the honour and pleasure of his acquaintance as a captain. My sudden departure from the Cape did not even leave me the comfort of taking the customary farewell of my benefactor. He knew nothing of my voyage. No one in the whole of the Cape knew anything about it, not even myself; but the reason of all this, as already promised, I will explain in the chapter following.

"It is not to be supposed that the Herr Allemann is still alive, and still less that this his life's history will come before his eyes; otherwise I would lay bare to him a heart overflowing with my gratitude and thankfulness for all favours received from him. But the blessing of God will remain with his descendants. * * * *

"Whilst I was still at the Cape, and as soon as the Herr Allemann had entered upon his exalted duties, he effected a very praiseworthy reform in the mode of punishing criminals amongst the soldiery. Hitherto running the gauntlet through the soldiery was a punish-

* This house was probably the present Government-house in the Public Avenue, as no oak trees were planted in the Heerengracht, but only firs. Some antiquaries, however, place Tulbagh House where now Mr. Heynes, the chemist, resides.

ment only ordered by the Fiscal; and it was run through one hundred and fifty soldiers, six times, more or less; and so it came to pass that Fiscal punishment brought a certain advantage with it, for those who must run the gauntlet were always subsequently sent to Batavia. If therefore a soldier committed a military offence, viz., if he slept when on guard as a sentry, or if he remained two or three nights out of the Castle without leave (if over three nights it was a Fiscal offence), he was punished in the following manner: First of all, he was arrested; the following day (if it was not Sunday) he was placed between three halberds (or triangles) so that he could not move himself, and in this position beaten by two persons with thin Spanish reeds or canes, half a finger thick. These flagellators were relieved from time to time by soldiers of the main guard, so that each criminal had to bear about eight or ten reliefs, selected two and two from among his comrades. After that he must march every day backwards and forwards in front of the guard-house, bearing five muskets on his shoulders; and the last thing was, that he must be confined to barracks for six, eight, or twelve weeks, *i.e.*, as has already been explained, he must remain within the Castle, not go out nor mount guard outside. For this reason, such a man was prevented from earning a farthing during all this time. In Batavia, where such punishments are even still more severe, the criminals in addition must also wear the iron helmet on their heads, whereby, from the excessive heat of the sun, several got sun-strokes, of which Herr Birchong relates an example in his East Indian travels. This four-fold punishment Herr Allemann did away with at once, for it seemed to him to be something excessive and cruel to punish one man in so many ways and at one time. When, therefore, a soldier had to undergo military punishment the Herr Captain had him punished at once at a parade of the guard. This guard was about fifty men strong, through which the offender must run the gauntlet ten or twelve times. Then the man punished put on his uniform again, and was as honourable as before, resumed his duties, and could go out of the Castle when and as often as he pleased, only he must be in at a fixed hour. The punishment of criminals is at all times necessary, and especially in military ranks must not be lightly passed over; but in this way they were more adequately dealt with than by the previous mode, especially in the matter of a sentry found sleeping by the patrol on their rounds, for this was looked upon, and justly so, as a great misdemeanour, and it was at once said—*the fellow must have been drunk*. But this is not always the case; for when at the Cape of Good Hope in the summer months the south-east wind often blows ten or twelve days, and then falls, there comes out of this quarter such a warm air that it feels like a heated baking-oven. This overtakes people, chiefly at night, and makes them in a few minutes feel so exhausted that they find it nearly impossible to keep awake. When a sentry was overtaken by such an accident, the punishment was sure to be inflicted, but very often quite undeservedly.

“And now that I am at the close of the chapter, I will take the opportunity of relating the history of a dog, which, as showing the fidelity and sagacity of such an animal, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

“At a former shipwreck, about the year 1715, came a dog, a brown poodle, swimming out of the bay to the land. As soon as it was perceived from the Castle, by reason of a terribly stormy wind from the north-west (other winds do the ships no harm), that the vessels lying in the harbour were in danger of stranding and being wrecked, a special guard was ordered to a given spot to rescue those cast up by the sea and to mount watch over all goods saved. To these the dog betook itself, the guard had compassion upon the dog, gave it food and revived it. On account of his having swam from one of the ships, they gave him the name of *Skipper*. Afterwards, when all the goods thrown up by the sea and saved from the ships had been taken up and deposited in the Magazine, the guard stationed on the beach returned to the Castle, and the dog had no master to own. So he also went to the guard-house and there remained with the soldiers; these often made sport with him, taught him all kinds of tricks, and accustomed him to different singular pranks. Through these accomplishments the dog suffered from no want of food, but often got bits from the officers and sergeants that many a man would have enjoyed. Little by little the dog accustomed himself as often as the patrol went their rounds to go with them. Every round that they made in the Castle or outside of it, there was he always twenty or thirty steps in front. If he found a sentry standing still and resting, or perhaps asleep, he sprang upon him and woke him up; but if the sentry was pacing backwards and forwards at his post, he ran by him quite quietly. Twenty years had elapsed since the shipwrecks at which the dog swam to shore, when he died. How old he might have been before, no one know; but for the last two or three years he was stone-blind, but he never left off going the rounds in front of the patrol, and if he did not hear the sentry pacing to and fro, though he could not see him in order to jump upon him, he used to bark and wake him by his noise. As a sentry never sleeps soundly, the dog saved many a soldier from an otherwise certain punishment. So that never was the death of a dog lamented by so many people as was this so-called *Skipper*.”

And here for the present we must leave our benevolent quidnunc in the full flow of his feelings.

The Parents' Warning.

Three children sliding on the ice
 All on a summer's day,
 As it fell out, they all fell in,
 The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at school,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not all been drowned.

You parents that have children dear,
 And eke you that have none,
 If you will have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

GAMMER GURTON.

Monitio.

Aestivo quondam ludebant tempore, ut aiunt,
 Tres pueri, insolito qua stetit unda gelu;
 Nescio quo casu fallax hos accipit unda
 Omnes: qui superest, effugit incolumis.

Quod si rite Scholæ fuerint in carcere clausi,
 Vel si securo sit pede pressus ager,
 (Si mihi contendas, deponam pignora quaevis)
 Non omnes avido merserat unda sinu.

Vos, quibus arridet soboles dilecta, Parentes!
 Vos, queis nulla! meum volvite consilium.
 Anne foris pueros vultis discrimine nullo
 Versari? tutum claudite quemque domi.

Life in Natal.

No. VI.

(IN CONTINUATION OF "LIFE AT THE CAPE.")

BY A LADY.

Maritzburg, 29th May, 1865.—* * Horrible news has reached us! The *Corea* arrived at Durban yesterday, bringing us the sad, sad tidings that the *Athens* and twenty other ships have been wrecked in Table Bay. I have just been reading and crying over the papers. What a picture they have left upon the mind—the tempest, and the blackness, and the roaring sea! And that brave steamer struggling vainly to get round the point—her grinding at last amidst the darkness upon those ugly and hungry rocks—and then that wild, last cry from the men drowning within arm's length of home. But it is too dreadful—I can't write about it. Next month I shall be at sea myself. Alas! poor weak, nervous woman that I am; pity and pray for me.

The most amusing feature of life here is certainly the native element. Our Kafir servants supply us with farce and pantomime at all hours of the day, with occasional serio-comic effects. Our *ménage* at present includes specimens of three great races—the Asiatic, the African, and the European—as in addition to our two Kafir boys we have a coolie cook and J——'s English servant. Imagine the pretty Babel of tongues the three create. The other day we gave Sammy, our cook, a holiday, or rather he claimed one, as the time for him to get drunk had again come round. Had we denied him this privilege, all our meals for the next month would have borne painful evidence of his unaccustomed sobriety. As J—— says, better be tipsy for a day than sulky for a month. You see, my dear, my morals are becoming as lax as those of the people round me. How can one live among barbarians without being barbarised! The noblest and best cannot withstand such infectious influences. Look at Bishop Colenso. If his creed could be upset by an intelligent Zulu, surely "poor me" may be pardoned for having imbibed a broader morality from my heathen friends.

But I have run away from my kitchen—a little outside tiled shanty—where during one day last week Pompey, who is usually Sammy's *aide*, ruled supreme. He had assured me the night before, with trembling eagerness, that he could cook "*bonny mushla*," which, being interpreted, means "very well." So we gave him a trial, but dined early in case of accidents. Breakfast he managed on the whole without failure, although the eggs were like bullets and the

toast was as black as a cinder. He was, however, so possessed by an air of portentous gravity as he placed these delicacies upon the table that we had not the heart to chide him. But dinner proved too much for him. Its intricacies baffled his limited comprehension. The soup was positively without hue or flavour. The fowl was served up with all its native juices thick about it, and having never been drawn was certainly not quartered. Pompey's dismay as he saw, one after another, his precious viands left untouched was so pitiable that even hunger failed to excite wrath. He retired to his kitchen a sadder and a wiser man, and has since been most submissive in his attentions to Sammy.

On Sunday he forgets his week-day trials, and comes out bravely in very fashionable attire. With feet shod in odd old boots of J——'s, legs swathed in an old pair of regimental trowsers, a clean shirt, and an elderly shako, he looks and feels fit for any social circle, and marches to chapel (as he says) with as much serene self-complacency as though he were a well-to-do cheesemonger walking in "Sunday best" to the church of which he is a pillar. Only I fear that poor Pompey is not a pillar yet, but only a small vagrant pebble in the edifice.

These natives must surely be the most light-hearted race in the world. Care seems an unknown word to them. They are ever laughing and joking, and go about their work, when they like it, which isn't often, as though it were the best fun going, or don't go about it, when they dislike it, which is usual, with a charming air of having nothing to do. J—— gives Pompey some work to do in the garden. An hour later I look out, and there is his lordship squatted on the ground, with spade by side, absorbing snuff by the pound, and shedding tears by the bucket. Having urged him into action, another hour passes, and then I find him using his spade as a *baton*, performing a native version (seemingly) of "the Perfect Cure." With all their carelessness, these people are as honest as daylight, and if you put them on their honour, never attempt to steal—except, of course, they are converted, which makes a difference. I have told Pompey all about the children, and he professes immense interest in them. He gazes at their photos with never-flagging delight, covering his mouth with his hand, and murmuring his assurances that of all young chiefs and chieftainesses they are the chiefest.

8th June.—Yesterday we had a quiet little pic-nic to Table Mountain. We were only six in the party. Our sex was represented by your tiresome correspondent and my dear little friend, Miss K——, a worthy successor in my affections to Annie, who is now tending sheep in that wretched country, the Free State. I say "wretched" because war has broken out there, and our departure may be delayed in consequence, to say nothing of other contingencies.

We were all mounted, and left town in good time after an early breakfast, as a long ride was before us. The first part of the road is over steep, bare hills and stony flats, and is only made interesting by

the windings of the river below. Mr. P—— appears to have a delightfully sequestered place. I told you about him in my last. As we were crossing a rocky stream, which set all my nerves on edge with terror, my old saddle slipped round and I rolled off into about six inches of water. As this was my first tumble in Natal, I distinguished the event by a gentle little scream. It was worth having wet feet to get so much attention. J—— was almost lover-like, and proposed that we return, but I would not listen to such a proposal. When my habit was squeezed out, and the saddle set right, we cantered off merrier than ever.

I begin to tire of these grassy hills: they are so blank and featureless. A cloud's shadow resting upon their tawny slopes seems a pleasant relief. They are just now at their brownest; the long, wiry grass is scorched to the last point of dryness, and in a week or two we may expect the country to be ablaze. What an enormous waste of hay takes place here year after year. The world must be a long way off its end yet when one considers the excess of raw material in it.

The road went up and up, leaving far below the homely, pleasant group of gabled buildings which form Bishopstowe or Ekakanyeni—the Mountain of Light—which has given to the world a new interpretation of the Pentateuch. There lives the “intelligent Zulu” of whom we have heard so much—a very ordinary specimen of native, I hear. By-and-by, the scenery grew picturesque. The road wound about a rocky brow, where gnarled and grotesque trees of a succulent kind were dotted about. Rugged combs rose up ahead, and deep chasms yawned on the left. A large riet-buck sprang up out of the grass and bounded down the valley until lost amidst the herbage. Vultures sailed and circled overhead, and a snake crawled over the road. As Table Mountain more and more filled the prospect, the ground stretched out again, and we spun swiftly across the broad levels.

Our leader drew up on the brink of a tremendous precipice skirted by stones which formed convenient seats and resting-places. Here a preliminary snack was administered. J—— took out his sketch-book and devoted himself to Art. A tiny stream was trickling down the cliff's face, and this rivulet he magnified into a rushing torrent, dashing itself into the wooded gorge below, a miniature of its confluent—the Umgeni.

We now bent our energies to a three miles' walk through the grass, for the mountain, near as it seemed, was that distance off. It is only accessible at one point, for which we were making. Our way passed along a kind of shoulder leading to a rocky stair, and on either hand the land fell, showing the whole height of the mountain, the grand sweep of its basement slopes, and the grander effect of its crowning precipices, now glowing grey or crimson in the sun. One or two kraals are planted just where the steep part of the ascent begins, and the inmates came forth in a shocking state of innocence. The

climb was very tiring, especially at last when S—— and I were literally hauled up boulders as big as the stones of the Great Pyramid. Pleasant reminiscences of those far finer Cape hills came into my mind and cheered me onward; but I more and more feel that a woman of my years and maternal responsibilities ought not to be decoyed by a sense of conjugal duty and by specious blandishments into mountaineering exploits.

Of course, the view rewarded us when we got to the top. Does it not always do so? As usual, breadth was its chief characteristic. Maritzburg glimmered far off in its basin, and blue outlines of other hills could be seen all round. The top of Table Mountain represents a farm of six thousand acres, at the very least, with an undulating contour, a spring of delicious water, a little gorge clothed with ferns and bushes, and a fringe of cliffs so steep that access can only be obtained at the one narrow neck we had surmounted. Several horses were peacefully grazing up there. There is splendid pasturage from end to end. The animals are driven up, a barrier is placed across the point of exit, and there is no risk of either loss or infection.

We strolled to the other side, where the view is magnificent. You are on the verge of the Inanda, one of the most utterly confused and broken-up regions it has been my lot to witness. The hills in this basin are all one height, but they are so tossed, riven, cut, cleft, rolled, and distorted, that the place seems like chaos. The Umgeni winds about through it all, performing twists, knots, and curves to which those of the Forth near Stirling are as naught. Dense vegetation abounds everywhere. The lower slopes of the mountains on this side are covered with bush, where probably no foot of man ever trod, for the native is not adventurous and has no regard for the picturesque or the new. We could hear the chatter of monkeys and baboons in this cover, and now and then see them swinging from tree to tree.

After tiring of this giddy view we sauntered back and devoured the viands, awaiting us under Pompey's guardianship, with very prosaic gusto. Our ride back was enchanting in spite of fatigue. A glorious crimson glow flooded everything, and bathed the dun old hills in a mellow glory. Nature, like our sex, needs light for the advantageous display of her charms. In the morning I saw little beauty in the landscape; but in the sunset flush, earth seemed unspeakably lovely.

Thus ends our last pic-nic on Natalian and probably on African soil. It is scarcely probable we shall have another.

Durban, July.—Here we are again at the first stage of our homeward journey. We left Maritzburg a week ago. Life was beginning to be rather more eventful there, as the war in the Free State affects people here very seriously, and there is always a fear that something may occur to drag the colony into the struggle. Down here the good folks look chiefly at the commercial consequences of this contest. Many of the merchants, J—— says, are largely

involved in the country, and must share its ruin, if ruin there be in store for the little Republic, so shamefully cast off in its time of peril and need by our magnanimous mother country. What a hard-hearted, wretched old step-mother she has been to some of her colonial progeny.

There is a Volunteer Band here, which plays on Saturdays. As the Market-square, in which neat and railed enclosure the musicians discussed sweet sounds, is just opposite the hotel, the occasion tempts one forth. It is almost pathetic to see how hard the townsfolk are striving to hide or to garnish the ugliness of their native sands. I am reminded at every turn of that one little shrub at Ascension—the shrine of so much care and solicitude. As yet all that has been done to the Market-square of Durban is to enclose it, to harden its walks and lay down grass. People are very proud of having done this, however, and can't understand my irritation at the sands of the streets not having been dealt with likewise.

There is an apparent preponderance of girls here. Indeed, I am told that the number of eligible marrying men is painfully small and absurdly out of keeping with the attractions of the place. It is almost a pity that they have not the military, for although, as an officer's wife, it is my business to keep susceptible young subalterns out of scrapes, it is also my privilege as a woman to dearly love a bit of match-making. Why this latter process should be deemed a species of crime I *cannot* understand. Surely, there is neither impropriety nor selfishness in wishing to see others as happy as you feel yourself. J—— doubtless would say “as miserable,” but he knows nothing about it.

But what has all this moralizing to do with Durban? Were it ever my memory's misfortune, as you threaten to have these letters printed (which the Lord forbid!) I should be held up to my sex as a model of feminine discursiveness. That reminds me that our Grandisonian friend from the neighbouring county is even now in this hotel, and is doing his best, in accents which are studied if not honeyed, to tempt us in his direction. As there is nothing better to do, we are going.

The lack of museums, libraries, theatres, concert-halls, lectures, and the like, is a grievous drawback to a young community. I am astonished, considering the want of these things, to find the young people of the place so intelligent and well-behaved. Day follows day, week flies after week, and month succeeds month, with scarcely an event to ruffle the social surface, or a performance of any kind to attract attention from personal concerns. The marvel is they can find anything to talk about. A little mild scandal generally prevails, but it is far less venomous or spiteful than might be supposed. But, perhaps, as a stranger receiving much kindness, and not initiated in all the secrets of local life and relationship, I am not a fair judge.

The day after we arrived a boat-race took place. It was a pretty

sight. At high water, when a fresh breeze blows, the bay is covered with mimic waves, and one would never guess that a tall man might wade across it anywhere. The little yachts fly over these billows at great speed, and two came in so closely that it was hard to say which was the winner. It is a good sign to see aquatics in favour so near the tropics.

Victoria County.—No wonder my Grandisonian acquaintance declared his part of the country to be “the Garden of Natal.” It is in very truth so. I wot not that South Africa could show such a picture of agricultural industry, doing its work amidst scenes so charming. My Cape friends who are slightly given to sneer at Natal as a “land of samples” would do well to pass a week here, visiting the sugar estates. You see plantation after plantation, mill after mill, all employing hundreds of Coolies and Kafirs, worked by steam-engines, and producing thousands of tons of sugar. J—— says the enterprise does not pay, but he takes the negative in everything. All I can say is that it is no fault of the planters if they don’t make money. The way they work would startle the weak nerves of some of the Western Province farmers. At one place where we stayed a night, the master and his sons, I am sure, must have been up all night, for I heard the mill at work as soon as I woke at daylight as well as the last thing at night. They are afraid of frost, and work off the ripe cane as fast as they can.

Some of the estates are exquisitely situated, close to the sea, by river mouths, which disclose and frame in delicious backgrounds of blue ocean, while hills, gay with bush or cane-field, stretch in front. The houses, as a rule, are mere cottages, and one cannot but respect the frugality which has placed personal surroundings last. That there are warm hearts and hospitable natures, as well as busy hands and strong wills, centered under these humble roof-trees, my own experiences abundantly vouch.

During our sojourn at some of these places we have heard strange stories of colonial struggles in days gone by. How little people at home really know about life in these colonies. I have met worthy stout-hearted women, with hard hands and faces worn by daily work and frequent disappointment—whose histories would read as romantically as any Swiss Family Robinson’s. They have told me of the old days when they lived in huts or under canvas, and had nothing to eat for months except pumpkins and sweet potatoes, and such game as their husbands or sons might shoot. Their children ran barefooted and almost naked; their own clothes were of the scantiest; schools and churches were not. It is strange, and to me most pleasing, to contrast these narratives with present surroundings—the neatly furnished house, the pretty flower-beds, the decent garments, the smiling faces and respectful demeanour of the children, the broad acres of plantation spreading around, and the busy mill in the valley below.

It seems to me that these people have come here to build homes rather than to make fortunes. They have no idea of leaving the

scenes of their toils and struggles. They look forward to be succeeded by their children, and they regard Natal as their country. I have observed, by the way, that the term "Africander" is just as unpopular as "Natalian" is popular. No one feels affronted by being styled a "Natalian." On the contrary, the name is claimed and owned with some degree of pride. Editors of papers speak of "we Natalians." I never remember to have caught a Cape journalist so far napping as to write of "we Africanders." This matter was being discussed at the hotel dinner-table when we were in Durban, and J—— said that to have a name thus openly esteemed said more than anything else in favour of a country and its people.

Another point has also impressed me agreeably. These coast lands are a region of large families. On almost every estate the father is chief manager, while a circle of big boys or young men are his overseers and lieutenants. J—— thinks from his conversation with some of these youngsters—who are fairly intelligent as a rule—that they are better planters than their fathers. This is quite possible, as they have been trained to the pursuit from boyhood, while their fathers in most cases came from workshops, offices, stores, or other non-agricultural occupations in the old country.

The proverb tells us that nothing comes from nothing, but it does not always apply here. We have once or twice called at little estates where the proprietor has pointed to his cottage, his piggery, his orchard, his pony, and his little plantation as the product of his own labour only. "I came with nothing," one man said, "less than nothing, as I owed a neighbour five shillings to buy some corn with." What one sees has been achieved by sheer hard work, frugal living, and saving habits.

It is quite idyllic to come upon these little places, buried in wild bush—"openings," as Cooper would call them, out of the barbarism of the past, and which here jostles the young civilization of the present in a very amusing manner. Although this is the depth of winter, there are few signs of it. Grass is comparatively green, and the trees are still clothed with foliage. Yesterday we rode down to the sea, winding along narrow bush paths, ascending and descending, bobbing down to avoid branches and ever catching glimpses of the river curling below, or the fresh green of cane-fields in the distance. At last we reached the seaward slope skirting the shore for miles, and covered with dense vegetation. Here the jungle growth ceased, and we could ride on amidst tall shady trees, with ferns clustering round their roots. When we emerged into the open, the broad and glorious sea burst upon us with its long line of surf lazily breaking upon the beach. What a depth of blue, and what a sweep of vision, this southern sea affords.

The river mouth was crossed by a sand bar so high and dry that we rode across it. Within, the waters thus banked up spread into a spacious lagoon walled in by bushy bluffs. There are both fish and crocodiles in this pool, but, much to my disgust, the latter would not

appear. A speaking acquaintance with a live alligator would be a pleasant reminiscence to carry back. After a long ramble among the rocks, and a search for shells, we got into a boat and were rowed for some miles up the stream, our horses being led round. Both fish and crocodiles are preserved by the neighbours, and a thing like a log was pointed out to me as being probably the snout of an alligator; but as I failed to believe my *complaisant* informant, I won't ask you to do so. What a pity it is that these rivers are not all more navigable. You cross one every few miles while riding about the coast, but they fall too rapidly to give any long reaches of deep water. That, however, which proves their bane in a commercial sense adds immensely to their picturesqueness. An artist might spend years in representing the river scenery of Natal, consisting, as it does, of shaggy bluffs, craggy gorges, sylvan dells, hurtling rapids, with here and there beautiful cascades and waterfalls. At this time of the year there is little water in the rocky beds or sandy bottoms, and you can travel about free from fear of danger or detention. In the summer, when the rivers are high, people are often detained days on the banks of some swollen stream, waiting for the water to go down. Weary work it must be then, with the rain pouring down, and nothing to do; but it is better, at any rate, than venturing rashly to stem these turbid torrents, as Mr. W——'s wife did not long ago. Her horse lost his footing in a quicksand, turned on his side, and was swept with his rider down to depths where salvation was impossible.

I write this in Verulam—the chief centre of this district. It is a quiet enough village, dead-alive like most villages, and straggles up a steep slope from the edge of a shallow and winding river. The only active thing about the place seems to be its Wesleyanism, which flourishes at all points. Strolling up the one street last night, tempted out by the moon, J—— and I heard strange sounds, shouts, screams, and groans. Following them we came outside a building in which, evidently, prayer was being extemporized. Some of the invocations of Providence were so startling that we could not help listening outside for a few minutes while the strong-lunged devotee within vented his stentorian intercessions, and while his fellow-worshippers uttered their deep-mouthed amens. It seems that the village is irreverently known as "The City of the Saints," and that its inhabitants are held in high repute as the most devout community and the shrewdest men of business in the colony. At the top of the street there is a modest little English Church, and opposite it the very tiniest parsonage I have ever seen. The B——s live in the centre of the village, but they must find life here rather dull. * * Sir Charles Grandison says that "the cares of industry and the resources of intellect can only be appreciated in a seclusion like this."

You know how fond I am of tobacco, and what J——'s sufferings were before he was drilled into submission as regards the use of that weed. Well, I have seen the leaf in all its glory. A tobacco plantation looks exactly like a cabbage garden, and a tobacco shed

resembles a building full of old kid gloves, of huge proportions, hung up in tiers to dry. I anticipated a prolonged sneeze while going through it, but the obnoxious odour was not very perceptible. A faint hope I entertained that J—— would be nauseated by the spectacle was quite dissipated when I saw him puffing away at one of Mr. ——'s cigars, and eagerly accepting the offer of a box of his tobacco.

We have been honoured with a call this evening from an energetic old gentleman, whose years seem rather to have developed his energies and his brains. He offered to be our guide here, there, and everywhere, and though considerably over seventy, thinks nothing of a twenty miles walk. *Vivat Natalia!* * * *

Reminiscences of the Army.

BY ONE OF THE RANK-AND-FILE.

III.

I HAVE already remarked that "Bobby" was not popular with the officers; and some of the more acute among them being apparently of opinion that the Major had got himself into a net by the action he had taken, determined to close it upon him. As far as I could observe, the married officers were the ringleaders, and this arose, I imagine, from their sympathy with the Colonel's wife, who, as far as it was given to the rank-and-file to know, was a most estimable lady. The captain of the light company, who was one of the senior of his grade, took the lead in the attempt to out-manceuvre "Bobby," and he was well fitted for the post he assumed. This gentleman was a member of an ancient family in the West of England, but he was the younger son of a younger son, and though his blood was as blue as descent from a Norman baron could make it, he was landless and, except for his pay, almost moneyless. But he was unquestionably a most able and highly efficient officer. He was a man of more than one modern language, a proficient in drawing, skilled in gunnery, as it was known in those days, and had a thorough acquaintance with field works. He had, besides, what is very rare even among otherwise good officers, a knowledge of human nature, and he could rule men with the *minimum* of punishment. He was withal a modest gentleman, considerate to those under his command, and without a particle of the bully in his character. He seemed to hold the opinion that the rank-and-file were rational beings, and he was one of the few officers in the corps at the time who paid any attention to the regimental school and to the intellectual progress of its pupils. He took

an active part in getting up games, such as cricket, football, &c., for the men, a thing by no means common at that time, though, I understand, universal at present; and on the march he would listen with interest to the tales told by the soldiers, and sometimes spin a yarn himself. Firm without being harsh, having dignity without formalism, familiar with his men without permitting undue freedom, strict in the observance of his duty, he was the best specimen of a regimental officer I met with in the British army. He was exceedingly popular with the "Light Bobs," and they were more in dread of a reproachful look from "the Captain" than of pack-drill from the Colonel. An incident had occurred in his earlier career which seemed to have made a lasting impression upon him. When a subaltern he had been for some years adjutant of the regiment, and served in that capacity during a tour in the West Indies. At that time two things extensively prevailed among the military in that part of the world, and these were yellow fever and drunkenness. The death rate was something fearful, and the feeling of the men was, as I have been repeatedly told by the survivors, that as life was almost certain to be short, it ought to be made as merry as possible. The foolish fellows went in for rum whenever they could get it, accelerating thereby the evil influences of the climate, besides exposing themselves to the heavy punishments then in force in the army for intemperance. The passion they had for rum was wonderful, and it remained for years with those who survived. I remember one of the older soldiers describing the liquor to us one day, when he wound up by saying, "Ah! chaps, it was as good as eating and drinking together;" and another ancient, from the Emerald Isle, added, "and washing too, boys." At the time of which I am writing there was a private in the regiment who by all accounts was a universal favourite. He was a man of most excellent character, but, unfortunately, he was once, and only once, led "on the spree." He had been drinking for a day or two when it came to his turn to go on guard. On the morning he had to parade for that duty he found that he had not a clean pair of white trowsers to put on, his own having been neglected in consequence of the spree, and in the hurry of turning out, like many others in the same circumstances, he took a pair belonging to the man who slept beside him,—his "chum," in fact—and who happened to be on guard duty. When the guards were relieved the owner of the trowsers missed his property, and, without reflection, reported the circumstance to the sergeant in charge of the room. This individual seems to have belonged to that class of crusty, ill-natured persons who, if put to a little trouble, are down on somebody for it, if they have the power to be down on any one. A search was made for the trowsers, when the regulation number of those garments was found folded on the top of the bed of the man then on guard. As soon as this was discovered, the owner of the missing trowsers saw how things were, and wished to have the proceedings stopped. The sergeant, however, was not, he said, to be

fooled that way. He had the man on guard examined, when, of course, the garment was found upon him. He was made a prisoner, charged with having stolen the trowsers, and for that crime was told off the next morning for a court-martial. Men who knew the "thief" described him as a fine, handsome, conscientious young fellow, as high-souled as any man having Her Majesty's commission. He knew, as every one did, that if brought before a court-martial, he would be flogged for "disgraceful conduct." The public have heard much of courts-martial when officers were the persons tried, and have formed, no doubt, a pretty accurate idea of those eccentric tribunals. They are not noted for skill in distinguishing acts from motives, and the man to whom I refer knew that he had not the slightest chance in the world of disproving the alleged theft. Like many men known to fame, he preferred death to dishonour; or, to be a little less romantic, he would rather die than have his body lacerated by the cat. It seems that such was the construction of the room used as the regimental office that when brought up the prisoner stood near the adjutant, and when the commanding officer said "a court-martial," the man put out his hand and pushed the adjutant, not to hurt him, but to commit what is known to military law as "striking his superior officer in the execution of his duty." A general court-martial was the result, and a sentence of death followed. It appears that the inhabitants of the island where the regiment was stationed petitioned for the pardon of the doomed man, for his motive seems to have been well known. The officers of the regiment, including the adjutant, signed a memorial asking that the man's life might be spared. The local Commander of the Forces was also Governor of the island, and he, it seems, where the rank-and-file were concerned, was another Draco. A story was told in the barrack rooms which I believe to be true, that this General had three daughters, and that these ladies on the morning of the execution, went on their knees to their father, begging him to have mercy, but that eminent person replied that he had a duty to perform, and he did it. The man was shot by a party of his own regiment, their muskets having been loaded for them by the provost-sergeant in the manner usual on such occasions, some with ball and some with blank cartridge, so that no man could say with certainty that he had fired one of the fatal shots. By the rank-and-file the deceased was looked upon as a hero. I have often listened to descriptions of his bearing as he marched at his own funeral, and the men particularly noticed the firmness of his tread, and the exactness with which he kept the step as the band played a dead march. Before the fatal volley was fired he knelt beside the grave and said a prayer; then standing to receive the shots, just as the word "fire" was given he said in a loud voice, "Good-bye, comrades." The owner of the trowsers drank himself to death; the sergeant was reduced to the rank of a private for some offence shortly after the melancholy occurrence, and led the life of a dog among the men, till he, too, died; and the band received orders

never again to play the dead march to which the deceased had stepped to his grave. The event recorded above seemed, as I have said, to have had a marked effect on the adjutant, and when I knew him as a captain, his features had at times that appearance which may be occasionally noticed in any person who has gone through heavy mental anxiety. He has since risen to high rank and office in the service, and I attribute to his enlightened views, aided by public opinion, not a few of the reforms said to have been lately made in the British army.

It so happened that the Colonel was to return to our quarters on the evening of the day that "Bobby" took command of the regiment, and the Captain, knowing this, went to the Colonel's servant, and got from him his master's undress uniform, sword, and belt. With these the Captain secretly departed to the nearest railway station, some miles distant, and there met the Colonel. At the Captain's suggestion, that officer proceeded at once to a place where we had a company on detachment, and, donning his uniform, ordered out the company for inspection the first thing the next morning. Later on the same day he arrived at our station, as if he had been absent on duty and as soon as he was within the barrack walls ordered the bugler on guard to sound for "orders." These were issued almost immediately, and we learnt from them that "Bobby" was placed in arrest for unwarrantably assuming the command of the regiment, and that the adjutant was released. The Colonel also wrote his despatch to the Major-General commanding the district, and after a few days it was known that he had ordered "Bobby" to be kept in arrest till he should come himself to make an inquiry, and that the adjutant should be again arrested. In a few weeks the General arrived; there was an inquiry; and the end was that all the officers were called together in their mess-room, and were told to live happy together. The officers gave a grand spread that evening, and the cup of peace went round so often that more than one of them, overflowing with its spirit, had, in the small hours of the next morning, to be supported to their rooms. But though hostilities had ceased between the high contending parties, subsequent events showed that it was a mere armistice, and that both sides awaited only a favourable opportunity to re-open the struggle closed under compulsion from a superior power.

Shortly after these occurrences, there was a report, which proved true, that at the end of the season we were to be moved to Dublin, and this caused a palpitation of the regimental heart. From a military point of view the Irish metropolis was dreaded by all ranks for a variety of reasons, chief among which was our Colonel's ignorance of his duties in the field. Those were the pre-Aldershot days, and when Autumn Manœuvres were a dream of a few enthusiastic reformers. It had not entered into the official mind that it was more necessary to teach Generals tactics than to accustom the rank-and-file to that charming exercise familiarly known as the goose-step, and the consequence

was, that in the whole Empire, out of India, Dublin was the only place where the ordinary regiments of the service had a chance of seeing more than a few battalions act together. Even there the force consisted merely of two infantry brigades, one cavalry brigade, and a few batteries of Artillery. Dublin was nevertheless looked upon as the High School for manœuvring for the British army out of India, and to be ordered there was equal to a notice to prepare for a stiff competitive examination. The present Commander-in-Chief, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, then known as Prince George, had but recently been appointed to command the Dublin district as a Major-General, and he was using his opportunity with great zeal to master the art of handling comparatively large bodies of troops. He was incessantly drilling, and no Prussian monarch could have had a greater passion to play the drill sergeant on a large scale. Some mornings the cavalry were out at day-break, and were manœuvred till men and horses, exhausted and wet with sweat, returned to their quarters at 9 o'clock a.m.; the infantry were exercised during the forenoon at all kinds of fanciful formations, pretty to look at and interesting to follow, but of little or no importance whatever for actual war; and the artillery filled up the afternoon. On other days all arms were out from 9 a.m. till 2 or 3 o'clock p.m.; and any one strolling near the riding-school in the Royal Barracks later in the afternoon might see His Royal Highness acting as riding-master to a squad of cavalry recruits. The Prince meant business, and worked hard at the details of the military profession in all its branches. He had not then soared so high as the "General Idea" of which we read so much during the late Autumn Manœuvres. At the time of which I write he was a young man of considerable energy, whose temper might have been a little more angelic, and for a Prince of the Blood Royal he had a wonderful acquaintance with the language of the common people. His vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon words of one syllable was tolerably large, and on parade his use of them in the idiom of the vernacular was rather frequent. His candour was remarkable, and he expressed his criticisms on veterans who had commanded brigades in great Indian battles with as much freedom as if he were addressing ensigns. When he met a fool and knew him to be one, he was too honest to hide his opinion even in the presence of the individual so afflicted. In fact, the Prince at that early period of his career was one of those pleasant people who speak their mind, and his company, especially on parade, was desired accordingly. I hear he has improved with time, and that the troops at Aldershot, and particularly the officers, wish for nothing better than the pleasure of a field-day under him in the Long Valley. We, in my time, had a great liking for the Prince, and our admiration of him increased in proportion as distance separated us from each other.

We prepared, however, for the ordeal, and the time intervening before the "route" arrived was spent at drill, morning, noon, and

night. Our then adjutant was a highly intelligent gentleman, and what was called a splendid drill. He now commands one of the crack battalions in the service, and his men have won applause on all sides for their work in 1871 and 1872 at the Autumn Manœuvres. He determined to make up, as far as possible, for the shortcomings of our gallant commander, and as he worked with a will and the regimental honour was touched we soon pulled up what had been lost under the Colonel. We in the ranks arrived in Dublin as perfect in our profession as it was possible to be, according to the ideas of those times. We had been only a day or two in the Irish metropolis when the Prince ordered us out for a regimental inspection, and this was held on a piece of ground situated in front of the Royal Barracks, and used principally for the nonsensical ceremonial of trooping the guards. It was a windy day, and when, after the preliminary formalities, the Colonel proceeded to drill us he would persist in remaining to the leeward, the consequence of which was that we hardly heard a word that was said. Then came the fun for the on-lookers. I have never seen anything like it. We got separated into parties at which the mounted officers rushed screaming "What the devil are you about! Don't you hear the word of command!" and such like. Sometimes a captain with his left hand to his ear would catch a sound to which his imagination lent distinctness, and he would say, "Steady men; it's form square on 'No. 2 Company; there we go; quick march.'" The actual command might have been to form square on No. 6 Company, and the result would be that half the regiment was moving away from the other half. The Prince was charmed, and mildly expressed his approval in a series of adjectives in the superlative degree, and so direct that they came home to every man in the ranks. The Colonel, who up to this time had not been known to use bad language, cursed and d---d us till he was hoarse, for, of course, it was all our fault. At last, almost overcome with emotion, His Royal Highness cried "For God's sake, stop this!" and it was stopped. We were gathered together again with the aid of the staff officers, and as a reward for our exertions were informed that we should have extra drill for the next six months. The rank-and-file most unreasonably murmured at this a good deal. The militia, they said, or the "fogies," as we used to call the enrolled pensioners, could not have presented a more sorry spectacle than we did. They wished for "Old Beeswax" back again. They asked why "Bobby" had not been tried, and hoped that the Prince might see the adjutant drill the regiment, when, as they remarked, the "old corps" would show what it could do. The rank-and-file, like silly fellows as they were, cared less for themselves individually than they did for the credit of the regiment, and felt ashamed at it being made the laughing-stock of the garrison. However, the punishment did not last long. One morning we were at drill under the sergeant-major on the ground where the inspection had taken place, and the Prince's attention was directed by a staff-officer to us. Coming to the ground

he watched us for a time as we went through various movements in battalion drill, and calling the sergeant-major to him the Prince said he saw where the fault lay, and the extra drill was discontinued. Subsequent to this our Colonel, week after week in the Phoenix Park, was the object of the Prince's most polite attention. So much did His Royal Highness think of him that more than once he likened him to his grandmother. One day we were supposed to be supporting a battery of artillery, and with true tactical skill the Colonel got us directly in front of the guns. The artillery had orders to fire, and fire they did, till, if there had been an Umpire in those days, we should all have been declared killed. The Prince came galloping up as we were coolly standing the heavy fire, and with the candour of a friend he expostulated with the Colonel in Anglo-Saxon of great strength, and took the liberty of commanding us in person till we were free from the danger of annihilation. How our commanding officer managed to keep his place, even with such assistance as his subordinates could render him, has always been a puzzle to me, and is more a puzzle now than ever.

We had a second regimental inspection by the Prince while we were in Dublin, and this was rendered remarkable by a scene that took place between the Colonel and "Bobby." War had again arisen between these exalted personages, and each did what he could to thwart the other. For the sake of his wife, the Colonel resided at Kingston, about seven miles distant, and on the morning of the inspection he was rather late arriving in Dublin. "Bobby" would not march the regiment to the Park, where the inspection was to be held, and we did not reach there till within a few minutes of the time appointed for the arrival of the Prince. When we wheeled from column into line, it was "Bobby's" duty as senior major to see that no files were to the rear of the right wing. Taking advantage of the opportunity, "Bobby" determined to vex the Colonel, and kept moving the companies now to the right and then back again to the left in the most eccentric manner. He would say, "Grenadiers, No. 1 and No. 2 Companies, six paces right close; quick march!" and immediately afterwards, without reason, say "Grenadiers No. 1 and 2 Companies, one pace left close; quick march!" So he went on till the Colonel got exasperated, and called out "Major Blank, Major Blank, come here, sir!" Major Blank did not seem to hear the Commanding Officer, or if he did, he would not attend to him; and the Colonel becoming more enraged roared "Major Blank, don't you hear me, sir! Come at once, sir, when you're called." At last "Bobby" did obey, and putting to spurs to his horse galloped round the right flank of the regiment and made for the Colonel at full speed, as if he intended to ride him down. Just as we thought the forefeet of "Bobby's" horse would strike the Colonel, the Major drew up the animal, and, saluting with his sword, said, in a loud, mocking voice, "Sir." "Why," asked the Commanding Officer, "why didn't you come

when I called you, sir?" "I couldn't do two things at once," said "Bobby," still in his mocking voice, but with a face as serious as if he were talking to a dying man. "Go to your place, sir!" said the Colonel, "and another time do as you are ordered." "Bobby" made no reply, but saluting again with his sword with a gravity and coolness that made some of us smile, the old man turned his horse, and was cantering to the rear when the command was given, "Rear rank, take inspection order!" This brought "Bobby" to the right of the line, and gave him another opportunity of baiting the Colonel. At the word "March!" as the rear rank stepped back two paces, the officers advanced to the front with "recovered" swords, and "Bobby" began his fun in "dressing" them. "Look to the right, gentlemen, if you please," said the Major. "A little up, Captain Brown; thank you: half a pace backwards, Mr. Smith, if you please; that will do: up, up, up, further, Mr. Jones; there, there, not so much, if you please; thank you: Captain Robinson, may I ask you, just a few inches forward, if you please: thank you," &c., &c. While these little pleasantries were going on, the Colonel was foaming with rage. At last he shouted, "That will do, Major Blank; take your place, sir, and look to your front! For God's sake, Sergeant-Major, dress the battalion!" Just as this edifying scene ended, the Prince approached, and the inspection proceeded.

The Colonel, however, paid off "Bobby" more than once in public. One day we were returning from a field-day in the Park, and were marching in fours, and at ease. Some of "Bobby's" acquaintances on the staff were riding past us, and the Major joined them. Unconsciously he kept with them till they were in front, but to the right of the regiment. The Colonel saw his opportunity, and shouted, so as to be heard by the crowd, "Major Blank, to your place, sir! How dare you fall out without leave!" "Bobby" had, of course, to swallow the pill, and retire to his proper place.

We in the ranks had our own opinion as to the merits of the parties to this pretty quarrel, and I think almost to a man the rank-and-file sided with "Bobby." As my comrades said, he was up to his work, though he was "a queer old fellow," and it was hard lines that he should have to submit to a man who had brought disgrace on the regiment by his incompetence. We had a strong *esprit de corps*, and we felt for "Bobby" as one of ourselves. The Colonel was looked upon as an intruder. However, the Major did not long remain with us after the last scene; he received some appointment that took him from the regiment; and lest he should receive an ovation on the day of his departure, we were kept busy from morning till night by the Colonel's orders. A few of the men, however, on one pretext or another, attended at the railway station, and the old Major desired them to express to their comrades his good will towards the regiment, and to request any of the rank-and-file going to or near his new residence to call upon him.

We got through our trials in Dublin at last, and were removed to

a certain town in the south of Ireland. While there a rather romantic affair happened, which I will here relate; and as it affords good scope for a novel of thrilling interest, some imaginative reader of this *Magazine* might take the matter up and deal with it in the sensational style. We had a man in our regiment at the time of which I write, whose chief ambition was to secure the affection of as many women as he possibly could, and having gained their hearts he threw them aside in the most careless manner. In the language of his comrades, he was a "lady-killer," and it was astonishing the number of sweet innocents that he jilted. But to understand the man one ought to know something of his history. His father was a boot and shoemaker in a large way of business in an English provincial town, and John, as the son was called, had been brought up to a knowledge of all the mysteries connected with leather. But our hero had a soul above stitching, and preferred novels and poetry to the lap-stone and wax. He read with avidity every work of fiction that fell in his way, and it would be difficult to puzzle him in the works of Richardson, Smollett, Fielding, Byron, Scott, Cooper, G. P. R. James, Bulwer, Thackeray, or Dickens. Many of Byron's poems he had learned by heart, and when challenged he would repeat them page after page. His parents were pious people, who loved their Bible, and their son had a knowledge of the books of the Old Testament that I have never seen exceeded by a layman. If a passage were mentioned, he could tell the book and chapter, and almost the verse, where it was to be found, and he used to pass successfully through some stiff examinations of that kind at the hands of his comrades. When he arrived at man's estate he got disgusted with the profession of bootmaking, and much to the regret of his loving parents determined to go in for glory. He was in doubt for some time which of the services should have the benefit of his genius,—whether he would try the "briny" and eclipse Nelson, or remain on land and outstrip the glories of Wellington. Getting huffed at some remarks of his mother, he determined to leave home at once, and as there was a recruiting sergeant of our regiment in the neighbourhood, he went to that individual, who, with the generosity of his class, immediately presented his new friend with a portrait of Her Most Gracious Majesty stamped on that coin of the realm known as a shilling. His father disowned him, which rather pleased John's romantic mind, and he used to talk with gloomy satisfaction of the matter. John's appearance corresponded with his aspirations. He had classic features, delicately formed. He stood five feet ten inches in his socks, was well-built, and athletic sports had developed and strengthened his sinews. He was altogether a superior kind of person, and he knew it; as his comrades said, he "thought no small beer of himself." It was a grand sight to see John after a parade where he had been marked for drill or reprimanded for inattention or the like by one of a number of officers whom he termed collectively "counter-jumpers." John was high-spirited in a sense, but he had that weakness common to no

small portion of the British nation, of worshipping a lord, and he would stand anything from an aristocrat; but from the "counter-jumpers," no! He would pace the room if no non-commissioned officer were present, and exclaim with a dramatic air, "Good God! is it for this that I am a soldier. The puppy!—(meaning the offending officer)—a wretched hound, that can hardly pay his way, and sponges upon the people out in town! Am I to stand this?" Some fellow in the room would then sing out, "No, John, don't! Send him a challenge! Pistols for two and coffee for three in the morning; I'll be your second." Of course there would be a roar of laughter at this, and John, more irritated, would perhaps reply, "You set of low-bred curs!" and walk out of the room. We had our own larks with John, always attacking him on his weak side, which was his vanity. Letters would sometimes be addressed to him as "John Blank, Esq.," which tickled him, and at others "John Blank, Full Private, Body-servant to Lt. —" (one of his "counter-jumpers")—and this enraged him. Nothing riled him more, however, than when, after passing some ladies, a comrade, looking seriously, would say, "John, did you hear what one of those ladies said?" John, who was always on the look-out for a compliment, would reply, "No; what was it?" "She said," the other would remark, "what a fine face that soldier has, but what vulgar-looking hands!" Truth to say, John's hands had a cobbler look about them, in spite of his efforts to remove it. His supposed necessities induced him to work at his trade occasionally, and he would earn £15, £20, or £25 in a very short time, for when he went at it, he worked with a will. It was not, however, all kinds of boots he would make. Like the barber who drew the line at bakers, John drew the line at Wellingtons, nor would he make them for everybody, and as he laboured of an evening in the barrack room, and not in the regimental shoemakers' shop, he could choose his work. His customers were the sergeants and bandsmen; and glad they appeared to be to get boots from him, so perfect were they in fit. When he had obtained what he thought sufficient money, he threw aside the character of a "snob" and resumed that of a gentleman. It was an interesting sight to watch him when dressing of an evening to walk out into the town; no coquettish woman could be more particular in the arrangement of her garments; and he had an undress uniform made to fit him with as much exactness as if he were Beau Brummell. A silk cravat took the place of the leather stock, and a silk handkerchief, highly scented, helped to swell the breast of his jacket, for, apparently because it was thought the rank-and-file never sneezed and never blew their noses, the magnates at the Horse Guards strictly prohibited the use of pockets. I have more than once seen an officer open the breast of a man's coat or jacket, take out a handkerchief, and ask "What is that rag for?" The handkerchief would be of cotton, and perhaps coloured, but still it was a handkerchief. Those of us who used these articles had to hide them, as if

their possession were an infringement of the Mutiny Act. A man in the ranks with a tendency to perspire had not the wherewithal to wipe his noble brow, and I have seen many stout fellows half blinded by the numerous streams that rapidly rolled into their eyes from the regions above. But the crowning study in John's dressing on these occasions was the putting on of the forage-cap. A soldier's forage-cap is not much to look at, and an ordinary person might think there was little difficulty in putting it properly on the head, but it is a work that requires some care,—at least it did at that time. Few regiments wore them exactly on the middle portion of the head, and when worn in that position the chief thing was to see that the brass number in the cap was exactly in line with the tip of the nose and the buttons of the jacket. Eccentric colonels, with a dash of genius, sometimes made their men wear the forage-cap cocked on the left side of the head. The more usual course was, however, to wear them cocked to the right side. But whether cocked to the right or left, the puzzle was how far were they to go in the required direction. It is extraordinary what notions men—I speak of individuals whose taste is said to be refined and who make pretensions to that quality called culture—it is extraordinary what notions these men have of the Beautiful. Some officers would have the rank-and-file wear their forage-caps hanging, as it were, over one side of the forehead, almost touching the eye-brow, and unless the wearer kept his nose stuck up, there was danger of his head-gear falling off. Others thought a forage-cap overhanging in the direction of the ear was the more chaste style, and the wearer was perforce made a member of a stiff-necked generation to keep it in its place, for if there was any but the slightest motion of the head, the cap toppled over. However, we wore our forage-caps cocked to the right, and to see John endeavouring to put his on at the proper angle was a treat for the curious in such things. Standing before one of those small circular looking-glasses cased in tin and only a few inches in diameter, John would put it to the right and then to the left, then a little forward and then a little backward, like some little girl trying her Dolly Varden. At last the work was got over, and John, as big in his own opinion as if he were a field-marshal, strutted across the barrack-yard and out into the town. It was one of his little oddities if he saw good-looking girls in a shop to enter, call for some trifling article, and throw down a half-sovereign or a crown to pay for it, and either refuse to take the change altogether, or to throw it to some urchins, if any were about. That, he thought, made a sensation and created an impression in his favour. But it was not every woman that John would honour with his notice. He had a horror of cooks, despised housemaids, barely tolerated ladies' maids, and sneered at governesses. After seeing a little more of the world, he said, it was his intention to marry a woman having sufficient means to support him as a gentleman, beautiful, to show his taste, and so well-informed that she would be a

suitable friend for a man like him. Laughable as his notions seemed to us, he could have accomplished them had he lived. By what means I do not know, for he would never tell, he got acquainted with a daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the place where we were then quartered. We used to say that he had been flirting with the maids when fortune threw the mistress in his way; and the theory was that she was so much surprised to find so well-informed a man a common soldier that pity aided the effect of his own good looks and address. Whatever was the cause, there can be no doubt John made a conquest of the lady, and, in his affected way, boasted of it. She was no school-girl, but a woman out of her teens, and reported to be a highly accomplished one, too. Some of us had an opportunity of reading letters sent by her to John, and these were exceedingly well written, doing her honour in everything but in her judgment. This affair made the man more silly than ever, and it was not long before he talked of the difficulty of getting rid of "that girl." Some of his comrades remonstrated with him about the course he was pursuing, and pointed out that ruin of the girl's prospects would ensue if the courtship was discovered by her friends; but it was of no use. John would say, "What can I do? She will not leave me alone. Here's a note I got to-day from her, and she is as mad as ever. I must meet her or she may commit suicide!" This style of thing rather pleased John's peculiar turn of mind, and it elevated him in the eyes of some of the rank-and-file, whose flattery he swallowed wholesale. The lady offered him plenty of money, and wished him to purchase his discharge, but John's notions of honour were such that he would accept nothing from her but a ring, which he afterwards pawned for two pounds, and sold the pawnbroker's ticket for ten shillings to one of his comrades. The lady proved constant to her love, and when we were removed from her native place she watched the movements of the regiment through the newspapers, for John did not continue the correspondence. When we arrived at Cork to embark for foreign service, great was our astonishment to learn that the lady had come after John, and that, thinking it was the difference in their social position that prevented him from marrying her, she actually proposed to him in a letter which he showed to some of us, and in which she asked him not to sacrifice the happiness of both their lives through false delicacy. I think John was touched deeply by this. He told her that he would never marry as a soldier, but that as soon as he could he would leave the army, return home, make it up with his parents, and then marry her. She remained in Cork to see us embark; and as we sailed down the river on our way to the ships at Queen's Town, John pointed out to a few of his "chums" a lady at a window, waving a handkerchief in a frantic manner, as the person who gave him more uneasiness than all the world besides. The Russian war broke out shortly after, and John's discharge from the army and from this earth took place at Renkoi, a hospital station, where he died of disease contracted in the Crimea. Some time ago I met a man from the lady's native place, who informed me that she is still living and

unmarried, that on her father's death she came into some property, and that she devotes herself to works of charity. Perhaps if John had lived his dream of ambition might have been fulfilled.

I may as well relate here another love-story having a man in the ranks for its hero. We had a young fellow in the regiment who, from the colour of his skin, was called "Darkie." His complexion was more like that of a quadroon than of an Englishman, and his disposition was, in some respects, of a Southern character. He was quick to resent an insult, and he was possessed of such physical power that a blow from him, even in jest, caused anything but a pleasant sensation. I remember one evening his giving an example of his great bodily strength. I was visiting a friend in his barrack-room when another man, of good size and some boxing reputation, made his appearance in that condition known to the initiated as "half tight." This gentleman began to boast of his pugilistic accomplishments, and from boasting he passed to challenging, generously offering to fight any man in the room "for nothing." As very little notice was taken of him, he became more particular and threw down the gage of battle to each one by name. In due course he arrived at "Darkie," who told him to go to his own room and lie down, upon which he got more demonstrative to have it out with the "nigger," as he called him. In a moment "Darkie" sprang to his feet, took the troublesome customer by the "scruff of the neck" (to use a barrack-room expression) and the back of his breeches, carried him to the door, and threw him out into the passage. The boaster had not expected such summary treatment, and, after the manner of his kind, sneaked away muttering curses and threats of revenge. "Darkie" had an open, pleasing face and beautiful black curly hair. Though he could not be called a dandy, he boasted of his locks, and when speaking of his home he would tell of the pride his mother and sisters had taken in them. As I have before said, soldiers were not allowed to wear much hair,—I think the regulation measurement was an inch in front and half an inch behind,—and lest the rank-and-file should err on this point the colour-sergeants once a month measured their hair with a notched stick. Should there be a fraction of an inch over the regulation length, the man's name went before the captain, who, as a matter of course, ordered him to be confined to barracks for three days. "Darkie" was vain of his glossy curls, and did his best to preserve them. Sometimes he went on guard for another man, to be out of the way of the hair inspection; sometimes, rather than be present, he reported himself sick. When he could not evade the ordeal, and was ordered to shorten his curls, such a look of mingled sorrow and anger crossed his features that one could not help feeling for him, vain as he was. But the most conspicuous feature in "Darkie's" good looks could not be taken from him by order of the Horse Guards. His eyes were magnificent, such as are sometimes to be seen in Spanish women, though with a less voluptuous expression. I think no man and few women ever had such a com-

pliment paid them as was given to "Darkie." He was walking with a comrade down the street of a certain town when they were met by a group of children. One of them—a little mite of a girl—looked for a moment or two at "Darkie" and then called "Nurse, nurse, see what pretty eyes the soldier's got!" The situation was an embarrassing one for the nurse and for "Darkie," who at this unexpected compliment blushed like a maiden receiving her lover's first kiss, and stepping out, was quickly at a distance from the spot. Of course, when they returned to barracks the comrade told this affair to us, and great fun we used to have with poor "Darkie" over it. It was "Darkie's" fortune to become acquainted with a shopkeeper's daughter, a showy girl in appearance, and "Darkie" was soon over head and ears in love with her. For some time their courtship was unknown to the girl's parents. A friend of the family, however, got wind of the affair, made it known to the father and mother, and thereafter "Darkie" could only view his beloved from the street as she peeped through an upstairs window. They made signals to one another, and "Darkie" went in hot for the practice of the dumb alphabet, for it seems the separated lovers had arranged to communicate with each other by means of that interesting process whenever opportunity offered. There was a bookseller's shop almost opposite to where the bird was caged, and it was extraordinary the interest "Darkie" took in the pictorial and other literature displayed in its windows, and the number of times, whilst at the windows, that he glanced over his shoulders at other windows across the way. He had some relatives who advanced him money to purchase his discharge, for he believed if he left the army the objections of the girl's parents would, to a great extent, be removed. The commanding-officer, however, refused to part with such a good-looking and well-conducted man, and "Darkie's" hopes were disappointed. While we were quartered in the place, a correspondence was continued between the lovers, but when we were removed it was discontinued. Distance, it is said, makes the heart grow fonder; and when "Darkie" was at a distance this girl's heart grew fonder of another fellow. Poor "Darkie" knew nothing of this, but believed that the letters were intercepted by her parents, and lived in hopes of marrying her at last. In December, 1854, news reached him, before Sebastopol, that the girl had married and gone to Australia. He sickened the day he heard it, was on the hospital list the next day, and within a week was buried in his greatcoat and blanket, as was the custom there. In the small preparation made before committing him to the grave a packet of the girl's letters was found inside the breast of his jacket, where, probably, they had been carried for some time. Cold and hunger may have killed him, as they did thousands of others during that memorable winter, but I have a strong suspicion that what is called a broken-heart had as much to do with the death of "Darkie" as had the frost and snow, or even the achievements of the Commissariat Department.

Echo.

I search for thee with every morning's light,
 And think perchance at sunrise one pure ray
 May bring thy spirit gliding to my side.
 Breathless I watch the dark east growing pale,
 See the gold banners of the day hung out
 Across the morning sky : yet thou com'st not.
 But if I call thee wildly, "Come, O, Love!"
 I hear a whispering voice repeat, "O, Love!"
 Then I spring up to clasp thee—turn,
 With gleaming eyes and outstretched arms,
 To find myself alone. Alone, I weep
 Great painful tears of agony, and in each pause
 I seem to hear a low, soft weeping near.
 I think the gleaming gossamers
 That swing, dew-laden, from the bush,
 Thy waving robe : and once again
 I spring forth to embrace thee ;
 But thou appearest not, and in the sun
 Gleam the grey lines of gossamer,
 Still jewelled with the dew. I pass,
 And in the wideness of the air
 I hear soft footsteps follow me ;
 And sometimes in the lonely hush
 Of the sweet, soothing night, I start to hear,
 Or think I hear, a beating heart,
 Whose throbs still follow mine. O, I am mad !
 I try to picture thee, and see a face,
 A sweet, pale face, half hidden in a cloud
 Of shadowy hair, with deep grey eyes—
 Mystic and grave, wells of pure thought,
 That, even as they meet my own, and smile,
 Fade from my sight ; and I am left
 To love with greater passion than before.
 I think—I hope—that once before I die,
 Thine arms shall fold me yet around,
 And I may press my lips to thine,
 Though dying in that first—last—kiss.

Through Bushmanland.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

June 27th.—Victoria West is a neat, clean, business-like village, built in a narrow gorge. Rocky, black hills surround it on three sides; water is scarce; and trees, that add so much to the beauty and comfort of South African villages, are quite absent in the streets. We pass through a very narrow “poort” just before entering the town: How would it do to stop it up, and make a huge dam? There is abundance of good soil below the village, and once a dam were made, trees, gardens, orchards, and corn-fields would soon follow. Surely this bustle and stir is not the normal condition of the place. Dashing six-horse wagons, natty carts, and lumbering but indispensable ox-wagons block up the streets; and still they come: farmers, their *heavier* halves, and such bouncing lassies throng the street. Many of them have come from distances even of 150 miles to attend the “Nachtmaal,” which occurs once a quarter. Glorious times for the shopkeepers, as purchases will now be made to last for the next three months. What is there interesting about the place? In the vley above the village, bones and teeth of elephants are occasionally washed out. At a short distance from the town the sandstone beds are beautifully rippled. On many of the stoeps may be seen such stones. How distinct and wonderfully preserved they are, though many ages have elapsed since the sand and silt of which they are formed was moulded into its present shape by the ephemeral breeze. On a farm a few miles distant, a small herd of gnus are preserved, the last remnant of the once plentiful large game.

June 28th.—Pampoen Kraal.—For this farm over £10,000 was paid in gold not long since; but where, or how, is this money to be regained? Stretching away in all directions are plains of red loamy soil, broken by rough kopjes of black rock, or flat-topped hills of shale, to be succeeded again by still more plains. Where are the trees or the grass that will bring in money? They are not; but covering the ground is what is far better under the circumstances. It is a tiny shrub, seldom attaining the height of one foot, called “schaap bosch.” On this sheep and all kinds of cattle live and fatten, preferring it to grass or any other kind of vegetation. It is so admirably adapted for this arid portion of the Colony, because it lives and continues green for months without receiving a drop of rain. The roots frequently penetrate to a depth of four and five feet into the earth, and thus their vitality is preserved through the droughts that too frequently occur in Karoo country. To form an estimate of the immense value of this little plant, and some others growing in the same region, it is necessary to bear in mind that without them the country could not be permanently inhabited, whereas now

hundreds of thousands of sheep support a considerable fixed pastoral population. There are two or three closely allied species. The most valuable variety grows in the neighbourhood of Victoria West. On Clarsen's farm, a few miles out, may be seen as fine a specimen of "schaapbosch" country as exists. Efforts should be made, not only over the Colony, but in other countries, to propagate such a useful plant. How much better it would be to see the "Ruggens" covered with "schaap bosch," instead of the worthless "rhinoster bosch."

July 1st.—Blaauwkrans.—An interesting geological feature occurs here. The rock all about is horizontal shale; here, however, is a circular area, the circumference marked quite distinctly by *upturned* edges of shale. Inside this strange circle is soft, friable material. Odd lumps of igneous rock and irregular fragments of shale are strewn through it. It is, in fact, an exact counterpart of those mysterious storehouses for diamonds occurring at Du Toit's Pan, New Rush, &c. Similar remarkable "signs" occur at Klipfontein also. Why shouldn't diamonds be found here, too, if thoroughly searched for?—the cases are so parallel.

July 2nd.—Vlermuis Gat.—Here are fine flag-stones; some are fifteen feet long, three or four inches thick, and from one to two feet wide—perfect stone "planks." Their joints are as true as they could be formed, and at right angles to one another.

Schietfontein is a missionary station, gradually developing into a village. A score or two of mud houses, above a suspicion of whitewash about them, appear as though they had been strewn promiscuously about, while four or five stores are thrown out in skirmishing order. The church is creditably white, and contrasts the more strongly with the surrounding mud colour. Business is brisk here, as numerous farmers require supplies, and bring in, in return, considerable quantities of wool. Most of the farmers appreciate the value of merinos over the hairy Cape sheep. The latter appear to be a doomed race: their numbers annually become less, and the time cannot be far distant when they will be completely supplanted. On the shales in the neighbourhood may be seen the trails of worms and tracks of crustacea. Certainly, they have "left their foot-prints on the sands of time."

Between Schietfontein and Klein Schietfontein we pass through the most extraordinary groups of rocks, from half a dozen blocks piled one on the other to good-sized kopjes. They lie scattered over a plain. The manner in which some blocks are so nicely poised in prominent positions would almost persuade us that men have been amusing themselves by making these black, rugged kopjes as grotesque in appearance as possible. Remarkable as they are, Nature alone is responsible for the handiwork. A large sheet of trap rock has been denuded, having rough kopjes at short intervals; the tooth of time—harder than adamant—aided considerably by old King Frost, have done the rest.

July 6th.—Victoria West again. The streets are clear once more, the farmers have wended their ways to their distant and isolated homes,—their wagons heavier, but their purses lighter. A long wall of stone is being built on the north side of the stream, to prevent a recurrence of such a disastrous and fatal flood as happened about two years since. A work well worth seeing is “Devenish’s Dam,” an extensive and creditable piece of work for any individual to undertake and bring to a successful completion. On the road to it we are quite amazed at the number of “water aars” that traverse the country in all directions—some marked by lines of bushes, others by low ridges of black rock. These are dykes of trap cutting more or less vertically through the horizontal shales. In many cases the shale, where in contact with the dykes, looks as though it had been “pushed up,” which it no doubt has. For storing and economizing the scanty rainfall—and that, too, in such a manner as to make it most easily available—their value cannot be over-estimated.

July 10th.—Near Wonderfontein, rusty, brownish, nodular pieces of stone strew the surface. We break some, and find it black and flinty inside (Lydianite). We are not the first to break them. All over this part of the country, knives, arrow-heads, wasters, &c., made of this serviceable material to primitive man, lie scattered about. It has resulted from igneous matter coming in contact with beds of fine siliceous shale, and “baking it,” forming a natural stoneware. Three miles north of Wonderfontein, what has the form of blocks of wood bestrew our path. It was wood once, but is now stone, turned into a kind of Lydianite. Here and there a trace of its old woody structure may still be seen.

July 11th.—Processfontein.—Nothing remarkable here. Stay; let us examine the river bank close by. On the top, thickly sprinkled through the loose red sand, are black stone implements. They continue through the underlying clay, through a layer of hard carbonate of lime and sand—to detach a specimen from which requires a vigorous blow from the redoubtable hammer—through a soft calcareous bed, and below this mixed with gravel formed from shale, and resting on the bottom of shale and trap; that is to say, through a total depth of from nine to twelve feet of stratified deposits. The ancient character of these stone implements is made forcibly apparent by many of the older ones being quite honeycombed, rough, and grey, from sheer old age. What a deeply interesting subject for some one who has leisure to take it in hand! There could be no better place than this for exemplifying the antiquity of the human race in this part of the world, and also that the population must have been very great formerly. The formations in which these implements occur are referable to “Recent” age.

July 12th.—At Klein Modderfontein, a parallel case occurs. At the spring there are abundance of bones of various descriptions of game, pieces of ostrich egg-shells, small beads made of the same material, stone implements, fragments of coarse pottery, &c., mixed

with gravel and soil. These might be accumulated within a short period; but higher up, in the deep cutting made to tap the sources, the deposit must have accumulated very slowly; yet throughout this are stone implements. On this farm are about ninety ostriches allowed to run about in a semi-wild state. It looks strange to see that old cock-bird sitting so patiently. Take good advice, and don't approach him too nearly, for if he once gets "riz," you may undergo the unpleasant operation of being first knocked down, then kneaded with his great muscular feet, and subsequently "sat upon."

July 13th.—The road from Modderfontein to Schilder's Pan runs over a considerable deposit of carbonate of lime. It generally terminates abruptly from steep banks. We shall note its appearance and position. Close to Schilder's Pan is a curious small hill, with beautifully rounded outline. At its base are strange-looking boulders of trap rock, looking as though they had no business there.

July 16th.—Left Schilder's Pan this morning. Nothing very interesting on the road until within three miles of Doornbergfontein, where the level ground looks as though giants had been playing marbles, but had gone away in the middle of the game. Scattered over the country, with but a few inches buried, in the thin layer of soil, are huge boulders of "trap;" some are four feet in diameter. On looking at these blocks one becomes painfully impressed with the fact that these boulders are where they ought not to be, according to the "fitness of things."

This is to a certain extent correct, for they are undoubtedly *erratics*. Whence they have come we know not. How they have come seems plainer. Vast icebergs in times long gone by floated majestically over these hills and plains. As their mass gradually dissolved in the water the contained blocks were dropped promiscuously over the ocean bed.

Would you like to dwell in "marble halls?" Doornberg will suit you, for there are whole kopjes of coarse marble. If your tastes incline to palaces of jasper, you can still be accommodated, for the grand old hills of Doornberg, with soft and flowing outlines, are formed of that material. How beautiful some of this jasper is, for this is the rock in which seams occur of that magnificent fibrous yellow mineral which shines like burnished gold. Most of the jasper is yellow, striped with magnetic iron. When polished, the stripes look like lines of metallic iron penetrating the stone. Surely these must be the hills we have read of as drawing the bolts from the ship in Sinbad the Sailor, for a compass when brought near them became quite "deranged," madly flying round to the wrong quarter. Luckily, we were shod with veldtschoens; for how would nailed boots have fared over such attractive hills! But what is this half way up the hill side, at the poort behind Doornbergfontein? On a ledge 300 feet above the base of the hill there rests a little nest of trap boulders. How did they climb up there?

July 20th.—Welgevonden (Nieuwkerk's farm).—This is the

farm on which the celebrated "Star of South Africa" is said to have been found. Strange place to find diamonds! Who would think of searching for that formerly almost priceless gem on such a dry, limey, sterile-looking spot?

What are these abrupt banks stretching away from the house? As we approach, we have to pick our way over the roughest possible path, for the whole surface is strewn with masses and boulders of black rocks. But what can these uncommon marks mean? Look at the face of that boulder. Grooves are cut for half an inch in depth into its hard substance (and it is hard, too). Terrible ill usage these stones must have suffered! See their poor faces scratched, scored, and grooved; some have had one or more sides ground quite flat; and after all that suffering, see how most of them have—since their present position was reached—been torn asunder by some mighty force, their fragments lying round about. This tells a tale also. Could that dignified, burly old boulder speak, he would relate (if in sociable mood) how, after being torn from his home, away in the distant hills, his sides were ground and rubbed against the sides of others, and against the hills adown which he, with others as prisoners, were hurried by some ancient glacier,—how, when the ocean was reached, this iceberg, still retaining him a prisoner, was gradually drifted seaward until the action of warmth on the ice set him free, when he dropped on to the spot he now occupies. Beyond this is a steep bank, the edge of an extensive plateau, formed of limestone. It is ten to fifteen feet in thickness. Pebbles are extremely scarce in it, while underneath is about the same thickness of clayey conglomerate, the freed pebbles and boulders from which have roughened our path.

July 22nd.—Banghoek.—How dreary, dismal, and desolate the picture that meets our view on descending to the Orange River! Where is the usual fringe of delightfully green willow trees usually growing along the banks? No, there are none. In a narrow rocky, uninviting channel flows the "Groot River." No "schaap bosch," no grass; but of leafless, blighted-looking, spiteful "nooidoorn" enough and to spare. If you would be advised, when riding or walking in their neighbourhood give "nooidoorn" a wide berth. When you think you are clearing one by at least eight inches, it frequently happens that your progress is arrested in a summary, sometimes in a painful, manner. These short but terrible recurved hooks have a grasp like steel. Don't dream of breaking them off. Patiently and deftly each one must be loosened from its grasp. The unfortunate sheep must have sorry times of it wandering through groves of this thorn. Their wool must be nicely combed, judging from the excellent display of that valuable commodity adorning the lower branches. The curious manner in which the horizontal beds have weathered forming numerous contour lines one over the other round the banks attracts notice.

July 24th.—Salt Pan, north of Brak River. Here is an accumu-

lation of boulders, pebbles, &c., at least eighty feet in thickness, probably much more. At a drift across Brak River, the channel is formed in conglomerate; soft greenish grey base studded all through it, are blocks, pebbles, &c., of many kinds of rock,—part of the same strange conglomerate occurring at Nieuwkerk's.

July 26th.—Prieska.—This is the site of the “rush” when it was supposed diamonds would be met with in abundance. Probably diamonds have been and will be found here, or anywhere on the “glacial conglomerate.” The chances of being reimbursed for a steady search are small, as the very nature of the formation would suggest. As we pass the small kopje (Jasper Kopje) the precipitous craggy sides are seen to be covered with aloes in full flower. What flower or plant looks so well among rough rocks as the aloe, with its scarlet blossoms!

The river flows along as a wide smooth stream, its banks fringed with willows, the ends of each bud just tipped with green. Its bed is of the same curious conglomerate as at Brak River. A few miles further down, on the river bank, is the most conveniently jointed jasper imaginable. One feels inclined to build something on the spot; the blocks are all so truly rectangular, with smooth faces and of all dimensions. No mortar required, as every stone will fit exactly.

August 2nd.—Naukat.—Rising over us are grim and rugged hills. Scattered over their rocky sides grow the curious but withal effective “kokerboom,” or arborescent aloe. Among the parched arid rocks they grow, looking fresh, youthful, and vigorous, though scores of years must have elapsed since some of them commenced their struggle against disadvantageous circumstances. A society of sociable grosbeaks (grey finches) have utilized that large one. These little republicans have united to build one great round roof of thatch under which each has his dwelling. This structure occupies the whole of the kokerboom top, and is built with much apparent forethought by these skilful little mechanics. The material used is a hard spear grass with sharp points. It is very durable, withstanding exposure for many years. The entrances to the nest are underneath, guarded by the points of the spear grass, which is placed sharp points downwards, like the entrance to wire traps. Certainly, they must be agile, clever little birds to fly in as they do without injuring themselves, for if a man attempts to put his hand in ever so carefully its progress is soon stopped by the sharp spines. Pretty little green parrakeets, with red spots on the head, have a *penchant* for taking up their quarters in these neatly and economically built dwellings. Perhaps they are fond of society. The nests are frequently six feet in diameter, often much larger, dome-shaped. Three or four are sometimes built in one large camel-thorn tree. More than one hundred birds inhabit some nests. They are thoroughly gregarious in habit, flying about and feeding in a flock. The Bushmen, when hungry, deem these nests fair game. Approaching stealthily when

the birds are at home, they set light to the domicile. Poor little sociables scorched and half-roasted strew the ground, and are devoured by the noble lord (or tyrant) of creation. Shortly after leaving the spring at Naugat, on the road to Steerman's Pits, little beacons are to be seen on the road-side, formed of a few stones. Leading away from the road up the hill side. They are placed at every few yards, while alongside runs a footpath. At the end, in the hill side, is a great excavation. Here is the famous locality at which that indispensable toilet requisite to all good Kafirs, red paint, is obtained. With this they smear not only their persons, but their clothes and utensils. In fact, it is quite respectable to daub this unctuous red hematite over everything, and therefore every one does it. Taking off our coats, we descend. The precaution is very necessary, for if this fine soft oxide of iron but touches anything, it can only be removed with difficulty. How many pilgrims must have visited this spot to dig out such a large hole, and that too with such implements! Half an old axe head, with a piece of stick thrust through for a handle, the edge of another broken axe, and an old koodoo horn are left on the premises for the use of visitors. By the way, there is no book to sign names in. The soft portion has been followed. All round are huge blocks of hard hematite, black, hard, tough, and heavy.

August 5th.—Steerman's Pits.—This is a "Kalk," or place in which water rises within about six feet of the surface. Trenches are cut in the surface, and filled by manual labour. The water for about 13,000 sheep is thus raised daily in buckets. This work might be performed more easily, and better, by an ox and simple water-lifting contrivance. But if stout men prefer baling water themselves, they have a perfect right so to do.

Behind the kraals is strange black schistose-looking rock, and stranger still, numerous dark-coloured little stones lay about; though differing in size from a pin's head to a walnut, they are of the same shape. Yes, they are garnet. They have each just twelve sides (dodecahedrons),—not the precious variety, but of coarse quality. Some of the rock is quite thickly studded with them.

At the base of the hills in the neighbourhood are small heaps of stones; usually one flat one occupies the centre. Underneath are the mortal remains of some defunct Bushman. What sad havoc a few members of the Ethnological Society would make if let loose for a day or so here!

August 7th.—Rietfontein.—Now we are approaching the confines of civilization. Only one farm more, and we enter the wilderness. Rietfontein is remarkable for three things,—a farmer who sees advantage in having fruit trees and is planting accordingly, a beautiful grove of camel-thorns, and considerably more than its share of graves. On every hand these are seen, now in groups now singly. They indicate that there must have been a large population here formerly or else a very high mortality.

August 8th.—Blinkfontein is the last farm on the Orange River

occupied by white men. There is nothing very festive in its appearance. One can but feel thankful that his lot does not compel him to live—(vegetate is more correct)—in such a dismal spot. After crossing Buchubergen, there are sandy dunes and scrubs, and cucumbers without number; they are small and prickly, but how delicious to eat! When quite ripe, and the stems decayed, they are at their prime. Men, game, and cattle devour them with avidity. Where they are abundant, cattle can live without water. Their taste is slightly acid, but very agreeable and refreshing after the everlasting routine of mutton and bread, washed down with strong coffee. No sooner are the horses and oxen outspanned than the crunching of cucumbers is heard on all sides.

August 9th.—To-day we saw two magnificent koodoos. They cantered past at a distance of about 300 yards. Chase was given, but soon they were entirely out of sight, among the broken hills and gullies.

August 10th.—Rooi Lyf.—Isn't this truly rural! The cart is outspanned in the flat, while right on the river brink, in the dense foliage, we take possession of a leafy alcove. At night, spreading our *velkombaars* on the ground, we lie, feeling as though in fairy-land. What a grand bedstead Nature has provided for our use!—the ground for a mattress, stems of trees for posts, boughs for curtains, and lace more delicate than lady's fingers ever wove formed by the climbing "wacht-een-beetje." The stars blink through the rustling leaves, while the river murmurs past at our side. Scarcely are we comfortably tucked in before the stars cease blinking and the river murmuring; everything has vanished from our mind and senses. As the light comes up in the morning, our eyes open, and with renewed vigour our couch is willingly forsaken. Then away to the river bank for an ablution, by which time coffee and our plain, but highly-relished fare is waiting. While eating the early meal, our ears are charmed by the best efforts of beautiful warblers, the startled cry of pheasants and tender cooing of doves. Overhead may be seen two such inquisitive little brown eyes, a round head, cropped ears, and a long tail,—only for an instant, however, for they disappear as if by magic, for these small grey monkeys are perfect marvels of agility. Our wagon axle has broken. Luckily, it is a wooden one; luckier still that it did not break where there were no trees. An old Bastard lives here who is just the man we require—a kind of rough smith; his tools are here also, and he is ready, for a consideration, to supply a new axle, fresh cut from the olive tree. It would be difficult to convey a correct idea of this specimen in a few words; "comical old card" is the handiest term. He was not young, scarcely good-looking; one eye squinted, the other wasn't straight. Nevertheless, he would be a valuable source of income for any one to show round, especially if in the act of squaring a log, or directing, advising, entreating, or abusing his two most active (?) intelligent (?) and industrious (?) young men. Close to our camp is an interesting rock; it is of sandstone, having a flat top, coated black by a thin film

of iron oxide. On this are the outlines of two elands, a gemsbok, a hyæna, and two rhinoceroses. A sharp stone has been used to form the lines by repeated blows. The contour of the elands is capital. The Bushmen who make these figures show a great amount of observation, and also the power of drawing with exactness.

August 15th.—Olivenwood's Drift.—Quite a park of handsome camel-thorns, under which we camp. Shortly after, a visitor of distinction comes to reconnoitre; he is the cornet of old Klaas Lucas, whose *werf* is on the other side of the river. The stream is crossed in a boat, the property of a missionary living at the *werf*. The river is wide, studded above and below the ford with islands and islets innumerable. Looking up stream from the ferry, we are charmed by the beautiful, low, rocky islands, fringed with willows, in all the glory of newly expanded leaves. Reaching the north bank, a steep rise has to be surmounted, when the *werf* is before us. A shed built of poles and reeds doing duty as a school-house, a "wattle and daub" mansion for the Chief (Klaas Lucas), and a score or so of the national "mat houses" for the people, constitute the settlement. Inside the Chief's house, three old women of consequence are, like Witches of Macbeth, stooping over a large cauldron of boiling soap. In a mat house alongside are several fair (?) ladies, evidently attached to the court, wearing costumes far more scant than elegant. They are consuming milk in an ingenious manner. A few stems of fibrous grass or rush are masticated until the fibre only remains: taking this lump of fibre in their fingers, they dip it into the "bamboos" or wooden bowl of milk, then put it to their mouths, and extract the milk. They are very expert at drinking in this manner. A tall, young Damara woman particularly excelled at this kind of business. In walking round and looking on the various huts, we cannot avoid feeling how thoroughly degraded these Korannas are. The lot of a white man among such neighbours must be a hard one indeed. It must be the height of self-denial which prompts a man to take up his abode in such a waste that he may be of benefit to such a race. On the river bank a small church is being built, and rooms for the missionary and his newly-married wife. The material is undried bricks. Most of the men are away on a hunting expedition. They live on such game as they can shoot, and on the milk furnished by the few cows and goats they possess. Their cattle are miserably poor.

August 16th.—Another broken axle: this time it is the iron one of the cart. Close to Stephanus' old church, a ruin of badly-built stonework, we outspan and make a survey. How very fortunate the axle has broken a foot in from the spring; so with a sapling, a thong of hide, and a little patience, we shall be set up again as good as new. A strange history attaches to this church, which is supposed to be the remains of one built by an impostor named Stephanus, an escaped forger or coiner from Cape Town, who started a pretended religion of his own among the Korannas, then numerous dwelling on this at present deserted spot. At a few miles eastward are

most extraordinary black rocky kopjes, standing out of the adjacent level country like pyramids. It is said that on the nearest one of these, having a beacon-like termination at the top (Cross-hammers Kop), Stephanus was in the habit of offering human sacrifices!

The river alongside has widened out to a breadth of as much as five miles. Islands of all sizes occur in it. On some islands are considerable hills. The lower portions are covered with a jungle of small trees, in which singular and beautiful birds abound; guinea-fowls and pheasants are in all directions. Grass is abundant; and, judging from the moist soil, almost any kind of vegetation would grow luxuriantly if the ground was first cleared of trees. These are the islands on which the Korannas took up their position three or four years since, carrying on a well-organized system of cattle-lifting on a large scale—they swept off 15,000 sheep, besides oxen and horses, &c., in one day—plundering and murdering the farmers for two and three hundred miles round. To dislodge them cost the Colony a heavy expenditure. Such a stronghold would be quite impregnable if held by a handful of determined men. The islands are so extensive, so numerous, intersected by innumerable channels and sluits of water, and to a considerable extent covered with a dense jungle of willow, rosindje, olive wood, ebony, “wacht-een-bietje,” mimosa, camel-thorn, and blue bush. A few miles further on, towards Brakfontein, from Stephanus church, the road-side is dotted with small heaps of stones. Underneath rest the bones of many of the marauders.

August 17th.—Brakfontein.—The grass is worth looking at; it is now dry, but when young it must have resembled a barley-field. A few camel-thorns adorn the camping ground. There under the hill-side is the tree Sir Walter Currie had his tent pitched beneath. Around are rocky kopjes, once the lurking-places of Korannas and Bushmen. Their *schantsen* still remain. A rich old Bastard lives here in peace. His fat oxen delight our eyes, and rather incline our mouths to water as we think of luscious rump steak, such as we have not tasted since—well, it appears a long time, at any rate. Could rain be depended on annually, this would be most valuable country for oxen, though not so well adapted for sheep. In the clefts of the rocks bees lay in their stores of food—not, however, for winter, for there is really no winter here. The rains, when they do come, always come in summer. During the winter months it is somewhat cold at night, but in the day warm enough. Along the sandy bank of the creek grows that delicious vegetable condiment “garp.” It has somewhat the form of a euphorbium, but not its milky juice. Each stem (five or six form a plant) is about two inches in diameter, and when full grown about one foot long. Fine sharp spines cover the skin. These spines must be scraped off, but the skin left, as in it is the best of the flavour. This “garp” tastes much like liquorice. One curious quality is, that if a mouthful be eaten before smoking, even the coarsest tobacco outrivals in flavour the best brands smoked

without it. Coffee without sugar in a similar manner may be drunk after eating a small piece, and all the sensations of sweetened coffee will delight the palate. What a blessing a few pounds of this would be to those unhappy mortals who consider it part of their duty in this life to consume vast quantities of nauseous drugs. If dried, it still retains its agreeable flavour. It is greedily consumed by the Bushmen when they find it. They also devour other varieties; one very common one is so intensely bitter that if the tongue is but touched the taste cannot be got rid of for some time. Yet this is in much request by Bushmen, who eat a pound or so of it with the utmost relish.

August 19th.—After travelling over fifty miles of country on which is growing that rapid spring vegetation known as “opslag,” we arrive at Kenhart. This we travelled in the night. The air was keen and frosty. Then we had the pleasure of testing “ganna” as fuel. Nothing could surpass it. With alacrity we break off the green branches of this long-legged “ganna,” get a little dry grass to start it, and then what a grand blaze there is! It burns as though full of oil. The flames shoot up two feet high, and while the coffee kettle sings we turn and twist about before the grateful warmth, rubbing our hands, stamping our feet, and chatting merrily. “Kenhart in the wilderness” is the most remote white settlement in the Colony. It is the head-quarters of the gallant Northern Border Police. Don’t think that it consists of well-built houses, rejoicing in a superabundance of whitewash and green paint, embellished with trees and surrounded by prolific gardens and orchards, while crystal streams cool the air and delight the eye. No, indeed, Kenhart consists of three mud houses in an advanced state of decay. One serves as a domicile and court-house for our worthy Border Magistrate, one as a store, and the other has no roof on it. The men live in small “one man” houses built of reeds. The Hartebeeste River is merely a flat of most fertile soil, having a dry channel through it covered by mimosas, their buds just opening. Abundance of water is obtainable in the river bed at a few feet from the surface. If this soil were irrigated, all kinds of vegetation would flourish. Mr. J., the magistrate, appears to be one of the few who admire and strive to domesticate the really noble game indigenous to South Africa. Herding with the goats are more than a dozen of that most elegant gazelle the “springbok.” They are this year’s fawns, but grow very rapidly and take kindly to their foster-mothers (common goats). Guinea-fowl from the Orange River are quite domesticated. They differ from the ordinary farm-yard variety. A young hartebeeste is also nurtured by a goat. Then there are wild geese and numerous hives of wild bees.

